

# THE STORY OF VIMY RIDGE

Graphic Story of the Great Battle of Vimy Ridge by a Belleville Boy

Mr. C. H. Brook, Victoria Ave., has received the following unusually brilliant descriptive letter from his son, Sergt. Chas. H. Brook, who left Belleville about a year ago with the 80th Batta. He was transferred to the 72nd Batta, 4th Division, after arrival in France. For conspicuous gallantry on the field, Sergt. Brook was awarded the Military Medal in December.

Things are going fine, father, and the weather has been entirely in our favor. Today and yesterday are the first days of rain for over three weeks, so you see we had a weather to carry on with the big push. And it is certainly a boon after pushing through the wet, mud, slush and cold of a winter in the trenches of Flanders. I know you will be following the papers very closely now that the drive is under way, and will be rejoicing over our crowning and crushing victories.

There are many stories in connection with "Vimy Ridge" and it will figure in French, English and Canadian History of the war equally as famous; but the story of the present is the one connected with the 4th Canadian Division, or in France, the "Fighting Fourth". It was this division that, after four long months of holding the line in the trying winter weather, with the dawn of spring, leaped forth like a hound from the leash and drove the Huns forever from their home on the Ridge. From the time the line on the Ridge was taken over by "The Fighting Fourth", those four months ago, everything was activity, and the successful co-operation of the different arms was most outstanding, in the preparation for the big advance. Special companies of engineers carried on mining operations against the enemy on such a large scale that there was practically no fear of any mining activity on their part. Underground tunnellers were working day and night, constructing huge roomy subways and tunnels that were soon to prove their worth as life-savers.

The artillery, guided by our most efficient almanacs and observers, were directing their fire on the enemy's strong points, stores, railroads, trenches and gunpits with deadly effect. Our aviators were ever watchful and any effort of the Huns to gain supremacy of the air was repulsed. Our trench mortars were continually pounding, and any semblance of barbed wire entanglements on the Boche's front line gradually disappeared, the line itself being levelled considerably in many places.

Then came the infantry—our glorious, slow-moving, but decidedly certain and sure infantry—the lads that worked and fought through mud, rain and snow. We were by no means idle. We were repairing trenches, making saps and working under the supervision of the engineers on special duty. We, above all, carried out a series of "harass the Hun" schemes that nearly broke his heart. We reconnoitered their positions and bombed them. We raided them day and night, thus testing the strength of their lines, breaking their morale and keeping them guessing what our next move would be. This was all preliminary to the big show and Fritz guessed it. He brought up more artillery but he could only retaliate in small. He began to strafe us in the trenches regularly every night—trench mortars, shrapnels and high explosives—but we stuck it and smiled, wishing he would try and come over. Our strafing became more intense as weeks went on. We got more guns into position and day and night our shells were humming overhead; some to his front line, some to supports, others on his dumps and still others in his gunpits, each one carrying with it the message that we were coming soon to take the Ridge away. All the time the weather was very wet and cold, but there were prospects of bright days and we looked forward to them.

When we were out of the line for a few days we practised our scheme of attack and became thoroughly acquainted with the position of our objective. We knew the condition of the ground over which we would have to travel—and to the knees, shell holes and water, but we were used to that by now and had no fear about getting over.

Well, the time was drawing near for the big push that would place the Ridge behind our line, but we knew not the day or the hour that the fun would start so we could only wait, a little restless and excited, but with cool confidence of the issue.

It looked practically the same as it did four months ago but it was greatly different—still muddy and wet on the surface, more shell holes than before, more trench mortar emplacements and several more dugouts had sprung into being, evidence of the unceasing tunnelling and mining were comparatively few although great work had been done. The underground subways were all about ready; about twelve in all with large capacious dressing stations and electric lights, and they were absolutely shellproof. We had good stores of bombs and ammunition and everything was ready.

We moved into our respective points of assembly in the tunnels, loaded with bombs, grenades, extra ammunition and aeroplane signals, not to say anything of haversacks full of all the cats we could pack, brought at the Y.M.C.A.

"Twas a hard march in, so we snatched a few hours sleep before the show commenced. N.C.O.'s were given particulars and final orders, and a half hour before the minute we moved out to our jumping off trench in perfect order, and although the shelling was heavy we had not a casualty.

We had not long to wait. Everything was timed beautifully and we breathed free again after our hurry with fixed bayonets waiting for the signal to "At 'em". And we had not long to wait. In a second the earth trembled and shook and not 150 yards away from where I was an immense soft red glow marked the blowing of one of the mines. That was our signal, and with the rising of the sun on that great day, Easter Monday, April 9, we sprang over the parapet into 'No Man's Land' to strike again for Justice, righteousness and world freedom. I may say here that our artillery support throughout was marvellous and splendid and by now every gun for miles and miles was bursting into action.

I was second in charge of a patrol of bombers and Lewis gunners, and as I crouched in a shell hole waiting for our barrage, to lift from the Boche front line I looked far to the right and for miles could see our gallant lads in khaki forging toward the Hun as cool as if on parade. The Hun had now got all his guns into action and was shelling pretty heavy. In three minutes we entered his front line without resistance as his main line of defence had been withdrawn to the second line, and from there he kept up a continuous and deadly machine gun fire during the six minutes we were waiting for the second line barrage to lift. It was here that my officer and N.C.O. were put out of action and I was left in charge. One patrol of our company had now entered the second line and one of the enemy machine guns was out of action, and we could see a large number of Huns retreating in disorder, so our Lewis guns dealt with them. We knew now that we were getting on and as my patrol's objective lay just seven-hundred yards ahead in the Hun's communication trench, I got into the second line to reorganize; but our patrol had suffered heavily and only my chum, Percy Gomme, remained in action, and he had a shrapnel wound (slight). I lost my three bombers, four Lewis gunners and the gun itself was put out of action while Percy was carrying it. But we could not stop, so together with the officer in charge of our wave and two more bombers we pushed down the communication trench toward the third line, bombing all dugouts and retreating Huns as we did so. After we had gone about seventy-five yards we reached the objective of our patrol, a point of vantage on the ridge, where we established our post. I was sent back then to bring up our men to man the trench and prepare for a counter attack. I got another Lewis gun for our post then went back to consolidate. Our gun was ready for action so we cleaned our rifles and got them ready. All our companies had gained their objectives so we had a breathing spell and took a little rest. The sun was beginning to shine now and there was promise of a good day. Our artillery was still pounding away and our planes were overhead. We signalled our position to them so that a photograph of our new positions might be taken. From our position we could see miles into the enemy territory and we knew that unless he counter attacked in force, the evacuation of the country in front for at least a mile was inevitable. After everything was in good shape in our new line, despite the mud, and we had a good supply of bombs and ammunition, we had a bite to eat, after which I took my rifle and bayonet and with one of the gunners patrolled down the trench toward the Hun.

It was here that we got the fourteen prisoners and two miners, also a bit walt, a little restless and excited, but with cool confidence of the issue.

Well, the time was drawing near for the big push that would place the Ridge behind our line, but we knew not the day or the hour that the fun would start so we could only wait, a little restless and excited, but with cool confidence of the issue.

To make a long story short, it was not long before the Boche was forced to withdraw, leaving several towns and immense quantities of war material. We followed close on his heels and after advancing in all about two miles we consolidated our new line.

I could tell you a lot more but I have purposely left out the horrible side to the story (and there is one), as we see and hear enough of that. The Ridge is ours now for good and it has undergone a wonderful change. Bits of grass are springing up here and there and in the woods little delicate flowers are striving to push up. In the half-filled shell holes frogs are croaking and the first touch of the old beauty, marred and scarred by red war, has come back to the old Ridge; while miles in the distance over low level plains the present line runs, meandering away out of sight, marking the extent of the glorious British advance that will live forever in my memory. For I was through it all from the start, and a worse hell would be hard to conceive; but it was glorious just the same, and the men were superhuman in their fight against mud, shells and fire.

### ORDAINED AS ELDERS

A very interesting ceremony was performed at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, West Huntingdon on Sunday afternoon when Dr. McKay (Toronto) ordained Messrs David Fleming, James Dunning and Samuel Shaw, as elders. Dr. McKay's masterly sermon was followed with the deepest interest and concern by the large congregation present.

### THE LATE GEORGE TUMMON

On Saturday last, after having been ill for about a week, Mr. George Tummon of Leaside, passed away at Grace Hospital, Toronto.

He had been in poor health for the past two years and the cause of his death was leakage of the heart. Deceased was a former resident of Ivanhoe, having been born there 43 years ago. He was the eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. S. Tummon. He married Miss Martha Ray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ray, Vanho, who, with two sons, Ray and Lorne, still survive him. Three brothers, Fred, Herbert and Stanley, and two sisters, Mrs. S. Frost, of Actinolite and Miss Elsie, at home, also survive. He was a member of the Methodist Church and of the Orange, I. O. O. F. and Masonic Lodges. The funeral was held on Monday in Bethesda Church; the service being conducted by Rev. J. R. Bick. Interment took place in White Lake Cemetery. The service was under the Orange order, Doves L.G.L. No. 425 attending, and also visiting brethren.

### WEDDED AT ROCHESTER

#### CARR—ACHILLES

On Saturday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock, a very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Carr, 59 Pembroke St., Rochester, N.Y., when their daughter, Olive Mae, became the wife of Charles Brover Achilles. Rev. Robt. J. Drysdale of Mt. Her Presbyterian Church performed the ceremony in the presence of relatives and close friends of the bride and groom. The attendants were Miss Nerhea Servis and Sanford Gott. Before the ceremony Miss Selma Curry sang "O Promise Me". The wedding march was played by Miss Ruth Carr, sister of the bride. The bride's gown was of tulle with pale green trimming, and she carried bride's roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid wore a gown of yellow tulle and carried sunburst roses. Following the ceremony a buffet lunch was served. The home was tastefully decorated in a floral scheme of pink and white. Among the pre-nuptial events was an apron shower, given by Miss Melba Welch; a dinner party by Miss Mildred Curry and a variety show by Miss Ruth Carr. Mr. and Mrs. Achilles left on an eastern trip and will be at home after July 1 at 461 South Goodman Street.

Mrs. Achilles is a grandchild of Mrs. S. Laster, 54 Dundas St., and is well known in the city. Her many friends in Belleville extend congratulations.

### HANS LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENTS

Postmaster-General Burleson, of the United States, has announced that on and after July 1, 1917, it will be unlawful to mail letters, postal cards, publications or other material containing liquor advertisements, to any one of no less than twenty-four states, and parts of two others. This means that private solicitation

### CARD OF THANKS

Mr. Thomas Blaind and family wish to thank their friends for the many kindnesses shown to them in their recent sad bereavement.

by liquor men in wet territory must cease, and it also means that newspapers which carry liquor advertisements will be shut out of dry territory. There is abundant room for a similar law in Canada, and no doubt when our Government wakes up to the fact that our people are in dead earnest in the fight against liquor, the necessary law will be put through Parliament.

### BELLEVILLE BRANCH CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND

The Treasurer begs to acknowledge with thanks the following payments since added to the lists published up to June 2nd:—

Miss Maud Bull	3.00
Wm. Dougherty	2.00
R. A. Backus	2.50
Dr. Blakelock	5.00
Miss V. Borbridge	1.00
Mrs. H. Gordon	2.00
P. F. Brockel	3.00
Jno. Coon	5.00
Mrs. Clela Bruen	1.00
A friend (S.M. June)	5.00
His Honor Judge Willis	25.00
Miss Jessie Bruce	5.00
Dr. J. F. Dolan	25.00
Emp. McIntosh Bros. (June)	5.00
A. E. Wrightmeyer	10.00
Thos. Bulmer	5.00
Mrs. S. Stocker	5.00
Mrs. Jno. Lewis	5.00
H. Lavoie	5.00
H. B. Stock	5.00
Murney Sine	3.00
C. W. Moat	5.00
Miss Anning (5th pymt.)	5.00
H. Reeves	4.00
A. A. Diebert	1.50
Jan. G. Barlow	5.90
A. A. Stapley	15.00
Miss H. A. Sisson	20.00
Donald Paterson	2.00
T. M. Lane	5.00
J. G. Moffat	6.25
H. J. Leigh	5.00
G. O. Duprau (Apr. May June)	15.00
Mrs. S. W. Vermiljea	10.00
D. M. Waters	25.00
Jno. Williams (June)	5.00
Miss M. Fraleck (June)	1.00
J. G. Galloway	2.50
Miss M. McCabe	5.00
Miss L. Walton	1.00
Miss Theda Barragar	2.00
O. H. Scott	5.00
A. R. Wallbridge	5.00
The Misses Lynch	3.00
Dr. W. J. Gibson	25.00
Knights of Columbus No. 1008 (May and June)	20.00
Belleville Lodge No. 81	5.00
I.O.O.F. (May)	5.00
R. W. Adams (May)	1.00
F. C. Aman	2.00
Wm. Whalen	2.00
Mrs. Barragar	2.00
Alex. Tisdale	5.00

### MONTHLY MEETING W. C. A.

The regular monthly meeting of the W. C. A. was held in the council chamber on Tuesday, June 6th, 1917, at 2.30 p.m. Expenditure for Hospital and Home \$3280.

Lady on duty for Hospital for June, Miss Reid.	
Lady on duty for Home, Mrs. Woodley.	
Rec. from patients	\$1934.90
City patients, medicine and dressings	139.00
Special nurses	142.00
Radiograph	5.00
Extra meals	50
	\$2,221.40
110 patients admitted during May	
54 patients in the hospital June 4	
Edith M. Wills, Cor. Sec.	
Gifts to Home, May, 1917.	
Mrs. Kerr, 1 1/2 doz. rolls 1/2 gal. raspberries	
A Friend, garden seeds, maple syrup	
Troquois Club, box of cake	
Mr. S. Farley, 3 doz eggs	
Rebekah Lodge, bread and butter	
Mr. Embury 1 doz. bananas, one doz. oranges	
Mr. Connor, 1 dozen rolls	
Marchmont Home, (Miss Birt) rhubarb and lettuce	
Mrs. G. Bonisteel, 2 cans salmon	

### WHAT OUR LITTLE GIRLS CAN DO.

The Red, White and Blue Club, consisting of a number of little lasses, ages 7 to 9 years handed out to the Women's Patriotic and Red Cross Association \$3.25 through the Secretary, Miss Catherine Hyman, daughter of Captain Hyman, while Miss Helen Lattimer, secretary of the Sunshine Club, a kindred institute, paid in \$1.25 proceeds of a concert. The energy, loyalty and faithfulness of these "treasures of home and of hearth stones" should shame every slacker.

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# GADSBY'S LETTER

OTTAWA, June 6.—All last week's coalition rumors filled the air. They were so persistent that various moods by the persons chiefly concerned. The greatest opposition to the move came from the ranks of the Conservatives.

A coalition, of course, lets a certain number of Cabinet Ministers out and it is conceivable that they were not warm toward the project. For instance the Honorable Bob Rogers had hardly expected to take it lying down. The Minister of Elections couldn't see anything in a coalition for him. More than that he couldn't see himself in any coalition that would be acceptable to the Liberal party. So his powerful influence was against it.

Coalition, by the way, is another of Premier Borden's well-kept secrets. It is common talk now that he is going to fall and this naturally drew even confide it to Messrs. Rogers and Hasen on the boat coming over—and then sprang it on a flabbergasted public without an hour's notice. It was real news to his colleagues and they heard it fall from his lips at the end of a speech on the Imperial Conference in which he dittoed everything that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had said yesterday.

Similarly he kept coalition to himself. He did not tell, as Foxy Quiller would say, his humble but inferior associates where the axe was going to fall and this naturally drew those who expected to get it in the neck into an alliance of self-preservation which had its influence on events.

In fact, Premier Borden's attitude toward his shuddering colleagues and his shuddering Premier remind one of the old fable of the farmer and the chickens. Having decided to slay a few of them he called them together in the backyard and asked, "Which of you wants to be killed?" "None of us wants to be killed," replied one firm old Plymouth Rock who acted as spokesman.

"You wonder from the point," said the farmer. "That was what Premier Borden's threatened colleagues kept doing. They kept wandering from the point and so rigorously that it had a decided effect on Premier Borden's plastic purpose."

It is said that Premier Borden has strange ideas about a coalition. One idea is that the Leader of the Opposition should have little choice in the matter beyond assenting to the Liberal members Premier Borden selects as acceptable material for his Cabinet. Another idea is that the Liberals chosen should be as near like Tories as possible. And still another idea is that a coalition instead of being fifty-fifty should be more like sixty-forty. These are naturally hard ideas to get over.

Another element in the Conservative ranks which was hostile to coalition was that dark force Henri Bourassa. Bourassa's paper *Devotion* could not live for six months without Government pay. It is inconceivable that a coalition government would go on handing out nourishment to this section-spreader. The present situation suits Bourassa and Lavergne only too well. They thrive on the agitation which a party manoeuvre—such as selective conscription—creates in Quebec. They preach Quebec and not Quebec for Canada and Canada for Quebec, so that any movement which tends to line Quebec up against the rest of Canada finds a welcome from this precious pair. It helps them in their latest maneuver in which he is allowing Wilfrid Laurier who has been a life-long champion of union and harmony.

More laetitia for General Frederick Stanley Maude. He has the habit of victory, says The New York Sun. At last the British have a strategist in Mesopotamia who can outwit and out fight the Germanized Turks. The passage of the Shatt-el-Adhem was another of Maude's surprises. He excels in swift attack. Taking 1,217 of the enemy, his casualties were only 73.

Maude comes of a fighting family, his father, General Sir F. Maude, V.C. The son has done little else than fight for his country since he entered the army in 1894. He distinguished himself in the Sudan and in the Boer war. He has also been very much in demand as a staff officer. He was assistant director of the territorial force for three years. A well educated and experienced officer, famous for his personal bravery, Maude was ready when the call to Mesopotamia came.

The feeling against conscription is not confined to Quebec. It is to be found everywhere through Canada. It is strongest among the labor organizations, on which it would bear hardest. It is not so much a feeling against conscription as a feeling of anger and resentment against a Government that has the nerve to commandeer life without first commanding the means of living. So far the food proposals of the Government are a pure farce. Such of them as have seen print help the consumer not a jot and hurt the food manufacturer not a tittle. Indeed with one cold storage king—and him the greatest of all—in their very midst, one understands how his tribe is the last the Borden Government wants to hurt.

The workman simply will not march away to war. He leaves his loved ones behind to be looted by the food pirates. To sweeten the country toward conscription, the food problem should have been settled first.

Meanwhile Mr. J. W. Flavell by his various activities in feeding the army is said to be netting a million dollars every two weeks. If the war goes on long enough he will be in the Rockefeller class.—H. F. G.

### The Litaney of the "Pollu."

It is neither a psalm of civilization nor a hymn of hate. It is no vainglorious boast like the German "Gott Mit Uns!" for the pollu is like the Englishman in his hatred for high-sounding phrases. The litaney of the pollu is a trench jest, but it is very popular along the Aisne, a little humor aimed to break the suspense and strain of waiting under shell-fire, saying nothing about the objects of the war or the purpose of the soldiers, because those are taken for granted.

As we read the Litaney, we are reminded of the old Camper's Creed—"If you can't help it there's no use kicking about it and if you can't help it there's no use kicking about it. Grin." The same idea in the conditions of trench-life becomes: "Of two things one is certain: Either you're mobilized or you're not mobilized. If you're not mobilized there is no need to worry; if you are mobilized, of two things one is certain: Either you're behind the lines or you're on the front. If you're behind the lines there is no need to worry; if you're on the front, of two things one is certain: Either you're exposed to danger or you're not exposed to danger. If you're exposed to danger, of two things one is certain: Either you're wounded or you're not wounded. If you're not wounded there is no need to worry; if you are wounded, of two things one is certain: Either you're wounded seriously or you're wounded slightly. If you're wounded slightly there is no need to worry; if you're wounded seriously, of two things one is certain: Either you recover or you die. If you recover there is no need to worry; if you die you can't worry; if you die you can't worry."

### The Modern Navarre.

The attempt to kill the German Kaiser, which later was "officially" denied from Berlin, has at least served one useful purpose, for it has directed public attention to the wretched trials by which that monarch tries to guard his life as he hurries about from one division of his army to another, panicking now and then to congratulate his eldest son on the brilliant manner in which he is allowing his troops to be slaughtered.

The fact that he rides with his baggage, proceeded by an automobile unaccompanied with the imperial arms and containing a warden of his Majesty, leads one to suspect that His Majesty was present when the contents of the Eden Museum were disposed of by auction a year or more ago. It is even said, and it is quite easy to believe, that this "war lord" is not ashamed to skulk behind the insignia of the Red Cross in order to save himself from attack by foes more honorable than himself.

It is a far cry from Henry of Navarre, behind whose snow-white plume, a thousand knights pressed, to this modern king crouching in the midst of his trunks and hampers and calling upon his troops to give their lives for their emperor and Fatherland. To find themselves in places of perfect safety his soldiers have only to press where—they see his white feather shine.

### Maude's Fighting Family.

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# Belleville Pharmacy

THE KODAK STORE

### PASTOR SURPRISED

Rev. A. Mansell Irwin, B.A., B.D., pastor of the Methodist church, who has about completed his third year on this charge, was very much taken by surprise on Tuesday evening last when a deputation from the congregation waited upon him and presented him with a purse containing \$362. This is in addition to his regular salary and expresses very strongly their appreciation of his labors. Some time ago Mr. Irwin was tendered a unanimous invitation to remain for another year.—Norwood Register.

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