

# HOW THE TRANSPORTS ARE GUARDED ON THE JOURNEY OVER

Extracts From a Most Interesting Letter From Pte. Alexander Bruce to His Sister, Miss J. Bruce of the Staff of Queen Victoria School.

Extracts from a letter from Pte. Alexander Bruce of the 134th Battalion (48th Highlanders) to his sister, a teacher in Queen Victoria School. Mr. Bruce learned his trade of stonemason at Point Anne but his family is now residing in Toronto. Bramshott Camp, Sept. 23, 1916.

We arrived in Montreal at daybreak (Aug. 6.) and breakfasted; at no place on the way were we allowed to leave our car, but we were left the freedom of the window, and no objection was taken to our conversing with people on station platforms. Such conversation was inclined towards the noisy and foolish on the part of the inmates of the car, and was filled with patriotic enthusiasm on the part of the people along the whole route.

I enjoyed our sight of old Quebec. The part of New Brunswick we passed through was of the rugged type and you seem to arrive in Moncton as soon as you emerge from the bush. At Moncton we made a short march about the city to stretch our legs, headed by the piped band. The people seemed to be or less surprised, and were quite calm, which was an agreeable change, at least to me. It seemed a sleepy old place. There were some soldiers there, I suppose for recruiting, wearing Scotch Balmoral bonnets, but they lacked the kilts, and half a battalion in tartan headed by pipers seemed to produce a stunning effect. I must say the Highland dress invariably produces emotional enthusiasm in those of Scotch blood and acts as a spur to others whom the ordinary military dress does not affect.

At Amherst we were cut off from the outside world; but we had a sight of a stockade full of interned Germans and prisoners of war captured by the British navy, not the Canadian, alas! On leaving we were warned not to speak aloud or talk to anyone at the stations; we proceeded with closed blinds and windows, our first taste of war conditions.

At Halifax I was "yanked" out of a sound sleep (my first since leaving Borden camp) to go on guard out doors in a drizzling rain for two hours, to keep people away from the train. When we embarked, it was still raining and so foggy you could see nothing. On the way to our anchorage we passed quite a cruiser squadron, among which was H.M.S. "Carnarvon," which sank her adversary in the Falkland Islands after a hard fight. On August the ninth she escorted us out past Halifax and the fleet, as we passed each warship, its band played and the crews cheered us as only British sailors can cheer. It made one feel good and caused us to think deeply of our mission. We had a royal send-off on leaving our Canadian shores.

There were four troopships, Scandinavian, Scotlan, Metagoma and Cameronia with 7,000 troops aboard. The cruiser Carnarvon followed in our wake and as soon as we were all out at sea, she passed us as if we were standing still. We maintained the same order all the way across until picked up by a torpedo flotilla about 16 hours off the coast of Ireland. On no day of the voyage was it rough. I hadn't the faintest symptom of sickness though some less fortunate were sick a little. Except for physical drill we loafed. We had of course boat drill and fire drill when alarm was sounded.

On entering the danger zone our life belts became constant companions and some plainly showed anxiety, but mostly all had confidence in the good ship Carnarvon and ours proved no false hope.

Shortly before noon (Aug. 17) smoke appeared on the horizon and before one can write it, we counted five smudges and out of each smudge appeared a torpedo boat going at the speed of an express train. The Carnarvon left for "somewhere" no one knows. Each troopship was escorted by a torpedo boat and before darkness we were alone except for our friend No. 75. No submarine will take a chance when a torpedo boat is around it was told. It was fascinating to watch her movements, continually on the alert; sdudding away in all directions, crossing and recrossing our bows at will, as if teasing the big ships into a chase. This game continued until we arrived at Liverpool. At daybreak (Aug. 18) we met the welcome sight of the coast of Ireland. The waters between Ireland and Rathlin are quite narrow. Between Rathlin and the Mull of Cantyre the waters are mined and net-

ted. I was told that all shipping followed the narrow passage. I had a clear view of my own, my native land, the rugged coast line at the Mull of Cantyre. I even thought I could see Allis Craig. The coast of Ireland is a picture. They seem to cultivate land there with the exactness of science. The land seems to lie in an angle like a roof; you would wonder how they ever worked it. From the difference in tint they must raise a great variety of crops. Streets of this country look like a crazy quilt, so irregular in shape and different in color are the fields, with hedges between. The weather being ideal, we hugged the Irish coast for some time and then passed west and south of the Isle of Man, also highly cultivated, and containing 50,000 German prisoners of war. A safe place of detention. As darkness came on we were much interested in the lights acting as aids to navigation. Search lights, light ships signalling with colors so that the authorities now to a fraction the position of each entering ship. The channel was tortuous but probably there was an object in that.

Both Liverpool and Birkenhead were in darkness. In the morning we warped into dock at the famous floating landing stage. In the forenoon I put my foot for the first time on English soil. We entrained right away in carriages which I consider 50 years behind the age but very English. Whenever we came in contact with the people, their enthusiasm knew no bounds, and what numbers there are of them! The towns are very close to one another. The people seemed at a loss to know how they could best display their appreciation of our mission, and remember, girls, these people are suffering cruelly though to outward appearances all is lovely. Every town we passed through the women and children rushed out to cheer and gave us welcome and God speed. Towels, aprons, flags, anything that would wave. They came fresh from their drawing rooms or their household tasks and always there were crowds of children of all ages. Such a people, no wonder it is a great nation.

Birmingham was the largest town we passed through; and I had a glimpse of the familiar towers of Oxford, familiar because I had studied their lines and proportions in acquiring what little knowledge I have of the technical in connection with my trade.

We left the train at Liphook, 45 miles from London and 28 miles from Portsmouth, and marched, carrying everything we possessed, about 3 1/2 miles to Bramshott Camp. We hadn't settled down when we were given six days' leave and the magnificent sum of £2, 10s but of which to defray the cost of railway fares, board and lodging, while on leave. I went to London where we were perpetually on the go night and day, rain or shine (and it rained four days). So much to see, so little time to see it in. Everything you see of vital interest. Everything so different from Canada and yet just what you expected from reading and conversation with those who had visited the country.

We were treated royally. Clubs have been instituted for men of the army and navy in which your comfort is the first consideration. Profits are unknown I guess! After being turned away from three, on account of room, I found a place called the Bull Dog Club which was in my opinion the best of the lot. It is in the borough of Marylebone at the corner of the Edgeware Road and Chapel St. We could come and go at all hours of the day or night and could have meals prepared at any time. We were waited on at table by ladies of all classes, old and young, all refined to a degree surprising to me, and so kind and painstaking! Yet withal one could see from a sort of charming awkwardness that in many cases they were performing functions totally foreign to their daily routine. I don't remember being served by the same person twice; the faces changed continually, but all did their utmost to make us comfortable. In such manner are the ladies of England trying to do their duty to their land. I saw many, many places of interest in London. I have seen the tombs of Kings and Queens, Dukes and their Duchesses, Princes of the State and Princes of the Church. I admired the chapel of Henry VII. Westminster. I saw all Whitehall from the outside, having no time to investigate the inside. I visited the Tower, the Parliament Buildings (Parliament not in session). Lambeth Palace, the Thames embankment, St. Paul's, Buckingham Palace. We walked or rode

through the Strand, Piccadilly, Regent St., Oxford St., Trafalgar Square, Leicester Square. I visited Hyde Park, Rotten Row, the Serpentine, all those places I had read of, and saw many other noted buildings. I will tell you about it at some more convenient time.

The women collecting fares on buses and trams are in nearly all cases the wives of the conductors who left to go to the front, or the widows of those who have fallen there. They are a vast improvement on every species of conductor that I have met with in the course of many years of dipping hand into pocket for the needful fare. They are courteous to a degree, and so obliging that one would wish to be riding all the time. Incidentally I may state that they get the same wages as the men and why not? This war is making us think rightly about many things.

We are quite comfortable in camp here. We live in huts holding 34 men, a vast improvement on tents. We are given a mattress, and a pillow cover, which we fill with clean straw, blankets plenty. Stove in the hut but not to be lighted till Oct. 1st. The use of stoves is regulated by the calendar not the weather. We are worked very hard and it looks as if we were still being pushed in our training with what view I cannot say, probably an early voyage to France. We were inspected by Gen. French last week and we leave for the rifle ranges on Tuesday first for a further course in musketry.

We had to sleep last night in clothes ready to jump to arms, the reason being another Zeppelin raid. Two of these were brought down in Essex I heard. The night of my arrival in London I was up all night trying to get a view of them. I saw the flashes of bombs and heard the detonations but could not get near before they disappeared. Some damage, but very little.

## EDISON RECITAL AND TONE TEST

Delighted Large Audience at Y.M.C.A. Auditorium Last Evening.

The Edison recital and tone-test which was presented to the music-lovers of Belleville in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium last night was a decided success. That the people of this city appreciate a good thing, musically, was amply demonstrated by the crowded hall, where "standing room only" was at a premium. At the close of the delightful evening's program, many people present personally expressed their appreciation to the artists and to Mr. W. B. Riggs, through whose enterprise and foresight the Edison Recital was made possible. Owing to ill-health, Miss Ida Gardner was unable to be present as advertised and her place on the program was taken by Mr. Hardy Williamson, a noted English tenor, who is soloist at the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, cor. of 5th Ave. and 48th St. New York. Mr. Williamson captivated the large audience by his rich, melodious voice, marvellous range and clear sustained tones. He has a fine presence and a personality that is strong and soulful. He was very generous in responding to the calls of his hearers for encores. Mr. Harold Lyman, a clever fustler, also rendered several numbers in pleasing style. Special mention should be made of his obligato to the soprano solo by Miss Anna Case, sung on the Edison phonograph, Charmant Oiseau (Thou Brilliant Bird) from Le Perle du Brésil.

But the new and delightful feature of last evening's program was the Edison tone-test, in which the beautiful Edison instrument and Mr. Williamson sang together. Their voices blended perfectly, and by closing the eyes one could not tell but that two people were standing on the platform and singing together. In the course of the evening Mr. Lyman gave an interesting account of the Edison instrument, and explained the different features of this truly wonderful invention of the "wizard of electricity." He drew attention to its durability, and to the fact that it requires no change of needle, the point or pin being a genuine diamond which will last a lifetime. This is the first instrument that Mr. Edison has permitted to bear his name, altho' it was in 1878 that he made his first notable discovery as to the possibilities of a disc phonograph recording and producing instrument. Mr. Edison tested 2,000 models and mastered all the intricate details of acoustics, overtones, tone-colors, vibrations, motor-power, and volume of sound, with infinite care and patience and skill. The speaker also stated that this is the only instrument yet constructed, to have a tone-test, which has proved absolutely successful. Another feature, referred to by the speaker, was the length of

time the records play, and also their indestructibility. He also announced that it is the purpose of Mr. Edison to regularly produce the world's finest music, including the works of the great composers, musical ballads, gems from grand opera, light operas, contemporary popular music and heart songs. The artists are to be carefully selected, not merely for their physical charms or notoriety, but rather for their warmth of feeling, range of voice, sustained tones, the power to be felt and appreciated though humbly speaking, they are unmissable. The unique thing of last evening was that every statement of the speaker, was amply proved by the audience as they listened to the delightful program. Mr. T. A. Dillon, of the R. S. Williams and Sons Co., Toronto, assisted Mr. Riggs during the evening.

## NEW BOARDER AND MONEY GONE.

Experience of Boarders at Pinnacle St. House—Nearly \$40 Missing.

Some boarders at Mrs. Bryce's board'ng house are today lamenting the visit of a new boarder. Yesterday afternoon a young man about twenty or twenty-five years old came to that place and rented a room for a week. He went up stairs and came down after a while and went out. When the other boarders returned at night, they missed money from their pockets. Finally it was learned that \$35 or \$40 was gone. Suspicious fastened on the new boarder but he is gone.

## FIVE ABANDONED LIFEBOATS PICKED UP.

NEWPORT, R.I., Oct. 12.—The finding of five abandoned ships' boats by the Spanish steamer Antonio Lopez, reported in a radio message relayed by the naval station here today by the Nantucket shoals lightship was considered in naval circles as suggesting a possible trace of the crew of the steamship Kingstonian, reported torpedoed by a German submarine on Sunday. The message was held to be far from exclusive evidence that a sixth vessel was sunk, the suggestion being made that these boats may have been those which which a crew, now ashore was taken. "We have found five abandoned boats along a radius of three miles, all in good condition," the message said. "The rest of the radiogram was somewhat unintelligible because of evident errors in transmission. The statement in the message that the boats were in good condition was accepted as an indication that no harm fell to those who had been in them. If the boats were those of the Kingstonian, it was thought her crew probably was picked up by an eastbound vessel which will land them on the other side.

## CONFIRMS LOSS OF THE BREMEN

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Byard Swoge, city editor of the World, who has just arrived from Berlin, confirms the loss of the German submarine Bremen, through admission of the president of the company operating commercial submarines.

## JOINT AND MUSCLE PAINS BANISHED BY NERVILINE.

IT CURES RHEUMATISM. Thousands of people, chucked full of the joy of living—happy, glad, bright people, that Nerviline has cured of their pains, all tell the same wonderful story of its power to drive out the aches and tortures of rheumatism and kindred ills. "My goodness, but Nerviline is a miracle-worker," writes Mrs. Charlotte Chipman, mother of a well-known family residing at Mount Pleasant. "Last month I was crippled up with sciatica and muscular rheumatism as to be almost unable to do a bit of housework. My joints were so stiff and the muscles so frightfully sore that I even cried at times with the pain. For years we have used Nerviline in our family and I just got busy with this wonderful, good old liniment. Lots of rubbing with Nerviline soon relieved my misery and I was in a real short time about my work as usual."

## BURRS.

Mr. D. B. Morden is building a new barn for Mr. W. Morden on his farm on Christian St.

Last Sunday was Rally Day at Burr's Sunday School.

Miss Fritz, Wellington visited at Mr. Bride's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Weese and Mr. Earl Lauder attended Bancroft Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Bride Hough, Mrs.

## THE latest news of the town and surrounding neighborhood given in an interesting manner

## OUR Daily News Letter from this thriving Town furnished by the Ontario's Special Correspondent.

TRIDENT, Oct. 11, 1916.—Miss Cora Dorland of Picton spent yesterday in town, the guest of Miss Hayward and Miss Carson.

Cote—To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Cote of Trenton, on Oct. 11th, 1916—a son.

On Monday evening Lieut. J. Raymond, was the recipient of a handsome signet ring as a token of the high esteem in which he was held by his many friends. On behalf of the King St. Methodist Church League members, Miss Foster made the presentation. Short addresses were made by Rev. Harrison, Dr. Farley and Mr. Fraser. Lieut. Raymond was on his last leave prior to sailing overseas.

This afternoon at the King Street Church the members of the "Cradle Roll," of the Women's Missionary Society, and their mothers spent a very pleasant few hours. A program of

music, singing, recitations and readings was given and was enjoyed by all as were the light refreshments at the close of the meeting.

Has Trenton done her duty to the Allies' cause or has she not? There is only one answer—Yes, in Sutcliffe's window can be found a list of 261 names of men who have enlisted from Trenton or near Trenton. That the farming country within a couple of miles of town. And still we hear a person remark that so and so's name is not there. If all were counted 300 could be found out of a population of 6,000 people. That is one man out of every twenty men, women and children. And then how many of our men have left their positions to help make shells in the many munition factories throughout our land. Just figure up the average for any town in Ontario and see how near Trenton comes to the top.

# WAR IS NOW THE ONE TASK FOR ALL MEN. SAYS LAURIER

Ontario Liberal Club Federation Banquet a Scene of Enthusiasm—Sir Wilfrid, Mr. N. W. Rowell, Premier Norris and Others Endorse Policies of Reform on Broad Patriotic Lines Appeals for Cleaner Politics—Progressive Legislative Measures in Manitoba.

LONDON, Ont., Oct. 11.—Ontario Liberalism turned a new page here tonight in the great banquet of the Liberal Club Federation, which was characterized by a vigor and concentrated political enthusiasm that has not marked Liberalism in many years. Fifteen hundred men from all parts of the Province assembled to hear Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. N. W. Rowell, Premier Norris of Manitoba, and other speakers, and unrestrainedly endorsed the policies of reform laid down in broad and patriotic lines of statesmanship. "This war has got to be fought to a finish. Germany has to be fought firmly and resolutely until victory is won, but then when it is won let the better angels of our nature again guide us in our course," declared Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a phrase that is destined to become "familiar in our mouths as household words."

Sir Wilfrid, while criticizing the Dominion Government for its extravagance on civil administration during the perilous years of the war, looked beyond the conflict of the present in a way such as even he has rarely exceeded in his long and honored career. In a speech of the rarest charm, he took his breathless hearers up into heights of nobility, of forgiveness even for sins which are now being committed. "To fight the strong, but to be merciful to the weak," was his appeal in the words of an old Roman, and he made it the magnanimous spirit of a Roman in asking his hearers to place the blame for the German atrocities on the shoulders of the German military authorities rather than on the German people. Yet he did not disguise the fact that he is as deeply imbued as any man in Canada with the realization that the war is now the one task for all men.

To the young men of the Liberal Federation he said they stood on the threshold of life, with a wide horizon open before them for a long career of usefulness in their native land. "Let your aim and your purpose," he said, "in good report or ill, in victory or in defeat, be so to live, so to strive, so to serve as to do your part to raise the standard of life to higher and better spheres."

Mr. Rowell, too, rose to great heights in his appeal for zeal in public service. Like Premier Norris, he was able to point to the inauguration of a successful prohibition enactment in his Province. In speaking of the results so far, he quoted a local merchant in Toronto as stating that never had so many women come in to buy children's stockings on Saturday night since the men were saving the money previously spent in the bars. "I would rather a thousand times over," he said, "bring a message of hope and joy to a home where hitherto there had been discouragement and despair than to be Premier of this Province."

Premier Norris' appeal was for cleaner politics, the time for which he believed had come to Canada. "It is just as easy," he said, "for politicians to be made honest as any other class of men, but it is up to you to make them honest." Mr. Norris' modest statement of the progressive legislation that his own Government has introduced was an inspiration and marked a new chapter in the history of Canadian Liberalism. President Conant spoke of the Federation as a "flourishing plant of Liberalism," and in happy and enthusiastic words introduced Mr. George S. Gibbons, the President-elect. Mr. Gibbons briefly acknowledged the tribute paid him "on behalf of the Liberal Club of London." His expression of London's greeting to Sir Wilfrid Laurier was an eloquent one, and his tribute to thousands of young members of the Liberal Federation fighting the battle of civilization "somewhere in France" called for prolonged cheering.

## ARRESTS ARE MANY IN BELGIUM NOW.

Excuses Offered by Germans Are Growing Weaker as Numbers of Exiled Increase.

Brussels, via London, Oct. 13.—As a means of subjugating more thoroughly the Belgian people the German military government has organized a systematic method of exiling the more influential of the Belgians in the occupied territory. Arrests are becoming frequent and as the frequency increases the excuses for the arrests become less plausible. It is easily understood how the German governors might arrest and imprison men in the occupied territory for acts in contravention of the military law, no matter how unjust it may be, but that a man is merely undesirable in his presence is now the common excuse.

The purpose of all this is to break the spirit of the people the Germans believing that possibly when they see the leaders of the community going, they may submit to the demands that they labor for the German army, or agree to some of the other proposals made to them. A recent arrest shows up some of the details of these newer methods. Mr. Carlier, a banker of Brussels, was arrested and sentenced to Germany. He asked to see his wife, permission was given and when Mrs. Carlier started to see her husband she was informed that he was already on his way to Germany.

Rev. Mr. Nusch was recently sent to jail for eleven years, Mrs. Schenpens for five years and many others for three years on suspicion of working against the German government. Mr. Van Don Bosche was sentenced to life in Luxembourg for pretended treason and so on.

In Olost a boy was accused of having hidden an old shot gun and was sent to jail for three years. These are the things the Belgian Relief Committee is combatting. Every ounce of food sent to this demoralized nation not only keeps the breath of life in them but with each new breath comes renewed courage—the courage that is needed to help win the war. Help these poor people by giving your contribution to the Belgian Relief Committee today. Send it to the branch in your town or to the treasurer of the Belgian Relief Committee 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

## APPEAL TO THE MEN OF BELLEVILLE

We scarcely need say that this letter is not intended to embarrass you in any way. We do not claim any power to decide whether or not you should go to the front. Too many of our splendid Canadian boys have been subjected to unjust criticism by those busybodies who are not in a position to judge. Not a day passes but some man hears the doctor call out "unfit" and all we can do is to sympathize with him and congratulate him. If you are one of these we have no quarrel with you and you owe no apology to anyone.

During the past two months a large number of young men from Belleville or vicinity have joined our unit and it is a matter of regret to us that you still do not see your way clear to take the step. We are inclined to think that perhaps we have not been able to bring the message to you by a personal visit. Much as we would like to have a chat with you, you must know that it is impossible to see everyone. We will be at the Artillery office on Church St. all this week and if you will call and see us we will be glad to talk things over with you.

We are fighting for our life, for our homes and our loved ones and "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." We can assure you that it is anything but pleasant for us to have to plead with a man to fight to uphold the liberties which our forefathers bought so dearly, but the British Empire today has no apology to offer for asking able-bodied men to fight, for the principles which are at stake is not a favor which Canada asks of you it is a privilege which we of this generation may never have again.

Canada today is calling for 150,000 men and what reason or excuse will posterity take from us if we cannot send them? Can we tell them that our mothers would not let us go or that our employers could not spare us? One thing is certain, we will have to tell them the truth. We still need a few more men to complete our unit and we would earnestly impress upon you the need of men and sincerely ask you to give the matter your most earnest consideration. Trusting you will soon be with us and assuring you of good companionship and a square deal to all in the Canadian Field Artillery, We are, Yours very truly, Recruiting Officer 74th Battery

## Fin

In his yo certain exp recorded, change his is a s

He is a s facturer of ing is his s from-the-sho tion of why is a God:

"It takes a about two days seventeen part per together. I millions of wo separate orbit wonderfully in that they just that by a billion about they fina selves. I don't ly a plain manu But this I do shake the sev meat chopper a for the next years and you meat chopper."

"Colonel," I believe that we after we are done I shot the que clear sky, as we in his office, in O largest jobber in under no particu nice to me. On the der no obligations more than one bu lars of our produ

He looked at n though to be sur rectly; then he n tary to leave the who is considere obation in our bus has not put churc since his w talked with me f quarter about rel

After twenty-f strenuous busines to the conclusion subjects on which will always talk religion. Preache that men are not lon either don't kn them, or they have the smoking comp mans. I have hea smoke-filled dunge whether there is there is in life tha man's working for would do credit to fnary.

At the close of said "Thornton, y the experience of you've talked it."

"Boosh!" I said; "That's just wha it," he insisted; "a it, h'd do it too we it right out; and t men like me that'll millions of us in have discarded th ligion that our mo with, and have b blindly trying to ourselves. Go hom stenographer and v

On the way bac made up my mind. I know I run the led a crank; but a gone through the have in the past fo acquit me of that years ago, when I t iness, it had been u up in the ditch. Las fits were forty-two, three-fifths of them not born; one must to become a crank- to reflection and it fourteen years my to my office every I did not have tim go out for a shav. I happened to be New York, forty-n mother died at my was one of those me unhappy color blind near fields appear tant fields green. H his care I should pr weakened by pneum kon, as he was, and on my way to the mines, as he did. Fortunately, he o ered with me, the swift. I was early s mother, who lived, near Hobbs Corners, her direction I grew