

# WEST END BOY WRITES GRAPHIC LETTER DESCRIBING BATTLE OF COURCELETTE

### John W. Beatey, son of Walter S. Beatey, of Lancaster Avenue, was Wounded in Conflict in which Canadians Distinguished Themselves—An Interesting Narrative of History-Making Events Told by a Participant whose Proud Boast is that He Did His Best—Says that as "Fighters" the Huns are First-class "Runners"—The Story of a Notable Day.

John W. Beatey, known to his chums in West St. John as "Jack," has had his name registered on the roll of honor as wounded while fighting for King and country. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Beatey of Lancaster Avenue, and although hardly out of his teens, answered when the call came to rally around the old flag. He went overseas with the 39th Reserve Signallers, and after reaching England was drafted to the 25th Nova Scotia Regiment as signaller with A Company.

While now a much wounded "Tommy," he is being tenderly treated in the 5th Southern General in England, one of those grand British hospitals in which the broken men are received, treated and tenderly nursed back to their former selves.

Young Jack Beatey has been through the thickest of the fighting. In the great advance preparatory to the taking of the village of Courcellette, on September 15th, he received his wounds. On that day the New Brunswick 26th, Nova Scotia's 25th, French Canadian's 22nd (which trained in Amherst, N. S.), and the 24th Victoria Rifles of Montreal, made a name for themselves that will long be remembered in this, the greatest war in history. Those who are home enjoying life as it comes, can well be proud of such heroes as those who formed the above battalions.

In a letter received a couple of days ago by Mrs. W. S. Beatey, from her soldier son Jack, the young signaller gives a graphic description of that battle. The letter follows:

**An Interesting Letter.**  
5th Southern Hospital, Sept. 21st, 1916.  
Dearest Mother:—  
"This is the first chance I have had of writing a letter to you or anyone else since I was wounded, no doubt you will be notified before you get this though.  
"Well, I am going to try and tell you all about it. I am in England now and can talk about more than the weather.  
"I was wounded on the 15th, as I told you on my 'ard. We made a big advance on that date, all along the line, British, French and all. On the night of the 14th our brigade, made up of the 22nd, 24th, 25th and 26th Battalions, moved off billet grounds and relieved the 4th Brigade in support. We stayed there that night until four o'clock on the 15th. In the morning of the 15th about 5.30 o'clock the 4th Brigade made an attack and captured three trenches, driving the Germans back to the village, I just forgot the name of it. At 4.30 o'clock that afternoon we made our attack with the intention of capturing the village. We formed up, 22nd on our right, 26th on our left, and the 24th in our rear.

**A Two-mile Charge.**  
"Mother, I can't explain it as it should be explained, but then you would have to be there yourself to know, or have the least idea what it was like. We had a stretch of land—about two miles—in full view of the enemy, and not so much as a tree to shelter us. The field was nothing but shell holes. At one time there had been trenches there, but as far as we could see there was not a trench to be seen.  
"The enemy opened up his artillery as soon as he saw us, and he followed us all the way across. Mother, it was hellish; the shells, both ours, and the enemy's shrieking overhead, the enemy's shells falling in our ranks killing and wounding our boys by the dozens, dead men lying in every shell hole, mostly all torn to pieces. My God, mother, it was awful.  
"From the time I entered I never expected to come out alive, in fact there were very few of us who did.  
"Well, we got over our front line, supposed to be a trench, but a very dissipated one, it was half filled with dead men, and the brave boys who were holding it, still alive, were standing and tramping around on the other boys that had fallen.  
**Major Tupper Shot.**  
"When we got to the enemy front line trench, just outside the village, just before we got to the trench, (I was attached to A Company as a signaller)—we lost our major. He was the officer commanding A Company, and the boys thought an awful lot of him, because he was game. Major Tupper was shot through the head by a machine gun bullet, then the boys went mad, and I with them, I guess, because I had liked Major Tupper very much. We went into that trench like crazy men, and believe me, there was not one prisoner taken—it was just slaughter.  
"Up over the parapet and over the fields to the next trench. The machine gun and rifle fire was murderous but the boys had given up looking for shelter. We went into that trench the same as the first. By that time we were half way through what was once a village, but it was now just a bunch of cellars; you couldn't tell that there had ever been a street near it. Just before we got to the trench we were given to get up and at them again, we heard the Colonel's call. It was impossible for him to get order, but we all did our best to hear what he had to say. All he said was that he wanted some prisoners to send back as a proof of our, as he called it, good work. I think his request was granted. I don't know for sure, as I didn't get any farther, but just shortly after I started back a bunch of Germans caught up to me under a guard. The poor beggars were almost crazy by the way they were shouting and running.



SIGNALLER JOHN W. BEATEY.

## DROWNED NEAR CAMPOBELLO IN MONDAY'S STORM

### Bartholomew Warren, of West Isles, Shipwrecked and Lost Life During Gale of Monday Night.

Campobello, Oct. 12.—The storm of Monday night raged along the coast, the blowing being more or less, and on Tuesday morning some fishermen in looking after their boats discovered a small boat about fifteen feet long washing about, full of water, near what is called Malloch's Beach, North Road. The sail and fishing lines were also found near. Before nightfall the fears that had already been entertained were verified when the body of Bartholomew Warren, a resident of West Isles, a man of about sixty years of age, was found where the boat was picked up.

The coroner, Dr. Murray, and others of West Isles were immediately summoned and an investigation was held, whereupon the body was taken to West Isles for interment. The belief is that in the early hours of the morning deceased left Campobello, where he was known to have been at a late hour the night before, for his home at West Isles; the boat was overturned and he was drowned in the heavy sea.

## THE ONLY WAY TO CURE RHEUMATISM

Must Be Treated Through the Blood and the Poisonous Acid Driven Out.

The twinges and tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather as so many people suppose. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood. This is a medical truth that every rheumatic sufferer should realize. There is only one way to cure rheumatism—it must be treated through the blood. All the liniments and rubbing and so-called electrical treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism, and the sufferer who tries them is not only wasting money, but is allowing the trouble to become more firmly rooted in the system and harder to cure when the proper remedy is tried. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had remarkable success in curing rheumatism because they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood, driving out the poisonous acid, releasing the stiffening joints, clearing away the torturing pains, and giving the victim renewed health and ease. Mr. Vincent Brow, Havre Boucher, N. S., says: "For two years I was an almost constant sufferer from rheumatism, the trouble being so bad at times that I could scarcely get about. The trouble seemed to bring with it anæmia, and altogether I was in a very bad condition. I used doctor's medicine for almost a year without relief. Then on the advice of a friend I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I think I took altogether about a dozen boxes, with the result that I am again enjoying perfect health."  
You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Well, Mother, I am in God's country again, with a nice bed, clean sheets and lovely nurses. You can't imagine what it is like to be back again, away from that hell over there."  
"My wounds are very light. I had a small piece of shell taken out of my left hand; they haven't taken anything out of my knee yet. I think they are going to put the X-ray on it tomorrow. I think there are three or four small pieces in it by the looks of it. My leg does not hurt me much to walk on it, but it is stiff and I can't bend it. I was up around the ward for a little while today. I used a cane when I was up."  
"Well, Mother dear, I think I will have to knock off now. I wanted to tell you all about the boys I met down at the Somme the night before I went into the trenches, but my wrist is sore."  
"Loads and loads of love for the kiddies, Leanne, Dad and your own dear self."  
"Your loving boy,"  
"JACK,"

## FIRST DISASTER IN HIS 50 YEARS AS A SAILOR

### Nova Scotian Among Rescued from Schr. Helen Hasbrauck Dismantled in Gale of Seal Island.

Boston, Oct. 13.—Four men, rescued from an open dory after they had abandoned the Canadian schooner Helen Hasbrauck, dismantled in a gale fifty miles south of Seal Island, Maine, on Sunday, were brought into this port today aboard the British steamer Saxon Monarch, from Glasgow.

Captain Charles W. Publicover and the crew of the Hasbrauck had drifted forty hours in a heavy sea before they were picked up by the steamer. Leander Publicover, of La Have, N. S., father of the Hasbrauck's captain, was one of the crew. He said he had sailed the seas for fifty years and this was his first experience in a marine disaster.

## NEWCASTLE MAN ON BICYCLE COLLIDES WITH WAGON AND HURT

Newcastle, Oct. 12.—A bad accident occurred about ten o'clock Tuesday night, when Mr. Clarence Jones, who was passing along the shaded street near Mayor Fish's residence on his bicycle, ran into a team. He was struck in the side by the shaft of the wagon. One of his ribs was fractured and he was hurled unconscious from his bicycle. He was carried into Dr. Nicholson's office, where, in the absence of Dr. Nicholson his injuries were attended to by Dr. Moore. Mr. Jones will be confined to his home for a few days.

## BRAVE TALK FROM GERMAN NEWSPAPER

### "Heart of British Lion Shall Learn to Know Fear" is Threat of Lokal Anzeiger.

Amsterdam, Oct. 13 (5 p. m.)—Commenting on the speeches in the British House of Commons by Premier Asquith and War Secretary Lloyd George in which they declared the war must be continued to a finish, the Lokal Anzeiger, of Berlin, says:

"So we know it now, for the third time, and shall take measures accordingly. We, too, must provide for the future of our people, and shall not relax our efforts until they are guaranteed against all designs of our enemies to strangle them."  
"As Mr. Asquith has had to admit, it is not too simple a matter to conquer us. But the fighting must go on because the interests of the Island Empire demand it. Well, then, we shall take care that the heart of the British lion shall yet learn to know fear."

## ARCADIA N. S. MAN FOUND DEAD IN HUT

Special to The Standard.  
Yarmouth, N. S., Oct. 13.—Giles Simmons, resident of Arcadia, was found dead in his bed at his shanty, Spectacle Island, this morning. The deceased left in his boat about 9.30 yesterday in apparently good health to go to that island for a load of beach stone for F. A. W. Hatfield, and nothing more was heard of him. Early this morning the watchman on Spectacle Island found him dead. He was 52 years of age and leaves besides a widow, four sons, three of whom by a previous marriage, reside in Maine. He was a native of Friendship, Maine, and leaves three sisters residing in Maine. The remains were taken to Arcadia this afternoon.

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