

The Carleton Observer

Vol. 7. No. 21.

HARTLAND, N. B., NOVEMBER 3, 1915.

Whole No. 333

IF YOU PATRONIZE
The Everyday Bargain Store
YOU LEARN TO SAVE MONEY

NEW FALL GOODS

are being opened up at this store every day. They include the newest and the best—bought with a view to continuing our policy of

Quality and Service

Besides, we want to maintain the reputation of our store, which is acknowledged to be one of the most modern in New Brunswick, where close and careful buying and the personal selection of Quality Goods makes it possible for us to sell at prices lower than our competitors, and giving an assortment equal to city stores. The prices and quality combine to give us the advantage over mail-order houses—and our customers see and inspect the goods before they pay.

Ladies' Wear, Fall and Winter Coats, Under-clothing (for all members of the family), Ready-to-Wear Clothing, Every Thing One Needs in Dry Goods

are here in quality and variety unsurpassed. And the prices are made to fit your supply of ready cash.

Remember the Phillips Store for steady good value every day in the year

(The Mrs. C. A. Phillips stand)

A. W. PHILLIPS

BRISTOL N. B.

HOTELS

WINDSOR HOTEL

C. A. CRAIG, Prop.
Large, well furnished rooms, bath room, etc., first-class table. Permanent or Transient Board. Livery Stable in connection.

8-3m

HARTLAND, N. B.

Royal Hotel

A Home Away from Home
Main Street, South Side of Bridge
Livery in Connection

HARTLAND, N. B.

A. W. CLARK, Prop.

Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor
Main St., Hartland, N. B.

Fredericton Business College

Gives a well planned course of instruction in the essentials of commercial work, and does not require students to waste time on those things which are unnecessary or out-of-date.

Prepare yourself to fill a good position by taking one of our courses.

Address
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal
Fredericton, N. B.

DR. J. E. JEWETT Dentist

At Hartland every Monday. At Bath every Wednesday and Thursday. P. O. address Woodstock.

W. P. Jones, K. C.
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, etc.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Turnips Wanted

AT OUR FACTORY

Dunbar Plant, Woodstock

Highest Prices Paid

We also can handle marketable and unmarketable potatoes

Potato Products Co.

Western Assurance Co.

(INCORPORATED 1851)

ASSETS - - - - \$3,213,438.25

DIBBLEE & AUGHEKTON, Agents

Woodstock, N. B.

Telephone: Office, 18-31.

Residence, 144-11.

LIEUT. HARVEY REID IN ACTIVE SERVICE

Hartland Boy's Thrilling Experience in the "Big Drive"

The following letter, dated Oct. 10, somewhere in France, has been received by Mrs. J. H. Reid of this town:

DEAR MOTHER: I am overjoyed to get all your nice letters and can only say it is the fortune of war if my letters are delayed or go astray, for I write every week. Well mother we've had a colossal attack and altho' the weather was against us we gave the Hun an awful mauling. What the poor Belgian had, what the Russians had—all that and more too we gave him in the four days that every gun along the whole front fired continuously on him. Millions of shells battered his trenches and first line defence all to pieces. The ground shook with the constant din. It must have been hell for them and they deserved it. I can't picture it to you. We fired all sorts of shells—the little sharpnel which bursts and spreads its bullets among them—the high explosive shell which bursts with an awful roar and sends splinters of death among them—the incendiary shell which sets their wooden defence on fire and the big 8, 9 and 15 inch guns tore their trenches and forts like paper. No human being could stand it and many of them must have gone crazy with the awfulness of it. Where we were our batteries were as thick as stones. We never left an inch of their trenches untouched. We tore their barbed-wire to bits and their batteries we battered into silence. The Hun was absolutely cowed. What our artillery did to them is too awful to describe and on the 4th morning at about 5 under a curtain of shell and smoke our whole line attacked. It was too wonderful to describe. It was a sight I shall never see again. I was at my observation station and saw it all. Over our trenches went our splendid Scotch infantry and with bayonets gleaming went straight at the Huns. Of course machine guns here and there took an awful toll. But within an hour of my seeing our fellows going over the ridge we had taken the German front line over the whole of our front. During the attack I had a privilege that comes to few young officers—the Major handed the battery over to me to control and himself did nothing but watch the situation. It was very nice. I knew several roads behind the German line where they were bound to mass to counter attack and these I shelled continuously. I bet we killed hundreds. I tell you our infantry never had better artillery support. We kept the shells falling just above 500 yds, in front of our attacking line all the time, and the poor Hun couldn't possibly face it.

By nightfall in places we were 4 miles through the Hun lines and on our right the French were attacking like devils. If I had the time I'd write a good essay and do my experience justice, but a soldier hasn't time for those things. We paid a heavy price and after three days fighting day and night, in rain and cold, my Division was withdrawn from the line in order to rest and reform; and here we are. If you could have seen our infantry you would have worshipped them. Again and again in the face of machine guns, bombs, poisoned arrows etc., they attacked the Germans and our joy was completed when about 11 a.m. the long line of prisoners started

coming past. Of course as a Division now we are only a remnant. You cannot attack the Germans for three days and nights and expect to live, but during the whole of our time in the line the Hun never faced a bayonet charge. They would yell "bon kanierade" and jump about with hands high in the air the minute we got to them. Poor Ossie Staples—you've heard me speak of him. He was one of my best pals at Oxford; second day of the battle he was killed leading an attack on the German back positions. I did all I could to get accurate information for his people and it dampened the victory for me, because only two days before he had lunched with me and was so merry and bright knowing well there was practically no chance of coming out alive.

Gen. French congratulated us and said we had done all and more than he expected as a Division, and, mother, no one could do more. To tell the truth we haven't enough left in the Division to talk about. God bless them! the artillery are too proud of them for words and we fired over their heads to protect them until at times our guns were too hot to fire.

But the spirit is still here. We'll soon reform and get new blood in and when the call comes again infantry and artillery will be ready once more.

I have no objection to your publishing this letter because it is not likely many first hand accounts will be available. We need all the fit men we can get. Our casualties were heavy. I hope the recruits will roll up.

Love to all

Harvey

Harvey T. Reid was Rhode's scholar from Acadia, class 1913, and was at Oxford when the war broke out.

The War Comes Close Home

On Monday Mrs. Charles Stevens received a letter from her son Roy, with Co. D, 26th-Batt., "somewhere in France." He had been in the commissariat department from the time of his enlistment, but his letter bore the cheerless news that he had done his turn in the trenches. At the time of writing he was resting with the battalion some distance from the firing line.

One of the saddest messages that has yet come to Hartland was a partly completed letter written by one of Roy's comrades to his sister, Miss Etta Stevens. Dated Sept. 22 the letter spoke of the wait for action being tedious and the writer was hopeful of some excitement soon. Poor fellow! He was killed in the big drive three days later. The half-finished letter was found in his pocket and given to Roy, who forwarded it. This unfortunate young man was Charles McAfee of St. John.

Hallowe'en Party at East Florenceville

A Hallowe'en party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Banks at their home, East Florenceville, on Friday evening, Oct. 29, when their daughter entertained upwards of 45 guests. She was assisted by her aunt, Miss Gertrude Boyer. The parlors were prettily decorated for Hallowe'en, with witches and black cats; white pumpkin jack o' lanterns furnished the lights. A carefully prepared and well arranged program was successfully carried out. At 12 o'clock a dainty lunch was served by the hostess, who was assisted by Mrs. B. C. McIsaac after which each guest was presented with a small Hallowe'en souvenir before departing for their homes after having spent a very enjoyable evening.

HAVOC AMONG CATTLE

Promiscuous Discharge of High Power Arms Proves Disastrous

Scott Shaw of Highland Farm, Victoria, called at The Observer office on Monday evening to register the complaint that there was too much promiscuous shooting going on in the vicinity. He says when he gets shot he wants to get his fighting Germans; and he suggests that those who have so much idle time and ammunition will find the recruiting officer ready to take them on and send them where their zeal will be appreciated, and where the bullets fly in both directions.

Mr. Shaw said a few days ago one of the most prized grade cattle on Highland Farm was shot through the heart and instantly killed by a stray bullet from a rifle. He further stated that men in his employ narrowly escaped at another time, a bullet tearing up the ground between the two.

On Friday a bullet passed so close over C. M. Shaw's head that he ducked at the high-pitched hum of the missile. A few years ago G. F. Neals of Somerville had a cow shot dead by a stray bullet.

There should be a law against the discharge of rifles indiscriminately, and the law should be enforced.

The ordinary military rifle will send a bullet through a man three miles distant.

A bullet discharged straight in the air returns to the earth at exactly the same speed it went up. A bullet fired at any angle strikes with force sufficient to kill any living creature. In this region, where the earth is of uneven surface, no bullet can travel so far that its impetus is spent; it will always strike some where with terrific impact.

A rifle should never be discharged into the river at a less angle than 45 degrees, for the bullet is sure to ricochet, almost invariably striking some object on the land.

There is evidence for the belief that Highland Farm and Maplewood was bombarded by bullets which were discharged from rifles on the shore or the bridge at Hartland.

Why The Observer is Sometimes Late.

Some upriver readers complain that while The Carleton Observer is printed Wednesday forenoon they do not get the paper until Thursday. The reason of this is that working from early morning until noon the office force is barely able to catch the northbound mail. In fact beginning as early in the morning as the press can be started seven people work with frenzied haste to complete the mailing in time to catch the noon mails and the southbound mail at 5.15. Subscribers and advertisers will please remember that copy MUST be in on Tuesday at the latest. Advertisements for the first and last pages must be in on Monday afternoon. Kindly have your copy in good season so that subscribers will not be disappointed when the paper is due.

Typesetting for the succeeding edition begins immediately after one edition goes to press. There is no slack time, no idle moments, an average of 96,000 tiny bits of metal must be placed together in proper manner for each edition.

Ninety-six thousand is a big figure yet some subscribers think it sheer carelessness if an occasional one of the types is misplaced.

C. H. Taylor has to rent three desirable tenements all in first repair.