

TESTIMONIAL RECEIVED BY POPULAR GENTLEMAN WELL KNOWN ON RIVER

Death of Colin H. Livingstone's Son Draws Memorial from Faculty of Western High School in Washington, D.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin H. Livingstone of Washington, D. C., who have a beautiful summer residence at Glen Leon, Carter's Point, where they usually spend their summer vacation, have been the recipients of very many expressions of sympathy in connection with the recent death of their splendid son, Robert Elkins Livingstone.

One of these took the form of a beautifully engrossed memorial from the Faculty of the Western High School, Washington, of which their son had been a student. It was as follows: The Faculty of the Western High School wishes to express to you its profound sympathy in the loss of your son Robert Elkins Livingstone of the class of 1916.

His splendid school spirit, displayed in the various activities in which he delighted to take an important part, won for him the affectionate regard of his fellows. His scholarship, his steady application, his fine character and genial disposition made him the most valued member of the school, presaged for him a most successful and useful career, and won for him a firm hold on the memory and friendship of all who came in contact with him.

With assurances of sincere regret and condolence, THE FACULTY OF WESTERN HIGH SCHOOL, Washington, D. C., 1916.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Ansel Guptill.

The death of Mrs. Ansel Guptill, aged 72 years, occurred on October 4th at her home, Castalia, Grand Manan, causing universal regret. Her bright mind and sunny disposition endeared her to all, and she bore her long and painful illness with wonderful patience and fortitude.

The funeral was held on Friday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from her late residence, and was well attended. Floral offerings were contributed by Mrs. Florence Winchester, Mrs. Restina Winchester, Mrs. Macaulay, Mrs. Roy Guptill, Mrs. Clarence Richardson, Mrs. Abbie Lakeman, Mrs. Arthur Travers, Mrs. Ethel Gilmore, Miss Fannie Dalzell and Master Aubrey Graham. Interment was in Maple Grove cemetery beside her husband, who was laid to rest only a few months before.

PROPERTY TRANSFERS.

Recent transfers of property in St. John and Kings counties have been recorded as follows:—Elizabeth C. Clark et al to F. C. Godson, property in Charlotte street; W. J. Clark to John Wynn, property at Dipper Harbor; Fenton Land and Building Company to Maria A. wife of J. B. Manson, property in Lancaster.

Kings county—Alice A. Amoson to G. E. Sheek, property in Havelock; H. W. Belyea to Samuel Short, \$600, property in Greenwich; C. A. Currie to Violet Dow, property in Rothsay; R. G. Darling to C. E. Sheek, property in Havelock; Edward Barle to Thomas Fable, property in Norton; William Hamilton to Herbert Hamilton, \$1,200, property in Greenwich; Philip Kerr to Isabel C. Spina, \$400, property in Westfield; heirs of F. H. Lucas to Christina Lucas, property in Sussex; W. C. Rankin to Martha E. H. Watson, property in Westfield; Catherine Scribner et al to G. A. Gagnon, property in Springfield; W. A. Schofield to O. W. Keirstead, \$400, property in Stodholm; T. N. Vincent to C. A. Currie, property in Rothsay.

Four New Brunswick Men On Honor Roll

Abraham Flanagan, Bass River, Reported Missing, J. F. Wall, Campbellton, Killed in Action, Lieut. E. A. Good, Fredericton, and Fred C. Leger, Port Elgin, Among the Wounded.

Infantry. Missing—Abraham G. Flanagan, Bass River, N. B. James Gear, Newfoundland. Percy R. Gandy, Gornish, Nfld. Daniel Harvey, Hilden, N. S. Douglas M. Reid, Yarmouth, N. S. Alfred S. Strang, Summerside, P. E. I. Elsworth Young, Halifax, N. S. Wounded—Harold P. Lordy, 109 Queen street, Halifax, N. S. John W. Ryan, Port Mulgrave, N. S. Henry M. Sutherland, Truro, N. S. John E. Walsh, Sydney Mines, N. S. John R. Dickson, Guysboro, N. S. Foster Newell, 44 Birmingham street, Halifax, N. S. Joseph G. Bain, Yarmouth, N. S. Elwood M. Purcell, 9 Salter street, Halifax, N. S. Missing—John W. MacIntyre, Reserve Mines, N. S. Dan R. McDonald, New Waterford, N. S.

Artillery. Wounded—Corporal Sam A. McKenzie, Sydney, N. S. Gunner Alex. McDonald, Ironville, N. S. Gunner James Wilfred Hearn, 108 Parla street, Sydney, N. S. Wm. A. Scott, Springhill, N. S. Thomas Stockall, 85 Leonard Road, Halifax, N. S. James Whelan, Newfoundland. Jos. Wynn, Glace Bay, N. S. Killed in Action—J. F. Wall, Campbellton, N. B. Wounded—Lieut. E. Alvah Good, Fredericton, N. B. Gregory McDonald, Windsor, N. S. Wilfred Robb, Sydney, N. S. Charles V. Smith, Sydney, N. S. Lloyd Marsters, Hantsport, N. S. Stephen McVarish, Reserve Mines, N. S. Fred C. Legere, Port Elgin, N. B.

Home From Aldershot.

Lieut.-Colonel Dr. T. D. Walker, who has been in charge of the Field Hospital at Aldershot Camp, N. S. since August 1st arrived home yesterday. Colonel Walker enjoyed the camp life and its surroundings very much. The weather was splendid, and with the exception of a few wet days, was all that could be desired. Speaking of the men who canvassed at Aldershot, Colonel Walker said that he was very much impressed with the discipline and drilling of the Highland brigade. The men are as fine a body of soldiers as one would see at any military camp.

CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge, Oct. 9.—A recruiting meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Cambridge, on October 6th. Lieut. Gibson and Sergt. Pincombe addressed the audience and music was furnished by Piper Scott. Three recruits signed on: Messrs. Ham, Carpenter and Carrick.

Misses Edith Belyea, Lucille Nevers, Blanche Robinson, Ruby Fowler, Jennie Fowler and Gladys Draper attended the Kings-Queens Teachers' Institute which met in Sussex. Mr. and Mrs. Frank McArthur and family of St. John, spent the week-end with Mrs. McArthur's parents. Miss McKenzie of Norton and Miss Lila, of Sussex, spent the holiday the guests of Mrs. Geo. Robinson.

Mrs. Minnie MacLean of Chipman is spending a few days here. Miss Lizette MacLeay of St. John spent the holiday with her brother, Mr. Talmage MacLean.

Miss Laura Akerley, who is teaching at Loch Lomond, spent Thanksgiving at her home at the Narrows. Mr. Wm. Straight and son, Fred, arrived home by auto on Friday from Carleton county.

Miss Laura Jones of St. John was home for Thanksgiving. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Hamm was gladdened by a visit from the stork last week. Mrs. Merritt Thorne and children of Belleisle, are visiting friends here.

YOUR PAY is liable to be larger if you can run a REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER. A. Milne Fraser, Jas. A. Little, Mgr., 37 Dock street, St. John, N. B.

DREFUSS WRITING A BOOK.

Barney Drefuss is said to be engaged in writing a book. It is understood the title will be "1,000,000 Reasons Why Sister Belongs To Me; Or, The Sad Experiences of a Magnate Who Has Been Handled the Hot End of the Poker, to which is appended an appendix setting forth the true facts in the celebrated Sister case."

New West Side Warehouse.

The tender of D. C. Clark for the erection of the large new warehouse at No. 16 wharf, West St. John, has it is understood, been accepted. The structure, according to requirements, should be completed and fit for use on or before December 1.

GERMANS SURPRISED

Too Late to Check the British Rush—Prisoners Easily Taken.

(From a Correspondent.)

With the British Army in the Field, October 1—Another day of victory. Between noon and sunset, two villages swept clean with bombs and bayonets and a third battered to the verge of collapse, more German trenches annihilated and local redoubts silenced, and the British line thrust still further eastward by a bold sweep on a six-mile front. Tonight successive files of defeated, unresisting prisoners, the debris of Prussian regiments broken in our barrage, are marching over the hill from the battlefields. Beyond the ridge they had climbed for the last time German batteries move sullenly away from Morval, driven at last from the gun-pits where they had lain for months. At the same moment British guns press forward, rolling along the roads, half-hidden in clouds of dust.

The lesson of Lesboeuvs and Morval is the growing discouragement of the enemy. At certain places he fought fiercely, but I can also tell of Prussian infantrymen running to meet their captors with hands upraised. Again they put their trust in machine-guns until it became a question of face-to-face fighting. When the British troops came at them behind the terrible creeping curtain fire they were in terror. Thus the clean sweep through Lesboeuvs and Morval and up the heart of Gueudecourt this afternoon was a comparatively easy task. Less resistance met the confident British battalions than at Guillemont or Ginchy. In fact they appear to have encountered little organized opposition once the German first line was crossed.

Losses Not Heavy.

Machine-guns and enemy artillery were responsible for the majority of our casualties. They are not very heavy. The enemy, however, suffered severe losses. Our advancing infantry walked amid a mass of corpses. Between the first and second trench lines. The Germans had not expected a midday assault. Throughout last night they lay under a steady and extremely harassing bombardment which raked the trenches from the south of Morval to the northernmost tip, but rather than retreat they dug the roads, behind along which other troops were approaching in relief. They did not consider it of greater import than any other ordinary heavy shelling—I quote the prisoners whom I saw tonight—and even when the morning brought no cessation of their trial, but rather an intensification, they did not steel themselves to meet a British attack.

At the precise moment agreed on the battalions, climbed the parapet and went forward. Not until then did the enemy realize that they were face to face with our men. Their guns, great and small, were loosed too late. They could not stay the tide that surged against them. Tonight Lesboeuvs and Morval are ours. A few machine-guns stick unutilized in a sunken road southeast of Morval, and there is a strip of German held trench between the battalions faces of Lesboeuvs and Gueudecourt. These unimportant "snags" behind our new front can be speedily wiped out. Before this is published they will doubtless have been erased by the British troops around them.

The first phase of the attack led the battalions into the trenches, and which ran in a south-easterly direction west of Gueudecourt, Lesboeuvs, and Morval at a distance of from 200 to 500 yards from those villages. The moment they stepped across the parapet they plunged into machine-gun fire. All the sunken roads linking up the villages gave cover to groups of gunners, who raked the field with deadly thoroughness. Yet the British soldiers went through it undaunted and leaped among their foes. The bombers gave bomb for bomb, and there were bayonets for those who hesitated to surrender.

Hand-to-Hand Encounters.

The thankfulness of men that they were alive in the sunshine—having come through the valley of death—found expression behind the battle line in a shout of jubilation, where the "walking wounded" wended their weary way along the troop-laden roads. I wish their mothers and wives and sweethearts could have seen them limping up to the hospital tents pitched in a veritable thicket of heavy guns. They nursed aching arms or ruefully rubbed bandaged heads, but there was hardly a man among them who did not grin as he passed out of the dressing-tent, displaying his snow-white fresh bandage, and sat down on a wooden form to drink a mug of tea and eat great slices of bread and jam.

There were two long benches side by side on the grass, filled with hungry wounded men talking as furiously as though they had just come from a football match. A newcomer would approach unsteadily, and, as an orderly put him on the benches, and filled his cup, a shout would go up from another bandaged man, and they would shake hands triumphantly. This man had come from near Lesboeuvs, that one from the sunken road at Gueudecourt, the third told of the Prussian officer who shot him in the foot before a sergeant killed him. They talked together as happily as schoolboys.

CASTORA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams

At the Treat, holding out their hands for tea, putting away incredible quantities of bread and jam, and only scrambling up when the orderly called out, "Bus ready, boys."

They tumbled into the big motor-omnibus beside the tents; and as soon as it was filled it rolled away in the dust and another one took its place. It was a never-ending procession—wounded trickling in at one rate, bandaged, tea and conversation, handshakes, off in an omnibus. "Why," said a Northcountryman through his bandages, "it's not a battle, it's a banquet."

Among the Prisoners.

As the victors of Lesboeuvs and their companions the bestsers of Gueudecourt kept streaming into the field ambulance road alongside their dressing-station held groups of forlorn, wholly discouraged prisoners. They came through the maze of traffic in several columns, each following at the heels of two horsemen and two proud infantrymen. Most of the prisoners were hatless, one or two wore the cumbersome sniper's helmet, one had on a British metal helmet. They glanced curiously at the soldiers who lined the roadside to watch them pass.

The Entry Into Lesboeuvs.

The troops that had reached the sunken roads outside Lesboeuvs and Morval, their second halting place, finished their work ahead of the scheduled time set for their capture. When the prospective occupants poured into the sunken roads and found there only a handful of frightened Germans surrendering amid corpses, twisted machine-guns, and collapsed dug-outs, they were determined to go on. Why not? There lay Lesboeuvs, a few hundred feet away, an easy victory. A desultory fire came from its ruined houses, and several machine-guns still backed from the white-walled and pillar-fronted shell of a chateau among the trees at its upper edge. Still, the German resistance was obviously broken, so they went on.

The Last Stand in Morval.

Morval is almost part of Lesboeuvs. Its main street becomes a sunken road for perhaps 400 yards north of it, before undergoing a second transformation as the second most important street of its neighbor. Morval was taken by two detachments of troops that divided the village into northern and southern halves. The northern sector gave no trouble, the soldiers simply announced their presence at the outskirts, and the few scattered remnants of a tired garrison gave themselves up. But in the southern edge were men of stouter courage. They lodged in a trench that ran from the Le Sars road at the eastern end of Morval in a quarter circle to the Fregcourt road on the south, and the latter highway, by reason of its depression below the surrounding fields, gave further encouragement to the builders of redoubts. Tonight this lone enemy position was still firing its last gasp, and the British were holding out in the hope that relief would come from the east. The German field batteries near by were still firing from their pits east of Morval at five o'clock tonight, and this must have given them additional fortitude. What they thought an hour later when the batteries ceased firing and departed may be better imagined than described.

The British infantry went forward with traditional coolness and courage. Eye-witnesses of the calm, measured walk towards Gueudecourt and Lesboeuvs through the gusts of acid smoke that overcame the battlefield, agree that it was a splendid, and moving sight. Men might pause for a moment to make a wounded comrade comfortable in a shell-crater, but they never faltered because of the German barrage or the bullets that flew thick across the fields. They went forward in brilliant sunshine under a clear blue sky—there was not a cloud in it anywhere save the clouds of bursting shrapnel flung around our aeroplanes as they hovered above the battle. It was a perfect autumn day—such a day as makes men thankful that they are alive.

The Banquet After the Battle.

Several ladders of the West End, who some time ago sent cigarettes to lovely soldiers, have heard practically from every parcel. With the letters of gratitude came intimations that more "smokes," not for themselves, but for "another fellow" would be welcome. Therefore a committee has been formed whose members will receive contributions of money until Nov. 18 to purchase cigarettes for lone soldiers. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. J. L. Duval, 359 Charlotte street; Miss Gertrude Lawson, De Monts street; Miss Eva Newcomb, 218 City Line; Miss L. Driscoll, 208 King street; all of the West End.

DORCHESTER

Dorchester, Oct. 13.—Mr. A. K. McQueen, Mrs. J. A. McQueen, Miss Chapman and Mrs. Emmerson, motored to St. John on Friday last, and spent a few days guests of friends.

Miss Meta Adams of Sackville, spent the week-end in town, guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bunn. Miss Adams and Mrs. C. S. Hickman, Miss Frances and Mr. Charles Hickman left on Saturday last for a motor trip to St. John and Fredericton. Miss Alice Hickman of Mt. Allison Ladies' College spent the Thanksgiving holidays at her home here.

Mr. Frank Comery of St. John, in the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bishop.

Miss Doris Driller of Shediac, spent the week-end in town, guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Driller, Government Terrace.

Miss Mollie Percy is continuing her studies in vocal, at Mt. Allison Conservatory, Sackville.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Turner and party of Amherst, motored to town, on Sunday last, and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Chambers.

Misses Mollie and Jean Percy spent Tuesday in Amherst, guests of friends.

EXTRA SEATS ON RIM.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 13.—Because the early demand for seats for the Yale-Harvard football game here Nov. 25, has exceeded all records, the management tonight voted to erect 8,500 additional temporary seats on the "rim" of the bowl where the contest is to be staged. This will bring the seating capacity of the great amphitheatre up to more than 70,000.

Jackie Has Escaped.

Jackie Saunders has escaped from "The Grip of Evil." Balboa, however, the big production last week and Miss Saunders immediately left for New York to recreate after her strenuous work. The last scenes of "The Grip" are already in the hands of Pathé and it is understood that the business on the showing already made has broken all serial records.

Lionel Barrymore will be seen in "The Brand of Cowardice," on October 30. John Noble, who directed the big "Romeo and Juliet" production, is directing the Barrymore picture. This will be followed on November 6 with "Big Tremaine," with Harold Lockwood and May Allison starred. "Big Tremaine" is a picturization of the popular novel of the same name and it will be directed by Henry Otto.

Delicate Young Girls, Pale, Tired Women

There is no beauty in pallor, but proof of plenty of weakness. Excitation makes your heart flutter, your back and limbs ache, and you need something to put some sense into your system. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they make you feel alive, make you want to do things. They refresh and purify the blood—then come strong nerves, rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, robust good health. You'll be helped in a hundred ways by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are an old family remedy of great renown. Thousands use a no other medicine and never have a day's sickness of any kind. Get a 25c. box today. Sold by all dealers.

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HOTEL CHELSEA

West Twenty-third St., at Seventh Ave New York City. European Plan. 500 rooms. 400 baths. Rooms with adjoining bath \$1.00 and \$1.50. Room with private bath, \$2.00. Suites parlor, bedroom and bath, \$3.00 and upward. Club Breakfast, 25c. up. Special Luncheon, 50c. up. Table d'Hote Dinner, 75c. up. Cafe attached.

To Reach Hotel Chelsea—From Pennsylvania Station, 7th Avenue car south to 23rd Street; Grand Central, 4th Avenue car south to 23rd Street; Lackawanna, Erie, Reading, Baltimore & Ohio, Jersey Central and Lehigh Valley R. R. Stations, take 23rd Street Crosstown car east to Hotel Chelsea. Principal Steamship Piers, Foot Street 23rd Street, take 23rd Street Crosstown car. Write for Colored Map of New York.

If I Had Eczema

I'd simply wash it away with that soothing liquid, D.D.D. Prescription. The first drops instantly stop that awful itch.

We cannot absolutely guarantee a cure every time but we do say this: If the first bottle does not relieve you, it will not cost you a cent. Try D.D.D. Soap too. It will keep your skin healthy.

E. Clinton Brown, druggist, 64 John, N. B. Dr. J. C. Williams' Eczema Remedy.

IN MEMORIAM.

In everlasting memory of Elizabeth A. Massee, who died October 14, 1915.

DIED.

WHITE—In East Boston, Oct. 10, Fanny B., 39 years, wife of George V. White, and daughter of Bessie and the late Bradford Belyea.

Get "King Cole" when you buy the Tea. You remember, Dad, how we liked the flavor, just as the advertisements said. Besides, KING COLE is guaranteed and I feel I can depend on its quality. "You'll like the flavor"

FOUR CROWN SCOTCH A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKY Holds its place today in Canada as it has for nearly half a century. It appeals to those who know and appreciate a good whisky. A brand whose quality and purity have never changed. FOSTER & COMPANY, ST. JOHN Sole agents for New Brunswick.

John W. ... had his name ... King and count ... castle, where ... call came to ... reserve Signaller ... Scotia Regiment ... While now ... the 5th Battalion ... in which the ... to their former ... Young Jack ... the great advan ... on September ... wick 25th, Nov ... Amherst, N. S. ... themselves the ... try. Those w ... such heroes as ... in a letter ... from her sold ... of that battle ... An inter ... 5th ... Dearest Mother ... This is the ... of writing a l ... else since I ... this will be ... you this thou ... "Well, I am ... you all about ... now and can ... the weather. ... "I was woun ... told you on my ... advance on the ... line, British, F ... night of the 1 ... up of the 22nd ... Battalion, mo ... and relieved t ... port. We stay ... all four o'clock ... morning of the ... the 4th Brigad ... captured three ... German back ... forget the nam ... that afternoon ... with the inter ... village. We fo ... right, 26th on ... in our ear. ... A Tw ... "Mother, I ... should be exp ... would have to ... know, or have ... was like. We ... —about two mi ... enemy, and no ... shelter us. Th ... shell holes. Th ... been trenches ... could see ther ... be seen. ... "The enemy ... as soon as he ... ed us all the ... was hellish; ... and the enemy ... the enemy's sh ... killing and wo ... dozens, dead m ... hole, mostly a ... God, mother, it ... "From the ... expected to co ... there were ver ... "Well, we g ... supposed to be ... dissipated one ... lead men, and ... were holding ... standing and ... other boys that ... Major ... "When we g ... line trench, ju ... by we were ... was attached ... "We lost the ... the officer co ... and the boys ... him, because ... Tupper was sh ... a machine gun ... went mad, and ... because I had ... very much. W ... like crazy me ... was got one ... just slaughter ... "Up over the ... fields to the ... chine gun and ... but the boys ... shelter. We w ... same as the f ... were half wa ... the village, bu ... of cellars; you ... had ever been ... before before ... to get up and ... the Colonel's ... for him to get ... our best to he ... All he said w ... prisoners to ... as he call ... think his requ ... know for sure, ... farther, but ju ... back a bunch ... to me under a ... gers were sho ... they were sho ...