



Pearls are modest jewels. They keep themselves secreted in shells on the ocean's bed. Even after they are discovered, polished and set they bespeak modesty. A pearl necklace, a pearl brooch or a pearl ring will be sure to make an acceptable gift for any woman.

We invite you to come in and see our pearls and precious stones of all kinds, both unset and made into designs.

ANGUS McFEE
MANUFACTURING JEWELER
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Inspect These

Phaetons, Auto Seat Top Buggies, Platform Spring De mocr Wagons, Steel Tudular Axle Wagons, Lolsler Spring, Royal Mail Delivery Wagons, Factory Milk Wagons, Repairing, Painting, Trimming, Rubber Tires, All kinds of Automobiles repaired, painted and upholstered.

THE FINNIGAN CARRIAGE & WAGON CO.
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

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BUY YOUR
Paris Green
And Lead Arsenite now. You'll save money and be sure to have it. We sell only the Best.
OSTROM'S DRUG STORE

PREPARE!

It looks like a short Hay Crop and there is no better substitute than Corn. Make a selection of the varieties you want from the following list and we will supply you with corn that will germinate—

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WILL PAY HIGHEST PRICE FOR EGGS.

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We Are Proud Of Our New Wall Papers

They are now all in, and are the finest assortment of Papers ever shown in the city.

Study your own interests by having a look at what we can supply you with before looking at Travelling Sample Books on sending away for Papers.

We can not only please you but can save you money.

THE BEEHIVE CHAS. N. SULMAN

Rev. G. M. Sharpe of Galt, who is at present conducting evangelistic services at Bath, was a visitor to Belleville yesterday.

Miss Edith Roberts, of Tweed, is spending the week-end in the city, the guest of her friend, Miss S. Greatrix, George St.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bailey and daughter Rose, also Mrs. Sing of this city spent the 24th with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Shaw, Foxboro.

Miss Gladys Shannon of Belleville spent yesterday in Kingston, the guest of her sister, Miss Jessie, who is attending Notre Dame School.

VIVID WORD PICTURE OF A SCENE ON THE CANADIAN FRONT

The Greatest Fire Works Show Ever Produced Could Not "Light a Match" to the Spectacle of the British Artillery Before the Glorious Advance to the Capture of Vimy Ridge.

A Halifax officer who was wounded in the taking of Vimy Ridge writes the following vivid account of the battle:

I was wounded in an advance at Vimy Ridge on the morning of the 9th—hereafter the glorious 9th to all Canadians. That is now over a week. I am at present—having the trip by stages, receiving the utmost attention that British Army Medical Service could give. All that the wealth, science, skill and tenderness of the British Empire can do, is done for the wounded.

My flesh wound is not large. I was struck by a sharp bullet in the calf of the right leg, just back of the bone. The bullet penetrated my riding boots, the leather of my breeches evidently preventing it from entering the flesh except to imbed itself in the side of my leg. I "carried on" for about two hours—plodding through mud in places almost to the waist. The strain on the leg evidently bruised the chords so that it may be some time before I shall walk normally. I was certainly most fortunate—I suppose death whizzed past me a thousand times that morning, with only a hair-breadth between us; however a miss is as good as a mile—and God has been very good to permit me to take part in an event of such tremendous import to my countrymen, and to spare me—I hope for even greater things.

Praise For The Canadians

The first thing an Imperial officer said to me on arrival at the hospital was "Well you Canadians have exceeded even your previous splendid exploits." It was not modesty, but truth, which made me reply: "Credit is due to all and every branch of the service. Without any one, nothing could have been accomplished." Therefore I hope you have seen a story in some degree worthy of the event. At the same time, I will admit that only a master hand could describe it. To adequately paint, with the words of our language, the scene which took place along the Canadian front last Monday morning is to invoke the aid of Divine inspiration.

Trenches, barbed wire entanglements, No Man's Land disfigured as by a terrible scourge—guns and shells and shrapnel—man and all in generous weapons of war were but the material evidences of the great action. The men themselves were but the controlled parts of the great machine called the Army—but behind it all was the Something—the Something that dawned through the ages has led our men to accomplish the unattainable, to conquer the unconquerable, to measure the unfathomable. When we analyse that Something—when we acknowledge its supremacy—when we admit its participation to be as potent as the man power, and the product of science, just so soon will we have something of the true picture of the tremendous victory of Vimy Ridge, or the Battle of Arras, which will henceforth designate the fight of last Monday. Of all the spectacular sight, natural phenomena, or the product of human genius that the world has hitherto witnessed in many respects, none have ever exceeded the first two hours of that battle. The "Land Sabbath" of Waterloo was but a whisper, the three days of Gettysburg rolled into one hour, would be but the far-off echo of our barrage and bombardment. Never in the whole history of death and destruction has there been sung into the air such a vomit of hell as that which flashed and roared and tore from miles of British artillery, during the course of Monday—and for days preceding it.

Three things stand out in my mind—three distinct features—the sound of our artillery—the advance of our men—the condition of the German trenches.

The Hour of Advance

The hour of advance was set at 5.30 a.m. on April 9th. For two, and even four weeks, the artillery behind us had been increasing—we needed not the evidence of our eyes to convince us—every day the sound assured us of increasing gun power—until the earth was in convulsion, the atmosphere surcharged by flying projectiles—the heavens at night

ripped asunder by the flash of guns of all calibre; as one officer told me: "I have seen the greatest fireworks show ever produced, but it cannot light a match to this. I have seen great tropical storms which would be lulled beside it."

All through the brilliant sunshine of Easter Sunday the bombardment continued unabated. Leaning over the parapet, watching the Hen line, part of which resembled some huge melting pot, with geysers of earth, water, rocks, pieces of timber and corrugated iron rising thirty feet in the air from the bursting of our shells. I almost had pity for the hunted creatures who I well knew were living amid indescribable conditions.

Behind the lines village Church bells called the peasantry to church. Flowers bedecked the altar in honor of the Prince of Peace—the windows rattled with the concussion of guns—what incongruity for the Holy Sabbath. The air droned with the hum of planes—British and French machines had as much mastery over our heads as the artillery had with us. Fritz remained discreetly behind his own lines—under the earth in his wonderful tunnels and galleries men worked unrelentingly in the final preparations. All through the starry night the guns never ceased—the flashes had become one constant flame along the horizon, defying even the brilliant radiance of the moon that flooded the spectral land of ruin and desolation.

Waiting for The Signal

And then there came a lull. From five to five-thirty o'clock, hardly a British gun spoke. The enemy bombarded us with a few "whizz bangs" and he, too, subsided. Heavy clouds darkened the moon, but the east was growing faintly light. Everything was ready—thousands of men were standing to, in miles of trenches, from Vimy Ridge to Arras. The Canadian Corps for the first time in the war was working together—"Oh Canada we stand on guard for thee." That sounds all very well now, but I doubt if a man thought of it, or anything else, except his prayers, in the few moments that remained before the signal. Far down in Arras was a rumble—to our immediate left was a roar, and a fountain of flame, earth and water gushed forth from no man's land—the signal had been given—Was it real this crush? Was it man-made, and were the elements that composed the universe being rent asunder? The bombardment of the previous days was but a prelude to the onslaught of the barrage.

And here, perhaps, I would show wisdom were I to leave the thing to your own imagination—your own conception—and yet something bids me to take you with me, in fancy to a time in the history of the universe when there was naught but chaos and darkness. The opening hours of the Battle of Arras can be described by nothing on earth—so let our imagination conceive the strife of elements when the Creator said—"Let there be light," and there was light. All the primeval chaos was there, and the same expressionless dawn as at the world's beginning. It was "Time pounding at the doors of Eternity."

Over the Top

A shout of command and we were over the top, and here, of course what I saw must necessarily be limited to my own small sector. I had little chance for anything but to lead my men to their objective—yet nothing but the dead could be unkindful of what was going on about him. The rain of machine gun bullets was like a heavy shower, with strong wind behind driving the water in sheets—the earth heaved up with explosions, the air vibrated as if cut by a sharp wind and all along the enemy trenches lurid flames tinted the ghastly grey morning with a hellish light of the infernal regions. Ahead crept the barrage—pools of water bubbled with the fall of our shrapnel as if a tremendous hail-storm had agitated them—at one time a shell hit a pool behind me—and the gust of water drenched us until not a dry inch of clothing remained on our backs. Our barrage remained in the front line six minutes lifted then to the enemy's supports, and after a few minutes of annihilating work, was thrown to the enemy's rear areas, where it raged unabated for two hours.

Rid's Eye View of the Front

I wish that you might be given a bird's eye view of that twelve mile

stretch of Canadian front—that you could see therein the unity of action of thousands of men. It is here that, to my mind, the human stops and the supernatural steps in. I was in a position where I could see the hill top for several thousand yards. I remember looking back twice—once towards our right flank which was swinging somewhat ahead, and once towards our left, in order to bring up my men to a better position. The advance from our trenches to the enemy lines, under our creeping barrage, could only be as fast as that barrage permitted. It was straight against every conceivable engine of destruction that the German line could afford. From the time the opening crash of the barrage tore asunder, as it were the barrier that had kept back the British army for months, from the moment the men were free to scramble over the top—there was not a word heard—everything was the deliberate precision of a finely constructed machine—the men passed through the gaps in our wire, formed up outside in no man's land, knelt a moment in shell holes, while the barrage crept on with a psychological instinct—the long lines moved forward as one man. It was not an impulse—there was no moment of extensibility. Never has the dawn of a mortal day looked up on anything so humanly irresistible.

The Advancing Canadian Waves

With the deliberateness of the rising sun spectral-like bodies of men were moving across no man's land. Had there been a cheer or a quickening of the pace—the enemy might have been more or less affected; the whole thing would then have contained some semblance of being real and human. As it was, the waves of Fundy sweeping to the shores of Minas exhibit no more, irresistible power than did those colorless waves of Canadian infantry in the grey light of early dawn. But to those waves, there was no breaking—and the enemy, realizing the futility of trying to stem the tide, fled to his dugouts. We found them sixty feet underground—officers absolutely powerless to control their men—morale broken, and the German trenches, they were gone, obliterated so completely that there was no demarcation to show us when we had reached our objective of the first second or even third line. Battered into powder of earth and rock, heaved up by the explosion of shells and mines, the top of the ridge, the boasted impregnable position of the German army, was nothing but a mass of shell craters, huge gaping mouths like the entrance to mammoth caves; such hollows in the earth were lip to lip—where lips were not obliterated. If you have seen a violent storm at sea, where waves pile on wave and all is chaos and destruction, then you have seen Vimy Ridge when the British artillery lifted its barrage and swept it on to the rear areas of the enemy's line.

Hunted Out of Their Holes

Down in the far corners of the craters, we found entrances to dugouts, and in the dugouts the human rats who could no longer endure the oath knell of the guns. Never did men surrender with greater alacrity. Twenty-five of them rushed toward me with such impetuosity that I killed my men from digging, to meet a counter-attack—when I discovered the oncoming enemy had no rifles, and were waving their arms as if in an Indian war dance. One of the prisoners, when asked if he knew the United States had entered the war, said: "That means the war will finish sooner," and a broad grin illuminated his pale, emaciated face. In one dugout, a place apparently altogether detached from the remainder of the enemy's line, we found two Germans—old men—and they were ravenously hungry. Many of the enemy remained in isolated groups or snipers' posts in no man's land, and with the usual German indifference to laws of common humanity, they kept up a steady fire on our wounded and stretcher-bearers during the afternoon. Many of the men of my own battalion lying out in no man's land, suffering tortures from wounds and cold, were further maimed by the enemy, while striving to crawl back to the dressing station. I, myself, was a mark for a nest of them, but am glad to say escaped to report their location and I hope their extermination.

GOES TO WELLINGTON.

Bishop Bidwell Has Appointed Rev. V. O. Boyle as Rector. Bishop Bidwell has appointed Rev. V. O. Boyle, M.A., as rector of Wellington. Mr. Boyle who has been an assistant at St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, is to be married on June 6th. It is learned with deep regret by his many friends at the cathedral of his departure.

Mr. Thomas Lister formerly of the Fifteenth Regiment is visiting in the city from his home in the west.

LETTERS FROM OUR GALLANT SOLDIERS

Sergt. Robert Babcock writes as follows from the front to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Babcock, Ross, more—

Somewhere in France Dear Mother and Dad:—

Just a line to let you know I am fine and dandy after the big scrap and really never was better in my life except for a cold. Believe me Ma we had some fun and sure did the best ever and I am sure no other troops could have done what the Canadian lads did, nothing was too good or too hard or too hazardous. Mother Dear, it was the most beautiful, yet awful sights one could imagine, but at dawn we started and all the way it was nothing Fritz's dead and I am forced to say quite a few of our own fine lads went under, but I'm sure we made the Hun pay for it a hundred fold, we got over 11,000 prisoners so you can imagine how thick they were and their casualties were much greater than that, the shell fire was awful, but thanks to our artillery which is the best, ever, we give Fritz 20 for every one he sent and our ranges were much better than his. When we got to Farnus Wood and on the right of that we got over 40 guns and heaps of machine guns and ammunition and supplies it was the most wonderful thing that has taken place since war has started. I felt a little nervous at first but after the first ten minutes I felt as interested as I would have at a circus I can't say much but Mother Dear, I'll have lots to tell you when I get back about the fireworks and how they do things over here. Fritz never had a show and I don't really think he will last long. He ran away like mad and as yet we have been unable to locate where he has settled down, our guns are out himself and every one is wondering if he is going right on to the same. I couldn't write last week we were a little bit too busy down singing and laughing and joking, but very sore as their officers Ma and Annie. I remain your loving

an away and left them. I think we son Bob.

total receipts for the year \$191.95; total expenditures \$179.35. Of this \$32.75 was spent for Y.M.C.A. work at the front; \$21 for Belleville Red Cross; \$30.95 for yarn; \$8.75 for cheese-cloth for soldiers. We have forty-two members, one honorary.

Miss A. Lazier, graphically recited "The Circus." This was much appreciated and her splendid rendering and feeling displayed showed talent and a grasp of her subject.

Miss R. Templeton, Sup't. of the Flower and Fruit Mission reported fruit sent to the sick, \$2 spent for Christmas dinners, 3 baskets sent at Christmas, candy, apples and handkerchiefs sent to each inmate of the Old Folks' Home, 100 packages of candy to inmates of the House of Refuge.

Miss A. Roy, Sup't. of Red Cross work, gave a detailed report of work. The following is a brief summary: The "Y" made 40 pillows, 2 doz. cases, 18 Sec. Bandages, 88 sanitary shirts, 109 prs. of socks, and footed 10 prs. of legs; bought wool and made 54 prs., 27 prs. being donated to us, making in all 200 prs. from the "Y". Each pair had something in it—a booklet, Gospel of St. John, a personal note, Lord Roberts' message, Christ in Flanders or a Scriptural text. Also sent to France 3 barrels containing 25 lbs. honey, 10 lbs. sugar, 3 tins cocoa and 129 jars of jam.

Miss Ethel Morden enlivened the proceedings by a reading, "The Ladies Aid", followed by a pleasing solo by Miss E. Gastrell.

Miss M. Stapley reported 1,576 Surprise Soap coupons sent to the support of the Travellers' Aid. Nine meetings were reported in the paper. Miss R. Templeton and Miss Morden were appointed delegates to the county convention in Deseronto on June 26-27.

Miss Ketcheson and Miss Jameson were appointed tellers and the following officers were elected:—Mrs. J. W. Williams, Pres.; Miss E. W. Farley, Assistant; Miss M. Reeves, Sec. Secy.; Miss E. Gastrell, Cor. Secy. Moved and carried that the following be appointed Superintendents of Departments:—Mrs. A. Ray, Red Cross; Miss R. Templeton, L.T.L.; Miss M. Reeves, sewing school; Miss Jameson, scientific temperance. Owing to the lateness of the hour it was moved and carried that the other superintendents be appointed at an executive meeting at the President's.

Mrs. Naylor took charge of a little exercise that tested out powers of observation and memory, and this closed the meeting. The "Y" wish to thank all who have contributed to the support of the work above re-

would have many thousands more only they could not get over to our lines on account of the barrage. I got a dandy pocket knife as a souvenir. I could have had heaps of stuff but it is crazy to carry such a lot around with you. God knows we have enough and more than we can handle properly. I had to ditch my overcoat, but luck enough I got another and am all right. We lost our brave major, gee Ma he was a peach and it nearly up set every body he was hit by one of our own shells too anxious to get at the back. Our platoon officer took charge and he did fine and I believe is mentioned. I haven't heard from Manley and I don't know if he was in the push or not, I'm writing tomorrow to him to see if he is on top or not, I do hope he is alright. My pal here is all O.K. as he was left out to carry rations to stretchers for us.

I got your parcel of tobacco and honey in the hive, the day after the big scrap it sure went alright especially as we had only hard tack and bully. I got four loaves of Fritz bread in a dug-out and it went alright with the honey then today I got your other parcel of tobacco and tin cake. Gee Ma, why didn't you send all cakes, they were real good believe me.

Well I guess I have said all I can think of just now I'll write more when I have more time and feel less like sleep. I hope Dada is all O.K. and in the best of health. I was marching up the line on my birthday so I won't forget that one. Well good night Ma and best wishes to all including Clara, Gert, Lena and Eva. If you see her. Best wishes have been unable to locate where he has settled down, our guns are out himself and every one is wondering if he is going right on to the same. I couldn't write last week we were a little bit too busy down singing and laughing and joking, but very sore as their officers Ma and Annie. I remain your loving

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OUTLINED THE SITUATION

Mr. John Elliott at the cheese board this afternoon explained the situation as unchanged and read a letter sent by him to Mr. R. B. Thompson of the Resources Committee. Mr. Elliott suggested the appointment of a committee of representatives of the Board and the city should go to Ottawa and supported by the local members of parliament and the senate present their claims to Premier Borden. Mr. Elliott does not think that farmers need fear low prices.

EASIER PRICES RULED TODAY

Butter and Eggs Down—Potatoes and Hogs Steady

Easier prices today resigned at the Belleville market. Butter was selling at 43c and 44c whereas last week's figure was near the half dollar mark. Besides eggs had slumped a little. Buyers paid 35c, but citizens bought eggs at 40c and 41c per doz. Poultry sold at \$1 per chicken upwards to \$1.50.

Potatoes were steady at \$5.25 per bag on the market. In the stores they were somewhat cheaper.

Hay was entirely absent to-day. Baled is quoted for shipment to the big cities at \$19.50 to \$21.00.

Plenty of plants for gardening purposes were marketed.

Hogs remain at \$16.50 live and \$22.00 dressed. Beef remains at an aeroplane height of 13c wholesale for hindquarters.

Grains are unchanged; oats 75c to 80c; wheat \$2.25 and upwards (nominal). Young pigs sold at \$11 per pair on the market today.

BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS

Rev. V. O. Boyle, Rector of Wellington—Chaplain Selected

Kingston, May 25.—Bishop Bidwell has appointed Rev. V. O. Boyle, M.A., as rector of Wellington. Mr. Boyle, who is assistant at St. George's Cathedral, is to be married on June 6.

The Bishop of Ontario has appointed Canon Bedford-Jones, Brookville, and Canon W. F. Fitzgerald, Kingston, as his examining chaplains; Canon Fitzgerald as domestic chaplain; and Rev. R. C. Blagrove, Belleville, as honorary chaplain.

A little son Donald Percival has come to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rodgers, Stirling.