

The Weekly Monitor

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BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, SEPTEMBER 20, 1916

NO 24

Callers

Of course they will take a cup of tea, and naturally you are anxious it should be "just so."
Pin your faith to KING COLE next time, and see how well it will serve you.



"You'll like the flavor"

BLIND: TALES FROM A FRENCH FIELD HOSPITAL

A True Story

The other evening as we were sitting round the table discussing the various events of the day, the Lieutenant, as is his invariable custom, came in to see us. He did not greet us with his customary bonhomie, neither did he respond with his usual witticisms to the time-honored jokes and witticisms that formed, as a rule, the chief item of the conversation.

"What about the English lesson, mon Lieutenant?" suggested Maisie.

"My head is tired to-night; I will not," was his reply.

"Oh, the poor man, he has worked too much already; he has the mal de tête," put in Sheila, maliciously.

"No, it's his heart," said Maisie, delicately; "he is in love. Am I not right?" She faced round upon him with a flash of big blue eyes and her most engaging smile.

But these blandishments were all in vain. I don't think he even saw us.

"You look tired," I remarked. "Has anything happened to upset you?"

"To upset me? No, not precisely. This is not the time to allow oneself to give way to sad thoughts; we must brace ourselves to endure. But I've seen something to-night that haunts me in spite of myself, and I cannot for the moment throw off a feeling of horror. Yet I've seen more terrible things since this war began, but nothing that has struck me as so hopelessly sad, so pitifully unjust."

"What is it?" I asked. "Won't you tell us?"

A chill seemed to have come suddenly into the atmosphere. We had been laughing and talking a minute or two since as we called to memory all the incidents of the day's work, the amusing trifles that helped us to forget in a measure the pathetic sadness of many of the cases that came to our notice—the loneliness of some men, the home-sickness of others, the longing for a sight of home and parents, wife and children, but above all, the brave unconquerable spirit, the determination to see the thing through, the innate conviction of the justice of their cause, and the proud consciousness of ultimate victory that have gained for the gallant sons of France an undying name in the vanguard of the heroes of all time.

"It was at B—this afternoon," began the Lieutenant. "I had to go over to the hospital to see a man. As I went through one of the wards, I noticed a young fellow sitting alone in a corner. Something about him—I don't know what—struck me as familiar and I stopped to have another look at him. He was a fine, strongly-built man, but he sat in a huddled position, perfectly motionless, with his face half turned from me. His hands lay palm upward on his knees, big, capable hands, but they looked nerveless and supine—the hands of a man who has lost his hold on life and everything that makes life worth living. His whole attitude was one of the most utter desolation. As I gazed at him he turned in my direction, and I saw two closed and sunken eyes set in a face of absolute hopelessness.

"Mon Dieu!" I cried that "Jannot, little Jean Jannot who used to be in my regiment. My poor fellow, what have they done to you?"

"He had risen at the sound of my voice galvanized into life, as it were, his poor blind eyes straining to see, his hands groping toward me.

"Mon Lieutenant, mon Lieutenant!" he cried in a loud voice, while tears welled through his closed lids and streamed down his cheeks. "Is it indeed you? Bon dieu de pitie, in what a state do you find me. They have blinded me, those Prussian pigs. I am

blind—blind—a log! It's all up with me."

"My poor boy," I said, "try to calm yourself. I will help you. I am here for that. Tell me what I can do."

"He had completely lost control of himself. The shock of surprise at hearing the familiar voice of his old officer had snapped the barrier of his self-restraint, and for some moments he wept bitterly with great tearing sobs that went to my heart. He had been such a promising lad, so bright and full of fun, a real good sort, as his comrades in the regiment called him. He was alone in the world, moreover, which made his present plight all the more pitiful.

"I sat quietly beside him while he struggled for composure, feeling that all speech was futile and out of place. The other men in the ward looked on with grave faces and pitiful eyes, and I caught a muttered expression of sympathy here and there.

Presently he looked up at me.

"I ask your pardon, mon Lieutenant," said he. "It is such a joy to hear your voice, but for the moment it reminded me of the old days, and—"

"I ask your pardon," I said. "I know my boy, I know; but tell me how long have you been like this? Where were you wounded?"

"Ten weeks ago," said he. "I was not wounded. . . I fell into an ambush and the Boches took me and put out my eyes."

"Put out his eyes! He made the statement as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world. His face had once more regained its expression of set despair.

"My blood ran cold. 'The monsters!' I exclaimed, 'the devilish monsters! What can have possessed even a Prussian to do such a deed? They must have been drunk or mad.'"

"No, mon Lieutenant, they were neither drunk nor mad; they were quite sober and quite sane, but they asked questions which I refused to answer."

"Examination by torture," I muttered; "we have gone back to the days of the Inquisition. Were you alone, then?"

"No, mon Lieutenant. I and a comrade, my copain, volunteered to go out on patrol one night. It was a very dark night, and at first we couldn't see a yard in front of us, but at last our eyes got accustomed to the darkness. We crept along, one behind the other, until we reached a high mud bank on the other side of which was the copse. . . We had to try and find out if the Boches really were there in any great numbers or whether they had merely sent patrols to spy out the land just as we were doing. We had to watch our every movement to prevent the slightest sound. Fortunately there had been much rain and the ground was soft; there were no dry twigs to crack beneath our footsteps. So far so good. We crouched down in the ditch, up to our knees in mud, and listened. Not a sound, and not a whisper, it was very still all that we could hear was an occasional shot from the distant trenches. A horse whinnied suddenly in the field behind and nearly made us jump out of our skins. Otherwise silence.

"I touched Emille. 'Mon vieux,' I whispered close to his ear, 'stay where you are; I am going up the bank to see if there is anything to be seen. You stay here and be ready.'"

"So saying, I began to swarm up the bank, digging my toes and fingers into the mud and wriggling cautiously forward. At last I reached the top, and looked over at something that glinted even in the darkness—the muzzle of a Mauser.

"At the same moment, before I could shift my rifle even, I was seized from behind and a strangling grip nearly squeezed the breath out of me. I heard a shot behind me, then a gut

tural exclamation followed by a dull blow and a choking cry from Emille. It all happened in a flash, and as quickly I realized that we had fallen into a trap. The Boches had got us.

"At any rate, I'd not go without a struggle. My rifle had been torn from my hands and my arms were firmly held, but my legs were free. Summoning all my strength I kicked out savagely, and had the satisfaction of catching one of my captors full in the stomach, for he gasped and let go, but the other brute, who was still choking the life out of me, gave me a great blow on the head, so that I fell down, remembering no more.

"When I came to myself I was lying in the corner of a dug-out. My head ached horribly, and I felt sore and bruised. There was a table, at which sat an officer studying a map, and two men kept gazing over me, as though I needed a guard. I was helpless as a baby. I struggled to rise, and one of the two Boches stepped up to the officer, saluted, and said something in German.

"He rapped out a reply, and the men caught hold of my arms, dragged me to my feet, and led me to the table.

"Now look here, Frenchman," said the officer to me in very good French "as you will see here is a map of the V—distant which is held by your regiment, the —th and part of the —th. You are to tell me the number of men in the first line trenches, the number of machine-guns to each trench, your reserves—approximately—and also you are to mark with this pencil the principal communication trenches, all of which will be of the greatest value when we break through, as we shall shortly do."

"I shook my head; I thought they would kill me, but I didn't care.

"Oh, you will speak," went on the Boche; he spoke quite coldly, as if to speak to you, but his eyes were evil. "It will be better for you to speak, it is most necessary that you should."

"I shook my head again, 'I shall not speak,' I said, 'You can kill me, sooner or later, what does it matter?'"

"It will be later," replied the officer. "I can induce you to speak, I think. He gave the men an order, upon which they seized me, threw me on to the table, produced some rope, and tied me firmly to it. They treated me roughly, as though they hated me, and their faces were the faces of devils.

"Then I knew; they were going to torture me. I knew it would be something bad, but I knew, too, that however bad it was I should be kept in some wonderful way from betraying my comrades.

"We will first cut out one eye," said the officer, taking a pocket-knife and opening it, "and if you should not be inclined to speak, then we will try the other."

"I gave a shriek, I could not help it. "Oh not that! not that!"

"Well then, will you speak?" he asked.

"No, sacre Boche, I will not speak; if you cut me in little pieces I will not speak."

"So he cut my eye out, the left one. I tried not to moan or cry too much, but the torture was awful.

"Will you speak now?" asked the officer.

"I shook my head; I could not reply. Blood was streaming down my face and the pain almost drove me; I could bear.

"Very well, then, the other goes too; we'll try a different method this time," he remarked.

"So I was to be blinded first and killed after! Well, it would soon be over.

"He took a small bottle from his pocket, and while the other two

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THE EUROPEAN WAR

Germans are Throwing Battalion After Battalion into Action

LONDON, Sept. 16.—Fighting desperately to save themselves from retreat on a wide front, the Germans are throwing battalion after battalion into action against the storming British columns, north of the Somme, in an effort to check General Haig's advance. The battle which began yesterday morning, grew more furious toward night. By the glare of illuminating bombs, men fought like demons with bayonets and grenades in the shell-torn country, between the roads leading down upon Bapaume.

When the last press despatch was received from British Headquarters, Haig's men were rolling down the slopes leading to Bapaume, but German resistance was growing more stubborn, as the British advanced out of the area wrecked by their artillery. At that hour the villages of Courcelet, Martinpuich and Fiers were firmly in British hands; British troops had swept through Fouraux Wood, and were fighting in the eastern fringes of Bouleaux Wood, and the fall of Combes appeared imminent. German prisoners total 4,000. The German losses are said to have been frightful, especially in the Hon. German fighting, where the German resistance was most desperate. In the first advance into the center of the Wood, General Haig's men found heaps of German bodies.

French Capture Two Villages and 700 German Prisoners

PARIS, Sept. 17.—The French have captured all the ground between Vermandovillers and Deniecourt, on the one side, and Deniecourt and Berny on the other, south of the Somme River, according to the official statement issued by the War Office tonight. They have also taken these portions of the villages of Vermandovillers and Berny which had remained in possession of the Germans. Seven hundred un wounded prisoners were captured.

Russians Have Resumed the Offensive

PETROGRAD, Sept. 17, via London.—Russian troops have resumed their closing in movement on the Galician town of Halicz, southeast of Lemberg, on the Dniester. The War Office announced today that the Teutons had been dislodged from positions south of Brzezany, on the Zlota Lipa, northeast of Halicz, and that the Russians were attacking along the Podvysoke-Halicz railway line, where more than 3,000 Germans were taken prisoners and twenty machine guns captured.

Allied Troops in Sight of Monastir

ATHENS, Sept. 17.—(Despatch to the London Daily Chronicle)—News of the greatest importance has reached me from the Greco-Serbian frontier. The Serbs, French and Russians are all following up their success of the last few days in magnificent fashion and the Bulgarian retreat is developing into a disastrous rout. As I write the Allied advance parties must be in sight of Monastir, possession of which will place the whole of the enemy's line in a critical position.

British Gain New and Important Positions

WITH THE BRITISH ARMIES IN THE FIELD, September 17.—The Germans made a desperate attempt to organize counter-attacks to thrust back the British lines from the ground gained since Friday morning, but failed. The British hold all the ground captured in the general assault, and yesterday and today they have gone further forward, winning new and important positions. Mount Farm, for which the Australians fought, with the most stubborn courage, and which they entered several times with their patrols, was taken last night by a swift and successful assault. To the left of that below Thiepval and to the east of the stronghold, the attack beginning last Thursday on the fortified positions known as "Wunderwerk," a curious and villainous system of trenches and dugouts has been a brilliant success, and has extended the British gain by a mile of frontage along the Danne trench. We have a strong flank line securing Courcelet, and we have pushed out beyond Martinpuich toward Gancourt L'Abbaye, and beyond Fliers toward Guelecourt.

WAR BRIEFS

The United States has sent a note to Turkey warning her against a further attempt to massacre the Armenians in Persia.

King Constantine is suffering from an affection of his tenth rib. Adam also got into serious trouble through one of his ribs.

The Duke of Sutherland has just given 12,000 acres in Scotland to provide for the settlement of soldiers and sailors on the land after the war.

The Waste of War. A light craft like the Arethusa, uses up ten times the horse power that keeps going a northern factory with two or three thousand hands.

Do you speak English? or Parlez vous Français? or Habla Ud Espanol?, or, Parlate Italiano?, or, Govorite li vy paroski?

Warning has been given to Canadian women by the St. John Ambulance Brigade that they must not go overseas to get positions in English military hospitals without getting definite appointment before crossing.

Mr. A. J. Balfour says, "the men of the Dominions will not love the mother land more, but they will understand her better—perhaps, for having seen her in the distress and crisis of a great conflict.

A Danish paper reports that Capt. Valentiner, of the submarine which sank the Lusitania has had a number of Orders conferred on him, including the Iron Cross of the first class, and the Hohenzollern House Order with Swords, the personal gift of the Kaiser.

The Relief Commission after its estimate of the harvest in Europe, says there will remain the necessity of 2,500,000 dollars a month for the destitute of Belgium and Northern France. One million of the amount will go to give the school children an additional meal a day, as they are insufficiently nourished.

Lord Derby is selling part of his estates to raise money to pay succession duties which he owes as heir of the Estates. He is giving tenants, farmers and cottagers the first option as purchasers.

War taxes and succession duties are compelling the division of other large estates.

The Medical Faculty of the University of Halle has conferred a degree on Capt. Koenig of the Deutschland, for his successful trip to America.

"O woman in our hour of Peace
"At war with Parliament and Police
"When men it is that starts the Row.
"The best munition maker thou."

A Court Martial has sentenced Gen. Riedel who commanded the Austrian troops when Gorizia was taken, to dismissal from the army and the loss of his rank and pension.

The Queen of Roumania has been enthusiastically pro-ally. Her father was the Duke of Edinburgh, uncle of King George and her mother a daughter of the Czar Nicholas I.

Sir George Foster predicts that in fifty years the population in the Overseas Dominions will be equal to the population of the United Kingdom and in a hundred years it will be twice as much.

A petition from Ulster bearing 115,110 names was laid on the 15th of Aug. before the House of Commons, praying for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants during the war, and six months afterwards, in keeping with the example of King George.

"World Wide" says that a large number of Russian and German papers, published in New York and other American cities, also Forward a Jewish paper, the Gaelic American The Irish Voice, the Irish Voice, published in New York, are prohibited from entering Canada and any person found in possession of them is liable to a heavy fine or imprisonment.

SEPTEMBER EXCURSIONS TO THE CANADIAN METROPOLIS

"Montreal Alt. 48.3, Population, 700,000, the commercial metropolis of Canada and sixth largest city in North America. Beautifully situated at the foot of Mount Royal on an island in the St. Lawrence River, about 700 miles from the estuary of that mighty artery through which pulsates so large a portion of Canada's commercial life. The city is built on the site of the ancient Indian village of Hochelaga, first visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535. Over 250 years ago the early French navigators established a trading post for furs here, and it was the last section of French Canada to pass into the possession of Great Britain in 1760. At the head of ocean navigation, with command of one of the three water routes by which the products of the West can reach Europe, Montreal has seven miles of fine wharves of masonry, vast warehouses and grain elevators, and the largest floating dry dock in the world. Big transatlantic steamers call here regularly from ports in Europe during the season of navigation and the harbour has won its place amongst the most important of the world, both as regards the sufficiency of the equipment and the extent of the business done. Numerous railway lines make Montreal a centre for a vast and constantly growing traffic. Montreal is a city of great enterprises, whose mighty results are achieved, with a record for stability equal to that of any of the great cities of America and is advancing year by year to a still greater future. Besides its commercial greatness, the city has the additional charm of historic attractions, which link the present with an eventful past. With imposing public buildings, universities, educational institutions, magnificent churches, fine business blocks, substantial manufacturing establishments, splendid hotels and handsome residences, the city possesses all that is calculated to make a city attractive. Evidence of prosperity and wealth are everywhere."

From "Notes by the Way" an interesting and instructive booklet issued by the Canadian Government Railways. Passengers taking advantage of the low fares—single fare for the round trip plus one dollar on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, good for return October 9th should procure copy of the booklet from the principal ticket agents or by writing the General Passenger Agent at Moncton, N. B.

SEPTEMBER WEDDING

WOODLAND—LONGMIRE

The home of Mrs. Hiram Longmire, Granville Centre, was the scene of a quiet wedding Wednesday morning, September 13th, when her second daughter Rosa Teresa was united in marriage to John Rice Woodland, of Moschelle. The bride, who was unattended was given away by her mother. She looked charming in a dress of white silk crepe de chene and wore the conventional veil and orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of white roses and asters. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. W. Nels, of Granville Ferry, only immediate members of the families being present. The house was prettily decorated with flowers, the color scheme being green and gold. After congratulations a dainty collation was served. The bride was the recipient of many pretty and useful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Woodland returned to Bridgetown, where they boarded the east bound train en route for Halifax. On their return they will reside at Moschelle. The bride's going away suit was navy blue serge with white satin hat.

Mr. Charles F. Rockwell, of Kentville, one of the best known men in Kings County, died on Monday morning, Sept. 11th, after a short illness.

Mr. Rockwell, who was formerly a teacher in the public schools, has been in official life for more than 30 years. In the early eighties he was appointed Prothonotary and Clerk of the County Court and took up his abode in Kentville. He was Sheriff of the County for several years, and was repeatedly elected Mayor of Kentville. He was a man of most friendly and kindly disposition, a friend of all who knew him.

He leaves a widow and two daughters, Mrs. Harry Dodge and Mrs. Frank Fowler of Bridgetown.

DEATH OF MR. C. F. ROCKWELL

Annapolis Spectator:—It would appear as though there was a revival of shipbuilding. We learn that a schooner is about to be built at Hillsburn by the enterprising firm of Longmire Bros. She is to be a three masted schooner of 125 feet keel. The same parties have under construction a small steamer which is nearing completion.

OBITUARY

MRS SARAH J. H. HEALY

It is with feelings of deep regret that we today chronicle the death of Mrs. Sarah J. H. Healy, widow of the late John Healy, whose death occurred on Thursday evening last at midnight, at the age of 79 years, after a prolonged illness with christian patience and fortitude.

Mrs. Healy was a daughter of the late Dimock Whitman of Round Hill, in which place she resided during her girlhood and after her marriage, until some twenty-five years ago, when with her husband and family she removed to this town.

She was a lady possessed of an estimable and refined character, which won her the esteem of her friends and acquaintances. She was also possessed of exceptional literary ability and her writings, both in prose and poetry have frequently appeared in the public press. We append to this notice one of her poems.

She is survived by five daughters—Mrs. M. C. Higgins of Milton, Mrs. H. S. Barnaby of Bridgewater, Mrs. Charles Cowling of Niagara, Mrs. S. N. Wear and Miss Nettie Healy of Bridgetown. Also two sons, Frank of Winnipeg, and Archibald of Prince Rupert. The funeral service was held on Sunday afternoon, at her late home conducted by the Rev. L. F. Wallace, pastor of the Annapolis Royal Baptist Church, assisted by the Revs. F. C. Simpson and A. N. Marshall. Her remains were interred beside those of her husband in the Round Hill cemetery.

MAKING PORT

Alone on a vast sea,
Whose surging billows ebb and flow
About the Eternal Shore.
The darkness deepens, the stars dim
Out,
And the long waves leap and dash
And break about my fragile bark.
And weary with the storm and strife
And weak with fear and pain I cry;
"My toll is vain—
I cannot make the Port."

Alone on Life's vast sea—
Yet not alone;
Over the hushed and stilling waves
The Pilot comes and safely guides
My bark.

Far out to sea the Beacon Light,
And that lone star that guides my way,
Till the night has fled and the morning
ing breaks,
And I shall make the Port.

—Sarah H. J. Healy.

MRS HENERIETTA FENERTY

The death of Mrs. Henrietta Fenerty, relict of the late Michael Fenerty, occurred at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Eri Nelly, at Torbrook, on Saturday night last.

During the life time of her husband and since his decease which occurred some 25 years ago, Mrs. Fenerty lived at Upper Clarence. Several weeks ago she went to Torbrook to visit her daughter, Mrs. Nelly, and was there taken ill, and during her illness has been a great sufferer. Being of a genial and cheerful disposition she was beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She was a true and devoted mother and will be keenly missed by her family.

She is survived by a son, Willard F. Fenerty of Clarence, and two daughters, Mrs. Eri Nelly of Torbrook and Miss Alice at home. Also three brothers, James Brown of Torbrook, A. D. Brown of Bridgetown, and John Brown of Lawrence town, and one sister, Mrs. Eunice Riley of Torbrook.

Funeral services were held at Torbrook on Monday afternoon, and interment took place at Lawrence town.

CARDS OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. Kossuth Hogg desire to express their gratitude for all the kindness and sympathy extended to them in their great sorrow. For the beautiful flowers sent, and for the unfeeling kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Tucker they are especially grateful.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby wish to return very sincere and grateful thanks to the merchants of Bridgetown for their very kindly thought and tangible and appreciative remembrance to her on the morning of September 12th.

Annapolis Spectator:—It would appear as though there was a revival of shipbuilding. We learn that a schooner is about to be built at Hillsburn by the enterprising firm of Longmire Bros. She is to be a three masted schooner of 125 feet keel. The same parties have under construction a small steamer which is nearing completion.