

THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

Vol. I. No. 212.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1914.

Price:—1 cent.

Allied Troops Beat Back Desperate German Attacks

(Official French Bulletin)

Paris, Sept. 28.—The text of an official communication issued tonight is as follows: "It is confirmed that since the nights of the 25th to the 26th and up to far into the day of the 27th the Germans have not ceased night or day to renew on entire front attacks of unprecedented violence with the determined purpose of trying to break through our lines."

FRENCH WIPE OUT WHOLE REGIMENT

London, Sept. 28.—The French have surrounded and annihilated the 109th regiment of German reserves, says the Basel correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company in a message sent by way of Rome.

BOER AND BRITON ARE COLLEAGUES

One Time Rival General of French's Offers His Sword to the Allied Armies

Bordeaux, Sept. 28.—The Boer Gen. Francois Joubert Pianaai has arrived at Bordeaux to offer his sword to the allied armies. "I fought against General French in South Africa, now I am going to fight with him," said the General to your correspondent.

MARTIAL LAW IN HOLLAND

Paris, Sept. 27.—A despatch to the Havas Agency from Amsterdam, says that in order to prevent the exportation of contraband articles to Germany, the Netherlands Government has declared martial law in the eastern provinces.

PRZEMYSL FORTS ARE BESIEGED

Main Austrian Army Retreating on Cracow

Vienna, Sept. 27.—Russian troops entirely surround the eastern forts at Przemyśl.

CAPTURE GERMAN SHIP WITH WHEAT

Falmouth, Sept. 28.—The German ship Ossa of 1800 tons, bound from Portland, Oregon, for Ipswich, with a cargo of wheat and barley was brought into this port Saturday, having been captured by a British warship.

READ THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

BAYONET FIGHTS ARE CONTINUOUS

Situation Unchanged in Many Respects, But Allies Make Progress on Their Left Wing

(Official French Bulletin.) Paris, Sept. 27.—An official statement this afternoon says the armies of the Allies and the Germans are in closest contact everywhere, and that there is continual bayonet fighting, generally resulting in favor of the Allies.

Governor Asks Caution of Press

In Referring to Movements Of British Troops

His Excellency the Governor writes the press asking that they abstain from making any mention as to the dates for movement of troops across the Atlantic.

'Fogota' Arrives

The s.s. Fogota arrived Saturday night from the northward with the following passengers: W. Elliott, Rev. M. H. W. Seeley, Mrs. G. Parsons, Miss B. Brinson, Mrs. Capt. B. Barbour and family, Miss Oakley, Mrs. Halfyard, Miss Christian, Mrs. J. Snelgrove and nine steerage.

Mgr. Daly Dead

A message was received this morning from Halifax that Rt. Rev. Mons. Daly, of that place, had passed away at the age of 76 years. He had been ill for a year.

MOURNED DEAD; RETURNS HOME

Seaman Thomas Curran Home Again With Family After a Long Absence

Seaman Thomas Curran, who was mourned as dead for several months returned by the Clutha yesterday as well as ever.

He went Brazil over a year ago, left his vessel there and nothing was heard from him since until he reached St. John's.

It will be remembered that some months ago his wife was evicted from her home, Prince's St. She is now living at the Goulds, while the children are in the hospital.

From Bahia, Curran went to Santos and there joined a Norwegian ship of 1600 tons and was on her for nine months.

Two months ago his vessel put into Pernambuco and he left her there and joined the Clutha.

The Norwegian ship owes him £21 which he is now making an effort to collect. The Clutha made the run up in 39 days.

"WAR LORD" GONE TO E. PRUSSIA

London, Sept. 28.—According to a Petrograd despatch to the Times, it has been ascertained beyond doubt that the German Emperor has gone to East Prussia.

The s.s. Earl of Devon arrived yesterday from White Bay.

Belgian Surprise Attack Routed a German Force

(Official Belgian Bulletin)

London, Sept. 28.—The following official statement, issued at Antwerp yesterday, has been received by the Reuters Telegram Company:

"On Saturday a detachment of German cavalry troops, comprising one brigade of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, two heavy and four light batteries and artillery was surprised on the march from Brussels to Ternonde."

Attacked on front and flank, they retired in disorder towards Assche, leaving in the Belgian hands many prisoners, wounded and Caissons.

Today, Sunday, apparently in revenge for this check, Malines was bombarded by long range guns and our front between Malines and Alost was subjected to a general attack by strong forces.

Towards Alost, the Belgian cavalry division succeeded in taking the German left wing on the flank and, generally, our troops maintained their positions.

At Malines the railway section suffered severely from bombardment. Numerous houses are in ruins and others have been burned. A dozen civilians were killed and many wounded.

CACOUNA LOST IN BIG STORM

And Many Schooners Wrecked in the Gale of Saturday and Sunday Nights

The storm of Saturday night and yesterday was a very heavy one and quite a number of vessels have been wrecked.

Early yesterday morning messages were received that the S.S. Cacouna was lost near Ferryland Head.

The Cacouna, Capt. Newman, only came off dock Saturday afternoon, having undergone repairs.

Total Loss

The Anglo Co. received the following from Mrs. Farrel, the operator at Ferryland: "Cacouna ashore at 9.30 a.m. at Hare's Ears, Ferryland Head; crew safe; ship will be a total loss."

Similar messages were received by Messrs. Harvey & Co., the Black Diamond Agents. Last night Hon. J. Harvey had a wire as follows: "Will be total loss; no chance of salvaging; ship breaking up; request Lloyd's Agent to make survey at once."

Back Broken

Later word reached the city that her back was broken and the after part submerged and that some of the deck fittings had been saved. At the first easterly wind she will go to pieces. The examination of the ship will be made today, after which the captain and crew will come on here.

The wife of Capt. Newman was on board the ship with him. At the time she struck it was densely foggy, and being light in ballast she had probably been kept in on the shore by the heavy winds.

The Cacouna was 1457 tons gross, 931 net, 250 ft. long, 35.4 ft. beam, 16.4 deep, built in 1883 by Wigham, Richardson & Co., Newcastle, and owned by the Black Diamond Co., of Montreal.

"American" Lost

The schr. American which had been discharging cargo at the Cape Race wireless station has been lost between Aquaforte and Permeuse.

Minister of Marine Piccott had the following messages from Lawn and Lamaline: Lawn—Schr. Nereid, coal laden, Walter Bennett, master, stranded on Gores Beach here, Saturday night's gale; owned by J. E. Lake, Fortune. Captain has charge of wreck; think vessel and cargo total loss.

Another Wreck

Lamaline—Schr. Savogara of Grand Bank with cargo coals for St. Pierre total loss at Loris; crew safe. Deputy Minister of Customs LeMessurier has a wire that the schr. Camparia, McLennan, master, went ashore Friday night, 6 miles from Sandy Point; very likely a total loss; 250 qtls. green fish gone.

Mr. LeMessurier had the following from Bonavista: "In storm yesterday schooners Laura G. and Silver Stream came ashore; both are probably total loss; one large fishing boat sank at moorings. One large boat also came ashore. About 10 small boats sank at mooring and two large boats were wrecked on their moorings but did not sink. The water is not rough today. The schooners are 38 and 34 tons respectively, and are owned by Ryan Bros."

14 DAYS' FIGHT WON BY JAPS

Tokio, Sept. 27.—An official announcement says the Japanese have won a stubborn battle, after 14 days' fighting outside Tsing Tau.

VOLUNTEERS HAD HARD TIME

Storm of Saturday and Sunday Night Did Much Damage at Camp and Range

The Volunteers in Camp had a hard experience Saturday and Sunday nights. Several of the tents were blown down.

Today the majority of the Volunteers were inoculated against typhoid fever and all were given leave until 2.30 p.m. Wednesday.

All the city soldiers and the majority from the outposts have gone to their homes. The camps today are almost deserted.

Rough at Range

Saturday night's rain storm and yesterday's heavy breeze of wind was severely felt at the Range Camps, South Side Hill.

Four of the sleeping tents blew down. A large and valuable tent belonging to Mr. Herbert Winter was blown down and torn to pieces, also a camp belonging to Mr. F. Knight, and one owned by Mr. W. H. Rennie fell to the ground.

Practice Impossible

The Volunteers were unable to do any target practice owing to the high wind, but this morning Lieut. Raley and his company started in early to do shooting.

All the men bore the storm well and are none the worse after the night's experiences.

GERMAN PLOTS IN AFRICA FAIL

Thought They Could Smuggle Arms Into South Africa Quietly, But They Miscalculated

Reuter's Agency understands that there is undoubted evidence that the Germans in South-West Africa have for some time been making preparations for military action.

Large quantities of big guns, arms, and ammunition have been imported into the country with a view to arming the Boers who, it was apparently thought in Berlin, would join the Germans in the event of trouble.

Unfortunately for the German plan, these schemes have miscarried. Notwithstanding the secrecy observed by the Germans the Union Government is well informed with regard to the quantity of arms and ammunition, and also of the military dispositions.

Calculations at Fault

In other respects, the German calculations have proved at fault. The Boer farmers who are resident in German South-West Africa, but who remain British subjects, and than whom there are no more loyal in South Africa, have already given em-

BERLIN ADMITS 104,589 LOSSES

Berlin, Sept. 28.—The total German casualties, including wounded and missing as fully reported to date are 104,589.

The casualty list announced yesterday adds a total of 10,527 to these previously announced.

BOY LOST LIFE IN THE WOODS

Tragic Tale of the Experience of Five Young Boys in Woods Near Carmanville

Word comes from Carmanville that recently five boys, Bert, Obadiah and Edwin, sons of Moses Elford, of Carmanville, aged 11, 6, and 5 years respectively, and Garfield Collins, aged 9 years, and Norman Sheppard, aged 5 years, went berry picking without the knowledge of their parents, and went astray in the woods.

The settlement was alarmed as soon as the children were found missing, and turned out to search for them. The church bells were also tolled to attract their attention, but not until two days and nights had passed, the latter being very cold, were the boys found.

They had been without food that time and were in an exhausted condition. One little fellow, Norman Sheppard, was so bad that he succumbed soon afterwards, while the others were brought about only after great difficulty. During their stay in the woods, they built a camp with boughs where they sheltered at night.

The Prospero left Grand Bank at 6.30 a.m. today.

The Prospero left LaScie at 5.20 p.m. yesterday.

The s.s. Sinbad sails at 5 this evening.

Patriotic Fund

Already acknowledged... \$57,191.80

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes W. A. Ellis, Esq. (1st instalment) 25.00, C. H. Butt, Esq. 20.00, D. A. Ryan, Esq. 250.00, Sir W. H. Horwood (1st instalment) 50.00.

\$57,536.80

JOHN S. MUNN, Hon. Treas. Fin. Com.

phatic proof that they are not likely to be led away by a German intrigue. It is obvious that secrecy must be observed as to the exact plans of the Government, but it is sufficient to know that not only is the Union Government perfectly aware of the German plans, but that it may be trusted to deal speedily and effectively with the situation by means of big operations that are now in course of completion.

## The Daily Short Story

### MY ADVENTURE.

TEN years ago found the net with the snug business I now possess, but employed a commercial traveller in the primary line. My duties frequently took me to Birmingham, and, if I am to tell my story truthfully, I must say I was at that period of my history, to put it mildly, no better than I ought to have been. The life of a commercial traveller is one fraught with very great temptation, and I was not always strong enough to keep my feet out of the midst of the bribes which then beset my path, with which statement, my readers will readily agree when they read the strange incident I am now going to relate.

It was 6 o'clock on an autumn evening. The streets of Birmingham were swept with rain. I had had a tolerably successful day, and there reposed in my pockets the sum of £20 which I had collected from my firm's customers. Having nothing particular to do, and the torrents of rain absolutely prohibiting all open air enjoyment, I went to the hotel I was staying at, and, although I had already drunk during the afternoon more than I ought and much more than I needed, I called for a further supply of brandy, and while sipping it was joined by a stranger, who seemed eager to enter into conversation with me.

Nothing backward, and with tongue fairly set a-wagging, I talked too, and I believe that before many moments he had ascertained that I had £20 belonging to my employer in my possession.

The brandy finished, nothing would satisfy my new found friend but that he should take me to the theatre, where the well-known play, "Drift," was being performed. I remember well how, half tipsy as I was, I shuddered at the realistic portraiture by one of the artists of a victim to delirium tremens. I remember how the horrors of drink were delineated and

was sane enough to remark to my companion:

"Bosh! They are overdrawing it!"

"Certainly," he replied, "they are overdrawing it. But it's only a play, here are drinking bars here; they are a reality. Come let's go and get some filling."

So we went and "got something," and, to cut a long story short, when I left the theatre, leaning on the arm of my friend, I was hopelessly intoxicated.

The next thing I knew was this: The rainclouds had rolled away, and fitful gleams of moonlight revealed to me the fact that I was in a strange room, lying on a strange bed. Two o'clock chimed out from a neighboring steeple. Sobered with fright, I raised myself, and then, quick as a lightning flash, came the thought—my money! My clothes were thrown across the bottom of the bed. I searched the trousers pocket. The gold was there.

Then I heard voices in soft conversation coming up from below. Noiselessly I opened the bedroom door and listened.

"Sure he's all serene?" queried the voice, to which another responded, "He won't wake till 6, at the earliest."

"Very good," said the first voice. "Mind, if he wakes while your doing it!"

The sentence was punctuated by the unmistakable click of a pistol, and I shivered—not from cold.

"And at 6 or 7, or whenever he does wake," continued the voice, "tell him you picked him up drunk in the street and carried him in here out of compassion for safety, and you will easily convince him that he was robbed out of doors. But, mind, I have done my part in playing him with drink and in deceiving him here. See you do yours in gracefully relieving the poor fool of his £20!"

Here a stop on the stairs warned me to close the door, and I got back to bed. Hearing the knob of the door turn, I began to breathe heavily after



the fashion of a drunken man, and the next instant, shading the candle with his hand, there appeared the form of a strange man, who was soon peeping fixedly upon my face.

Satisfied apparently with his examination, my visitor searched my pockets, pounced upon the gold, of course, and quickly transferred it from its erstwhile resting place to where do you guess? He went to a birdcage, which now for the first time I observed hanging up, drew out its sliding door, quietly emptied my gold into it, replaced the slide and undressed and lay down beside me. He was soon asleep, and hope sprang up within me, but, alas, of all the light sleepers, he was the lightest I ever knew! Whenever I moved, he appeared to be on the alert. It was impossible to crawl out of bed without his being conscious of the fact. Besides, under his pillow I knew was the pistol, and in despair, I had reluctantly to rest on as calm and unconcerned as I possibly could.

All wakeful I passed that horrible night, and the slow hours dragged on interminably. But at length a project presented itself to my now sharpened senses, which project I put into execution when 6 o'clock struck.

"Failure," said to myself, "means simply death. Success means a saved

reputation with my employers and a vow of strictest sobriety."

Everything being perfectly quiet, I simulated a gradual waking up, and my first yawn opened the eyes of my bedfellow. The second had the effect of raising him from his recumbent position in the bed, and when I slowly and painfully awoke he was bending over me, all solicitude.

Daylight was now stealing into the room.

"My poor fellow," exclaimed the assiduous one, "how do you feel now? You will wonder, no doubt, at being in my bed, but the fact is you were ill last night, were you not?"

"Ill?" I said. "Ill?" And I put my hand mechanically to my head. "Well, I think I must have been. My head does ache so!"

He smiled and replied, "Well, my dear fellow, not to put too fine a point upon it, I found you late last night in their utor, just a little bit the worse for liquor, and two somewhat disreputable looking men who were with you asked me if I could manage to look after you for the night."

I expressed my profound thanks to my good friend for his unselfish kindness, but he modestly waved them aside, saying deprecatingly:

"Duty, sir, duty! I cannot neglect a genuine case of human suffering or danger without some attempt, however slight, at succour."

I thanked him again.

"I am ill," I said. "I had too much brandy yesterday. I must have a hair of the dog that bit me. I must have a nip now. It is the only thing which will put me right. If you have any brandy in the house, for heaven's sake sir, bring me a drop!"

He hesitated a moment, then rejoined:

"Certainly. Lie there and I'll be back with it in a moment," and disappeared.

Much quicker than I can relate it, I sprang out of bed, went to the birdcage, drew the sliding tray, transferred all the contents into my handkerchief and thence into my coat pocket, finally replacing the tray. Not a moment too soon was I back between the sheets, for in an instant my good Samaritan arrived with the brandy. I

drank and professed to be much better. I dressed; so did he.

Would I have breakfast? No! I most reluctantly asked to be excused, being in haste to catch the first train I possibly could back to town, and I pointed out, to my noble host that either breakfast or train must of necessity be given up. Would he forgive me if I felt compelled to choose the train?

I searched in my trousers pocket for my money, gave a start of surprise, shrieked out: "They have robbed me, those villains. Robbed me last night!" And I simulated as ably as I could a most woeful expression of grief and despair. My good friend sympathised deeply with me. He invoked maledictions on the head of anyone who could be base enough to rob an unfortunate stranger, and with a generosity well nigh unparalleled he pressed upon me to accept, seeing I was penniless, as a temporary loan if I liked, the sum of ten shillings.

"Do take it," he urged. "It is more blessed to give than to receive, you know. I am not rich myself, but a few shillings in the cause of philanthropy I shall not, cannot miss."

So, with renewed assurances of indebtedness, I wished my estimable benefactor adieu, told him I should never forget him as long as I lived (here I really was speaking the truth) and I departed. What the locality was I know not, but I wandered—may I rushed on and on—until I saw a sleepy looking Jehu, whom I bade drive me with all possible speed to the station. The train was just starting, and I jumped into an empty compartment. Hastily I untied the bag and scanned the contents. Lo and behold! I found that I had swept the birdcage clean, for when I had counted the money there were £42 in gold and two £5 Bank of England notes, making very respectably total of £52.

Now I am happily and peacefully settled in life, and when round the fireside at night I am called on for a story, nothing delights me better than to tell my tale of how the trappers were trapped.

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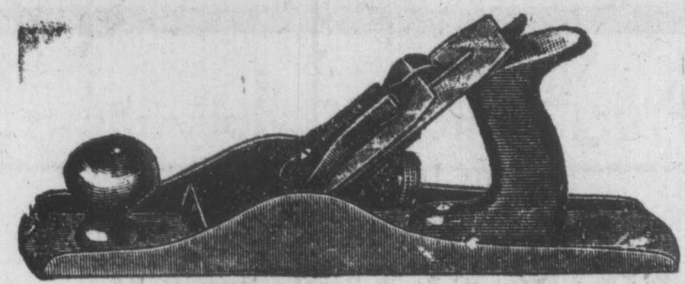
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¶ Gown of Sheer White Lace mounted on fine Brussels net lining. It has the new three tier skirt; Waist and Sleeves of Lace, in soft, graceful draping; Vest caught with tiny crystals; and wide crushed girde of Pale Blue Satin

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But Eased Their Fire and Completely Fooled the Germans

**WOULD BE CAPTORS WERE WIPED OUT**

Story of Two Irishmen Who Died Rather Than Surrender

London, Sept. 23.—Gunner Motley, of the 31st Battery, Royal Field Artillery, who is from the poorest quarter of the East End of London, sends his parents a story of a great artillery duel at Cambrai.

He says:—"One of our batteries was under perpetual fire the whole day. They showered shells at the boys of the bulldog breed and things became very warm when the Germans found the range. The order was given at last to abandon the guns. This is the time when men don't obey orders. They stuck to their guns; they did, however, ease fire, and the Germans, who thought our guns were out of action, advanced rapidly. Then we wiped them clean out and took many prisoners and eight guns."

**Bravery of Two Irish Dragons**

A trooper of the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoons, returned home invalided, says:—"One of our men carried his chum to a farmhouse under fire at Mons, and when the retreat was ordered they got left behind. A German patrol called at the house and found them. They were only two Irishmen—one wounded—against 12 Uhlans. They kept the Germans at bay behind furniture, and wounded and killed six; then the remaining six Germans ran off to bring a machine gun and destroy the house."

"Rather than bring suffering on the farmer and family and the whole village, the two hunted Irishmen made a rush for it with some mad idea of taking the machine gun brought against them. They got no further than the threshold of the door, where they fell dead, the blood bespattering the walls of the house. They could have made terms with the Germans but wouldn't do it."

**"Sing-Songs" Around Camp Fire**

A private of the Second Royal Scots nicknamed "Joe," writes to his sister:—"Every night round our camp fire we take our photos out—that is, if we have any—then we have a 'sing-song.' The favorite songs are 'Never Mind' and 'The Last Boat is Leaving for Home.' The French people give us a great welcome in every town and village, but the Germans give us the best welcome. I never thought any of us would get away from them, but we kept them back and won the day with heavy losses. When all was over we laid in the trenches from four in the morning till six at night with shells bursting all round. You would be talking to a man next you and then turn round to see him lying dead."

WINDERMERE.

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Lance-Corporal in the Highlanders Tells of Some Thrilling Experiences at Mons

A graphic account of the never-to-be-forgotten five days' fighting is given in a letter received by Mr. G. A. Smiley, Excise officer, Chestow, from his brother, who was wounded while engaged with the Gordon Highlanders.

"On Sunday, 23rd, at Mons, we rose at four a.m. and marched out 1,100 strong. We took up ground on the extreme flank of the British force. Immediately we started to entrench ourselves, and to the good trench work we did we put down our freedom from casualty. Later in the day a hellish tornado of shell swept over us, and with this introduction to war we received our baptism of fire.

**Wonderful Gunnery**

"We were lining the Mons road, and immediately in our front and to our rear were woods. In the rear wood was stationed a battery of R.F.A. The German artillery is wonderful. The first shot generally found us, and to me it looked as if the ranges had been carefully taken beforehand. However, our own gunners were better, and they hammered and battered the Germans all the day long.

"They were at least three to our one, and our artillery could not be in fifty places at once, so we just had to stick it. The German infantry are bad skirmishers and rotten shots, and they were simply moved down in batches by our chaps. They came in companies of, I should say, 150 men in file five deep, and we simply rained bullets at them the live-long day. At about five p.m. the Germans in the left front of us retired, and we saw no more of them.

**"Hell Let Loose"**

"The Royal Irish Regiment had had an awful smashing earlier on, as also had the Middlesex, and our company were ordered to go along the road as reinforcements. The one and a half mile seemed a thousand. Stormed at all the way, we kept on, and no one was hit until we came to a white house which stood in a clearing. Immediately the officer passed the gashell was let loose on us, but we got across safely, and I was the only one wounded, and that was with a ricochet shrapnel bullet in the right knee.

"I knew nothing about it until an hour after, when I had it pointed out to me. I dug it out with a knife. We passed dead civilians, some women, and a little boy with his thigh shattered by a bullet. Poor fellow he lay all the time on his face, and some man of the Irish was looking after him, and trying to make him comfortable. The devils shelled the hospital and killed the wounded, despite a huge Red Cross flag flying over it.

**Terrible Scene**

"When we got to the Royal Irish Regiment's trenches the scene was terrible. They were having dinner when the Germans opened on them and their dead and wounded were lying all around. Beyond a go at some German cavalry, the day drew in, and darkness saw us on the retreat. The regiment lost one officer and one man dead, one officer and some men severely wounded.

"We kept up this sort of game (fighting by day and retiring by night) until we got to Cambrai, on Tuesday night. I dare not mention that place and close my eyes. God, it was awful. Avalanche followed avalanche of fresh German troops, but the boys stuck to it, and we managed to retire to Ham without any molestation. Cambrai was the biggest battle fought. Out of all the glorious regiment of 1,100 men only five officers and 170 of the men answered the roll-call next day. Thank God, I was one of them.

"Of course, there may be a number who got separated from the battalion through various causes, and some wounded who escaped. I hope so, because of the heavy hearts at home. I saw the South Lances, and they were terribly cut up, only a remnant left of the regiment."

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**DESTROY ALL AS A MATTER OF 'PRINCIPLE'**

Vandalism of German Soldiers in the Villages of Belgium

**WRECK AND DEFILE ALL THE HOUSES**

Wanton Destruction of Property Countenanced by the Officers

By Sir Alfred Sharpe, K.C.M.G.  
Saverolles, near Villerscotterets, France, Sept. 14.—(received London, Sept. 18.)—"I left Meaux this morning in the rain and wind and found the roads muddy and in bad condition to the Northeast. I hoped to get near to Soissons before night, but had little expectation of reaching the town itself.

"When within two or three miles of Meaux I came upon the recent battlefield over which the Germans advanced and then retired. The line avenue of trees on the Meaux, near LePerte-million road, has been much knocked about by shells, the large branches and whole trees are lying along the road and telegraph wires are all cut to the ground for many miles. It is littered with straw, broken carts, ammunition wagons, empty shell cases, clothing, boots, letters, knapsacks, and numbers of dead horses.

**Most of Them Buried**

"The bodies have been mostly buried. I saw only two unburied German soldiers near the road. In one place were several hundred large shells, which had been abandoned by the enemy. The tree trunks along the road were scored by bullets.

"Following the Soissons road to La Fertemillon, I passed through several villages which had been occupied by the Germans. All empty houses had been wrecked, the furniture broken up, the pictures, ornaments and crockery smashed, clocks, bedsteads, etc., demolished wantonly. It appeared to be the German system to wreck all unoccupied houses as a matter of principle.

**Not Molested**

"The peasants or others in this district who remained in their homes were not molested beyond being requisitioned for food and other supplies. In some cases receipts were given by the German officer for supposed value of a thing taken but these naturally are of no use to the soldiers. At Meaux I heard some grue some tales of German atrocities, evidence for which, however, was not convincing.

"The village of Neuchelles suffered severely. Most inhabitants had fled, leaving their houses closed and these were absolutely wrecked and looted not a whole thing being left in them. Furniture and every kind of household goods was carried out and broken up. The houses themselves were defiled in every way.

**Lost Their All**

"Very few people had yet returned to Neuchelles. Most of them had lost their all, vines, even, in many cases, were torn off the house walls. Why the German officers should allow their men to indulge in such wanton cruelties to the poor peasant people is more than one can understand. It is impossible that such wholesale and universal destruction could have been carried out without their knowledge and approval.

"At La Fertemillon, the wife of a French officer, who is one of the gallant defenders of Maubeuge gave me much information as to the happenings there. La Ferte had two German visitations, also one British and one French visit. My friend had several German officers quartered at her house, who behaved well. On the first arrival of the Germans in La Ferte the troops behaved fairly well.

**Flee or Hide**

"Most of the notables in the town had fled or were hidden. The Mayor was eventually found in a cellar and he and the cure were walked through the town by the Germans as hostages for the good behaviour of the citizens. A contribution in money and goods were levied on the town and it was paid.

"Before the troops finally left, however, they got out of hand and looted freely. I was told in La Ferte that French supports for the British troops fighting at Mons arrived too late to be of any assistance. Our troops had a terrible five days and behaved magnificently."

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| Grand Bank     | Belleoram    | St. Jacques  |
| Harbor Breton  | Pass Island  | Hermitage    |
| Gaultois       | Pushthrough  | Richards II. |
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