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"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE" A SOUL IS DYING

The Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt, the well-known post-preacher of Edinburgh, send to the Scotsman a singularly interesting letter concerning some of his experiences at the front:

Just a week ago (Mr. Watt writes), in a tent where the wounded lay, I was beside the bed of a fine young Scottish soldier, stricken down in the prime of his manhood, yet full of hope. The thought of the faces far away was always with him upholding. In fact, the tent seemed vibrant with the expectation of the journey across the strip of blue which sunders us from home. This Scottish youth had been talking, and it was all about what to-morrow held for him. His mother and the girl that was to share life with him—these were foremost in his thought. His face shone as he whispered, 'I'm going home soon.' Everything would be all right then. What a welcome would be his, what stories would be told by the fireside in the summer evenings! But he made the greater journey that very night.

"We buried him two days later," adds Mr. Watt. "We got the pipe-major of a famous Highland regiment to come over; and when the brave dust was lowered, while a little group of bronzed and killed men stood around the grave, he played the old wail of the sorrow of our people, Lochaber, no more."

One day those who were able were outside the hospital and a gramophone was throatily grinding the melody out of familiar tunes, with a peculiarly mesmeric effect. Suddenly the record was changed to 'Mary of Argyle.' The Scotchman by whose bed Mr. Watt was standing, said, 'Wheest! D'ye hear that? Man, is it no fine?' And the tears ran down his cheeks as he listened. It was a poor enough record. In ordinary times he would have shouted his condemnation of it. But he was now in a 'foreign' land—a stricken, suffering man. And it made him think of some woman far away beside the Forth, where he came from, and his hearer asked no further question.

At the head of the bed of some of them, Mr. Watt goes on to say, you will see a blue paper:

"You're looking grand to-day," said I to a young fellow. And he replied, 'Is there any wonder, sir, wid that scrap o' paper there?' For it was the order for home on the first available opportunity. "Sure, wout the ould mother be glad to see me?" he continued. "The sunshine here is beautiful, but sunshine in the ould country is worth the world." "Good bye sir," he sometimes cry, 'I'll be away when you come round again.' But perhaps next time a sad face looks up at you, for the day so eagerly anticipated has been gain postponed.

It is always home, and what the dear ones there are like, and what they will be thinking yonder, that fills up the quiet hours towards restoration, as it strengthened the heart and arm of the brave in the hour of terrible conflict.

The endurance, patience and courage of the men are beyond praise—as marvellous as their sufferings.

Of one beautiful experience Mr. Maclean Watt tells. He accompanied a party on the search for a man when he was brought into contact with a real bit of wonder:

It was an exquisite night. The moon, big, warm, and round as a harvest moon at home, hung low near the dreaming world. The trees stood still and ghost-like, and the river ran through a picture of breathless beauty. We had got away beyond houses, and were climbing up through a great far-reaching glade. The road before us was a tangle of shadow and moonlight. Suddenly we had to stand and listen. It was the nightingale. How indescribably glorious! The note of inquiry, repeated and repeated, like a searching sadness; and then the liquid golden stream of other-worldly song. How wonderfully peaceful the night lay all around—the very moonlight seemed to soften in the listening.

'And yet again came the question with the sob in it; and then the cry of the heart running over.

No Meat For Eight Weeks, German Edict.

Herr Spratt could eat no fat. His frau could eat no lean. And so, between them both you see, For lunch, they split a bean.

SEE THE MAN WHO GETS \$670,000.00 A YEAR BECAUSE HE IS FUNNY!

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN,"
IN "SHANGHAI"

If possible is funnier than ever. It is the most screamingly funny of all his funny comedies—2000 feet—a laugh in every foot.

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Major Moraht, Germany's Ablest Military Critic Pays British Army a Compliment

Major Moraht, Germany's ablest military critic, pays the new British army and the British people a compliment in his most recent review of the situation, which indicates how greatly he is worried over the outcome. Coming from the source it does, Major Moraht's compliments are to be read almost as admissions of impending disaster. It is not even necessary to read between the lines to understand what he means when he says:

"Gradually, in the course of the war, our enemies have learned to undertake fairly simultaneously their attacks on the Central powers.

"We must admit that their organization of operations has become more energetic, more uniform. Their great resources in money and men, their great roads of supply on the open sea, make it easier for them, render more difficult our final victory."

To offset the effects of this admission, the Berlin Tageblatt's expert says "Our belief in victory has not been shaken," and then proves that it has by expressing a hope that "Bulgaria and Turkey in their own interests will be moved to further self-sacrificing activity." Pointing out that a decision at Verdun, now becoming a possibility, can only be achieved by

ARRESTED FOR LARCENY

Yesterday Const. Tobin arrested a young woman who is employed in an uptown office on a charge of stealing \$7.00 in cash. She had access to it and took it in various small amounts during the past five weeks. She pleaded guilty but her employer will give her another chance and took her back to work.

LABRADOR FISHERY NEWS.

Holton.—Fishery fair.
Smoky—Trapping poor; hooking fair.
Grady and Domino—Poor fishing.
American Tackle—Poor trapping, fair hooking.
Venton—Poor trapping and hooking.
Battle Hr.—Poor fishing.

THE "FLORIZEL" HERE.

The "Florizel," Capt. W. Martin, arrived here to-day at 10.30 from Halifax and New York, after a good run. She brought two thirds of a cargo and 163 passengers, including 63 round trippers, besides 32 in second class. Her Newfoundland passengers were—S. H. Butler, F. B. Wood, Kathleen Hanham, Mrs. McKay, May Gouge, Miss A. Bruce, Flossie Johnson, Katherine Evans, E. Evans, Elizabeth Evans, Mrs. Jas. Pitts, Miss M. Hartley, J. Wier, Rev. C. A. Moulton and A. Bruce.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The remains of the late Mrs. F. B. Wood arrived by the Florizel. Funeral will take place from her late residence, 87 Quidi Vidi Road to-morrow (Friday) at 2.30 p.m.

ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH TO-NIGHT'S MEETING

Residents of St. Joseph's Parish are reminded of the meeting called for to-night at 8 o'clock to make arrangements for the building of the new church at Hoylestown.

Miss Jessie Long, daughter of Henry N. Long, cooper, left by the Prospero yesterday to spend a holiday at Bonavista.

Hon. M. P. Gibbs and sons who were salmon fishing at Salmonier River, returned to city by last evening's train. Mr. Gibbs reports excellent fishing at the various pools in the river.

MILITARY CROSS FOR BRAVE CANADIANS

LONDON, July 1.—The award of the Military Cross to Lieut. P. L. S. Browne, of the 22nd Battalion, which is announced with a review which must have caused a sensation in Berlin in these words:

"The British people go very systematically and carefully to their work. For their artillery they have a great amount of ammunition. The British do not fall into the mistake of rejecting too loudly or of making small successes appear great. They avoid boasting; they do not reckon upon a speedy resumption of Russian and Italian successes.

"In this coolness of judgment we recognize that the British will try to hold out until final victory, without regard to the length of time required. With her reserves and her system of economizing them, Britain has now brought herself into the position of being the savior in time of need for the Allies. Without seriously reckoning on Britain on the battlefields of the West we will never go a step nearer to peace."

The well-deserved tributes of the British press to "Kitchener's Mob" are not more expressive than this tribute from an enemy who recognizes this "mob" as the deciding factor of the war.

Had an Instance

'Youth enjoys many things that manhood dislikes.'

'Oh I don't know. That's a platitude. Cite an instance.'

'Well, when I was about sixteen years I thought shaving was fun.'

The Kyle's express is due here at 4 p.m.

Owing to recent events here the Juvenile Society's picnic has been postponed.

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A great War feature produced in 2 Reels by the Kay Bee Co.

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A Social Drama by the Selig Company.

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A Drama of the open featuring Mary Fuller and M. Costello.

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Are two lively comedies.

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F. Fitzpatrick—Gower Street (top of Nunnery Hill).
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Mr. E. Parsons—Corner Hayward Avenue and McDougall Street.
Mrs. Wadden—Pleasant Street.
Mrs. Doughton—Fleming Street.
Mr. Fitzpatrick—Field Street.
Miss E. Lawlor—Head of Long's Hill.

Mrs. Bulger—Head of Carter's Hill.
M. A. Duffy—Cabot Street.
M. J. James—Cookstown Road.
Mr. Horwood—Barter's Hill.
Popular Store—Casey Street.
Mrs. Tobin—Casey Street.
Mrs. Cummings—Head of Casey St.
Mrs. Healey—Corner Water St. and Hutchings Street.
Mrs. Fortune—Corner Water Street and Alexander Street.
A. McCoubrey—(Insmith) New Gower Street.
Royal Tobacco Store, Water Street.
Mrs. Joy—New Gower Street.
Capt. Flett—Cor. Gower and Prescott streets.

Mr. Ryan—Casey Street.
Mrs. Collins—Foot Patrick Street, Water Street West.
Mrs. Keefe—Hamilton Street.

Wounded Canadians Bayoneted by Huns

OTTAWA, June 29.—In a letter received today by Major General Sir Sam Hughes from Surgeon General Guy Carlton Jones, the latter pays tribute to the heroic death in action of two valued officers of the Medical Corps during the fighting near Ypres. In the course of the letter General Jones gives a further ghastly example of German ferocity.

Wounded and helpless Canadian soldiers and the men of the medical corps who were attending them at one of the regimental aid posts, were bayoneted and murdered in the most brutal manner by the Germans, who took the first line of trenches, he says. The Surgeon General refers to this in recording the death of Captain W. R. Haight, of British Columbia, medical officer of the First Mounted Rifles.

Capt. Haight was reported missing after the first day's fighting. When the lost ground was recovered by the Canadians the spot at which the regimental aid post was established was found filled with the bodies of the men whom Capt. Haight had been attending. He himself with his assistants and the wounded men had been brutally bayoneted.

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