

THE DISPATCH

VOL XXII

WOODSTOCK, N. B., WEDNESDAY, July 28, 1915.

No. 8

WOLTHAUSEN HATS

"For the Heads of the Nation"

To be well dressed you have to be well "headed"—a man's headgear is the natural centre of attraction.



Wolthausen Hats

are made in a variety of shapes, to suit the individual requirements of the fat and the lean, the tall and the short, and the go-betweens.

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TO THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

(C. Langton Clarke, in Toronto Globe)

You cheer the war of the football field; you root at the game of ball. But your sporting blood runs thin as milk when you hear your country's call.

Are you so dull to your country's need, or are your hearts afraid, Or do you think that cheers will help when the game of war is played?

The game of war is a bloody game with a heavy toll to pay,

Are you content to sit in the stand and watch your fellows play?

Are you content to clap your hands, while others bear the brunt, And thank your stars you've jobs at home instead of at the front?

Stand up and show your blood is that which runs in the lion's veins;

Get into the game which calls for men with pluck and thews and brains

Lest your girls shall sneer and say, "Give us the men who are not afraid;

Our hearts are with the khaki crowd not the petticoat brigade."

Mrs. Ezekiel Marsten

Mrs. Ezekiel Marsten, after an illness of four days with pleurisy and pneumonia, died June 16th, aged 62 years and five months. She leaves to mourn her loss an aged husband, one son, three sisters, Mrs. Annie Hay, of Aberdeen, South Dakota, Mrs. Edwin Belmore, of Michigan, Mrs. John Dy-sart, of Presque Isle, one brother, Charles Wetmore of Speerville, a half sister, Mrs. Frank Haly, of Wakefield, besides several grandchildren. She was a member of the Church of England, until she joined the Baptist church.

Rev. C. N. Barton conducted the funeral service. The remains were interred in the Northampton cemetery on June 19th, the pall bearers being Cluff Brothers, George Colwell and Barry Tompkins. Gilbert Draper was conductor.

Alj. H. H. Stuart of Newcastle is attending the Rural Science school, Mr. Stuart taught school in Benton some years ago. He is well known in newspaper circles and at one time was editor of the Newcastle Advocate.

ANDOVER

The funeral of the late Geo. E. Baxter, was held on Saturday afternoon interment being made in the Baptist cemetery. The family have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Porter are on a trip to P. E. Island.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Hanson and son are spending some time at Campobello.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barbour, St. John, are visiting at S. P. Waites.

Several players from the tennis club motored to Woodstock on Saturday and played in a tournament which resulted in a victory for Andover 10-6. The trip was enjoyed by the players who speak in high terms of the hospitality of the Woodstock Tennis Club. It is expected that a return game will be played here in the near future.

Mrs. Henderson and Miss Mary Henderson are guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Alcorn.

Andover and Perth Red Cross Work.

At the Red Cross meeting on Wednesday, July 21, the usual work was carried on. Mrs. James Tibbits and Mrs. Carrie Armstrong served ice cream and cake, clearing \$6.90 for R. C. purposes.

The crochet collar which had been donated by Mrs. S. P. Waite, was drawn by Miss Louise Baird and won by Thomas Wolverson, of Four Falls, \$3.50 was realized from the sale of tickets. A vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Waite for her donation.

The president, Mrs. McPhail, read a letter from Mrs. Alfred Morrissy, St. John, thanking the branch for fifty-four pairs of socks sent at her request for 6th Mounted Rifles. Also a letter from "General Headquarters" thanking us for our work and begging us to continue putting forth every effort as the things were so much needed.

It was moved by Mrs. Harry Tibbits that every woman in Victoria Co., be asked to contribute a pair of socks for "Victoria Co. Sock Day" to be handed to Mrs. Tibbits at the Court House on or before Aug. 25th. Any woman not able to purchase yarn can receive the same by applying to the Court House, Andover, McPhail's store, Perth or Bedell's store, Andover.

William Adams.

William Adams died at his home, Littleton, Me., on Saturday, July 17 after a weeks illness, aged 68 years. He is survived by his wife, five sons, George, Samuel, Kenneth, John and Fred all of Littleton and one daughter Mrs. Faulkner, of Mars Hill. The funeral took place on Monday, service being conducted by the Presbyterian minister of Houlton. The pall bearers were, James Watson, John Henderson, Geo. A. Campbell and Wilmot Watson.

Louis Mushroo.

A very sad affair happened at Monument Settlement, Carleton County, on Tuesday, July 20, when Louis Mushroo shot himself, either accidentally or on purpose. He was about 46 years of age, a blacksmith and farmer, he was also a school trustee. He leaves a wife, who was formerly Margaret Strong, three daughters, Ida, Minnie and Christie; two sons Edward and George. About 32 teams followed the hearse to the cemetery. The church was well filled with people, the services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Haig, and the remains were buried beside those of his relatives.

Charles Hall.

Charles Hall died at his home on Richmond street of paralysis Monday morning, aged 55 years. He was stricken down at ten o'clock Sunday night, after his return from church, at the services he being apparently as well as usual. He leaves six children, Harold and Ray, employed with W. S. Skillen, and John, all at home, three daughters, Zula, Jennie and Ena, also at home; three brothers, Frederick of St. John, Cook and Ernest of this town and one sister Mrs. Charles Gilman of Pokiok.

There was a short service at the house on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday morning the body was taken over the Valley Railway to the Barony for interment.

Miss Gertrude

Miss Gertrude Fewer, daughter of Walter Fewer, of Farmerston, died on Wednesday evening. She has not been in good health recently, but her death was unexpected and came as a shock to her relatives and friends. The deceased was 20 years of age and was a young lady of many lovable qualities and had a wide circle of friends who deeply regret her death. The funeral was held on Friday, and burial at Williamstown cemetery. Owing to the absence of Rev. Father Bradley and the other local priests at the retreat for clergy at Memramcook College, the services were in charge of Rev. Father Silke of Houlton, Maine. The pall bearers were Harold and Charles Sharkey, John and Edward Whalen. It was one of the largest funerals ever held in that district. Beautiful bouquets of flowers were sent by the ladies of Jacksontown, as well as by those living in the districts.

Burdette W Harmon

Leonard Allen, of the Canadian Engineers, C. E. F., writes a letter to his mother in Ottawa, which was published in the Ottawa Journal, giving a vivid and thrilling account of the trench fighting through which the Engineers of the First Contingent passed in the early days of June. Of special interest is the story of the wounding of B. W. Harmon, a bedmate, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Harmon of Woodstock, N. B. who was wounded five times while carrying out the orders of his superior officer.

The letter follows:

Somewhere in France
Saturday, June 19th.

"Since my last letter, I have been in some tight places but so far have been very lucky. I have been out to the trenches four times this week and the third time we made an attack, taking three lines of trenches, but losing them again. Our company lost 14 that night including our captain (Capt. Morrison) who was killed. A heavy shell fell right beside him and blew him to pieces. We are now back resting, but it does not seem the same. My bedmate, B. W. Harmon, of Ottawa, was wounded. We went out first with the bomb throwers to superintend the building of barricades at the end of the lines as they were taken. He was back in 45 minutes. He had five bullets in him.

"I was in the first line trench when I saw a bloody-looking object coming along the trench, waving his arms like a madman, with excitement and I recognized his voice at once. It was Harmon, so I made him sit down a minute before sending him back to the dressing station and he told me his story. Here it is in his own words:

"I was to have had a party of 15 men, but when I got over to the enemy's first line I had only a Sergeant of Infantry with me. So I went along with the sergeant, helping and throwing the bombs we had until the sergeant's head was blown off with a piece of shell. Then I went on alone. A Major Smith came up to me and shouted, did I want any help? I said I did, so he came along with me. We worked our way along until the major was shot dead, then I got all the bombs and went alone, bombing my way as far as I could. By that time their whole batteries were opening up on this trench, so I was turned back to where I had left 30 men building a barricade. I had asked them, and they said they could, but when I got back to it, they were gone—most of them dead.

"The trench was full of dead—that is where there was any trench left. I had been shelled by our batteries until it was almost level with the ground. I crawled into a dugout and found two wounded Canadians and a dead German there. I lay down there until the shelling seemed to get a little easier. I had 3 wounds then, but was still going strong. So I hopped out of the dugout and then heard the order to retreat. I was mad clean through, so got up and made a bolt for the crater and so crawled back to this line and here I am.

"I asked him how deep the crater was," continues Leonard Allen, "and he said about 60 feet deep. This crater was where we had a mine and blew it up beneath the enemy's trench killing about 400. He wouldn't let me touch him or send a man back with him—a

mile and a half through trenches packed with men—to the dressing station, but I walked myself and I found out from the doctor afterwards that he had 2 bullets in one leg, 1 in his side, 1 in the back and a cut down his cheek, and also 2 fingers on his left hand pretty badly smashed. The doctors said that his fingers were the worst, and would take some time to heal. He would not let them take a German helmet that he had strapped to his waist for a souvenir.

"HOME TALENT PLAY"

The Woodstock Branch of the Red Cross Society, have secured Mr. Theodore H. Baid to direct and produce an Amateur play at The Opera House, Friday Night August 6th. The play chosen is "JACK'S WIFE", a comedy drama in 4 Acts. There will be over fifty of Woodstock's most popular talent in the production. Between the Acts will be introduced 3 big Spectacular Singing Specialties from The New York Hippodrome and Winter Garden. The Citizens of Woodstock can look forward to one of the best Evening's Entertainments, seen in Woodstock for many a day.

Wendell Holmes Killed In Action.

Although every effort had been tried by the relatives to find out the particulars as to how Wendell Holmes met his death in action on the battle field, it was only the other day that the news reached Woodstock from the captain of his company, Agar Adamson, who also was injured the same day.

Wendell Holmes, the dead hero, was born in Bristol, this county, but his parents moved to Woodstock when he was but a lad. After he received his education here and grew to manhood he spent some time in the States and finally he went to the Canadian Northwest, where he enlisted. The dead hero was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Holmes.

The letter from Captain Adamson follows:

16 Basil Mansions,
Basil St., S. W.
June 9th.

"Dear Miss Holmes—Will you allow me, on behalf of the company and myself, to offer you our most sincere sympathy on the death in action of your gallant brother, which occurred on the 8th of May near Ypres.

The 27th Division had been ordered by Sir John French to hold at all costs a certain portion of the line while the French and British attacked in another quarter. We were subjected to a very vigorous bombardment from early morning to sunset, our casualties being very heavy. It was during this bombardment and in the afternoon that your brother was killed by a shell and no braver life was ever given for his country.

Ever since he joined the regiment he has shown the true spirit of the soldier; he was always ready for any duty, no matter how trying and dangerous, and generally did a little more than his share; he was very cool and brave during fire, using great judgment on many occasions he had many friends in the regiment and the confidence of his officers, who deplore his loss very much. On several occasions he has been placed in positions where not only courage was required but judgment of the situation and quick action and he never failed us. Both in England and in Flanders condition of climate and ground has been very trying and positive hardships had sometimes to be endured. All these were willingly and cheerfully put up with and to my knowledge I have never heard of his complaining of conditions as he found them.

Believe me, with my sincere sympathy, yours very truly.

AGAR ADAMSON,
Captain.

P. S.—I would have written you before but am still in the hands of the hospital, having been hit the same day.

Masters George and Randolph Jones returned on Tuesday from a pleasant visit with friends in St. John.