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Burdette W. Harmon

The following interesting letter was received by Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Harmon on Thursday, which shows that their son, Burdette, is not dangerously wounded as reported and will soon be back on the firing line:—

Dear Mother—
"The sunshine must follow the rain." Since Feb. 9th I have been roughing it in France; that was the period of cloudy weather.

I find myself now in one of the best hospitals in England. I have every convenience that my caprice may suggest or the money Mrs. Astor supply. I am at the hospital of the Duchess of Connaught at Epsom on the Thames.

I am not seriously wounded. I am sprinkled all over with the fragments of a naval bomb. I shall be perfectly well in three weeks, my right hand is festered a little; it will be six weeks at least before I get back to France, so you should not worry in the interim.

The 1st Div. is out of the firing line for a month. That should relieve your mind regarding Jack. He was unhurt in the battle of June 15, when I was wounded. I must devote myself to having a good time for a few weeks.

Rural England is beautiful these days. Many pleasant motor rides and suppers are in store for me.

Give my love to all my friends.

Lovingly,

BURDETTE.

June 25th.

FLORENCEVILLE

Sarah Stephenson, of Mapleton Maine, was the guest of friends in Connell and Florenceville last week.

Richard Wheeler, who has been living at St. Stephen, during the last year is visiting his son George.

Jennie Chapman is spending her vacation at home.

Lillian Shaw of Wicklow, spent Thursday in the village.

Dr. and Mrs. Daman are attending the Meetings of the New Brunswick Dental Association being held at St. Stephen, this week.

Looking Matters In The Face.

Will Popular Government or Autocracy Prevail?

When you have a hard job to do, the only way to get it done, is first to look it, as they say, squarely in the face, and then, set to work and do it. It is no use beating about the bush, the thing must be done or left undone.

This paper is not one of the kind which has talked war and nothing but war. It has realized that there are many and sundry home duties and that work must be done at home. It has not dwelt on the glories of war, for the glories of war are best left to the poet and painter. War is hell, all right. But with all this, there is a large and mighty difference between a war which is forced on a nation, and a war into which a nation is unwillingly forced. We believe that this war was thrust on the British peoples, and the British people have met it in the same way that they met crises in the past.

Now there is a call for men, more men and still more men. Canada has done her part so far well. The young men who have gone from this locality and are on the firing line fight and write like heroes. It is nothing short of marvellous how they are bearing themselves considering the transformation involved in the change in their lives a year ago and now. The Woodstock man or woman who does not feel proud today of the Woodstock boys in France and Belgium, must have a soul about the size and weight of a dried up pea. All the pity is that such a creature, if it exists—and we hope for the sake of itself if it is practically non-existent, should be allowed to live while brave men and boys die. There are no words of bitter contempt, biting enough to characterize such a character.

The 55th Regiment at Sussex wants more men and it wants them from New Brunswick. This part of the province has done very well so far, but it could do much better. There is one question every unmarried young man might put to himself—Should I be with the other boys to the fore, or should I remain home? Many will find the answer that they should stay home. There are ties in many cases that mean that a young man's duty should keep him at his work.

But there are a whole lot who could easily join the regiment, and who ought to do so.

The day has gone by for flying flags and singing patriotic songs and talking loyalty—it is doing the work that counts.

Even the danger of those who volunteer to-day may be exaggerated. As a matter of fact, at this time of writing, although so many Woodstock and Carleton county boys have been under fire and some wounded not one has been killed. This can hardly be expected to last. But remember that danger to life lies at our very doors. There is something in fate. Warneford performs a feat unequalled in history, that if it had been made the subject for fiction, would have been considered over drawn. He darts above a Zeppelin, throws a bomb, destroys it, comes to earth on German soil, readjusts his machine and flies to safety in the lines in France. The world rings with his name. A few days after on a little pleasure trip in his aeroplane he has an accident and is killed, just as an amateur aeronaut might be.

And above all, the greater the army the British people may put in the field the sooner the war will end. Suppose Canada had sent no troops—Where would we have stood? To day the name of Canada is known and honoured throughout the wide world. Hitherto known as a great industrial community, to-day we are known as a people who can fight. Never in the coming years, whatever her future may be, will any foreign nation talk lightly of attacking Canada.

And this is because a lot of young Canadians fought bravely at Langemarck and Ypres and other parts. A good many laid down their lives, but was it not worth while. One does not envy the man or woman who can sneer at them and call it all folly.

What about the mothers? It is a strain to let the boy go. Of course it is. It was as train for all the mothers

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TOWN COUNCIL.

MONDAY EVENING.

The Council met at 8 p. m., on Monday evening, July 5th, the councillors all present and Mayor Sutton in the chair.

While the session was quite lengthy there were but few important matters dealt with. A new night watch was appointed. Engineer Barbour's report was read. Dr. T. W. Griffin addressed the Council advocating the entrance of all property into the town sewers. A warm discussion took place over the advertising of tenders for the position of superintendent of water works, while some heated remarks were made on the question of advertising for sale a certain property owing town taxes.

After the reading of the minutes Dr. Griffin addressed the board. As chairman of the board of health he wanted the by law enforced to compel all property owners to connect their property with the sewers. If the Council would not enforce the by-law, the board of health would see that it was done.

Coun. Fewer submitted a list of names of those who were not connected with sewers.

Moved by Couns. Fewer and Smith that the superintendent of sewers notify all persons that they must make the necessary connection within 30 days, or that the by-law will be enforced.

Carried.
Treasurer Bourne reported for six months and for the month of June. During the last month, the receipts were \$1212.07 expenditures \$4659.40, bank deficit \$12,556.99.

Referred.
A letter was read from Supt. Wass of the I. C. R., in reply to the request that the street near the Valley Railway station be put in the same condition it was before the railway work was commenced in which the superintendent said he had referred the matter to Engineer Ross Thompson as it came under the head of construction work.

Coun. Leighton read a very lengthy report from Engineer Barbour of Boston on the question of a pure water supply.

Deferred.
Applications for night watch were received and read from John Lenehan, D. M. C. Brewer and Clarence Jackson. Moved by Coun. Fewer, seconded by Coun. Leighton, and supported by Coun. Smith, that Duncan Brewer be appointed night watch in succession to Thomas McCarron resigned.

The Council divided, the nays being Couns. Noddin, Flemming and Young, and the mayor gave his vote with the chairman of the police committee, Coun. Fewer, and in favor of Mr. Brewer, who was declared elected.

Percy Betts was heard before the board advocating the service of the watering cart on Broadway and asking that the by-law against fast auto riding be enforced. It is a frequent occurrence to have auto racing on Broadway.

Mayor Sutton and a few of the councillors spoke on the subject, and dwelt also on the fact that bicycles were frequently being ridden on the sidewalks.

Moved by Coun. Young, seconded by Coun. Fewer, and passed that Chief Kelly be instructed to prosecute offenders.

Adjourned.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Council met at 7.30 p. m. sharp. All councillors present, Mayor Sutton in chair.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Mr. Hartley said that according to the town by-laws the Council should meet on the first Monday and the following Friday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. He would be glad to call a meeting at any time that the Council desired. No resolution of the Council can change the hour from 8 to 7.30. The only way is to change the by law. He made this explanation because he understood that some sarcastic remarks were made because his son, the acting clerk, did not arrive until 8 o'clock last Monday evening. In sending out the notices there is no option but to make the hour eight o'clock, until such time as the change is made in the by-laws.

A. D. Holycke, police magistrate, rendered his report for three months.

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Read This, Boys!

Somewhere in France,
June 21st, 1915.

My Dear Mother,—

This is the first chance I have had to write since we did our little shift in the trenches. I hope you have not been worrying since I wrote my last letter but nevertheless I am more or less fortunate to pull through because we had very exciting times. I will not attempt to relate my experiences to you. I did so in a letter yesterday and my letter was returned to me by the censor. However I can say that the attack failed through circumstances which probably were unavoidable but I guess our fellows succeeded in killing a lot of Germans and that is something accomplished.

These rests are getting to be a delightful part of our life over here. The weather is very fine now and the country is so much prettier now that summer has come. We live in our bivouacs out of doors as usual. The evenings are very cool here but the days are hot. The last storm we had was a violent hailstorm accompanied by thunder and lightning. The hail stones were about 3/4 of an inch in diameter and during the storm the wind carried bivouac frame and all with it until it was stopped by a fence. Of course we soon repaired the damage after the storm was over. The thunderstorms here, as a rule, are much heavier than they are at home.

But the noise of even the heaviest thunderstorm seems tame alongside of the noise one hears in the trenches during an attack. It is almost deafening at times. The shells which the Germans used this time are the largest ones I have heard since Ypres. It is certainly a mistake to say that the German ammunition is of an inferior quality. It certainly did a lot of damage that I saw. But then it is also very apparent that they did a lot of damage on the other side.

I am very anxious to have pulled through whole and never want to spend another night like the first night of the attack. It was simply horrible at times and a fellow does not realize how horrible it was until afterwards. To see the constant stream of wounded coming from the firing line, some walking, some crawling, some being carried and others dying on their way. The spirit with which some of these bear their sufferings is enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most stolid of beings. I am sure that if every man in Canada could see what I saw and hear what I heard that night he would at once don khaki and fight for Canada and the Empire.

The fellows in the infantry regiments are as calm a bunch as ever I saw and walk into the attack just like a civilian at home walks into his office for his daily work. They simply take things as they come and find no fault if they come too fast. If they come back from a ration carrying trip and find that their dug-out has been blown in and some of their comrades buried alive they simply say "Oh well!" and proceed to dig out bodies and belongings and, if dead, to erect crosses over them, and, if still living, to seek new quarters. Some of the graves in the field are very impressive. I remember that at one place we were digging a new trench and finding a grave right in line with the direction of trench we simply incorporated it into a traverse and went on.

I am glad to hear that they have started a recruiting campaign in Woodstock at last. I was very proud of the way in which Jim Lynott started the ball rolling in good shape. It is much to his credit and he ought to have lots of followers. Dug had better quit practicing baseball. The only immediate benefit which I can see is to be derived from that is efficiency in throwing bombs at the Germans. They had better devote their attention to something that will be of more use to them. Dug could be practicing signalling or telegraphy with a view to enlisting in a signalling company when he gets through school. This war is not going to be over in a few months and possibly not in a few years.

I receive the town papers and the St. John papers right along and I also received the writing paper which you sent me. It will come in handy as I am

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