

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Farm Laborers

EXCURSIONS

From Maritime Provinces

AUG. 17thAUG. 24th

Watch for Further Announcements

W B HOWARD D. P. A. C. P. R. ST. JOHN N. B.

Bazaar a Grand Success

The bazaar and garden fete under the auspices of the W. G. Circle of King's Daughters, upon Saturday evening, July 41st, proved very successful, netting over \$47.00 despite the electrical storm which deluged the guests, after a short hour and a half.

The grounds were tastefully decorated by Messrs Fred Moore, Robert Welch, George Ransom and Charles Greer, and the brilliant electrical display was arranged by Mr. Fred McLean.

Of the proceeds, fourteen dollars goes to the W. G. Circle fund, and the balance to form a nucleus for a fund to assist our disabled and returning soldiers.

The High School orchestra furnished the music and to them as to the many kind friends who gave so willingly of their time and effort, the management desire to return their sincere thanks.

August 31st has been set aside by the W. G. Circle as tag day for the 'Disabled Soldiers' Fund."

The Only Cure For
A Weak Stomach

Indigestion and Similar Troubles Must be Treated Through the Blood.

Indigestion can be treated in many ways, but it can only be cured in one way—through the blood. Purgatives cannot cure indigestion. By main force they move on the food still indigested. That weakens the whole system, uses up the natural juices, and leaves the stomach and bowels parched and sore. It is actually a cause of indigestion—hot a cure. Others try pre-digested food and peptonized drugs. But drugs which digest the food for the stomach really weaken its power and makes the trouble chronic. The digestive organs can never do the work properly until they are strong enough to do it themselves. Nothing can give the stomach that power but the new, rich, red blood so abundantly supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So the reason for the success of this medicine is plain. Nothing can stimulate the glands and nothing can absorb the nourishment from the food but pure red blood. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills surpass all other medicines in giving that new, rich blood. Miss B. E. Johnson, Hemford, N. S., says: "For months I was a great sufferer from indigestion; food of any kind was distasteful to me, and after eating I would suffer much. Naturally I grew weak and was but a shadow of my former self. I was taking a doctor's prescription, but it did not help me in the least. Then I read of a case similar to my own cared through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try this medicine. By the time I had taken six boxes the trouble had entirely disappeared, and I could eat heartily of all kinds of food. More than this I found my general health greatly improved through the use of the Pills. I can therefore strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for indigestion."

You can get these Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail, post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Machine Gun Fund

Previously acknowledged \$1106 50
W. Jack Libblee 15 00
C. B. Snow 5 00

Total to date \$1126 50

G. E. BALMAIN, Treasurer.

Woodstock, N. B., Aug 21st, 1915.

Letter from

Burdette Harmon

Gleaner.

From the Duchess of Connaught Hospital at Clivedon, England, where he is recovering from his wounds, Corp. Burdette W. Harmon, of Woodstock, N. B. who was in the Marine and Fisheries Department at Ottawa when he enlisted with the Royal Canadian Engineers of the First Canadian Contingent, gives one of the most remarkable and complete descriptions that has yet been penned of fighting when he was wounded.

It was in that engagement that the First Canadian Battalion lost 600 of their 750 men and that Corp. Harmon was eight times wounded by a German bomb when he was caught alone by the Germans away down their trenches after a portion of the Huns' line had been blown up by a Canadian mine. He frankly states that this letter was written for the purpose of taking away from himself some of the credit which had been given him by his comrades who had praised him as one of the greatest of all the Canadian heroes in that memorable charge, but in that purpose it fails.

The letter written under date of July 28th to Dr. W. C. Kierstead of U. N. E., follows:—

"I am not such a quixotic hero as the Ottawa papers would have you believe. Let me relate a true story of an attack, and while I try to interest you, I hope to clear my name from the charge of bravado.

"We knew for several days before June 15th that an attack was imminent. The bombardments, while largely spasmodic, had been very destructive because we had some very heavy howitzers hammering away at the enemies' trenches. The night before the attack, part of our company placed two 18-pounders within 150 feet of the German trenches. This was a very clever trick, and the boys who took part in it deserve credit.

"Seven of us were told off to report to Col. Hill of the 1st Battalion. He talked to us for over an hour, and explained by maps the plan of attack. There were to be five bombing parties, one sapper to be attached to each party. The two remaining were to look for mine leads and cut them. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we fell in with our respective platoons, and marched towards the Duke's Hill. We had to round in and out for a mile and a half, in what was exactly like a deep sewer ditch. At 4.30 p. m. we were in the front trench and prepared to rest until six—the mine was to go up at six. At 5.30 the artillery lieutenant in charge of the field gun told us to pull away the sand bag barrier that hid his gun from the Germans. We expected a fusillade of shot as we exposed ourselves in the gradually increased opening. We were agreeably surprised. The move drew a very slight addition of rifle fire.

"That gun began to speak. We were right under the muzzle, what a noise! It was sure ear-splitting. I stood and watched the gunner. Without hat, shirt only and sleeves rolled up, he flung those shells into the breach with marvellous skill. Crouched on bended knees, with sweat rolling down his face, he looked to me like a warrior kind of old. He truly was a hero. He fired twenty shots and was blown to pieces by a shell that exploded backwards when he opened the breach. Our grim giant of which we were proud, was stark and cold. It was depressing to be deprived of such an encouragement at such a time. Some score of German crack-shots with machine guns were within 150 feet.

"Lieut. James spoke calmly, 'Boys in a minute the mine goes up.' I climbed on the firing platform to be ready for a quick spring up the three step-ladder. I called Corporal Talbot in charge of the bombing infantry so come up near me in order that the men might better follow, having his familiar figure as a guide. And now the explosion! Can you imagine it? Three thousand pounds of an explosive, as powerful as nitroglycerine. Lumps of earth as big as barrels went hundreds of feet in the air. I watched it with childish curiosity. The sun, a crimson red, was setting. The rays glistened in the falling curtain and lit it up so that it looked like many rainbows. Now the Angel of Death began to reap. A large lump beat the man behind me to his knees. Lieut. James falls, killed. Our trench is rocked and buried and some scores of our own men are killed and wounded. The rainbow has no interest. I bend my head each moment expecting to have my brains knocked out.

"At last the sky ceased to rain lumps of earth. We leap for the parapet. I notice that Talbot is beside me and we

rush forward. As quick as we were, others were much quicker. The short space between the trenches is already filled with charging Canadians. A few fall as we rush forward. I stop for a second beside the yawning crater and try to estimate its extent. I conjectured it was sixty feet deep, and 200 feet across.

"It ran on and the first German I ran across was a little fellow, about twenty with his leg shattered. He was in the edge of the crater, high up on the mound. Horror and fear were printed on his face. With a broken leg he could not move, and he pitiously moved his hand to surrender. I thought of all the vows I had sworn, and I knelt to shoot him. Thank God I did not do it, but ran on. The next sight almost made me laugh. About twenty hands seemed to move from the earth. They did not have time to run down their trench and they waited for our rush with hands up. We stopped to shoot a few who were running through the grass towards their second line.

"Talbot and I did not bother with the prisoners. They were bayoneted by the fellows behind. Our job was to bomb down the front line trench as far as possible. We ran down the trench for about fifty yards and came across a group of about six infantry with another engineer named Boyle. Boyle was boss and he told us that the lieutenant had told him to stay there. Some of us were chagrined. Our orders were to go down the trench to 'Hell.' Col. Hill's orders surely were more reliable than the commands of a lieutenant. A big, splendid looking sergeant says, 'Come on, who will follow me?' I ran after him, followed by the bunch, Boyle included. He did not lack spunk, but he thought the word of a lieutenant could not be questioned. We ran down the trench for about one hundred yards. We came across two high cables about one inch in diameter made of many small wires and the whole insulated. Boyle asks how we are to cut these, wire clipper were no good. I told him to get a shovel and put it under the cable. We hammered with another shovel until the wire is almost cut. He goes ahead with that job, and the sergeant, aided by myself and others, build a barricade. Boyle had the cables almost cut by this time and I asked him to go back for reinforcements. He started back, and in a few minutes about ten men came along.

"We climbed over our barricade and advanced. We must have gone over one hundred yards when I noticed the sergeant and myself were alone. He was ahead and one would think he was hunting deer. We passed dead and dying Germans, but did not stop to look in dug-outs. It is risky to pass such places, but we thought them empty and chanced it. The sergeant stopped and seized me by the shoulder. 'Do you see them opposite?' he said. The trench was built like a snake fence and they were in the opposite angle. I saw several heads and one fellow half out of the trench. The sergeant and I started to shoot, shoulder to shoulder. We fired about four rounds when I felt a pull and heard a thud. I turned my eyes and saw the sergeant bent forward on his rifle with his head blown off just above the eyes. Blood and brains rolled down his face, and his rifle was stained a scarlet from the stock to the muzzle. In glance I saw that he was dead. I was alone and down the German trench. It did not take me long to decide what to do. I beat it back over dead Germans and around corners, further than any Germans would dare come, until I met three of our fellows behind our barricade. We waited to see what would happen.

"In a few minutes about ten men came along. They said, 'Come on, boys, we have orders to advance.' I started ahead with the leader. By the time we reached the dead body of the sergeant German shrapnel and snipers had thinned the bunch to four. I told the fellow who knew the sergeant died. He hid his face from the butt of his rifle and laid him tenderly in the bottom of the trench. He cut his wire clippers from his neck and handed them to me. The three of us then started to build a barricade. As we worked two awful explosions seemed to lift us off our feet. I mentally figured that shrapnel could not forever continue to fall at that particular spot.

"A second later a third report at most split my ear drums. My rifle was torn from my hand and I felt a sharp pain in my right hand side. Someone shouted 'They are bombing us.' That was warning enough. We had no bombs and were as helpless as children. We ran back along the trench and at last came where our

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Hanlin-Faulkner

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Faulkner of this town on Tuesday, Aug. 17, when their eldest daughter, Clara, was united in marriage to Walter Hanlin of Bingham, Me., in the presence of relatives and friends. At the appointed hour the bride and groom entered the parlor to the strains of the wedding march played by Mrs. Arch McCormick of Houlton, and took their places under an arch of evergreen, ferns and roses, where the Rev. F. L. Orchard officiated.

The bride looked exceedingly well, groomed in white silk trimmed with overlace and carried a bouquet of white roses.

After the ceremony the guests were invited to the dining room where luncheon was served, each one receiving from the hand of the bride a piece of the bride's loaf.

The presents were both beautiful and useful, consisting of cut glass, silverware, china and linen. The groom's gift to the bride was a substantial check.

Amid showers of confetti the happy couple left by the evening train for a trip to Bangor and other points, after which they will reside in Bingham, Maine. The bride's travelling suit was of blue poplin with hat to harmonize.

Rideout-Nevers

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Ernest Aksellizem's, Lincoln, on Thursday, August 12th, when her daughter, Wilma Blanche Nevers was united in marriage to Wilford Almon Rideout of Peel, Rev. J. A. Cory officiating. After the wedding supper, Mr. and Mrs. Rideout left on the C. P. R. for St. John on a short trip through Nova Scotia. The bride's going away suit was a tailored suit of navy blue serge with black and white picture hat. They will return to Lincoln for a few days before leaving for Florenceville, where they will reside, the bridegroom being the principal of the Florenceville Consolidated School for the ensuing year.

ANDOVER

(left from last week.)

Roderick McLaughlin, of St. John, was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. J. A. Perley, last week.

Mrs. McCain, Florenceville was visiting Mrs. Mary Wiley a few days the past week.

Misses Margaret and Janet Curry, and Harry Richmond had a pleasant trip up the Tobique last week making the trip between Plaster Rock and The Forks by auto and between Plaster Rock and Andover by canoe.

At a meeting held at The Specialty on Monday last it was voted to buy a machine gun by Subscription.

Miss Fannie Barnes, of Boston, was the guest of her niece, Mrs. H. L. Alcorn for a few days last week.

On Friday, Mrs. Alcorn was hostess at a pleasant informal afternoon tea in honor of Miss Barnes. Among those invited were Mrs. M. Tibbits, Mrs. H. Tibbits, Mrs. W. Curry, Mrs. W. Hoyt, Mrs. A. E. Kupky, Mrs. S. P. Waite, Mrs. Perley, Mrs. B. Waite and Miss Watson. Miss Janet Curry and Miss Mary Henderson assisted Mrs. Alcorn.

Mrs. Benj. Beveridge gave a tea party to friends on Friday, among whom were Mesdames Allen, Waite, Tibbits, Bedell, Stevens, Stewart and Peat.

Mrs. Sara L. Libby and Mrs. A. C. Paul, Fort Fairfield, were guests at the home of S. P. Waite, on Friday.

Parson J. R. Hopkins is away on a two month's visit to his daughter, Mrs. D. R. Burns, of Medicine Hat, Alta.

Misses Emma Wootton and Millicent Carter were hostesses at the tennis courts Saturday.

Miss Marguerite MacLauchlan, Woodstock is visiting Miss M. Carter.

Mrs. Havelock Kelly is visiting Mrs. J. W. P. Dickinson, Petrol.

Miss Knowland, Fort Kent, visited the Misses Baxter over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dinsmore, of Houlton, spent the week end in town, the guests of Mrs. Mary Wiley.

Mr. Birmingham, of the B. of M. Staff is spending a few days at his home at Victoria Corner.

Red Cross Work

The Lakeville and Williamstown Red Cross Society forwarded to St. John, N. B., June 24, fifty dollars (\$50.00) to equip a bed in the Duchess of Connaught Hospital, Clivedon, England. Those who contributed toward the bed outside of the society were:—

Jas Bearsto M. D., Lakeville, \$5.00

Samuel Buxton, Deerville, \$1.00.

The society forwarded to St. John 46 bandages, 14 doz handkerchiefs, 47 pr socks, also sent to Howard F. Fewer, one of our Lakeville boys who is serving his King and Country 2 pr socks.

MRS. J. HAVELOCK WILSON, Pres.
A. BEATRICE WILLIAMS, Sec.

P. S.—The society wish to acknowledge and thank Mrs. Samuel Buxton, Deerville, for 1 pr. socks.

Canadian Red Cross Society

The Woodstock Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society wish to acknowledge and thank the following:—

Grafton Red Cross Society, Mrs. Henry Blackmore, Pres. 12 grey flannel field shirts, 4 suits pajamas, 8 hospital shirts, 24 pair socks, 7 rolled bandages, 7 hot water bottle covers.

Upper Woodstock R. C. S. Society as follows:—

Mrs M Watson,	5 pair socks
Cluff	2 " "
Golding	4 " "
Cochrane	5 " "
Grey	1 " "
Robinson	1 " "
B London	1 " "
Miss Grey	1 " "
A Hazen	1 " "
Mrs Jas Watson	1 " "
Dow	1 " "
Burpee	1 " "
Shaw	1 " "
Cowan	1 " "
Morey	1 " "

Mrs D Smith, Jacksonville, 2 pair socks, 1 cake soap.

Miss A S Harris, Upper Woodstock, 2 pair socks, 1 cake soap.

Miss Margaret Henderson, Tapley Mills, 2 pair socks.

Mrs J R Brown, 6 knitted wash cloths, A D Holyoke, 12 pkgs. cigarettes.

C D Jordan 1 pair socks

Miss MacRobert 1 " "

Mrs J R Tompkins 1 " "

Arthur Sproule 1 " "

Jane Sproule 1 " "

Mary Kirk 1 " "

J J Gallagher 1 " "

Arthur DeLong 1 " "

E W Jarvis 1 " "

Heber Connell 1 " "

W B Belyea 1 " "

Fred Boyd 3 " "

H M Martell 2 " "

Fred Mooers 1 " "

Miss Leighton 1 " "

Mrs S Boyer 2 " "

J S Creighton 1 " "

Ingraham 1 " "

Alfred Straight 1 " "

John Thompson 1 " "

Ada Poole 3 " "

John Ferguson 1 " "

A B Connell 1 " "

H A Nash 1 " "

C L Perkins 1 " "

J T A Dibblee 1 " "

W L Carr 1 " "

Miss Janet Brown 1 " "

MRS. W. P. JONES Pres.

MRS. W. B. BELVEA, Sec.

Tag Day for the benefit of the disabled soldiers, Tuesday, Aug 31 st. Give liberally to a good cause.

DIED

BRITTON,—At his residence, Upper Woodstock, after a long illness of paralysis, Randolph Britton.

Judge Carleton will hold chambers in Fredericton during the absence of Judge Wilson who is taking a month's vacation.

Messrs Fred Buck and Octave LaVoie, of the 55th Batt., Valcartier, are spending a few days at home.

Miss Jean Blue of Debec was in town on Tuesday.

Rev R H W Pinkett who attended the A M E Conference, in Halifax N S preached his farewell sermon here on Sunday and left this morning for Yarmouth N S. his new charge.

Mrs Hutchinson, of Boston and Mrs Frank McNaught, and daughter Isabel of chatham, are visiting Mr and Mrs A G Bailey.

Appointments of A. M. E. Conference held in Halifax, N. S. are as follows:—

Presiding Elder, Rev Alex. Kersey. St. John, N. B., Rev. J. H. H. Franklin, D. D.

Halifax, N. S., Rev. J. P. Stephens. Amherst, N. S., Rev. A. Morgan.

Woodstock, N. B. Rev. A. S. King.

Yarmouth, N. S. Rev. R. H. W. Pinkett.

Liverpool, N. S. Rev. G. W. Richardson.

Shelburne, N. S. Rev. W. B. Hill. Owing to the illness of Bishop C. S. Smith of Detroit, Mich., Rev. J. W. Rankin, of New York, Sec. of Missions, presided at the Conference.