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Southampton Boy Writes Of Transatlantic Trip

Interesting Letter From Dr. Frank A. Dunham Who Went Overseas With the 28th Battery—Describes Life on Board Ship—Men Were Well Fed and Had Good Sleeping Accommodations—Much Seasickness Among the Troops.

Mrs. Alex. Corey, of Lower Southampton, is in receipt of the following letter, written on the transport, from her son, Dr. Frank A. Dunham, who is now in England with the 58th Battery:

Sept. 16.—I will write you a few lines explaining our trip. I am starting early but will have a letter to send by return mail as soon as we land.

We are anchored in the harbor now, all loaded, ready to go, but haven't heard when we will sail. We have the best of accommodations—everything dandy. Two in each stateroom and a nice spring bed and mattress and white sheets. These are some of the things we haven't been used to lately. Our meals are fine too. I will write more after supper and tell you what our meals for the day are.

Started From Petewawa.

We left Petewawa last Friday night at 9 o'clock. It was a long, tiresome trip, but the worst of our trip is yet to come. Probably I won't be sick—I hope not, anyway.

We were not allowed off the train very much, but when we came to a place where we wanted to get off very badly, we went out the windows.

There was a guard on every door—one at each end of the car. I got off at Newcastle. Had a few friends there that I met when I was home. I will say good-bye for this afternoon and write some more this evening.

The Bill of Fare.

8 p.m.—We have had our supper, so now I will describe our meals. For breakfast, two boiled eggs, fresh fried fish, bread and coffee; dinner, soup, potatoes, roast pork and gravy, green peas, bread and rice pudding; supper, cold meat, bread, plum jam, cheese and tea. So you see we get fed all right.

The band is playing on deck now. I have not yet told you how many are on board. There are all of our brigade, over 800, and a pioneer battalion of about 800 or 900. They have the brass band. The night that we came through Moncton we were off the train and had a march around the town. Gee, but it was great to get one's legs limbered up. Then we had about a five mile march here in Halifax yesterday morning. I sent you a card from here yesterday. Will now say good-night.

On the Atlantic.

Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Here we are away out on the big Atlantic. Left Halifax harbor at 6.10 a.m., and have had a very pleasant day for a starter. It has been a little rough this afternoon, but we don't notice it much in a big boat like this, especially as our staterooms are right in the middle of the boat.

I got a letter from you and Vera from Millinocket today. They were put on board yesterday but were not given out till we were 20 miles out at sea. Believe me, we were some happy crowd when we heard that there was some mail aboard for us.

A Man Overboard.

There are five boats in the fleet—four passengers and one man-o-war—one in line behind the other. We are the last one as ours is the fastest boat. One of the crew on the boat ahead fell overboard, but they rescued him all right. It was some excitement for a little while. All five boats stopped and circled round. They threw him a life-belt and he kept afloat with that until they got him.

I can hear the band playing up on deck again, but it is too breezy up there for me tonight.

Our battery is duty battery tomorrow and I am on guard, so I will have to go to bed early to rest up.

Much Seasickness.

Sunday, Sept. 17.—It has been three days since I did any writing, as I have been kind of under the weather. I was on guard the 14th, and it was a pretty rough day and night. Quite a lot of the boys are sick. I have been sick myself, but am feeling better now. There is not much of importance to tell but I will try and write every day after this.

We expect to land in England next Thursday. I wish we were there now. We have physical exercises on deck twice a day to give us appetites, and believe me, we can eat.

We have seen quite a few whales since we started. We went past the coast of Newfoundland the night of the 14th and could see the light houses.

Murray is fine. I don't think he has been sick yet. I am rooming with a fellow by the name of McCallum, of Hartland. He is a dandy fellow.

Divine Service.

We had church this morning, and I enjoyed it very much. Our chaplain gave us great warning of the temptations that will meet us in England. I guess they are plentiful. The men were very quiet and will do well if they listen to him.

Our major has been quite sick; has only been on parade with us once since we set sail.

It has been quite foggy today, and the fog horn is blowing all the time, but the sea is comparatively quiet. It was quite rough yesterday. The waves came over pretty well. Some of the boys were in the bow and they got quite a soaking.

The only thing I don't like on board

is the water. I would give a lot for a drink of spring water from under the hill.

The names of the four boats that are with us are the Cameronian, the Northland, Scandinavian, and Metagama. The cruiser is ahead.

Sport on Shipboard.

Monday, Sept. 18.—This has been a foggy and disagreeable day, but quite enjoyable for us. We had sports on deck this afternoon—boxing and a tug-of-war. The boxing was good, but it is cruel work when one thinks about it.

It has been very quiet and foggy today. We met a sister ship to this one, bound for Halifax. They were talking to it by wireless.

Sept. 19.—Another day has rolled by and we are nearing England. It has been another foggy day and tiresome. We had sports again this afternoon—boxing and wrestling—and tonight the boat's crew are giving a concert. I have been listening to it till I got tired and came below for the night.

A Fake Alarm.

Sept. 20th.—This is a beautiful day for a change. It has been a long time since we saw the sun until today. After the usual sports today we had a fake alarm, and had to get on our life belts and fall in line on deck by the lifeboats. We are nearing the danger zone.

Our escorts will meet us tonight and we will travel a little faster then.

Escorts on Hand.

Thursday, Sept. 21st.—Another day has passed and all goes well. Our escorts picked us up at noon today and we are now sailing full speed for Liverpool.

The sailors tell us we are nearing the coast of Ireland, but it is all alike to me and has been for the last nine days since we last saw land.

I am on guard duty tonight and it is cold on deck. They say winter is just beginning in England.

There is quite a rock to the boat, tonight, but we don't mind it any now. I think I would like to be a sailor.

England in Sight.

Friday, Sept. 22.—We passed the coast of Ireland last night and about an hour ago passed the Isle of Man. Now we can see the coast of England.

We are in the danger zone, where most of the ships are sunk, but everything is well so far. Will finish this letter when we land.

Sept. 24.—Well, we have arrived safely in England. Got here yesterday morning at 5 o'clock. We arrived at Liverpool Friday night. Got on the train right off the boat and were only

FRENCH RADICALS APPROVE OF WAR

Paris, Oct. 23.—The Radical party, which aggregates nearly onethird of the present chamber of deputies, held yesterday its first convention since the war began.

Resolutions were adopted affirming that the public entered into the conflict against its will after having done every thing possible to avoid it. They declared that the party desires to continue the struggle in fraternal union with all French citizens, and is resolved to pursue this effort until there is a complete triumph of the Allied armies, and to require for the future guarantees that will protect civilization from all aggressions and assure the peace of the world.

Some are judiciously silent; some are afraid to open their mouths; others keep still because they haven't anything to say and wouldn't know how to say it if they had. Each, in his way is wise.



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MOOSE IN BARNYARD.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hawkins, of Douglas, were startled a few nights ago by a strange commotion among the cattle in the barnyard. They went out to investigate, and were astonished to find a large bull moose stepping around in a familiar way, as if he belonged there. Upon being alarmed, the animal scaled the fence and made off for the woods. Only a few days before Mr. Hawkins chased a bear out of his orchard.

LOOK!

If you were told of a new discovery for the treatment of coughs, colds and bronchitis, as certain in its action on all chest troubles as anti-toxin is on diphtheria, or vaccination on small-pox, wouldn't you feel like giving it a trial?

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In a word, while no liquid or solid can get to the lungs and air passages, these Peps fumes get there direct, and at once commence their work of healing.

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Peps

two hours doing it.

I wish you could see the comical little trains and the speed they go at—50 miles an hour.

We are staying in barracks—or huts, they call them; thirty in each one. We have lots of room, bed ticks, and lots of blankets—everything cosy.

This is Witley Camp, about thirty miles from London, and there are lots of little towns around handy.

An aeroplane has just own over the camp.

From your loving son,
FRANK A. DUNHAM,
58th Battery, London, England.

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