

# Fight at Mt. San Gabriele Was a Real War Spectacle

Top of the Mountain Discribed by Special Correspondent as a Real Inferno--A Strong Position Wrested From the Enemy After a Terrific Fight--Austrian Losses Were Very Heavy--Resembled the Crater of a Volcano.

(New York Times.)

With the Supreme Command of the Italian Armies, Saturday, Sept. 15.—From Monte Santo (the Holy Mountain) one gets the greatest war spectacle in all the world; the fight for Mount St. Gabriele. The actors in the drama are so close that one can see the make-up and even watch the entrances and exits through the wings.

Monte Santo is an ideal-looking mountain, for it rises 2,000 feet above the Gorizia Plain, and is so steep that the ascent seems like climbing a perpendicular wall.

San Gabriele, which squats directly in front of Santo, is an ugly fat mountain of bare rock, the top of which is only 300 feet below the Holy Mountain's peak. That peak is the stage. The box is so near the tragedy that one could almost attract the performers' attention with tennis racket and balls.

Santo Was Surrounded.

Santo fell into Italian hands in much the same manner as many mountains fall—by being entirely surrounded and so compelled to surrender. Thus it became an observatory not only for the battle for San Gabriele, but for a near view of the operations clear across the Gorizia Plain over the Carso to the sea. From there one understands more particularly the strategy that will eventually mean the fall of Trieste.

It is the dreaded "dead ground" on San Gabriele that has permitted the Austrians to hang on so long although the fall of San Gabriele has been written a long time since in the book of things that are to be.

The climb up Santo is long and hard, but not dangerous in the day-time. At night it is another matter on account of the precipice. However, the Italians, according to their custom, are now hacking a fine wide road in its granite side, and in a few more weeks expect to use the road for automobiles and guns. At the very top there is a great pile of broken white marble.

Up to a few months ago, when the Italians concentrated their fire upon it from Sabotino across the way, these pieces were formed together into a sacred shrine, where old Francis Joseph came to pray at the beginning of the war for the success of the Austrian arms. The shrine faced west toward the old frontier. When the domineering emperor was hauled up in a sedan chair to inaugurate thus the end of his tragic reign in a cataclysm of blood he prayed with arms spread out toward the smiling plains of Italy.

When the first shell burst through the stone portico of the shrine, there stood revealed to the Italian observers a figure of the Virgin. Through the clear mountain air the observers on Sabotino could distinguish the colors of the frescoes about the Virgin's head. Another shell and both Virgin and frescoes crashed in fragments

down the precipice facing Italy. To the Italian gunners it seemed an omen that the ill luck of the House of Hapsburg would continue to the end, and that by Italy would their ramshackle empire be split into pieces, only to remoulded in a better way.

And now that rubble pile of what was an emperor's shrine is a box seat from which to watch the Italian lines go forward on Austrian soil.

Shelling the Crest.

When first I looked down on the battle for San Gabriele I seemed to hang directly over the crater of a volcano. A matter of merely 40,000 Italian shells on a daily average are bursting over San Gabriele's crest. In addition are the Austrian shells, for the lines on San Gabriele are now so close that the topmost positions have been taken and retaken half a dozen times. Often the volcano is in such terrific eruption that it is almost impossible to give the proper signals telling what lines are held and where or where not to fire.

At the moment of my arrival it seemed as if the artillery was outdoing itself for the final hours before dark. So for a few minutes I could see nothing but a rolling sea of smoke so near that I could almost smell it, while on an exact level with my eyes the puff balls of shrapnel sparked and exploded so rapidly that their detonations, rolling up mountain gorges, seemed to put the whole world a-tremble.

Inferno Outclassed.

It all made me wonder whether we were still hanging on to our world. There was never fevered nightmare more appalling. No Hippodrome producer in his wildest imaginings ever pictured such a scene. Even Dante's Inferno was outclassed. It was veritably a hell on earth, of which no pen can give the details.

Occasionally through the smoke waves we could see the bald, tortured surface of the crest.

Sometimes we could see figures leaping upon the stone parapets. They were like damned souls. Another shell would blot out the sight, and when it cleared the figures would all be huddled and still—only black patches against the dirty grey of the rock.

As Night Came On.

In the dying daylight I again fixed my glasses on the rocky slopes below. The artillery fire had lulled a little, so that we could see more clearly. All about the surface of the bald crest was dotted with black, grotesque shadows—shadows that did not move. They were the pieces of the fifteen Austrian divisions that were dead.

The artillery was turned again upon San Gabriele. Shells crashed and exploded, striking lines of fire from the bare cliffs. The shrapnel hissed and screamed and broke in clouds of sparks. For miles on every side the whole world seemed gone crazy. A

thousand Japanese lanterns seemed to wave in a giddy whirl on the mountain peaks, and then to break each into a dozen pieces and go out.

Sometimes sheds or motor caissons, struck by shells on far distant roads, would soar up in flames that lasted several minutes in the valleys. A million fireflies seemed to bob up and down in rhythmic air dance. Through every cleft and gorge the sound of cannon echoed and re-echoed as if a thousand valkyries were galloping madly from peak to peak, while through all the infernal din there came the ceaseless barking of machine guns and sometimes the yells of men.

Suddenly, quite suddenly, something happened. I scrambled to my feet and rubbed an unsteady hand over my eyes. My officer also got up quickly.

Peace of the Moon.

I had a strange feeling that a great power had suddenly come to watch and bid mankind to cease his struggles and be still.

For from behind a distant snow-peak there had floated the splendid and majestic moon. All the flares and rockets seemed to fade away. The flashes of shrapnel and mellite died out before that effulgent glow of beautiful, mellow light that softly draped and enfolded the entire gigantic scene.

## GUTELIUS-MAY WEDDING AT THE JUNCTION

Gutelius-May.

A very interesting wedding was solemnized in St. Columbus' church at Fredericton Junction, on Tuesday morning, September 11th, at 10.30 o'clock when Rev. Father Murphy of Devon, united in marriage with nuptial mass Nelson Edward Gutelius to Gertrude Regina Pauline May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles May, the ter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles May. The bride looked charming gowned in ivory duchess satin, veil, Juliet cap with orange blossoms, carrying a shower bouquet of American Beauty roses and maidenhair fern. She was given in marriage by her father and was unattended. Miss Mary Killorn of St. John, graduate of the Provincial Normal school the same year with Miss May, played the wedding march and during the mass sang in a most pleasing manner Veni Jesu Amor Mi. The bride who was formerly one of the teaching staff at the Fredericton Junction Grammar school, also organist in St. Columbus church will be much missed.

The altar was tastefully decorated with flowers intermingled with contrasting lights which lent a most harmonizing appearance. The groom is a popular C.P.R. official, being resident civil engineer at Sudbury, Ont., and only son of the late David Gutelius of Mifflinburg, Pa., where the happy couple will go on their wedding tour, visiting Boston, New York, Washington and other American cities and be present at the opening of the Pennsylvania University of which the groom is a graduate. Immediately after the ceremony a dainty luncheon was served at the home of the bride, only immediate relatives being present.

The popularity of the bride and groom was very much in evidence as the wedding gifts were numerous and costly, including Limoges china, cut glass, silver and gold, and a handsome tea service in Deposit ware with tray from the C.P.R. officials and office staff at Brownville Junction.

The bride's travelling costume was of African brown gabardine with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Gutelius will be at home to their friends at Sudbury after October 1st.

## MARITIME MEN IN CASUALTIES

Ottawa, Sept. 18. — Monday night's list of casualties included:

Infantry.  
Gassed: C. E. Brooks, Bristol, N. B.

Artillery.  
Gassed: J. St. Clair, Bridgewater, N. S.

Mounted Rifles.  
Died of wounds: W. Fletcher, Beaver Dam, N. B.

Gassed: P. Silver, Beuamaster, Cogan, N. S.; J. McKipley, Hastings, N. B.

Engineers.  
Wounded: Lieut. E. G. Weeks, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; W. V. Kennedy, Minto, N.B.; J. A. McDonald, St. John, N.B.

Even the racket of the guns seemed to die down and the carnage to shrink.

It was the same cold, wonderful moon, but on that night it seemed like the eye of God from which there flowed too much light for armies to go on with their killing unashamed.

## PERSONAL

Among the guests at the Queen Hotel today are: Messrs. David D. Grass, Phoenix, Ariz.; Daniel Ross, Sussex; J. F. O'Dwyer, Moncton; W. A. Dickson, A. J. Webster, Montreal; A. M. Skinner, Edgar H. Fairweather, St. John; D. W. Burns, Stratford, Conn.

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Next Term opens Sept. 5th, 1917.

# Visit Halifax

September 12th to 20th  
PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION DATES

Never in the history of the province was a visit to the Ancient Capital more interesting than at present, with the thousands of soldiers, His Majesty's Warships and the scores of neutral ships lying at anchor in Bedford Basin.

All the leading features that have characterized the Annual Fair in the past will be in evidence, together with many new ones.

Particulars announced later. Reserve these dates.

September 12th to 20th

M. McF. HALL

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P. O. Box 339.

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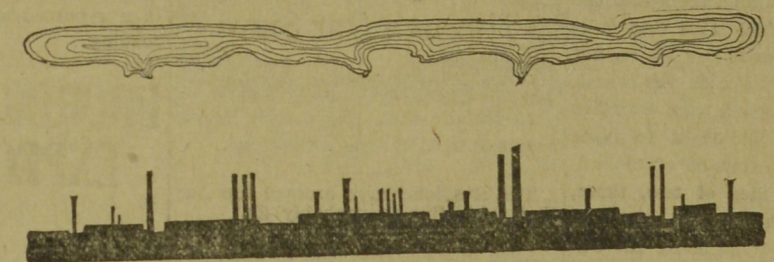


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The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will cure you. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Wizard.)

Old False Teeth

Bought in any condition. \$1.00 per set or seven cents per tooth. Cash by return mail. R. A. Copeman, 2579a Esplanade Avenue, Montreal, P. Q.



## THE PRICE OF HOMAGE

ONCE when King Edward VII. paid a visit to Sheffield, all the fires in factories and plants were allowed to die out. Not a wheel in Sheffield turned for twenty-four hours. The primary object of this was to lift the pall of smoke that hovers over that wonderful steel-producing city, and to ensure, as far as man was able, a bright day and a blue sky for an auspicious occasion. It was Sheffield's expression of respect.

BUT the action was unique—it was unprecedented—it was unthought of that those hundreds of mighty furnaces, raging night and day, and those seething boilers, with quivering valves, should ever be allowed to cool. This extinguishing of fires cost Sheffield hundreds of thousands of dollars—the price of the effort to get back again to high-power efficiency.

SOME business men in Canada pay an unwitting homage, not to a king, but to a superstition—the superstition that hot weather justifies letting the fires of business energy go out. They stop Advertising in the Summer months. By paying homage to tradition, custom, superstition, they have allowed Summer to become their "dull" season. You know how dull it can be when you don't advertise. Do you know how brisk it can be made by Advertising? Do you realize how much momentum you now lose in the Summer that must be regained in the Fall?

DON'T LET YOUR ADVERTISING FIRES DIE OUT THIS SUMMER.

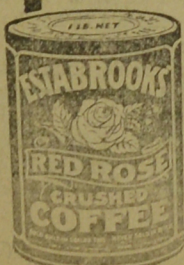
Advice regarding your advertising problems is available through any recognized Canadian advertising agency, or the Secretary of the Canadian Press Association, Room 503 Lumsden Building, Toronto. Enquiry involves no obligation on your part—so write, if interested.



## The Crushed-Coffee Smile

Is naturally a broad and radiant one, because he who wears it has discovered a fine, rich coffee which has none of that bitter "after taste" so common to ground coffees. That is because the bitter chaff and dust have all been removed from Red Rose Coffee, which is crushed—not ground. It is hard to believe that there could be so much difference in coffees until you taste Red Rose Coffee.

The same price as it was three years ago.



Red Rose  
Coffee