

IN THE MAIL BAG

From the Front and Elsewhere

The following interesting letter was received by Mr. George Preston and turned in to the Advance for publication so that the many friends of Corp. Jack Hill may know some of the experiences through which he is passing while on service for the Empire.

East Landing Camp,
Kent, Eng.
January 4th, 1916.

Dear George,

The long promised letter at last. I have had no mail from the trenches since Nov. 30th, the day I was wounded, so do not know if you have written me or not. I sent you a card about five weeks ago and have been going to write ever since but could never seem to find time. We were sent up to the front line trench the night before I was shot, I was off duty all night, the Sergeant who was with me agreed to do the night duty and I was to take charge during the day. When the rations came up the night before we found that the bread tea and sugar for the next 24 hours was missing, so I agreed to find it first thing in the morning, so just before daylight I started off with one private to a trench about 150 yards in our rear where the rations were sent from the night before, I was told there that the rations were sent and must be in the front line somewhere, so myself and the private took a gasoline can full of drinking water each and started off back, by this time it was daylight and we had to climb over the parapet, in full view of the Germans, and cover 150 yds. as best we could, we knew what it meant but still the men had to have breakfast and I intended to find it for them. We no sooner got over on top before the Huns started potting at us, and we would run a few yards and then drop for want of breath, you can't run many yards at once with full equipment, overcoat, rifle and a can of water to carry, not counting the old barb wire, shell holes, water, and that awful Belgian mud. We had travelled about 150 yards, as I thought, when the private who was about 15 yards in rear of me called out that I was getting too far to the left and was already in front of our own trench, and sure enough when I looked around I could see that I was heading for the trench on our left which is quite a few yards in advance of our trench and all open ground in fact what is called, no man's land, in between, and we had to go back about 25 yards around

some barbed wire and then to our right quite a piece. I shouted to the private that I was sorry but it was my fault and back we went, and believe me, George, we had a — of a time doing it, we were nearly deaf and our ears were ringing from the crack of the bullets long before we got back, and we were "all in" when we got back to our trench, how we escaped I don't know, but I came to the conclusion that the Germans can't shoot for nuts now, but they could a year ago. As soon as I got in I took off my equipment, overcoat and rifle, and after getting my wind I started off again to reach a trench on our right about 100 yards away, I stepped out and was glancing around for the best ground to run over when I saw about 8 or 10 of our men climb up over the parapet I had carried the water from, and the Germans saw them too and started firing furiously. I knew they were bound to get some out of that bunch, so I turned and shouted back to my chaps to open up rapid fire, which would stop the Huns' firing and probably save those chaps getting killed. I no sooner had the words out of my mouth than I felt a blow like a smash from a hammer and knew that I had got one in the left hip. I turned around and walked back and our fellows did not know I had been hit, and the fellows in the trench that I was going to, who were watching me did not know it, so I have the pleasure of knowing that the swine who did it did not know he had, in fact he could have given me half a dozen before I got back, but I guess he stopped to look what was wrong with his sights.

I undid my clothing and had the two holes dressed, standing up and helping the chaps to do it, as we had no stretcher bearer with us and our chaps did not know much about it. By the time it was finished I felt pretty sick and was sweating some, and jolly glad to lie down, and felt a lot better after getting a drink from the Sergeant, who would not believe that I was hit, when the fellow who woke him up told him about it. I stayed there from 7.30 a.m. until dark, when I was carried out by five men, who I am sure suffered more than I did, its awful work carrying a man out over those old trenches, shell holes, etc., in pitch darkness, up to your knees in mud in places, its bad and no mistake. Well, George, I am nearly O.K. again, a bit stiff and sore yet. The bullet was heading right for the kidney but it struck the hip bone and broke a piece out, but that turned the bullet and saved my bacon, the man who shot me was about 80 yards away so I consider it rotten shooting. I have already made three attempts

to get back but am afraid I am here for a week or so yet.

Who should I meet in London last Saturday but the one and only Paddy Rowe, he was pleased to see me in London of all places, and we were with each other until Sunday evening when he left for Portsmouth and I left for camp. Paddy was looking and feeling good, and anxious to get to the front where we hope to meet again soon. I will try and send you a few curios in a day or so, and mark each one so you will know what they are, just a few small things, I could not carry anything large as the R.A.M.C. chaps in the hospitals rob all the wounded, its rotten, and I would not have believed it possible but I was robbed twice in two different hospitals, and everybody's treated the same.

Well, George, give my kind regards to Dr. and Mrs. Melnis, Gordon Gauthier and family, and all my friends in Golden City, Portville, South Porcupine and Timmins. Forgetting T. M. Wilson, T. Crougan, C. Piercy, Dick Smith, and a lot of others. Good-bye, George, and I wish a happy New Year to you all, hoping to see you all some time this year, from

Yours Sincerely,
Jack H. Hill.

P.S.—You had better send me a reply to my old address, I expect to be back in the very latest: 68,273, Corp. Jack H. Hill, D Co., 16 Platoon, 25th Battalion, C.E.F., c/o Post Office, London, Eng.

Attractions at the Empire Theatre

Lured into a mock marriage by a gambler, an innocent girl becomes the prey to a gambler's passion. How she extricates herself from a seemingly hopeless situation forms the theme of "Judge Not," one of the most gripping photodramas yet produced on Broadway, which comes to the Empire Theatre on Monday and Tuesday next, with Julia Dean in the leading feminine role. Miss Dean, who is now being featured on the road in "The Law of the Land," is supported by Harry D. Carey, star of the Universal Broadway production, "Just Jim." "Judge Not" was adapted to the films in five acts by Harvey Gates of the Universal's west coast staff from the original story by Peter B. Kyne. Robert Z. Leonard, co-star with Ella Hall in and director of "The Master Key" photoplay serial, produced the picture.

MUNRO SENDS THANKS TO MANY FRIENDS IN PORCUPINE CAMP

A VERY INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY'S WELL KNOWN FAVORITE, NOW IN HOSPITAL—CHEERFUL IN SUFFERING.

Ward 21, B.R.C. Hospital, Netley, Eng.
Editor, Porcupine Advance,
Timmins, Ont., Canada.

Dear Sir,—Through the medium of your valuable paper and also the Nugget, I desire to express my most sincere gratitude to a number of people from the North Country who have remembered me with cards, letters and various gifts during the holidays.

I am especially thankful to the following district for one monster box sent, with contributions from the following persons:

- Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chapman.
- Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mulhron.
- Miss Mrs. Chas. See.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Todd.
- Miss Mrs. Marshall.
- Miss Mrs. Cecil Culbert.
- Miss Mrs. Wilkes.
- Miss Mrs. Ostrosser.
- Mr. Poirier.
- Mr. H. E. Montgomery.
- Mr. Tom King.
- Mr. Poirier.

These are all the names I could find in this most liberal box, but there were other small packages which had no name on.

I also received a box with no name or address, but postmarked Latchford. Also one marked from the Ladies' League, Elk Lake. A very palatable parcel came from Mr. and Mrs. Bozan of Haileybury, as well as two from Iroquois Falls. Another came from Miss Mitchell, whilst others came from Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Ebbett, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mullan of Timmins. I was also kindly remembered by Mr. Yorke of Cochrane, to all of these I am very thankful indeed.

Besides all these I have had innumerable cards and letters from various people of your district, for which I am very grateful, and which I will acknowledge at the earliest moment. I will write to each one of the donors of the parcels and cards as soon as possible.

I wish to state it now takes me several hours to write one letter with my left hand, so they need not expect a reply for a long time.

It may also interest the people of the North Country to know I have been kindly remembered with generous parcels by Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Trethewey, who now live in Kent, England. Also by Plunkett, Rose, Van Cutson & Co., of London, interested in some Cobalt properties, who have been very kind ever since I arrived here. Also Mr. J. D. Kingston formerly of Latchford, now of St. Thomas, Ont. Others who have remembered me, who will be well-known to the old-timers of your district, are Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ham-mell, Frank Currie and Mike Hack-ett, all of Toronto.

The cigars I received were the talk of the hut as I passed them around on Christmas morning, and told all the wounded boys that it was a Christmas greeting from Ontario. The Indian slippers sent by Dayton Ostrosser excited a great deal of comment, being a sort of curio in this country. They are very comfortable and useful around the hut.

The toothbrush and toothpowder arrived just in time, as my toothbrush was pretty well thinned out. The safety razor sent by Marshall is a very handy article for me now as I am unable to shave with an ordinary razor. The bathrobe sent by Montgomery is very handy indeed for use in the hut. The chocolates and volumes sent by Chas. See arrived in good condition and were very much appreciated. Tom King's gift of soft socks and shirt is very useful. The two packs of cards sent by Miss Wilkes cause those who are able to get up and play to bless me every day. A little while before Christmas I received a parcel of very fine Havanas from Dan MacLeod, of the O'Brien Mine, Cobalt, which were certainly a lovely flavor. I smoked one each day and expressed a wish for good luck with each puff.

In fact all the gifts were so much appreciated that I am unable to find words to express my great thankfulness to all those kind and generous people who forwarded them. All I can say is that if there is anything in the world could make me love my country more than I do it is knowing that I am remembered by those dear friends and relatives I have left behind. I am glad to say they did not disappoint me as I had many and various remembrances from all over Canada and the U.S.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to know what sort of place I am in. The British Red Cross Hospital is located on a hill overlooking the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, and about four miles

from Southampton. The Royal Victoria Hospital is a large Military Hospital, a huge building about a quarter of a mile long and three stories high, with a capacity of several thousand cots.

The British Red Cross Hospital is composed of about 50 huts, each holding 20 patients with 3 orderlies, 2 sisters and 1 nurse to each hut. They have about the best medical men and surgeons in England at this place, and I am fortunate to have been sent here. There is no doubt that if my arm will ever recover they will be able to bring it about here.

There are only three Canadians in this hut, Pte. Higginbotten, of Montreal, Anderson of Nelson, B.C., and Drouin of Ottawa. They were all lately wounded, and their Christmas gifts, if they had any coming, must have been sent to the front, but I shared with them everything that I could divide in two, and everything I was glad to give them I gave with the best wishes of my dear Province and people which they all appreciated very much.

We had as lively a Christmas here as possible under the circumstances.

I have had my last operation on the 8th of December. I was under ether from 9 a.m. until 4 p.m. They tried to connect the nerves and free me from the scar of the bullet and also relieve the pain in my arm, this I am sorry to say, they have been unable to do, as my arm is still terribly painful, especially during heavy wet weather, and as England's weather is always heavy at this time of the year I am sorry to say life is not very sweet for me these days. My right arm is still useless, and the doctors say they do not know if the treatment I received or the operations they have performed will be a success for six months or more, and it is so short a time since my last operation that I am unable to say how my arm will fare later on.

Thanking all my kind friends again and wishing the people of the North Country a very prosperous New Year and hoping that this time next year we will be celebrating a glorious victory at home.

(Signed) Pte. JACK MUNRO.

If you your shelves would clear of stock,
Nor leave your sales to chance,
You'll advertise, without delay,
In The Porcupine Advance.

Watch for the Special Vote Coupons for the Pony Contest in each week's issue of "The Advance."

Counter Check Books

Mr. Merchant

We have now arranged with the largest firm in Canada, printing counter check books, to sell their productions in the Porcupine Camp and District. We can give you reliable work, prompt delivery and the lowest prices. Look over your stock of counter check books and cash sale pads. If you need a new supply, give us your order. It does not cost you anything, and it helps us. A telephone call will bring a representative with samples and price list. **Telephone 26.**

Porcupine Advance .. Timmins, Ont.