

DRAGOONS PROVE HEROES, LIEUT. STETHEM WRITES

Their Terrible Experience in the Festubert Battle.

THOUSANDS OF MEN

MERITED VICTORIA CROSS FOR GALLANT DEEDS

Lieut. Stethem Tells Of Work Of Machine Gun Section—Trench Paved With Dead and Men Had To Sit All Night on Bodies.

The first account of the fighting of the Royal Canadian Dragoons since they went to the front as an infantry corps under General Seely, M.P., has been received at Ottawa in a letter from Lieut. Hubert Stethem, son-in-law of R. J. Carson, Kingston to Rev. A. W. MacKay of Ottawa, Lieut. Stethem was with the machine gun section of the corps. The letter refers to the fighting at Festubert. The letter is as follows, in part:

"I will try and give you a brief description of the last two fights I have been in. The scrawl is due to a piece of a German shell having come in contact with my forefinger, and the pencil due to a lack of ink. I expected all kinds of horrible sights, terrible dangers and privations when we came here, but what I have seen and felt has far exceeded my expectation. Words just fail to describe it all.

"I cannot mention names of places and so cannot tell you exactly where I am, but I am in that district where the fighting has been very heavy and, what is better, very successful—near the south end of the British line.

His First Engagement.

"My first engagement was on the 22nd inst. I was ordered to proceed to the trenches on the night of the 21st, without my men or machine guns, to act as an observing officer and assist the M. G. officer in the trenches. I had with me only one man, a British soldier, and the ground was littered with corpses—English and German—not a case of an odd body, but thousands, it being the ground over which the English brigade charged a week before. This area is being constantly shelled by German artillery and it is impossible to bury the dead.

"As we left the reserve trenches we had to wander over this awful field by moonlight and under fire from artillery, I had only one perhaps 30 yards when a sniper nearly got me—'beating-up' me in a bullet passed within 6 inches of my face. I was at the tail end of the column. It certainly broke my nerve for a minute. A few seconds later and a shell shrieked overhead and burst with a deafening roar. We threw ourselves flat on the ground at once—many of us having to lie beside or even on those khaki clad corpses.

In Trenches At Last.

"Several shells followed and we had to move in short spasms. When almost at our trenches the machine seemed to shake and a deafening roar of cannon, rifles and machine guns started and flares of a vivid green lit up the night. We lay there, hugging the ground as close as we could for 1 1/2 hours, till it blew over. It was an attack by an Indian division on our left. Then we reached our trenches and set to work with shovels to effect repairs and alterations.

"Daylight came at 3.45 and we stood to. The trenches at this point were hastily constructed and only about four feet deep by two feet six inches wide—and one man to every four feet. The worst of it all was that the bottom of the trench was paved with Germans. The trench was beyond descriptions, I sat on a body all night—just my rubber sheet between me and it. I had to either sit there or stand up and be shot.

"All went well till about six a.m., when the shell started to come. I had by this time moved to the machine gun emplacement, and was talking to the machine gun officer when a shell landed and a poor chap lost his leg.

Lasted All Day.

"The shelling lasted all day and the battalion had numerous casualties. At one time they landed a series of about twenty-two feet shells within twenty-five yards of me, and by the time they were over, although, thank God, I had not been hit, my nerves were gone and I was all in. At 7.30 p.m. I was relieved and with a little trouble got back

beyond the reserves and walked to my billet, where I threw myself down and slept till noon the next day.

"At 5 p.m., the 24th orders came for my brigade to move to the trenches at dusk. This time in a district a little more southerly. The first twenty-four hours (25th May) we spent in the reserve trenches, 500 yards from the firing line. The trenches were really sandbag breastworks. We arrived there at about 10 p.m., and I started our repairs and alterations. I had my men guns placed and ready by daylight. All went well till 10 a.m., when the Germans decided to shell us. Really, I couldn't see you believe the number of shells they sent into a place, nor the awful terrific force of the shell. After a few shrapnel shells, they sent a few well placed 'coal boxes'—six inch high explosive. Then came the call 'Stretcher-bearers, get ready, you are going to be near this point, I rushed along the works and saw a sight I shall not forget. The shell had blown up the parapet and caught two men in a dug-out. One, an Indian of ours, was yelling terribly, his hand was severed and his body one mass of shell wounds, gashed and torn. He died shortly after. He had forty-one wounds on his body. The other man was already dead—a hole about four inches in diameter through his chest. They carried them away to the doctor's dug-out.

"That Awful Call."

"This kept up all day long—shell after shell bursting and blowing up. That awful call of 'Stretcher-bearers at the double' just seemed to make one's stomach turn cold.

"Several times I moved my dug-out and several times it got blown up. The shells seemed everywhere. No amount of earth can protect you from a 'coal box' shell. For a while they changed to shrapnel. One of my men (Hartland) got a piece on his head and crossed the Great Divide.

"We were able to get our wounded back from here as fast as they got hurt. At 9 p.m. I was ordered to advance my guns to the firing line. This sounds easy, but it was just a case of taking your life in your hands and taking a chance of the shells catching you. Eventually we reached these trenches and found them in an absolutely indescribable state—bodies all over. In my emplacements there were three pairs of legs in German uniforms sticking out from the wall (sandbags) of the trench. There was a gap in the rear wall of the breastwork and outside it lay about eleven bodies. (We buried them before we left.) They had been there some time and when the sun came up we had to put on respirators.

The Worst Of All.

"The worst of it all is shell fire. One can hardly describe it. Shells shied past overhead and are harmless. Then suddenly there will be a sharp shriek and a deafening explosion and a shell bursts somewhere by you and even before you are gassy yellow smoke has cleared there is an urgent call for 'stretcher-bearers.' What is worse is as the shells burst to hear the awful yell of some poor beggar who has been caught and torn asunder—just a sort of death cry.

"In some unknown way they discovered my emplacements, and at 9.30 p.m., started to rain shells of every kind around us. I ordered my men to be dismounted and laid in the bottom of the trench, and the men to lie flat in the bottom and close to the parapet. In a few minutes the shelling got so hot that I thought we must soon all get it—'Swing & go—Bang!' A whistling of jagged pieces of iron, a cloud of smoke and flying dirt in your eyes. I hear a groaning and hear one of my gunners, (my best man, too), his leg, shattered above the knee. We tie it up and cover it and drag him into a dug-out. 'Bang! Bang!' two more shells not quite so close. Another man gets a couple of shrapnel balls in his shoulder.

Cut Off By Shell.

"We call for stretcher-bearers and at the same time a 'Jack Johnson' (nine-inch shell) drives in the gaps of sandbags and hurds work at the end of our emplacements, cutting us off from our support trenches and incidentally preventing our stretcher-bearers from reaching our wounded. In the evening-in of the parapet the men are buried (from another trench—English regiment.) We pull them out at best we can. Three were wounded, two dead, one with his legs blown off. I carry a little bottle of morphine tablets and so hand out one-quarter grain to each man and also pour some rum into them. The dug-out gets stifling—so I am hit myself by fanning these poor suffering men with a piece of tin off an ammunition box.

"After two hours the shelling ceases

ed a little and a working party managed to open up a trench again and stretchers came through and carried the wounded away to the end of the trench. There they have to remain till they can be got out under cover of darkness.

"The dead are thrown out over the back of the trench and if the shelling is not too heavy we bury them at night—unless we attack the next trench ahead, in which case we cannot do so.

"Two of my men went almost insane owing to their nerves giving out. My own nerves were absolutely gone by night. I had had forty-eight hours of it—shelled nearly all the time—and never had a chance to fire a shot (in my section).

"Food? Yes, I had, on the second day a bag was passed up containing bread, cheese and jam. It is difficult to get rations into some of the trenches. Water? Only what you have in your bottle, although in some trenches water parties manage to crawl out and get some.

A Hero's Death.

"Outside our trench in front lay a poor Highlander, with both legs shattered badly. He had lain there three and a half days. One of our men (Sergt. Hollowell), together with Corporal Pym, went to the least try and get him and jumped over the parapet with a stretcher. Hollowell got sniped through the thigh just as he reached the man. Pym managed to get back. Hollowell gave a water bottle to the wounded man and was crawling back to the trench but got three more shots and finally a shrapnel shell ended his misery.

"The trenches are full of men of this type. Thousands of men should get the V. who are never heard of. We did get the Highlander eventually—after dusk.

"A shell burst near me at about 8.30 p.m. and a piece of it caught my hand and tore my forefinger pretty badly—but not enough to go sick with. We came out at midnight on the 26th and I was all in. There is no such thing as sleep in the trenches (as long as shells are going, anyway.)

"We came back to our billets—clothes torn and absolutely covered with mud and all kinds of equipment lost. I was tired, absolutely dead tired and fagged out—too tired to even wash the grime and blood off my face and hands—but not too tired to get on my knees and thank my Heavenly Father for having brought me through safely.

"Well, I guess I'd written a regular book, so had better draw to a close. What I have told you is not by any means an exaggeration. Of course, I had the bad luck to get in a very hot spot for shells. My nerves are all gone and I hear that I am likely to be sent back to England for two weeks' rest—to which I will not object."

OLD DIRECTORS RE-ELECTED.

At a Meeting Of Kingston Yacht Club Association.

The annual meeting of the Kingston Yacht Club Association for the election of directors and other business was held on Monday evening, in the Club House. The president, H. W. Richardson, was in the chair. The secretary-treasurer submitted his annual statement which was adopted.

The former directors were re-elected as follows: Messrs. D. A. Black, G. Y. Chown, W. B. Dalton, E. C. Gildersleeve, W. C. Kent, John McKay and H. W. Richardson.

NO CONFIRMATION OF REPORT.

That "Scotty" Davidson Was Killed In Action.



The Toronto Telegram of Monday stated that Allan "Scotty" Davidson, a member of the Kingston hockey team, had been killed in action on June 15th. His parents, who reside in Portsmouth, have received no word, and are wondering where the news came from. In view of their being no official announcement they are inclined to doubt the report.

Pte. Davidson is a member of the First Contingent, and has done splendid work as a bomb-thrower. Word came only on Monday that he had been recommended for the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

BURNED THE TELEGRAMS

That Passed Between Roblin, Montague and Rogers.

Winnipeg, June 22.—At midnight on June 10th, J. Paddington, District Superintendent of the Great North-western Telegraphs, quietly entered the company's Winnipeg office and carried a large number of telegrams to the basement, where he burned them in the furnace. He kept his job half-finished, however; as a result he had to repeat the performance next morning. This unusual proceeding, according to Paddington's evidence before the Royal Commission examining into the charges regarding the new Parliament Building yesterday, was carried out in order to prevent the Commission getting hold of certain telegrams sent in March, April and May between Sir Rodmond Roblin, Hon. Dr. Montague, Dr. E. M. Simpson and Hon. Robert Rogers.

MORE OFFICERS AND MEN.

Will Be Required By Queen's Stationary Hospital.

Dean J. C. Connell, Queen's Medical College, has called Lieut. Col. F. Etherington to find out what officers and men he can secure in England for the Queen's Stationary Hospital which is to be increased from 200 to 400 beds. Four officers, four sergeants and 32 rank and file will be needed, and Lieut. Col. Etherington is to be sent to England more nurses will be required. Dean Connell is receiving applications from those who wish to join the Hospital Corps.

City Baseball League News.

A picked team from the City Baseball League will play a Rochester team in Trenton on July 7th at a demonstration of the Oddfellows. The prize is a cup valued at \$75, which would make a nice addition to the trophies held by City League teams.

Found Shot Near Madoc.

Madoc, June 22.—John Scott, Madoc, twelve miles from here, was found dead in a neighbor's field, a mile from the house, with a rifle in his hand and a bullet through his head. It is not known whether it was suicide or accident. Deceased left the house on Saturday morning, taking the gun, and when not returning Sunday search was started. He was aged fifty and unmarried. An inquest will be held.

Life Saved By Mouth Organ.

London, June 22.—Private V. Jarvis, of Brantford, 4th Battalion, has returned a mouth organ, provided by the Daily Express, which was destroyed by a German bullet while Private Keighley, also of Brantford, was playing it. The bullet was diverted by striking the instrument, and Private Keighley had a close call.

To Go Overseas.

Dr. E. Peters, Albert street, leaves at midnight for Montreal and will go overseas in a few days with the Universities' company, Montreal, he does not secure a commission. He will go with the Princess Patricia's.

SHI Have Hope.

No further word has been heard about Private William Fleet, 14th Regiment, who was reported missing. His relatives are still holding out hope, however, that he is safe, and are looking forward to getting some word from him.

Buy Lime Juice at Gibson's.

HOW GEN. FRENCH MOVES HIS TROOPS INTO TRENCHES

And Back Again in Order to Get Rested.

MOTOR BUSES CARRY

BRITISH TROOPS TO AND FROM FIRING LINE.

A Sergeant Tells a Correspondent How Spies Keep Watching Them and Cause Convoys To Be Fired Upon.

Headquarters of the British Army, Northern France, June 1.—(By mail to New York.)—Living in an automobile is about like living in a street car. You can do it happily and easily after you get used to it. And there's a world of romance in it.

Our four-passenger car backed into a ditch, with a grunt, and settled there for the night. It was after nine in the evening; town was fifteen miles distant, but a little village of four houses was half a mile away and we started for it on foot. There would be soldiers enough to carry our automobile off to the basements for our asking. Our accident had occurred on a narrow, side road, but the four house village straddled a great main road, paved with stone.

"Halt! who goes there?" shout out.

"Press correspondent with passes."

"Advance and be recognized."

We did and then we told him our trouble.

"Why don't you go into town on the main road?" he said.

"It's a little dark here now, you can see its lights now," he added.

In the distance gleamed a great white mass; the air throbbled with the sound of thirty big gasoline engines, and in a moment the glare of the first car silvered the stone road. In a small automobile, leading the giant worm of automobiles, rode an officer, who stopped his car when the sentry made a signal.

"I told the officer our troubles and showed him our passes. The big line of buses halted while we talked. A sergeant from the first bus came running up to see what the halt was about and the officer said: "You go back with him and climb into the first bus. We'll have you home in quick order."

Window of the car with a fork, which he picked up from the table. It was the signal for stopping.

"We took the signal bells out," he explained. "The cooks were in the way of our rifles."

"Now, I'm going to cord that 72 pounds of meat while the crews stock up their cars with oil for tomorrow. We've got to turn out at four o'clock in the morning."

DIED AT SHARBOT LAKE

Was A Highly Esteemed Farmer— Suffered From Stroke.

Another land-mark has been removed in the passing of Robt. Charlton, who died at his home, Sharbot Lake, in his seventy-second year, on Wednesday, June 16th. Mr. Charlton is one whom we will all miss. Though born in this country upon the old homestead now occupied by John Conboy, Zealand, he represents the original settlers, who before the advent of the railway, or the making of roads, blazed a trail, hewed down the forest and made for himself a clearing, built a little log house for himself and his Irish lass.

For many years Mr. Charlton farmed at Zealand, where his son, Thomas, now lives. Three years ago he had a stroke from which he never recovered. Leaving his family behind, he came to live in the village and for a while it seemed as though his health might return. Gradually, however, his strength failed him and he realized he was going home. He had no fear and felt but one regret that he must leave his family behind. He died in peace respected by all and loved by those who knew him best.

Mr. Charlton is survived by two sons, Robert and Thomas, and one daughter, Maud, (Mrs. W. Butterill). The following took place from the Methodist church, Sharbot Lake, on Friday last at 10 a.m., and was largely attended. Revs. F. Williamson, and H. W. W. Brownich officiated. The interment was at Zealand.

The little village of Zealand was severely shocked last week when it reposed in the death of their most popular young people, Miss Rosy Emaline Conboy, aged 21 years, fell asleep in Jesus on Wednesday June 16th at 9 a.m. She had been ill for some time, probably two or three years, having contracted a cold which developed into consumption. A year ago last fall she had a severe attack of pleurisy from which she recovered and for a while was able to go about, apparently enjoying a measure of her old-time health. Every window was boarded up, tightly. A swinging table was at the front end of the room. A candle, hung from the ceiling above it. A soldier was sound asleep on one of the narrow seats. Rifles stretched across the ceiling, resting on the bars from which London strap-hangers support themselves. Advertisements of soap were still in their places, but they had been scarred by rough usage and dimmed by candle smoke. The "room" seemed much of a cozy dug-out. There was a mirror and some pictures tacked to the wall.

"Do you fellows sleep in here?" The sergeant who had seated himself by the carpeted door and was rolling a cigarette, said "yes."

"Pretty narrow beds," he said.

"I've slept on 'em for several months now. I wouldn't feel comfortable in a real bed that was wide enough to roll around in."

"That last car is the repair car," he added. "We always take one with us."

"Then in the car just ahead of the last one, there's our stove. We can do wonders with it. I can turn out roast beef and two vegetables and enough coffee for one hundred men on it."

The soldier who had been sleeping on the narrow seat across the aisle, got up, lit a cigarette, took a comb out of a case and combed his mussed hair.

"There's been a lot of music in these buses," he finally said. "The fellows that we've taken to the front always sing and whistle and are glad to get a chance for action and the fellows we take back are always musical because they are going to get hot baths and dry beds to sleep in."

AMONG THE ISLANDS

Thousand Island Clubhouse To Be Stag Club.

The Thousand Island Country Clubhouse will be run as a stag club this year. The club is located on Bold's property on Wellesley Island and tucked back among the trees as it is, few outside of the regular Bay summer colony know of its existence. Small as it has been, however, it has had as its patrons, such persons as the Havemeyers, the sugar people, the Jennys and others of New York and elsewhere.

There will be no attempt this summer to complete either the huge Bold mansion on Heart Island or the country club house, started a year or two ago and which reached the structural stage when work was dropped for some unknown reason.

The Edgewood Hotel, located near Alexandria Bay, and now offered for sale, has been booked full after the coming season, according to report. The hotel will open June 25th.

The Crossman House, Alexandria Bay, officially opens this week. Since last year a new grill has been installed to handle not only the regular patronage of the house but also the transient automobile trade expected.

O. S. Dewitt will manage the Thousand Island House this year. Mr. Dewitt handled the hotel several years ago. Since that time he has been with the St. Charles, New Orleans and other big houses in the South and the North.

In macadamizing its streets the village of Clayton has made the biggest improvement in its history. Summer residents slighting from the train this year are heard to almost invariably comment upon the trim looking streets, which the village now enjoys replacing the rocks that had served for roads and sidewalks in years gone by. In the center of the main street a park has been built with an attractive flower bed in its

Ontario Vaccination Act

Township of Kingston

Notice is hereby given, that as a precautionary measure to prevent an epidemic of smallpox in the Municipality, and in accordance with the Ontario Vaccination Law, the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Township of Kingston, at a Special Meeting held on the 15th day of June, 1915, a By-Law was passed, as ordered by Statute, authorizing compulsory vaccination in the Township. The Statute bearing on the case reads as follows:

"Regulation 97.—In every municipality where smallpox exists, or in which the Provincial or local Board of Health has notified the Council that in its opinion there is a danger of its breaking out owing to the facility of communication with infected localities, the Council of the municipality shall order the vaccination and re-vaccination of all persons resident in the municipality who have not been vaccinated within seven years, and that such vaccination or re-vaccination shall be carried out in so far as the same may be applicable in the same manner as the vaccination of children, except that a person of fourteen years of age or over, but under the age of twenty-one years, who is not in the custody or under the control of his father, mother or any other person, and every person of twenty-one years or over, shall present himself for vaccination by the medical practitioner or by some other legally qualified medical practitioner and the medical practitioner shall adopt the same measures as in the case of children or re-vaccination of every such person as he is required to take with regard to children."

By order,
CHAS. F. ADAIR,
Clerk.
Cataragui, June 17th, 1915.

PRICES CUT IN TWO

Special Sale Of Men's and Boys' Clothing

Prices cut in two. Never such offerings have been in this city. A lot of samples Men's Fine Shirts, regular \$1.25, on sale 69c.

Also a big line of Rain Coats, Hats, Caps, Trunks and Suit Cases.

Inspection invited.

Don't Miss this Chance Barnet Lipman,

107 Princess Street.
The Up-to-date Clothing and
Gent's Furnishing Store.

KINGSTON CEMENT PRODUCTS

Can supply Cement Blocks, Sills, Lintels, Bricks, Flower Vases, Tiles, Caps, Per Blocks, etc. We also manufacture Cement Grave Vaults. Estimates given for all kinds of Cement Work.

Kingston Cement Products.
E. F. NORMAN, MANAGER,
Office, 177 Wellington Street.
Phone: Office, 730; Factory, 1204.

The streets have been oiled during the last few days.

The Isaac Walton, owned by the Inglehart estate of Watertown, is to be run this year by the Breslins. The house is being painted this week, a slate color having been adopted. The village expects a banner season from July 1st on.

"Marse" (Col.) Henry Waterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is expected to arrive at the river in a few days to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Eisfeldt at Irwin Island. Col. Waterson has long been a friend of May Irwin (Mrs. Eisfeldt) and will spend several days fishing there. Col. Waterson is one of the most unique figures in America.

W. M. Martin, Liberal member for Regina, is to enter the Scott Government in Saskatchewan, probably as Provincial Treasurer. He will sit for Regina in the Legislature, succeeding J. F. Bois.

SAVING ONE'S MONEY

Knowing where and how to save money is more important than knowing where to spend it.

Knowing how to invest savings is still more essential.

The advertising in this newspaper is not only focussed on the idea of getting money from your pocket, but much of it points the way to keeping what you have and adding to it. You can secure sound advice along these lines by consulting advertising of banks and bankers which appears in The Whig.

Buy Lime Juice at Gibson's.