The Abbotsford Post

With which is incorporated "The Huntingdon Star"

Vol. XV., No. 7. ABBOTSFORD, B. C. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1917 8 $1.00 PER YEAR

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VICTORIA, B. C.
Provincial Library

WE wish our Customers and friends a Merry Christmas

The Hill Store Co.

PERSONALS

Mrs. E. Gazley visited Mrs. Gazley Snr., over the week end.

Mrs. Rev. Campbell was in Abbotsford on Monday to vote to win the war.

Corpl. Manlius Zeigler is on duty again in Vancouver.

The Ladies' Aid was held at the home of Mrs. McMenemy on Wednesday, a goodly number being present. The officers were elected for the coming year.

Mr. Deagle has accepted a position in Chilliwack. Mrs. Deagle and her mother epxect to follow in the New Year.

Mr. Frank Wooler and Mrs. Elmer Campbell of Bellingham were visitors in Abbotsford last week.

Miss Lulu Zeigler is visiting her parents for a week or ten days.

An Xmas tree and programme is being held in the Presbyterian church on Xmas eve. The children of the Sunday School have charge of the programme. A good attendance is hoped for.

The whist drive given in the Masonic hall by the W. A. last Friday night was quite a success, fourteen tables being played and everyone in seemingly the best of spirits. Mr. Weir, Snr. won the gentleman's first prize, Mrs. Elmer Campbell the ladies first while Mrs. Roberts got the consolation prize again.

Mrs. Rucker's sister Mrs. Lumsden from Washington visited her last week.

A dance and card party at Huntingdon realized $10 for the Red Cross.

Mr. King and Irvine were visitors in Vancouver on Thursday.

Miss Urquhart has gone east for her holidays visiting Ottawa, where she formerly lived and a sister in New York.

Miss Keele has been visiting her cousins in Vancouver for a week.

Miss Dorothy Parton and Miss Grace Kennedy went to Vancouver on Saturday returning on Sunday.

Huntingdon had its school concert on Wednesday night and Musselwhite theirs on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McLean of Huntingdon have moved into the house of Mr. Walter Wells.

JIMMY DOWNIE PROBABLY LOSES HIS SIGHT

The many friends around Abbotsford of Jimmy Downie will be sorry to hear the news received in a letter to J. A. McGowan from his brother to the effect that Jimmy was liable to be blind for life. His right eye is already taken out and the doctor holds out little hope for the left. Besides the injuries to his eyes Jimmy received eleven wounds in all including a broken arm. He is now an inmate of the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, Millbank, London, England and would be very glad to hear from some of his old friends around here. His address is Pte. Jas. Downie, No. 826331, 2nd C. M. R. at above hispital.

Pte. Stuart McGillivray, for many years a resident of Huntingdon, has been killed in action, according to news from the front.

CANADA DECIDES IN NO UNCERTAIN SOUND

Gives the Unionists a Majority of 47—Many Candidates Lose Their Deposits—Two Unionist Ministers Are Defeated—Stacey Elected for Westminster District—All Unionist Candidates Elected in B. C. Except Skeena, Where for time being Stork Holds Forth.

The count at the present time is that the Unionists have a maority in the House at Ottawa and the Union government success has proven that it was the one act of the old government—unity—which has certainly met with the approval of the people.

Possibly no more fitting expression of the greatness of the victory could be had than that contained in the wonderful speech at Unionist headquarters of Colonel Lorne Mulloy, the blind trooper, famed throughout Canada as the man who made the first concrete move towards the crowning glory of the election on Modnay.

In words ringing with sincerity and that will never be forgotten in Vancouver by those who heard it, the great hearted soldier said: "It is not in any spirit of triumph over the men who conscientiously, or otherwise, supported Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is with no feeling of cheap elation over victory, but it is with a very sincere pride in my fellow Canadians that I stand here and rejoince with you over the wonderful outcome of the great issue. I feel a bigger Canadian and prouder than ever before. It is one thing for the men in France, well-trained and under orders, to carry on to victory in the field, and another thing, and just as great, for an entire citizen body, in the sacred privacy of the polling both with the sordid temptation to turn the ballot to a selfish use, or respond so nobly.

"Thank God for such Canadian citizens! They have vindicated our right to be called a nation."

A noticeable feature of the election was the number of deposits lost by the candidates, and probably when the returns are in more will have lost deposits than in any previous elections.

Mr. F. B. Stacey has in no unmistakenable terms been elected for Westminster district, polling nearly double that of Major Ramsay.

The following are the returns approximately:

Prince Edward Island—Unionist. 0 Liberal 4.

Nova Scotia—Unionist, 5; Liberal 9. Deferred 2 (Halifax)

New Brunswick—Unionist, 7; Liberal 4.

Quebec—Unionist, 3; Liberal, 62.

Ontario—Unionist, 72; Liberal, 10

Manitoba—Unionist, 13; Liberal, 1. Deferred 1 (Nelson).

Saskatchewan—Unionist, 16; Liberal 0.

Alberta—Unionist, 11; Liberal, 1.

British Columbia—Unionist, 12; Liberal, 1.

How the Cabinet Fared.

Sir George E. Foster, minister of trade and commerce, has been elected in Toronto north.

Hon. Arthur Meighen, minister of the interior, has been elected in Portage la Prairie.

Hon. T. A. Crerar, minister of agriculture, has been elected in Marquette by over 6000 of a majority.

Hon. Albert Sevigny, minister of inland revenue, has been defeated in both Westmount-St. Henri and Dorchester.

Hon. T. W. Crothers, minister of labor, has been elected in Elgin West

F. B. McCurdy, parliamentary under-secretary to the department of militia, has been elected by acclamation in Colchester, N. S.

Hon. Hugh Guthrie, solicitor-general, has been elected in Wellington South.

Hon. J. A. Calder, minister of colonization, has been elected in Durham.

erseas military forces, has been elected in Toronto East.

Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister, has been elected in Kings, N. S.

Hon Martin Burrell, secretary of state, was elected by acclamation in Yale.

General Mewburn, minister of militia, has been elected in Hamilton East.

Sir Thomas White, minister of finance, has been elected in Leeds.

Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, minister of marine and fisheries, has been elected in the St. Lawrence division of Montreal.

Hon. C. J. Doherty, minister of justice, has been elected in the St. Anne division of Montreal.

Hon. F. B. Carvell, minister of public works, was elected by acclamation in Carleton, N. B.

Hon. A. L. Sifton, minister of customs, has been elected in Medicine Hat.

Hon. P. E. Blondin, postmaster-general, has been defeated in Laurier-Outremont and Champlain.

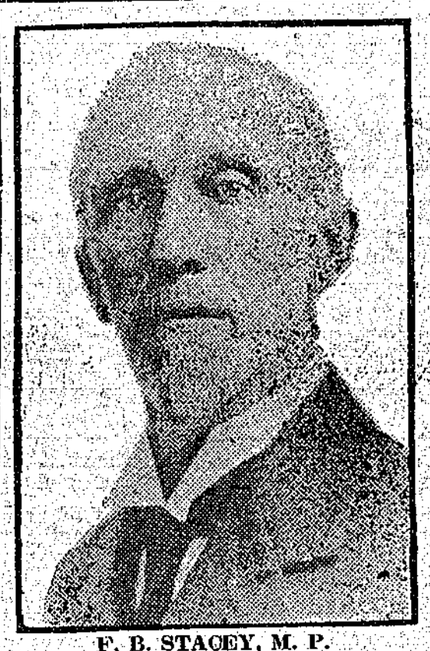
Sir Edward Kemp, minister of ov-

WESTMINSTER DISTRICT.

Ten small polls, including Agassiz yet to hear from:

Poll	Stacey Unionist	Ramsay Liberal
Port Moody	128	78
Lake Bunten	12	15
Ioco	77	45
Burquitlam	48	34
Maillardville	51	93
Port Coquitlam (3)	257	146
Pitt Meadows	31	28
Hammond	124	36
Haney	123	42
Albion	37	9
Webster's Corners	27	20
Whonnock	65	7
Ruskin	16	10
Stave Falls	32	34
Silverdale	28	31
Mission	229	92
Steelhead	9	5
Hatzic	63	14
Hatzic Prairie	9	29
Dewdney	15	34
Nicomen Island	20	13
Deroche	13	18
Harrison River	22	21
Popcum	16	22
Rosedale	97	58
East Chilliwack	59	9
Cheam	104	73
Chilliwack City	425	179
Sardis	236	71
Lower Sumas	101	46
Huntingdon	25	18
Abbotsford	141	69
Clayburn	99	13
Mt. Lehman Store	49	29
Mt. Lehman Hall	21	19
Matsqui	55	61
Ruby Creek	3	9
Douglas	5	1
Harrison Hot Springs	12	3
Pitt Lake	10	4
Hope	10	4

Total vote, Stacey, 2894; Ramsay, 1538—Union majority 1356.



F. B. STACEY, M. P.

For Westminster District

LETTER FROM THE FRONT

Mrs. Parton Receives Letter Telling Her of Death of Her Son, Pte. J. C. Parton, on November 10th.

The letter reads as follows:

It is with much regret that I write this letter to give you a few particulars about your son Pte. J. C. Parton's death.

No. 46228 Pte. Bristol was next to your son in the support trench on the morning of Nov. 10th during the operations near Passchendaele, and saw him instantly killed by a piece of shrapnel in the head. He was buried just in front of the trench by two of his chums No. 933 Pte. Shepheard and No. 63358 Pte. Restarick.

It may give you some small comfort to know that death was instantaneous, with no pain or suffering. His platoon officer was also killed the same day. But as I had been in charge of No. 8 platoon for some time previous, and know all the boys very well, I thought I would write these few lines.

Pte. Parton was No. 1 on his Lewis Gun Section, and a man whom I had complet confidence. His soldierly disposition and cheerfulness at all times, made him very popular with all who knew him, and we shall miss him very much.

It is very hard when one is taken from us in the prime of life, but he has cheerfully laid down his life in a cause that is just, and Passchendaele will always be a sacred name to Canadians as a memorial of great deeds and brave sacrifices.

The officers and men of the Company join in sincere sympathy in this your great loss. (Signed) Sgd. Morris H. A. Drury, Lieut. No. 2 Co'y, 7th Battalion Can.

Notes on Election

Laurier was defeated in Ottawa.

Borden was elected in two seats.

The two-seated candidate in B. C. is left without a seat at all, but saves his deposit.

Foster was elected by 14,000 of a majority, and sick abed at that.

Mackenzie King the Rockerfeller candidate of Ontario was sent to oblivion again.

The age of a great many young ladies was found out on election day when they went to vote. Oh!

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor agin the Government.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1917

"East is East and West is West" and never more distinctly were the lines drawn in Canadian Elections than during the election on Monday last. West of the Ottawa River the majority is Unionist while east of the Ottawa it is Laurier. This probably forcasts the future elections when west of Lake Superior will send the most candidates to Ottawa. Then will the province of Quebec lose its grip forever as the controlling political centre in Canada.

The election was fought towards the last with a vim unprecedented in Canada, but truly Canadian. The women did much towards organization and seeing that the electors were brought out to vote for the Union candidates. To the women the men will have to hand the bouquet for the most thorough way in which they did their work.

It was a glorious victory for patriotism.

The judgeship would now look big to Billy McInnis—who knew just enough to save his deposit. But then money will be sure to come from somewhere, surely.

The public schools closed today for the holidays.

Final Appeal Judge Gives Ruling on Exemption of Farmers

Mr. Justice Duff (the Final Court of Appeal) Declares it is Essential that there shall be No Diminution in Agricultural Production.

(Published by authority of Director of Public Information, Ottawa.)

Hon. Mr. Justice Duff gave judgment on December 6th, in the first test case brought before him, as Central Appeal Judge (the final court of appeal), for the exemption of a farmer. The appeal was made by W. H. Rowntree in respect of his son, W. J. Rowntree, from the decision of Local Tribunal, Ontario, No. 421, which refused a claim for exemption. The son was stated to be an experienced farm hand, who had been working on the farm continuously for the past seven years, and ever since leaving school. He lives and works with his father, who owns a farm of 150 acres near Weston, Ontario. With the exception of a younger brother, he is the only male help of the father on the farm. The father is a man of advanced years.

In granting the man exemption "until he ceases to be employed in agricultural labor," Mr. Justice Duff said:

"The Military Service Act does not deal with the subject of the exemption of persons engaged in the agricultural industry; and the question which it is my duty to decide is whether the applicant being and having been, as above mentioned, habitually and effectively engaged in agriculture and in labor essential to the carrying on of agricultural production, ought to be exempted under the provisions of the Military Service Act.

"These two propositions are indisputable:

"(1) In order that the military power of the allies may be adequately sustained, it is essential that in this country and under the present conditions, there should be no diminution in agricultural production.

"(2) The supply of competent labor available for the purpose of agricultural production is not abundant, but actually is deficient.

"The proper conclusion appears to be that the applicant, a competent person, who had been habitually and effectively engaged in labor essential to such production, ought not to be withdrawn from it.

"It is perhaps unnecessary to say that such exemptions are not granted as concessions on account of personal hardship, still less as a favor to a class. The sole ground of them is that the national interest is the better served by keeping these men at home. The supreme necessity (upon the existence of which, as its preamble shows, this policy of the Military Service Act is founded) that leads the State to take men by compulsion and put them in the fighting line requires that men shall be kept at home who are engaged in work essential to enable the State to maintain the full efficiency of the combatant forces, and whose places cannot be taken by others not within the class called out."

Ottawa, Dec. 8, 1917.

DESCRIBES HALIFAX DISASTER

(From Fraser Valley Record.)

Mrs. Galliford has received the following letter from her son, Gilto who is stationed at Halifax; and our readers will indeed be pleased to hearthat our young friend is still in the land of the living and aparently unhurt. We all hope that he will ever be as luck. The letter reads:

H. M. C. S. "NIOBE", Halifax, N.S.
December 6th, 1917.

To Mother:

Today is a day that I shall never never forget! When my hair is gray and I am tottering on the brink of the grave, the scenes I have seen this day will be as vivid before my eyes as they are this evening.

"NIOBE" truly is, as was the Goddess Niobe, the Lady of Tears.

Let me try and set forth in my own way, what you will have long since heard of.

This morning dawned a lovely day really fresh and brisk and not too cold. About 8:40 we noticed an ammunition ship proceeding up the harbour; she was flying the French colours; little we figured on what eventually transpired. As I re-entered the office after doing a small transaction Mr. Carpenter asked me if I had seen the collision; I said that I had not and at once went to see. Sure enough, there was a fairly large Belgian relief ship going full speed astern and piled up against the docks was the ammunition ship. Fire was roaring out of the forward part and dense black smoke was wreathing up to the sky; occasionally a giant 'balloon' of oily fire would shoot hundreds of feet in to the air and when this occurred, and the noise of the combustion of the gases would come rumbling to our ears.

At the first intimation of the fire I went up onto the boat deck and watched it from the aft signal bridge and as it appeared to be geting worse and worse, I went on to the fo'c'sle deck. I stood on the gun platform and and watched the huge flames ascending and onebyone the engines rushed along the street up on the hillside. All at once, without the slightest warning, something like cotton wool flashed before my eye; something was lifting, lifting me into the air. Then I hit the deck and had the good sense to stay thee. I huddled down to the deck and tried to breathe, it was as though my mouth was full of soot; my hair felt funny also and then there came the most terrific report I have ever heard. My ears are still ringing.

All around I could hear heavy particles of something falling; everyone was shouting and rolling around and the ship was heaving awful. I looked over the side, huge fog banks of smoke were everywhere and I could see a huge wave surging and heaving all around. It seemed as though the whole world was rocking.

The Niobe was wrenched away from the jetty and that too was partially destroyed. All over the harbor there was charred pieces of timber tossing about and soon the crackle of fire was heard.

I picked myself up off the deck and tried to find my hat, but in the geat din and confusion, failed to do so. As I proceeded back to the office I had a chauce to see what had really happened. All wood superstructure on board was crashed in; two of the funnels had large dents in them and the rigging was littered about and there were cries of pain and wounded men hurrying to get below. As I went down the ladder I passed Beresford, one of the writers. His face was covered with blood and his hand was bleeding profusely. Writer Cordner was supporting him as he went up the ladder but I am glad to say I did not notice anything the mater with him. I entered our own office. Poor Mr. Carpenter was streaming with wounds from his face and head and also received a nasty one on the inside of his thigh. Brinkman had several wounds in the head and was bleeding quite a bit. Mr. Evell was not on board at the time and therefore by some miraculous means escaped injury also.

'Clear lower deck' was sounded and we all mustered in the Port Battery. I took a chase up to the Sick Bay to see what things were like there and by reason of the crowd there, was unable to assist in any way and so went aft again. I saw Mr. Carpenter and procured some bandages for him but he would not let me fix him up; he said he had heard that there were fires breaking out in the North End where he lived and so asked him if I should go up and see what had become of Mrs. Carpenter. A fire party had been detailed off to do the best that they could do and I joined them. We had to slide down a cable to get ashore but we all did so without getting in the drink. I hurried off as fast as I could toward Albert street. What a desolation! Telephone poles and tram line supports all snapped off short and the wires were a regular mesh work all over the road.

Every house seemed to be on fire and the heat seemed to dry up my skin. I had to pick my way among the fallen car wires and got off the Main Street or rather, what was left of it, and tried to get down to number 99, but it was impossible to do so that way; so I had to go straight up the hill and round and when I arrived at Mrs. Carpenter's house all that was left was a heap of red-hot embers and one lonesome blackened bedstead on the top of the pile. Mr. Vaughan's house, next door, precisely the same and now, at the close of the day, they are still fighting the flames. Dear Mrs. Carpenter, who was such a good friend to me. I fear has gone. Outside the house next door, I found Mr. Vaughan in a sort of a maze and asked him where Mrs. Vaughan and Rene were; he said "My God, my God, I don't know".

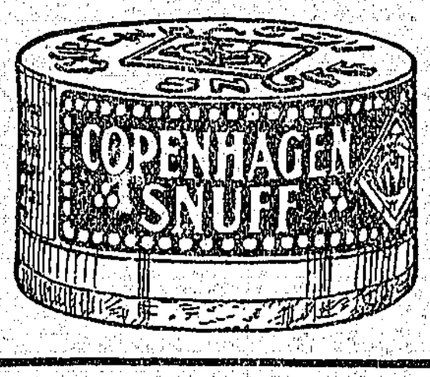
All round us houses were burning and those that were not in flames had collapsed like a pack of cards and the smoke was gripping at your lungs and sparks and bits of charred embers were blowing all over the shop As I was crossing a 'garden' toward a house that was just beginning to burn, I heard a frantic voice calling, "Billy Galliford, Billy Galliford for the love of God come over here and help me." I looked over to the place from whence the voice came and saw a house that had been shaved in half like a hunk of cheese; in what used to be an upstairs bedroom, among all the broken pictures, splintered timbers and laths and fallen plaster I saw a man in a white shirt. Blood was streaming from his head all over the shirt and he was madly trying to dig something from under the debris I climbed up as best I could and recognized the man as Warrant Officer Brown of the Naval Transport Office. "She's in there," he said "She's in there, my God. Rose, my darling Rose" Between us we frantically removed what we could of the mess and there we found Mrs. Brown. At least I suppose it was. The face was just smashed in in one bloody mess and frothy bubbles gently blowing from her lips and just a faint echo of the same "My God, my God." Mr. Brown raised the poor figure in his arms and smoothed the face with kisses and all around you could hear screams and groans. I saw her both ankles were broken and her arm was also broken just below the elbow; there were four white-livered 'civies' standing in the back garden watching the hundreds and hundreds of houses burning, so I went and applied the strongest language I ever used to them and chopped down a door and between us we managed to get the poor woman down. The last I saw of them was these impromptu stretcher bearers walking over the hill top to safety and help with their gruesome load and the poor frantic husband walking alongside and all he could say was, "Rose, Rose".

I hurried up to the next house and found a young man with his face all slit open; on his lap he was holding the white haired head of his mother. I put a hastily prepared bandage, which I tore from some bed sheets, around the old ladys' face and gave the boy a hunk to fix himself up with. Further down the street there was a man laying at full length on the ground. He didn't want anything a man could do for him; so I covered his face with his coat sleeve and hurried on. Next, I came across a man who was almost insane. He was running round and round his house and kept saying. "They're in there, they're in there, my God they're in there." What impressed me most was that he semed to be aware of the fact that he had been taught a great lesson. In underneath the kitchen I found a poor woman who he said was his wife. You couldn't possibly have told whether she was fifty or eighteen as her face was ijnjured in several places. She was alive. We laid her on the half hard snow in the garden. Then I found a flaxen-haired boy; he was almost naked and was wrapped up in a coat. Pink bubbles were coming out of his poor little mouth and when I passed there again, I found the father sobbing. he said, "He's dead, the darling's dead". So he was. The pink bubbles were still. I crossed the little blue, scarred hands over his

(Continued on Last Page)

Copenhagen Chewing Tobacco

IS THE WORLD'S BEST CHEW



It is manufactured tobacco in its purest form.

It has a pleasing flavor.

It is tobacco scientifically prepared for man's use.

ABBOTSFORD DISTRICT BOARD OF TRADE

President, Hope Alanson Secretary, N. Hill
of Abbotsford, B. C.

Meeting Held First Monday of Each Month

Write the secretary regarding manufacturing sites with unexcelled shipping facilities and cheap power or information regarding the farm and fruit lands of the district, and industries already established.

ABBOTSFORD AND DISTRICT

HONOR ROLL

Abbotsford and District has done magnificently in sending her sons to fight for the freedom and rights of the British Empire and her Allies.

The following are the names:

W. A. Ferguson, killed.
H. E. Lloyd, killed.
J. McDonald, killed.
H. R. Gray, killed.
E. O. Collinson, killed.
A. Ames, killed.
J. F. Green, killed.
Chas. Wooler, (Killed)
A. Witchell (Killed)
M. Mallalue (Killed)
R. Hughes (Killed)
H. Green (Killed)
O. Kidwell, killed.
John Gillen, (Killed)
Sergt. C. T. McPhee (K'l'd)
Geo. Knox, died, pneumonia.
A. J. Munro, (Prisoner)
L. Trethewey, (Gassed)
Wm. Morgan (Invalided)
S. McPhee (Wounded)
D. Campbell, (Wounded)
Albert Davenport (Wound'd)
F. Brown, invalided.
Sid Montgomery (Killed)
J. L. Sansom, (Returned)
Joe Mathers (Killed)
Arthur Croke, (Prisoner)
E. A. Chapman (Killed)
T. M. Hutton, Killed) M. M.
Stanley Attwood (Killed)
A. C. Dudden (Shell Shock)
M. W. Copeland (Gassed) M.C
A. F. Flumefelt (Killed)
Robert Gillen (Wounded)
G. N. Gillett (returned)
G. Gough (Gassed)
A. Healey (Returned)
C. Hulton-Harrop, M. C.
Fred Knox (Wounded)
P. D. McLagan (Killed)
J. C. Parton (Killed)
A. Pegram, (Wounded)
Maj. B. Pottinger (Killed)
B. W. Suthern (Pris. of War)
Walker Wallace (Wounded)
J. Welch (Died of Wounds)
Percy Wilson, (Returned)
Manlius Zeigler (Returned)

A. G. Adams.
E. Anderton.
J. Aitken.
H. Arnold.
F. Beale.
Steve Beebe
C. Bayes.
Hilliard Boyd.
Ed Barrett.
J. Bousfield.
W. Bowman.
A. A. F. Callan.
J. H. Campbell
W. Campbell.
Tom Campbell.
E. Chamberlain.
Alex. Chisholm
Fred Colbourne
T. Davis.
T. Donnelly.
J. Downie.
Paul Dutase
Andy Ellwood.
Wm. Evans
Norman Evans
Geo. Fadden
A. A. Fermour.
J. Fermor
S. Finch.
J. Fraser,
Clarence Gazley.
D. Geddes.
E. B. de la Giroday
H. Gordon.
H. Grimley.
J. Hands.
G. E. Hayes.
A. Hicks.
O. Hicks.
Robt. Higginson
Matt Higginson.
A. Hill-Tout.
Charles Hill-Tout
Willie Hill-Tout
V. Hulton-Harrop.
K. Huggard.
Ed Hunt
Wm. Hunt

H. Johnston.
J. Kirkbride.
S. Knott.
Henry Knox.
W. Laird.
Geo. E. Leary
Roy Mains
David Mathers
T. Mawson.
Frank McCallum
J. McCormack.
Kenneth McGilivray.
Stewart McGillivray
H. McKinnon
Wm. McIntyre
Matt Nelson.
Peter Pearson.
T. Perks.
R. Peters.
T. Porter
S. Ramsay
John Rhodes
M. Rhodes.
N. Rucker
Geo. Sharp.
Robt. Sim.
H. Skipworth.
John Sinclair.
R. Smart.
T. Smeeton.
H. D. Straiton
A. Teng.
W. W. Thaw
T. Usher.
Walker Wallace
Gordon Walters
Harold Walters
Thos. Walters
Andrew Wells
A. Williams.
Jo. Willett
J. O. Williams.
Percy Wilson.
Warren Welch

?

What are we, who are left behind, going to contribute towards the Canadian Patriotic Fund, as our share, to equal the sacrifice of those who have died or enlisted for Overseas Service. Give a monthly subscription.

DESCRIBES HALIFAX DISASTER

(Continued from Page One)

chest and wiped off the plaster, dust and bits of lath from his face. When I came that way again, with a Royal Naval Reserve Lieutenant, the mother had died.

At this time I learned that many people had gone down to the Railway track and tried to get there but a blinding smoke prevented anyone from doing so. On the way back to the hill top where there were lots of bad wound cases, I found an old woman; she had a bundle covered up before her, on the ground and to all appearances was unable to walk. She kept saying, "Haynes, Haynes, Haynes." "What Haynes"? says I. "These kiddies are Haynes' kiddies she told me and just then a returned soldier came along. He couldn't find where he used to live but told me quietly that he thought his family had perished. He and I took a child each and left the woman, who could walk, to follow us. My, those wee girls were heavy by the time I got into God's fresh air on the top of the hill but all the way up, my poor little mite kept saying, "Glasser wasser."

We left the children to the tender cares of a flock of girls. I term it a flock because it seems more appropriate than the term "crowd"; I shall never forget the sacred helpless looks on their poor faces.

At this time, our Doctor, Surgeon Irwin and an American naval doctor came along and I went with them. We went across the hill down into the Hell and helped the poor people all we possibly could. Nearly all of the cases complained of the cold but I was awfully hot; the doctors administered a hypdermic injection to alleviate their pains and bound up their wounds.

Finally, we found ourselves down in what used to be the dockyards. Bodies, parts of bodies, horses, fish overturned railway locomotives and freight cars were mixed everywhere. We got one poor engineer out of his engine and patched him up as best we could with iodine that I secured from a courageous lady doctor whom I found setting a man's leg. There has been a fearful loss of life around the waterfront works and a great many people, will never be heard of or sen again. A couple of soldiers and I found what we thought was a fish's eye on the railway track. It wasn't.

I met a friend of mine in this mess and went to his house to clear up. His father has only just lately had the building done up and although the place was standing, everything inside was damaged. Plaster fallen from the ceilings, windows and frames blown in and a mess beyond all conception, except to one who sees

My friend and I had a cup of postum and I returned to the ship and arrived back, at nearly five o'clock to find everything under guard. I reported to the doctor and asked permission to assist in the hospital and so after having a mouthful of tea I went ashore in the ambulance and took a load of people from the hospital to their homes. There is hardly any accommodation in the hospitals so many are the injured. Master-at-arms Brazill found his wife with her left arm broken and wounded in the eyes.

It is safe to say that nearly every house in Halifax is dismantled and I think the great danger to be guarded against, is the natural term of privation and despair that follows such an event as this is.

I couldn't look at Mr. Carpenter when I told him of his lady. Of course we do not know whether she is alive or dead but as he left her ill in bed, I fear that she was pinned down and burned. I hope that she was killed outright, rather than she should have suffered as I have seen some suffer today.

The Writers 'got it in the neck' as the saying goes. You see, we work in gun casemates, where the gun port has been filled in with a window and the blast of the explosion blew every window in. Had I been sitting in my seat. I hate to think what might have been the result. My blotting pad was ripped to shreds, a chart next to my head was cut right across and the typewriter behind me was choked with fragments and Mr. Evill and the boys say that I should be thankful. I most certainly am. The Ship's office boys coped it rotteuly. Bereford as I told you, was hurt, Levassuer was cut on the wrist and from the crown of his head to his chin, poor Bradbury has a bandage around his lower jaw and forehead. Liscome and Burrows two boys from Winnipeg are hurt, Biscombe won't be handsome when when he takes his bandages off either Scotty, the messman, Bobbie Campbell and I came off 'scott free.'.

As soon as I returned from ambulance duty tonight I telephoned to Mrs. Burgess to see how they had fared. Luckily the 'phone was in order and Mrs. Burgess answered. She knows my voice and the first words she said were, "Oh, Billy, Theo's dead." I may have told you that Mona's dad was inspector of tramways and he was in a car almost directly opposite the scene of the explosion. The motorman, conductor, Mr. Burgess and everyone in the car were killed. I couldn't go to see these poor folks tonight but must try and go tomorrow. I will do all I can for them but I am afraid it will be a small do.

The city is under martial law and everywhere you hear, "Halt, who goes there?"

I am sorry to say that in all the hurry and scuffle, I have lost my little wallet and all that it contained money and all but there are lots of poor souls who have lost infinitely more than I have.

If you wish to do so, and if Mr. Bates thinks this account might interest some of the readers of the Fraser Valley Record, you can let him have it.

GRAPHOLGY

By CISSY

Mrs. Varden. Your writing truly shows generosity, thank you for the extra donation, method, energy, force pride, thoroughness, capacity for severity unselfishness, force observation initative, ambition, keen sense of humor and wit.

P. O. Box 77, Ashcroft: Original and a little inclnied to exaggeration, quite practical, generous to a fault; rather Quixotic, not particularly ambitious, expects good luck to come unsought; friendly, goodnatured, and quite approachable. Easily discouraged and ratner moody. Progressive and quite imaginative.

The Ashcroft Journal—Cheerful, hopeful; goodnatured too. Conscien- and stubborn along certain lines. Acquisitive and believes that "Charity begins at home". Has a slight apprehensiveness and nervousness but a calmness that overcomes the nervousness. Not combative; would sacrifice much for the sake of peace Domestic in tastes.

VAN ANDA, (Van Anda, B. C.); Has a strong sense of justice, a good mentality, self-esteem, energy, executiveness, determination, aggressness, love of music, and beauty in nature, independence of thought and action.

J. E. (Vancouver); A decided gift of language, logical capacity, insight discrimination; wit, imitation, ideality, inspiration, rather inclined to pessisism and very sensitive. An unusually good study of high mentality; and talent.

Leaves of Grass: The writing shows a very wholesome nature. The movement shows animation, ambition hope, cheer, the slope shows great tenderness. There is firmness, a very strong, almost arbitary will, great sensitiveness and a tendency to pessisism. There is diplomacy in the ideals; but other indications in the writing contradict it. Originality, mental strength and cultivation, lofiness of thought and ieda.

To the Electors of the Federal District of Westminster:

Permit me to extend my heartiest congratulations to all the friends and supporters of Union Government whose splendid work has given such a magnificent majority in the Fraser Valley for the honor of Canada and the Empire. The victory is not personal it is national, but in so far as I have represented the cause, I appreciate beyond measure your whole souled enthusiasm and devotion, without which success could not have been achieved.

I interpret your voice on the 17th to mean the renewed dedication of the men and women of the Fraser Valley to those high ideals and principles for which hundreds of our own bravest and best have made the last supreme sacrifice and which thousands more are now defending.

Let us now unitedly set ourselves to the great task of securing peace through victory and of caring for those who are now our real representatives in this awful struggle. The widow and the fatherless must not be forgotten by the nation, and those who may return home must receive that practical recognition which their service and sacrifice so fully merits.

F. B. STACEY,

Chilliwack, December 18, 1917.

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