

trained on our trench, but we kept our heads low by then, and the only damage done was to the protective works in front of the trench. The bulk of this was shot into our cramped little trench, down our backs, and all over us. We could only sit with our knees drawn up to our heads, owing to lack of room, and with bayonets fixed, expecting them to rush us any moment. To put a head or even a hand up meant getting sniped, as we proved by holding a shovel a few inches above the earthwork.

'On Tuesday night sure enough they did charge us and the others, about 200, further along. They came down in hundreds, yelling and shouting like fiends. We pumped lead into them as fast as we could work the bolt and until our guns sizzled. There was a good moon, and as they were only about fifty yards away and very thick, we could hardly miss. We stuck at it until it got too hot, as they were throwing hand grenades. Then we made a dash for our lives, stumbling over dead men—dead for days,—and got down into a deep ravine-like gully. The bullets were like hail, and two more of our fellows got killed in getting away. We were from Sunday night until Tuesday night in this trench, and I shall never forget it. I had one biscuit and a small piece of "bully" for the 48 hours. We had some food with us, but were too anxious to eat. We had no sleep, and only a small quantity of water. The cramp! Oh, it was torture! After sundry incidents we got back to our firing line, and from there safely down on to the beach, where we were told to stay for the night. I was thoroughly exhausted, but what a thankful feeling I had! Safe! I could hardly believe that we could sleep with an easy mind. No blankets being available, we just lay down where we were, and, although the night was fairly chilly, we slept as if we were dead.

'The Turks are dead in thousands here. An armistice was arranged the other day to bury the dead, and not before it was time. The enemy honorably observed it. The Australians are brave soldiers, and worthy to fight alongside any troops in this war. I have to go back to the firing line soon, as we have had a good spell away from it. I'll be glad to see the New Zealand papers again. The poor old main body and our battalion are different now—new faces, reinforcements, etc., and many a gap despite this.

'I think I am fully a stone and a-half heavier than when I enrolled, despite the strenuous life. We were without overcoats and blankets for a good while, as we had to leave our packs on the beach the Sunday we landed, and get to work right away, so we lost everything. I had some very nice shaving tackle—nickel-plated, I bought in Cairo,—but I lost it all. All packs were over-hauled. I went over five weeks without a shave. One night in the trenches it rained pretty hard, and having no coat I got a very bad cold. I am better now.

'We don't get any pay, we could not spend it if we did. I'll never regret joining the Main Expeditionary Force. None of the others got in the work we did. It is getting on for ten months since I joined the main body. It has been a marvellous experience, and though it is a hard life—very hard, to say nothing of the danger,—I could not have remained at home while the war was on. The weather is very hot. We are camped on little shelves, or platforms cut out on the sides of a hill. The beach, which is only a few hundred yards away, is a decent place for bathing were it not for shrapnel shells now and then, and a few beastly snipers. They get into the scrub, wear green clothes to match the surroundings, and select a good place overlooking the localities frequented by troops carrying stores. They arrange for about 5000 rounds of ammunition, a few weeks' food, and there they are ready for their deadly work. They have been a pest here, and when they are caught they get short shrift.'

#### DUNEDIN MEN AT THE FRONT.

Mr. J. O'Connor, of 117 York place, Dunedin, has received letters from two of his sons—Privates P. and J. O'Connor,—from which we make a few extracts:—

Private P. O'Connor writes to say that he is coming

home on leave shortly, having received a wound in one foot which necessitated three operations.

Private J. O'Connor (4th Reinforcements) says, amongst other things: 'We only had three days in Egypt. I have been to the Dardanelles, and exchanged a few bullets with the Turks. They are pretty frightened now. I think we will be in Constantinople before I come home. I got a slight touch of dysentery, but am right now, though I will not be going back for a month or two. Our crowd got cut about badly. I was picked up by an English Red Cross corporal, and shoved in with the "Tommies." They are not bad blokes, but they say that the colonial troops are the best fighters. The Turks are very frightened of the Australian troops, but I think Pat's crowd got the worst of it. Some of the poor chaps were shot down off the boats. . . . It is very rotten in the hospital here (Cairo). The climate is far too hot for wounded men. I expect to be off to the front again in two weeks. I was three days in the trenches, during which time I fired off between 200 and 300 rounds of ammunition, and think I can account for a few of them. Out of our section, on the third day, 20 out of 50 answered the roll-call, so you can get an idea how we got smashed up. They will take a lot of beating. . . . There are a lot of "Tommies" here, and they reckon this fight is far more terrible than the Berlin fight. The Turkish prisoners are fairly frightened; we have just got to point our bayonet at them and they scream for their lives. But they have a good position now, and it will cost England a lot of men to take it. They have got a lot of men here now—some English Territorials and plenty of French and Indian troops. About 10,000 Australians and New Zealanders arrived here to-day; we want them all.'

## OBITUARY

MRS. GELLETY, LYTTTELTON.

Th many friends of Mr. A. Gellety, will hear with regret of the death of his wife, which took place at her residence, 33 London street, Lyttelton, after many months of long and painful suffering, borne with great patience. The late Mrs. Gellety was of a most gentle and kindly disposition, greatly loved and respected by all who knew her, and ever ready to help in time of need and distress. Mr. Gellety and family have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in the great loss they have sustained in the death of a most devoted wife and loving mother. The funeral, which was very largely attended, left St. Joseph's Church on Saturday afternoon. The service was conducted by the Rev. Father Cooney. The family received many beautiful wreaths and messages of condolence from all parts of the Dominion.—R.I.P.

## BLACKLEADING,

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