

# BOMBING REQUIRES COOLNESS, JUDGEMENT AND IRON NERVES

Men who Hurl the Waspish Weapon Play with Sudden Death—Holding the Fused Bomb Until Proper Second is Ticklish Part of the Business

Bombers really carry their lives in their hands. The Mills bomb, with its pineapple-like exterior, is a dangerous weapon. To use it successfully against mishaps, requires special knowledge and training.

The British soldier takes naturally to bombing—that is, the offensive part of attacking and hurling the missiles. At first, however, when he joins a bombing school, he evinces considerable shyness of these little, waspish weapons of war. This shyness is prompted by ignorance, and quickly gives place to enthusiastic keenness when once he has learned how to manipulate the by no means intricate weapon.

It can easily be understood that on the nature of their work, bombers run a considerable amount of daily risk before they are fitted to get on business terms with the enemy. Far behind the lines, and out of danger of hostile shells, many incidents of heroic self-sacrifice are recorded.

What could be finer than the action of one young hero who flung himself on to a bomb which had fused prematurely in a crowded trench, thus saving the lives of his comrades while cheerfully yielding up his own?

The Mills bomb is fused by releasing a spring, after which it takes a certain number of seconds to explode. It would, therefore, obviously be useless to release the spring and hurl it into the midst of an oncoming foe. It bursts some seconds later. To get the best results it is necessary to retain the bomb in the hand for as many seconds as will allow it to explode just as it reaches its objective. This, needless to say, requires cool judgment, practice and iron nerves.

It is dawn. The air is damp with the morning mist, through which the enemy's lines loom hazily from the British trench. Occasional rifle shots from either positions are the only sounds of life and strife.

Suddenly, at a prearranged signal, forms creep out over the British parapet and down the sloping face. Then with bent bodies they move silently in an unending line towards the Hun trenches.

The attacking force gets to within a hundred yards of its objective before hoarse shouts, quickly followed by rifle and machine gun fire, proclaim it is discovered. Simultaneously the khaki line dashes forward. Men fall on all sides with such regularity that it appears as if they were enacting some special drill. But the onrush wave, gathering impetus every instant, rolls relentlessly forward.

The burst of Boche rifle fire increases in volume, then dwindles away as, with a cheer, the British surge into the trench. There is the confused swaying, staggering, and rushing of men using their bayonets in deadly work. The machine guns still chatter away in a sort of frantic frenzy. Then bombs burst at intervals down the line and coincidentally the chattering ceases.

Even before the resistance of the garrison has been overcome the Germans from their support trench a hundred yards away open a heavy rifle and machine gun fire. To advance

farther at present across the open would be impossible. It is now that the bombers' real work begins. After groups of them immediately dash for the communication trenches which connect the captured position with that held by the enemy.

A big brawny man, evidently country-bred, heads one party. He is the "thrower," and at the first turning in the trench he comes to a halt, then dashes on to the next corner. The third of a falling bomb, luckily outside the trench, followed almost immediately by an explosion, warns him that the enemy are not far ahead. A quick glance at the line of the land through a periscope he takes a bomb from his apron and, snatching out the pin which releases the spring, poises the little weapon in his flung-back hand.

Then, as coolly and calculatingly as a slow, over-hand bowler, he swings his hand forward and releases the bomb. Snatching the periscope he is in time to see the missile disappear into the trench, where it bursts on the instant.

"A bull's-eye!" he shouts as he dashes forward till he comes to the next corner, where a huddled grey-clothes form is evidence of his correct aim.

A bomb bursts just outside the trench and he hurls one back. Then ensues a regular duel, Boche and Britisher hurling bomb for bomb. At last one from the enemy falls in the trench right among the men behind him and bursts.

"Get them out of range," he says to an apparently uninjured man, "then fetch me support, Ah!"

The line clanches is drawn from him as he makes a sudden clutch at an object which would have fallen on the helpless men, catches it, and hurls it away. It bursts almost immediately in the air, though harmlessly.

A few moments later he is alone, still continuing his duel. Gutural shouts from the right cause him to glance over the parapet and he perceives the Germans are counter-attacking. The same glance also shows the form of a Hun crawling, Mauser pistol in hand, towards him. There is no time to bomb him in the ordinary way, yet he picks one up and poises it. As the Hun's head shows over the trench he hurls it. He would a ball at the wicket to stop a short run.

The Hun is "out." But the bomber is not out of the wood yet. He hears heavy steps approaching down the trench. He snatches another bomb, extracts the pin and holds it.

"One! Two! Three! Four!" he counts, and the sounds of his approaching enemy rapidly draw nearer as he does so. Then just as the bomb round the corner, he draws back with the satisfied smile of a specialist.

The bomb, bursting on the instant, is followed by groans.

Then a British cheer proclaims that not only has the counter-attack of the Huns been defeated but that they are being mercilessly hunted back to their trench.

## Our Army To-Day and Sixty Years Ago

By Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, G.C.B., V.C.

I never contemplated the possibility of our sending overseas the Empire's armies of today, and I thank God that I have lived to see the heights to which the great effort of conserving our civilization and the religion of Christ. It is difficult to realize that our armies in the field are counted by millions when we recall that after six hours' fighting we gained the victory on November 5, 1864, on the heights of Inkermann with only 8,000 men in action, and with a total in the Crimea, "at, but not for, duty," of something less than 14,000. Our gallant allies of today came on the field of action when the critical moment of the battle had passed.

Let us recall our military position sixty years ago. We had landed 26,000 soldiers in September 1854, but only by denuding all other regiments in the United Kingdom and those in the Colonies within reach. In the words of Mr. Sidney Herbert, later Secretary of State for War: "The army in the east had been created by discounting the future." After the battle of Inkermann, in the camps just behind our siege works, we had only one day's food consisting of salt beef, pork, and biscuit, and nearly all of it had to be carried up by men on their backs from five to seven miles, according to the position of the camps, from Balaklava Harbour.

### Terrible Picture.

There were no medical comforts, and towards the end of November there was no battalion untainted by scurvy. Yet at Trebizond, within 250 miles of Balaklava, where there were many vessels lying idle, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep could have been purchased. The ration, when it

sued—and there were some blank days—consisted of green coffee, biscuit, salt beef, salt pork, and rum. As there was no firewood, pork was preferred, for the men ate it raw, but those affected with scurvy were unable to swallow it, nor could they bite the biscuit. The rum was their great consolation, and to the future great detriment of their constitution it was issued not only as a ration twice daily, but also on every possible excuse.

The day's duty began at sunset, when the men paraded with greatcoats and their only blanket. As the casualties increased and the duty men became fewer, battalions were on duty every other night. One regiment, which brought 900 men from a Colonial garrison, after spending six successive nights in the trenches, mustered only 290. Our right attack, with over a mile of trenches, could only provide about 300 men to defend them. When the men came back at daybreak those who could stand were sent to Balaklava to carry up food or ammunition. Those who were weaker slept until, awaking with a shiver, they were sent to hospital—a bell-tent, generally in places—and in a few days to their last home.

The mortality of our army in five winter months was, if considered by percentage, greater than that of the Great Plague of London, 1665, when all who could fled from the city; yet the men never sukked, and in the worst time, when at night the enemy made a sortie, it needed only the inspiring shouts of any officer whose voice they recognized to carry forward a few men heading into a crowd of the enemy.

### Tragic Blunders.

The inviolated soldiers, many of them moribund, on reaching Scutari were

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Get from your pharmacist a fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

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carried into a building, mismanaged by nine different departments of the army, each checking and counter-checking the others, the apparent object being rather to save money than the lives of the patients. The struggles of these antagonistic departments would have been comical had not tragedy been ever present.

The Turkish hospital, devoid of sanitary arrangements, had a large washhouse, for cleanliness of person and of clothing are points which the Turk does understand, but the commissariat department had filled the building with chopped straw for forage, and while it was desired to clear the operation took two months.

A progressive sanitary forty years before the war had laid on by an aqueduct pure water from adjoining hills, but just before the hospital was occupied the soil subsided, and a dead horse having been thrown in to fill the cavity, all the water supply passed through the cesspools.

Most Englishmen think of Miss Nightingale as a refined, high-class lady walking through the hospitals with a lamp, in such rooms as are now to be seen in nearly every large country town, but her main work for many anxious months was in cleansing Augean-like buildings, and in fighting the red-tape system of our government. When about Christmas-time 1854, some 1,100 patients with choleraic diarrhoea arrived at Scutari there was sanitary accommodation for fewer than a score.

### Conditions Today.

Now let us turn to the world-wide. I have written of the old soldier, and he cannot be seen again; indeed, his successors are more suitable to our time, but there can be nothing grander in history than the enduring courage and discipline of our men sixty years ago.

It is commonly said by my friends, and by some of them in a deprecating tone, that I am an optimist as to the duration and result of the war. I am, I know, and I bring to the fore of my knowledge and of those I know and read of, both abroad and at home, justify the feeling. I admit that at home, since the government took not only my riding, but also my carriage horses, and especially since friends have run short of petrol, my means of locomotion for gaining personal experience are limited.

Nevertheless I know and learn by correspondence what my children, many of my friends are doing, making surgical dressings, and waiting in restaurants on munition workers. I know that my friends in East Essex are giving all their time to hospitals or war work. I see in my immediate neighborhood a lady with her house filled with convalescent wounded soldiers. Within a few yards of where I reside is a hospital occupying two houses, one that of our Master of Hounds, an old soldier, who, having long left the army, rejoined and has been two years overseas; the other that of an ex-volunteer and rubber merchant, who has rejoined and is serving on the east coast.

One of my neighbors, a friend of forty years, has converted his house to his great personal discomfort, into a free hostel for the nurses, both trained and the V.A.D. of a Red Cross hospital, which his daughter has supervised continuously for two years. In the house, adjoining mine my friend's daughter-in-law controls a similar hospital. These establishments are most generously supported by gifts in money and in kind, not only by landlords, but by tenant farmers and cottagers. So much for the spirit of those I see around me at home.

The wounded soldiers in these hospitals argue unceasingly as to the duration of the war, some maintaining that it will be over by Christmas, others that it will run on for another twelve months; but none of them has a doubt of our complete victory in the final result. This coincides with my view, for since the battle of Ypres my only anxiety is,

and has been, for enough men and munitions.

Marvels of Surgery.

When before the war I addressed two of our county battalions on parade I never imagined those to whom I spoke would be so sorely tried with in my lifetime, nor could I hope that they would come so grandly as they have done out of the fiery ordeal to which they have been subjected.

The soldiers, old and young, will admit that our men have been well cared for in the war. They come, indeed, under the fire of cannon of enormous calibre, hurling shells with explosive power sufficient to obliterate whole villages, and which sometimes bury an entire company. Those who survive in most cases receive first aid on the spot, always to the danger of the lives of those who succor them, and who frequently meet their death in doing so.

Often in an hour a wounded man, transported by a motor or by light railways constructed to carry heavy guns to the batteries, receives further medical aid, and in many cases men wounded on the Somme River are being treated in our local Red Cross hospitals in country towns within thirty-six hours. This probably is to a great extent the explanation of the very high percentage of wounded soldiers resuming their duty.

The Royal Army Medical Corps is thoroughly backed by the Army Staff and Transport Departments, military and marine, and the corps is nobly supported by its civilian brethren and their colleagues.

Since William Howard ("Billy") Russell, of the Times, upset the government in February, 1855 by revealing the piteous, miserable state of the trenches, the army has been a continuous improvement in the clothing and rationing of our troops. All the arrangements of the Quartermaster-General's Department have been good, and it is said that the only complaint heard in France was that of a young soldier, who thought he got plum jam too often.

### Path to Victory.

When I recall to mind the filthy, verminous state of my nearly naked comrades in the Crimea, it is with great pleasure I read of our soldier-bred soldiers in France, on returning from the trenches, being able to shed their sodden garments as they enter a warm and well-equipped bathhouse, and emerging clean on the far side with new clothing.

Postal arrangements, dealing weekly with fifteen million letters and an enormous number of parcels, give an indication of our progress in administration. The work of the men who receive and answer these letters? We read frequently of one of our soldiers pursuing and defeating with his bayonet half a dozen of the enemy. There have been many such instances recorded. The most divine-like act of self-sacrifice of which I have read was of the late Sapper William Hackett, R.E., awarded posthumously the Victoria Cross.

He, with four others, was entombed in a mine. After working twenty hours a rescue party made a hole through fallen earth and broken timber. Hackett helped three of the men through the aperture and when urged to leave a wounded man and escape, refused, although the hole was getting momentarily smaller, saying, "I am a tunneller, and must look after the others first." All efforts to save him and the man for whom he gave his life failed after a four days' struggle.

### A Splendid Deed.

While my admiration for the dogged, unsurpassed courage of my old colleagues remains a precious memory, I cannot believe that many of them were capable of the act for which Lance-Corporal C. Bates, 1st Berkshire Regiment, was decorated, as reported in newspapers on March 13 of this year. The new officer of the line and brought in a wounded officer under heavy fire. The officer wounded in the throat, was being suffocated, but Bates forced a straw down his throat and enabled him to breathe and suck water from a bottle. "I think it is with sound reason that I believe in my comrades of all ranks. The new officers cannot know as much as those in the old regiments, but for courage and straight leading they are unsurpassable."

Finally I am optimistic because, while our Commander-in-Chief in France appraises carefully the values he hopes to gain with the estimated cost of life involved, yet he remains always, like Grenville of the Revenge 325 years ago, "a great fighter," and will not, I believe, shrink from any losses to gain victory for us and for civilization.

### CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND.

The following subscriptions have been received: Single—Mrs. J. A. Calhoun, Baltimore, Md., \$25; British Aid Society, Patterson Settlement, per W. H. Kirkpatrick, secretary, \$50; J. Twining Hart, \$15.

Monthly—Mrs. C. A. Robertson (5 months), \$10; H. V. Butler, \$5; C. A. Munro (5 months), \$10; D. McArthur, \$2; J. deAngelis, \$1; James B. Kelly, \$5; H. W. Emerson (2 months), \$20; C. H. Lee, \$10; Dr. G. G. Melvin, \$5; H. G. Rogers (3 months), \$30; W. T. McGivern, \$2; J. E. Angevine, \$5; Mrs. J. A. Durbin (4 months), \$1; H. A. Johnston (6 months), \$3; R. J. Flanagan (2 months), \$2; C. A. Christie (3 months), \$150; Patrick McBratney (3 months), \$3; Lea Murphy (2 months), \$1; S. W. Vincent (4 months), \$1; Adam P. Macintyre, \$5; Mrs. Thos. Ferguson (4 months), \$4; Mrs. L. R. Webb (4 months), \$2; Miss O. Ring, 12 months, \$2; Mrs. W. J. Irons, \$50; Mrs. H. Cunningham (4 months), \$150; Mrs. G. F. Scott (3 months), \$3; H. S. Hart (3 months), \$6; Miss B. Ring, (2 months), \$2.

# SHIPPING NEWS

## MINIATURE ALMANAC.

(The time given is Atlantic Standard, one hour slower than present local time.)

October—Phases of the Moon.

First quarter.....4th-7th. 0m. a.m.  
Full moon.....11th-3h. 1m. a.m.  
Last quarter.....18th-9h. 9m. p.m.  
New moon.....26th-4h. 37m. p.m.

Time	Lat. of W.	Lat. of W.	Lat. of W.	Lat. of W.	Lat. of W.
10 a.m.	6.28	5.59	5.30	5.02	4.74
11 a.m.	6.29	5.57	5.28	5.00	4.72
12 m.	6.30	5.55	5.26	4.98	4.70
1 p.m.	6.31	5.54	5.24	4.96	4.68
2 p.m.	6.32	5.53	5.22	4.94	4.66
3 p.m.	6.33	5.52	5.20	4.92	4.64
4 p.m.	6.34	5.51	5.18	4.90	4.62
5 p.m.	6.35	5.50	5.16	4.88	4.60
6 p.m.	6.36	5.49	5.14	4.86	4.58
7 p.m.	6.37	5.48	5.12	4.84	4.56
8 p.m.	6.38	5.47	5.10	4.82	4.54
9 p.m.	6.39	5.46	5.08	4.80	4.52
10 p.m.	6.40	5.45	5.06	4.78	4.50
11 p.m.	6.41	5.44	5.04	4.76	4.48
12 m.	6.42	5.43	5.02	4.74	4.46
1 a.m.	6.43	5.42	5.00	4.72	4.44
2 a.m.	6.44	5.41	4.98	4.70	4.42
3 a.m.	6.45	5.40	4.96	4.68	4.40
4 a.m.	6.46	5.39	4.94	4.66	4.38
5 a.m.	6.47	5.38	4.92	4.64	4.36
6 a.m.	6.48	5.37	4.90	4.62	4.34
7 a.m.	6.49	5.36	4.88	4.60	4.32
8 a.m.	6.50	5.35	4.86	4.58	4.30
9 a.m.	6.51	5.34	4.84	4.56	4.28
10 a.m.	6.52	5.33	4.82	4.54	4.26
11 a.m.	6.53	5.32	4.80	4.52	4.24
12 m.	6.54	5.31	4.78	4.50	4.22
1 p.m.	6.55	5.30	4.76	4.48	4.20
2 p.m.	6.56	5.29	4.74	4.46	4.18
3 p.m.	6.57	5.28	4.72	4.44	4.16
4 p.m.	6.58	5.27	4.70	4.42	4.14
5 p.m.	6.59	5.26	4.68	4.40	4.12
6 p.m.	7.00	5.25	4.66	4.38	4.10
7 p.m.	7.01	5.24	4.64	4.36	4.08
8 p.m.	7.02	5.23	4.62	4.34	4.06
9 p.m.	7.03	5.22	4.60	4.32	4.04
10 p.m.	7.04	5.21	4.58	4.30	4.02
11 p.m.	7.05	5.20	4.56	4.28	4.00
12 m.	7.06	5.19	4.54	4.26	3.98
1 a.m.	7.07	5.18	4.52	4.24	3.96
2 a.m.	7.08	5.17	4.50	4.22	3.94
3 a.m.	7.09	5.16	4.48	4.20	3.92
4 a.m.	7.10	5.15	4.46	4.18	3.90
5 a.m.	7.11	5.14	4.44	4.16	3.88
6 a.m.	7.12	5.13	4.42	4.14	3.86
7 a.m.	7.13	5.12	4.40	4.12	3.84
8 a.m.	7.14	5.11	4.38	4.10	3.82
9 a.m.	7.15	5.10	4.36	4.08	3.80
10 a.m.	7.16	5.09	4.34	4.06	3.78
11 a.m.	7.17	5.08	4.32	4.04	3.76
12 m.	7.18	5.07	4.30	4.02	3.74
1 p.m.	7.19	5.06	4.28	4.00	3.72
2 p.m.	7.20	5.05	4.26	3.98	3.70
3 p.m.	7.21	5.04	4.24	3.96	3.68
4 p.m.	7.22	5.03	4.22	3.94	3.66
5 p.m.	7.23	5.02	4.20	3.92	3.64
6 p.m.	7.24	5.01	4.18	3.90	3.62
7 p.m.	7.25	5.00	4.16	3.88	3.60
8 p.m.	7.26	4.99	4.14	3.86	3.58
9 p.m.	7.27	4.98	4.12	3.84	3.56
10 p.m.	7.28	4.97	4.10	3.82	3.54
11 p.m.	7.29	4.96	4.08	3.80	3.52
12 m.	7.30	4.95	4.06	3.78	3.50
1 a.m.	7.31	4.94	4.04	3.76	3.48
2 a.m.	7.32	4.93	4.02	3.74	3.46
3 a.m.	7.33	4.92	4.00	3.72	3.44
4 a.m.	7.34	4.91	3.98	3.70	3.42
5 a.m.	7.35	4.90	3.96	3.68	3.40
6 a.m.	7.36	4.89	3.94	3.66	3.38
7 a.m.	7.37	4.88	3.92	3.64	3.36
8 a.m.	7.38	4.87	3.90	3.62	3.34
9 a.m.	7.39	4.86	3.88	3.60	3.32
10 a.m.	7.40	4.85	3.86	3.58	3.30
11 a.m.	7.41	4.84	3.84	3.56	3.28
12 m.	7.42	4.83	3.82	3.54	3.26
1 p.m.					