

PART OF CREW OF BRITISH SHIP QUEEN MARY A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE SHE WAS SUNK



All these jolly fellows went down with their ship in the Battle of Jutland. The photograph was taken at a moment among the stokers and the negative mailed to England on the last mail which left before the battle.

THE THIRD BATTLE OF YPRES: CANADIANS' SUPERB HEROISM

By BECKLES WILLSON, London "Daily Express" Special Correspondent

British Headquarters, June 8.—Momentous events have been happening elsewhere in rapid and tragic succession. Public attention has largely been diverted from this sector. Even had the official communiques been less meagre, it would, perhaps, have been hard for the English reader to keep a healthy sense of proportion. Whatever the cause, there is ample reason to believe that the nature, extent, and significance of the late third battle of Ypres are not generally realized.

On Friday, June 2, a crescent-shaped line, extending from the little village of Hooge on the north to Hill 60 on the south, and passing through Sanctuary Wood, a distance roughly of a couple of miles, was held by soldiers from the overseas west. They were ranchers, farmers, and miners, and they were merchants and clerks from Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver. Some hailed from Toronto, and others from as far east as Montreal. On their extreme left, where it links up with a British division, was a famous regiment whose deeds have already thrilled the Empire, which, repeatedly shattered, has returned again and again to take up a post of danger on the firing line. Others were the Canadian Mounted Rifles and the Royal Canadian Regiment.

Tragedy-Haunted Ruins
The two divisions to which these troops belong have been in the trenches for many months, watching, eagerly and ardently, every move of the enemy's game. What that game was every man knew well. It was to push past them and gain that tragically-haunted grey heap of crumbling masonry which a brief year ago was still called the city of Ypres. This each and every man of them was pledged to defend to the last drop of his life-blood. For weeks there had been a comparative lull, brigades weary with work and tension, came in and out, they were relieved or went to relieve. Yet uppermost in every mind was this: "What will the next big push come, and where? Twice the Germans have come on in smashing force to destroy the Ypres salient; two deadly battles have been fought. Am I fated to take part in the third?"

The question whether this battle in Sanctuary Wood was a real battle, an important battle, may be answered here and for all. If you were to take all the actions along the British front, from the very beginning, there is none which illustrates so vividly, so intensely, the whole character of the fighting in this war. It combines the essential features of all, with the exception of poison gas, which, compact and murderous, it was by far the greatest ordeal to which the Canadians have yet been subjected. As an exhibition of British steadfastness it is unsurpassed in the war. "Comparable only to Verdun" is the comment to me of a distinguished commander, when the fury of the German bombardment was mentioned.

"Silent Liesies"
On this brilliant June morning, behind those hostile parapets 800 yards away, the enemy had been massing his artillery—guns of every age, shape and calibre, but chiefly the terrible 5.9, even naval guns, the "Silent Liesies," mountains of shells, pyramids of bombs. Long rows of German gunners along those two miles of front daily awaited the signal, and the time for the signal had come. General Mercer, ever alert, often astrid soon after daybreak, had gone forward to the front trenches at so early an hour as half-past six. He was met by General Victor Williams, commanding the brigade then holding the front trenches. These, in company with the lamented Colonel Shaw, made the inspection.

The soil here is loose and damp and sandy, and only by rigid care and incessant exertion can the trenches be maintained.

Seventy yards from the spot was the dressing station of his battalion. Here another brave officer lolled unceremoniously all through that terrible morning, the wounded coming to him, many crawling on hands and knees, by scores. Before the war this R. A. M. C. captain was a jovial ship's surgeon in a steamer plying between Vancouver and Honolulu. He was a man of infinite courage—"nothing ever rattled him or upset his temper," said one survivor to me. When the dressing station was shelled he moved with his assistant, deliberately and coolly, to another more exposed ground, and continued his human work to the last.

A certain private hailing from Kam-sack, in distant Saskatchewan, was ministering to an officer and three desperately wounded men. He refused to leave them when the hell came, and the Germans were seen advancing, although they

urged him to do so. "I said I'd stand by you, boys," he said, "and I will." That was the last that was seen of him. By this time it was ten minutes to one o'clock—after four hours' steady bombardment—the storm of shell ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Fourth light from the opposite trenches, sprang a swarm of grey-coated Huns. Fully accoutred, and with overcoats, and full packs, they advanced on the run, yelling wildly. They must have been firmly convinced that amid those ragged, battered, scared, and bloody mounds and ditches, which four hours before had been the British trenches, not one single human soul had escaped.

Of those advancing hordes certainly few were in proper fighting trim. They came forward gaily, light-heartedly, as victors after a victory. It was then the most wonderful thing happened. Out of the earth there sprang up a handful of wild-eyed soldiers, two officers among them, muddled and reeking with sweat, and, running forward with upraised rifles and pistols, they bade defiance to the oncoming foe. On they ran, and, having discharged their weapons, flung them in the very face of the Hun. Death was inevitable for these—the only remaining occupants of the British front line—and it was better to die than breathing defiance to the enemy, than be shot in a ditch and spat through with a Hun bayonet.

The "Princess Pat"
Only the wounded or those suffering from shell-shock fell into the hands of the enemy, and among these were General Williams and Colonel Usher, both of whom were in communication with a Toronto officer, himself in the very thick of the fight and who performed wonders of valor, mentions that he had last seen General Mercer sitting dazed and dejected on the ground just as the shell fire ceased and the Germans were advancing. General Williams was slightly wounded in the face.

The cessation of fire was the signal for the Canadian soldiers to hasten forward to meet the enemy, who was now advancing in force and bringing up his machine guns and bombers. The battalion holding Maple Copse planted itself later in the day. The Princess Patricia's, holding Hooge, fought with all their accustomed gallantry, led by the brave Colonel Buller, and helped, although at great cost, to check the further German advance. Colonel Buller met his death in the most heroic fashion, and the second in command, Major Hamilton Gaul, was wounded in two places, but it is hoped not seriously.

It was impossible within these limits to recount even a tithe of the outstanding deeds of heroism of that day's battle, which waged without cessation until nine at night. I could relate many. One striking story there is of a person from Medicine Hat, on the Bow River. At the outbreak of war he flung aside his surplus and enlisted as a private. He came to England with his outfall, where his talent for ministrations and good works could not be concealed, and he was promptly, when a vacancy occurred, appointed chaplain.

With Bare Fists
When the battalion arrived in France he felt it his duty to strike a blow of a sterner sort for his country, and returned to the combatant ranks. He, on this day in Sanctuary Wood, wielded a rifle with accuracy and effect as long as his ammunition lasted, and then went after the Germans with a bayonet. After one particularly fierce thrust the weapon broke. Whereupon this officer bared his arms and flew at one brawny Boche with his fists, and the last seen of him he was lying prone and overpowered.

The outstanding feature of the day is, however, not the numerous traits of individual valor. It is the marvellous discipline and cohesion of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, which I find evokes most praise from the survivors. When one was struck down and unable to give orders, another took his place automatically, and was obeyed implicitly and instantly.

In most of the battalions the losses have been very severe. But the morale of all ranks was unimpaired, and the men, who had been through an experience which might well weaken the purpose of the strongest and stoutest, were fit and ready to dawn on the morrow to undertake a counter-attack, the tale of which I must leave to be told.

"Here comes Binkers. He's got a new baby and he'll talk us to death." "Well, here comes a neighbor of mine who has a new setter dog. Let's introduce them to each other and leave 'em to their fate."

VICTORY FOR THE ALLIES

British and French Sweep Through German Lines

Begin Great Offensive

Advance Along Front of Twenty-five Miles to Depth of Several Miles in Places—Many Positions of Great Importance Captured and Held

Paris, July 2.—The battle of the Somme, now in full progress, marks the opening of the Franco-British offensive long expected as a critical, if not the decisive stage of the war.

Early reports today show that the Entente Allied forces are sweeping forward along a 25 mile front. The French already have taken about 6,000 prisoners, while the Allied lines have enveloped, within the last 24 hours nine villages and fifty square miles of French territory held until now by the Germans.

The fighting lines extend between a great number of small villages which are usually devoted to textile industries, while the outlying agricultural sections are level fields chiefly devoted to beet culture for the extensive sugar production of France.

The intense bombardment of the last four days was the signal for an advance over these fields beginning at 7:30 o'clock yesterday morning. The Allied artillery then lengthened the range so as to cut the communication between the first German line and the German reserves in the rear. This made it impossible for the Germans to utilize their perfect organized places for the shifting of troops and for the bringing up of reinforcements. It is thought by French military observers that the Germans miscalculated the intentions of the Entente Allies and expected the attacks further to the north.

Huns Flee in Panic
The villages which the French captured in the first sweep include Dompierre, Beaucourt, Bussum and Fay, and these and the towns taken by the British—Montauban and Maunet—were all found to have been strongly fortified by the Germans. The Allies, profiting from their experience in this war, quickly threw up strong earthworks around the villages thus taken in order to protect them against counter-attacks. It was not before night, however, that the Germans were able to deliver any counter-attack. This was centered against the French position on the outskirts of Harcourt and it was repulsed with heavy losses, ending in a precipitate retreat.

In addition to the military success the terrain over-run by the Allied troops has an exceptional strategic importance. Four of the towns captured by the Entente are only seven miles west of Peronne, the chief railway from the German front in the region of Neve and Soissons.

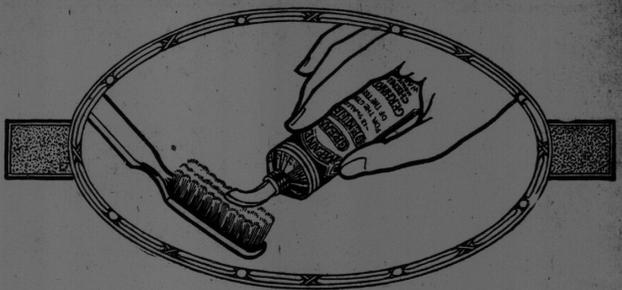
Threaten to Cut Railway
The German headquarters is at St. Quentin, 35 miles southeast of Peronne. Already the French forces threaten Peronne with the evident purpose of cutting the trunk railway there, which is an indispensable artery for German military reinforcements.

Verdun, a German Nightmare
Desperate fighting continues around Verdun, and although this field of action is separated by nearly one hundred miles from the fighting in the north, Verdun is considered part of the vast movement unfolding.

The French have now taken the aggressive at Verdun, today's report shows an attack on Dead Man's Hill, although preceded by "gusts of fire" and made by infantry in mass formation.

TELEGRAPH GAVE THE NEWS
The citizens of St. John were hungry yesterday for news of the big offensive movement by the Allies. The Telegraph issued a special edition yesterday afternoon and the sale was a big one. Every-

where there was a big demand and the issue satisfied the people, especially those who had relatives at the front. The news boys resped a harvest and as a result two Nathan boys sold one thousand copies; McCallum brothers sold seven hundred and many others managed without any difficulty to sell hundreds. It was a day on which the public craved for news and it was given them.



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Advertisement for Polarine motor oil. It features an illustration of a vintage open-top car. The text reads: "RUNNING ON AIR. Just a quiet hum is all you hear from the engine that is lubricated with Polarine. Buy it under this sign." Below the car, it says "WE SELL PREMIER MOTOR OIL" and "Polarine MOTOR OIL". At the bottom, it identifies "THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY Limited" and "BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES".

with heavy German losses and the taking of prisoners. The French are thus keeping the Germans fully occupied at Verdun, and are preventing them from sending reinforcements to relieve their weakened line in the north.

On Russian Front
Desperate attacks against the Russian line at various points have been definitely repulsed according to an official statement issued at the war office,

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