

GOING INTO ACTION ABOARD WARSHIP IN DARDANELLES A THRILLING ADVENTURE

Famous correspondent watched engagement from Foretop Control Station—Says he felt very insecure and lonely—Sailors in Control Station on British boat called down ranges to gunners through speaking-tubes.

Mr. E. Ashmead Bartlett was in a battleship which entered the Dardanelles as far as the edge of the mine-field to cover a destroyer that was making a reconnaissance. The thrills of the adventure are described below. The war correspondent watched the scene from the control station on the foretop and wrote the following for the London Daily Mail:

The weather has been very bad all the morning, with storms of wind and rain, which at this moment almost blot out the shore. On safely negotiating the shoals and the coalhole I find myself in a small oblong chamber of thin steel, which would, not even keep out a bullet fired at close range. It is open all round at the top, and has a similar thin steel roof. Inside are a lieutenant of marines, a naval lieutenant, two midshipmen, and three sailors, a range-finder, several pairs of glasses, some telescopes, and the eternal voice-pipe, duryphones, and telephones for speaking to the conning-tower, the engine-room, the batteries, and the transmitting station.

My sensations are very strange when I find myself aloft. They are quite different from those which you get when about to go into action on land. A feeling of intense insecurity comes over me, and also one of extreme loneliness. In the ship beneath not a soul is visible, all are hidden below, and will know nothing until it is over. In an hour they will probably be still safe and sound or else drowned like rats in a huge trap.

But these reflections only last a few moments and you become interested in what your companions are doing. The lieutenant of marines is trying to pick up ranges on the Asiatic coast. The two midshipmen, who you feel ought to be back at school and not about to enter the Dardanelles, seem perfectly happy—and contented with their lot and are discussing what happened in the last fight. The lieutenant is using very strong language down a voice tube to some unknown individual buried somewhere in the bowels of the ship who will not reply audibly to him. The three sailors have each his ear to a telephone and his mouth to a tube. They seem to be indulging in a solemn Gregorian chant, which never ceases, and the only words I can catch are "Foretop to P. Battery," "Foretop to X Battery," "Foretop to A Battery." The words are drawn and drawn out. They are followed by instructions as to various ranges which have been taken by the marine lieutenant.

Fighting Begins.
We are now well up the Straits and wondering when the enemy will begin. The destroyer is about 200 yards ahead when someone shouts out, "They're off," just as if it were a race. You hear the whistle of a shell and a jet of water rises up just astern of her. At that same moment there is a deafening roar, which makes you spring a yard in the air, and you hear one of our six shells roaring its way through space landwards. We watch for the explosion, and, knowing the position of the battery on the chart we are to signal the proximity of the shot down a speaking tube. Then we hear the screech of more shells, and more great splashes of water rise up ahead, astern and at the side of the destroyer.

You can watch her small bridge crowded with officers, for they are taking up some officers to make a reconnaissance. Our guns now blaze away freely at the Asiatic and European shores, and the noise is deafening. There is a medley of sounds caused by guns being fired, shells screaming overhead, some hitting the water with a flop, others bursting in the air, the eternal chant of "Foretop to Y Battery," "Foretop to X Battery" from the three sailors.

The enemy's fire is concentrated on the destroyer, whose movements are interesting and instructive to watch. She is writhing about on all sides as if she had a bad pain inside her, at other times she reminds you irresistibly of one of Gaby's strange dances. Then it dawns on you that she is engaged in putting the enemy off their aim.

One moment she is steaming slowly ahead, and a shell drops astern of her, and she shoots off at full speed towards the Asiatic coast, when another drops in front, which sends her scotching towards the European. She is no sooner over there when a battery on that side drops some quite close, whereupon she turns suddenly in her own length, and dashes back towards us, which brings the enemy's fire just ahead again, and so on, from side to side, up and down, twisting and turning, dancing about like a mad dervish.

Terrible Disturbance.
All this time our six guns are blazing away at both shores, the gunners firing at the flashes of the enemy's guns, as it is difficult to pick up their location from the foretop. H. M. S. Prince of Wales astern of us, has also come into action and fires some rapid salvoes, which cause a terrible disturbance to somebody's property, even if they miss the Turkish guns.

We have now almost reached the point where our instructions have told us to stop and let the destroyer go on alone, while we afford her what protection we can. She goes on some

little distance, with shells dropping all around her, but is in luck and is not hit. Then, having apparently accomplished her mission, she turns and dashes past us down the Straits. This brings the enemy's guns directly on us, and the shells scream overhead. You imagine that each is coming direct into the foretop, but they all miss and either burst short or in the water beyond.

Then we slowly and majestically turn under a desultory fire and follow her down to the entrance. The enemy's aim is very bad, some of their shells passing right over the Straits and hitting the opposite shore. H. M. S. Prince of Wales comes up astern and follows us around, and after a few more shots the "Cease fire" is sounded. It has only been a small affair, and we have not been hit, but just as interesting as a big battle to those who have never seen a battleship in action.

When we clear the Straits the crew are allowed up from their stations. The ship springs to life once more. Portholes are opened, the skylights removed and the deck-rail replaced. Then we sit down to an excellent lunch, and in the afternoon resume our old struggle at deck quilts.

A COMPLETE WRECK From the After Effects of Pneumonia Followed by Diphtheria.

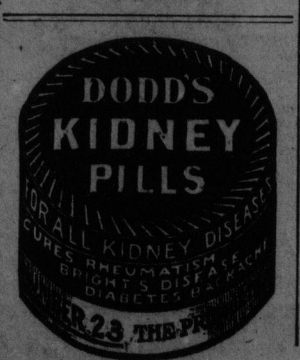
Frequently the after effects of illness are more serious than the original trouble. This was the case with Mrs. James B. Moir, Mutana, Sask. Mrs. Moir says: "Some years ago, perfectly happy—and contented with their lot and are discussing what happened in the last fight. The lieutenant is using very strong language down a voice tube to some unknown individual buried somewhere in the bowels of the ship who will not reply audibly to him. The three sailors have each his ear to a telephone and his mouth to a tube. They seem to be indulging in a solemn Gregorian chant, which never ceases, and the only words I can catch are 'Foretop to P. Battery,' 'Foretop to X Battery,' 'Foretop to A Battery.' The words are drawn and drawn out. They are followed by instructions as to various ranges which have been taken by the marine lieutenant."

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"AMERICAN" SPY SUICIDE, JURY SAYS

London, May 28—A coroner's jury today returned a verdict of suicide in the case of Anton Kupeferle, who put an end to his trial in London on a charge of espionage by hanging himself in his cell in Brixton prison a week ago. Kupeferle claimed to be a naturalized American. He was born in Switzerland, but at one time he lived in Brooklyn.

The medical officer of Brixton prison testified to the jury that Kupeferle showed no signs of insanity, in spite of the mental strain he was under.



King of Italy With His Army Chief



KING VICTOR
EMMANUEL AND
GENERAL
CADORNA
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One of the latest photographs of the King of Italy is this one, which shows H. M. Victor Emmanuel (left) riding with General Luigi Cadorna (right), the commander in chief of the Italian army, during the mobilization of the Italian troops, just previous to the declaration of war.

On May 7th the attack continued, the French troops again improving their position, while on the left the Twenty-Ninth Division succeeded just before sunset in driving the enemy back nearly into the village of Krithia.

May 8th the attack was again resumed, and an advance in the face of a very heavy fire was begun. French troops attacked the Turkish trenches with the bayonet and the whole line, except on the extreme left, advanced steadily. During the night the Turks attempted a counter-attack but this was everywhere repulsed with heavy losses.

During the fighting of these three days the Australian corps at Sari Bair, in spite of having sent reinforcements to support the main attack successfully held their own and resisted all attacks.

The fight on these three days were severe. Happily a large proportion of the British casualties represented only slight wounds. It had been clearly demonstrated that the Turkish defenses were strongly constructed, and that their capture must be achieved by the slow and methodical methods of trench warfare.

French Fought With Great Dash.
The French forces throughout these operations fought with significant courage and dash, also they suffered heavy losses.

During May 9th ground was gained everywhere and consolidated. At 10.45 p. m. an attack was brilliantly carried out by the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Battalions of the Fourth Australian Infantry Brigade. These detachments attacked and carried with the bayonet three lines of Turkish trenches at Sari Bair and established themselves therein.

A heavy Turkish counter-attack was launched at dawn of May 10th and forced the Australians back to their original trenches, but the guns of the corps were in readiness and they opened fire on the enemy at close range. The execution was terrible and the bodies of Turks lay so thick upon the

ground as to form an obstacle.

During May 10, 11, and 12, further reinforcements for the French, British and Australian troops arrived. On the night of May 12th, troops of the Twenty-Ninth Division under Major General Hunter Weston, undertook an attack against the enemy's extreme right, under cover of a demonstration by artillery and infantry. A double company of Gurkhas crept along under the sea cliffs and occupied a cleft in front of the Allied line, where they dug themselves in during the night.

On May 13 and 14 the left of the Allied line was again further advanced and the position of the Indian Brigade made secure.

On May 17 the Twenty-Ninth Division worked further forward and established themselves in trenches 200

yards in advance. The Allied artillery was well handled. Added by aeroplanes observation it destroyed, by direct hits, a Turkish howitzer and exploded a wagon-load of heavy gun ammunition, as well as demolishing some new Turkish entrenchments.

On this day General Bridges, commanding the Australian Division, was mortally wounded during an attack on the Australian position. His subsequent death caused an irreparable loss to his command.

A further advance was made on the night of May 18 by the French troops supported by the Royal Naval Division.

During the night of May 19 a continuous fire was maintained against the Australian and New Zealand corps, but no attack was delivered.

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Lord Curzon, who has recently returned to England from the front, speaking before the Primrose League, in London, said that he was more concerned with the problem of men than of munitions. He believed that men had been coming in for a long time past with at least as much rapidity as they could be provided with equipment; and he did not say that at present steps should be taken greatly to increase the flow, but he wanted the government to look ahead. They might have enough men for three months hence or the early autumn. Had they enough for next spring and next summer—enough to carry them to the end of the war? Perhaps the men they had or were going to have would be enough, if they were merely going to force back the Germans from with which they would certainly wreak a certain and terrible revenge. But if the end of the war was to be that stated by the Prime Minister; if they were to exorcise the evil spirit of German militarism, to relieve the world of the menace that overhung it, and cripple Germany's power of doing the same thing again, they had not got the necessary men, and he saw no chance under the present system of getting them.

Two kinds of respirators are in especial favor with the British War Office as defences against the poisonous gases used by Germans. One of these is shaped conically, like the nose of a horse, and made of wire mesh, covered with stockinette; an alkali cartridge is fixed in front, and when the nose is dipped in water the alkali and water spread over the surface of the mesh, and the action of the noxious gases is neutralized. These respirators are said to be specially adapted for chlorine fumes. They are being ordered in large quantities, and have been sent direct to Sir John French. The second kind, adopted by the Grenadier Guards, is fashioned of a loose fabric like a mask, fitted with a transparent slip of mica; at the mouth is an alkali filter. This latter respirator is from Col. Cantlie's design, and is said to be the best to counteract the fumes of bromine, which have immediate effect on the eyes. It is now realized that an alkali is a necessity to counteract German gases, and the ordinary cotton-wool pad, while excellent in a laboratory or for one occasion only, would be of little value where it had to be used repeatedly against bromine or chlorine.

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