

Bruce County News

HOW HE WON THE D. C. M.

A Walkerton boy sends some interesting particulars as to how Corp. Ed. Eidd won the Distinguished Conduct Medal. It appears that Ed. was in charge of his gun which his crew was firing from a shell hole in No Man's Land one night, when one of the trench mortar shells weighing 13 pounds and filled with high explosive (enough to kill one hundred men at close range) in some way ignited and the fuse began to burn. Ed. knew he had less than twenty seconds before it would explode and cause all the rest of the ammunition in the gun pit to explode and kill all the men in it, but he took it out of the gun, which requires some time to do, deliberately carried it down the trench and threw it out where it could do no harm. By running the awful risk he saved the men in the trench. He did the same thing on two occasions. The second night he was slightly wounded, decorated and promoted to corporal. It is understood that he was recommended for the V.C. but got the D.C.M.

YOUNG KINCARDINE HERO

Jack Anderson, a lad about twelve years of age, is a real hero. At Inverhuron the other day Miss Daniels, a trained nurse from Durham who was in bathing, got into a deep hole and was drowning. Young Anderson without hesitation went to her aid and caught her by the hair and swam with her toward the dock. Miss Belle Drummond tried to assist the lad but got into the hole. Her sister Jennie went to her assistance and in a few moments three girls, unable to swim, were struggling in water thirty feet deep. Jack Anderson succeeded in getting Miss Daniels safely to the dock, and Delbert Span plunged in and saved the Drummond sisters.

NOTHING MORE GLORIOUS

A few words from an address by His Grace Archbishop Sinnott of the Roman Catholic diocese at Winnipeg, delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the honour roll in the Brandon Catholic church, are appropos and comforting at the present time.

"I have been told" said his grace, "that there is a small reservation of Indians at Cape Croker, Ontario, where every man of military age and fitness took up arms when the country called. I know not what credence may be attached to that report, but were it true it were a glory which might be the envy of every community in the land. For my own part, I would desiderate nothing more glorious for any parish in this arch-diocese. And even if every able bodied young man paid the supreme penalty, the community would indeed be the loser, but the democracy we cherish would not be the loser for their names would be a precious heritage to encourage and inspire wherever duty called for courage and sacrifice.

"Now to the honour which we willingly pay to those who are gone and to the sorrow which we naturally feel at their loss, we must add the suffrage of our prayers. That is another reason why we are here to-night. Before this altar of sacrifice and in the presence of the Divine Victim who dwells thereon, we join with you in prayer that God may heed their sacrifice and grant them eternal rest. Their blood has watered the soil of France and they are buried in nameless graves far from those they loved, but the sweet aroma of their heroic deeds is still with us and will endure as long as time will last. That God may bless the families from which they sprung and bless the country for which they died is our most fervent prayer."

Cheer up, the barbers are only just managing to scrape along and butcher business is all cut up.