

faces of the Huns. Death was inevitable for these — the only surviving occupants of the British front line and it was better to die thus, breathing defiance to a cowardly enemy, than be shot in a ditch and spitted through with a Hun bayonet.

Few but the wounded fell into the hands of the enemy. A Toronto Officer, himself in the very thick of the fight and performing wonders of valour, told me that he had last seen General Mercer sitting dazed and wounded on the ground, just as the shell-fire ceased and the Germans were advancing. Amongst the prisoners were General Williams and Colonel Usher, both of whom were lying in a communication trench at "Vigo Street". General Williams was wounded in the face.

The cessation of fire was the signal for the Canadian supports 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 became planted firmly and refused to budge, and having dug itself in, held that position all day. Colonel Baker, of the Mounted Rifles, was unhappily hit by a shell in the lungs and died later in the day. The Princess Patricias fought with all their accustomed gallantry led by the brave Colonel Buller, and helped, although at great cost, to check the further German advance.

Buller, his blood up, seeing his men giving way a little, ordered them to charge along a trench known as Gordon Road. He was encouraging them when he was slain. The second in command of the Patricias, Major Hamilton Gault, was severely wounded.

The machine guns of the Royal Canadian Regiment inflicted fearful mortality. Between them and the Princess Patricias was a gap, fifty yards wide, into which the Germans poured on finding it undefended, and were smashed on both flanks, being mowed down by scores. On their arrival at the "Appendix" only forty yards from the enemy's front trenches, they were met by a withering fire which almost obliterated