

GERMAN SUBMARINE FIRED ON CREW OF BRITISH SHIP WHILE THEY WERE GETTING INTO BOATS

AQUILA'S CREW GIVEN ONLY FOUR MINUTES TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE

Thirteen Lost Lives when German Raider U-28 Attacked British Steamer on South-east Coast of Ireland—Fired on Small Boat Containing Women.

Fleghuard, Wales, March 29.—Thirteen members of the crew of the British steamer Aquila, which was sunk by the German submarine U-28 on Saturday night lost their lives. The survivors who arrived here today say the Aquila was sunk at a point fifty miles southwest of The Smalls, a group of rocks on the southeast coast of Ireland.

The crew was given four minutes in which to leave the ship but, survivors say, the steamer was fired upon while the men were getting into the boats. The chief engineer and two others were killed by shell fire and the lives of ten other men were lost.

The captain of the submarine hailed another steamer, the Ottilie, and told her captain of the sinking of the Aquila. The Ottilie went to the rescue. Captain Bannerman, of the Aquila, said the submarine fired across the bows of the steamer but he speeded up to fourteen knots to clear the under-sea vessel. The submarine was making eighteen knots, however, and quickly overtook them.

The attempt of the Aquila to escape seemed to arouse the anger of the Germans for they gave the crew and passengers only four minutes in which to leave the ship. But before this the submarine opened fire which was kept up rapidly while the crew was launching the boats, killing the chief engineer and two of the crew and wounding several others.

One member of the crew rescued said that a boat in which were ten sailors, a woman passenger and a stewardess was fired on and the passenger was killed while the stewardess was thrown into the water and drowned. Finally the boat capsized and sank.

The captain of the Ottilie which picked up the remaining boat, said the submarine was the U-28 and apparently a new craft.

THE DYING LEADING THE BLIND IN CLOUDLAND

An observer mortally wounded enables his pilot whose sight is destroyed to make safe landing.

Paris, March 28.—One of the most dramatic incidents of the war, which occurred when the fighting in Flanders was at its height, is now related. A lieutenant observer with a sergeant as pilot was ordered to locate a German concealed battery whose fire had become extremely troublesome. They succeeded in locating three batteries, although greeted by a perfect storm of shell, and then the lieutenant shouted: "Our mission is finished. Half turn, and quick about it!"

"You bet I was not long in turning," said the pilot in telling the story. "But we had scarcely gone 500 yards when the rain of shot and shell began harder than ever. The smoke enshrouded us so thickly that it was impossible to see twenty yards ahead. Out of this hell we were endeavoring to rise when one shell better directed than the others burst just above our heads with a terrific crash.

"For a moment I believed my brain had burst. Then the dense fog shut all the surrounding objects from view. Despite my pain, I kept the machine at the same height in order to avoid projectiles, which were becoming scarcer. 'Are you all right, lieutenant?' I shouted, but received no reply. Then, opening my eyes, I saw nothing but blackness all around me.

"I continued in the same direction approximately for two minutes, when, to my astonishment, the lieutenant called out, 'Look out, man. Go up! Go up!' Quickly I twisted, raising the plane shot up, at the same time tearing away the weather vane from a steeple on which the machine had just escaped destruction.

"I thank you, lieutenant," I said, you must excuse me, but I cannot see. But you are wounded?"

"Yes," he answered. "I fear seriously." Then, seeing I was turning my back on our lines, he said, "Make a half turn to the left. Move to the left still. That's right. Straight ahead now!"

"Soon a fresh hail of bullets warned me that we were again above the German lines. Three minutes later the voice of the observer called, 'That's it. Here we are. I see our men down there waiting for us. Shut off the spark and volplane gently down. I heard no more, but soon after, at the end of a spiral, our landing wheels grated on the ground.'

There was a murmur among the bystanders, who saw the pilot blind forever and the body of the lieutenant, who had just breathed his last. But the pilot said, "All I regret is that I cannot do it again."

Home For Blind Soldiers Opened in Hospital Which St. Louis Founded in 1260

Young American who enlisted in Foreign Legion and lost eyesight fighting for France, among the first admitted to the Home.

Paris, March 29.—An annex for soldiers who have lost their sight during the war was opened today in the ancient asylum Quinze Vingts, which was founded in the year 1260 by Louis IX (St. Louis), after some three hundred of his followers had been blinded in his crusades.

Among the first twenty men admitted to the annex was a young American named Joseph Amar. He is twenty-two years old, and was born in Washington, D. C. Amar was at Lyons working for an electrical company when the war began. He enlisted in the Foreign Legion and took part in dangerous scouting tasks, and was especially skillful in throwing hand-grenades into German trenches. He lost both his eyes by the premature bursting of a grenade, thrown by a comrade. The Military Medal, which is reserved for the "heroes of France," has been awarded Amar.

"I am glad to have fought for France and for the justice of the French cause," said Amar today.

The director of the hospital says the youth has never uttered a word of regret at the loss of his eyes. He will be educated in reading and writing in the manner taught blind persons.

Battle Raging in Uzsock Pass Where Russians Have Received Reinforcements

London, Mar. 29.—Despatches to Budapest newspapers say that the battle is raging with undiminished violence in the Uzsock Pass and to the west. The difficulties experienced by the troops because of the rough character of the ground and the weather conditions are said to be enormous. Although the weather is warmer snow still lies on the ground to a depth of several feet, rendering the movements of the troops and the transport of munitions extremely hard.

The Russians, the despatches say, have concentrated greatly increased forces of troops in the Uzsock Pass and, aided by continual reinforcements, maintain incessant attacks on the Austrian positions. The correspondent of the newspaper Nap says these attacks thus far have been successfully repulsed.

The Austrian ministry of railways announces that no Easter excursion trains will be run.

The Austrian War Office has declined to accede to the public demands that facilities be given them to send Easter gifts to the troops at the front, declaring that the weather and traffic conditions render such a parcel post service impossible.

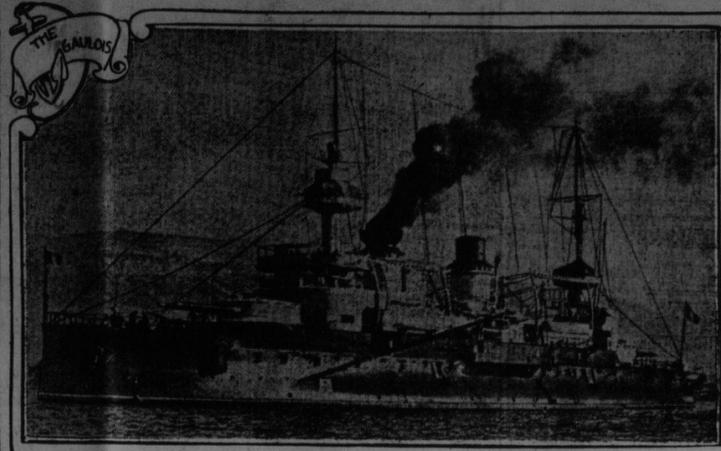
THE 65TH ANNIVERSARY OF GOLDEN RULE DIVISION S. OF T. AT HOPEWELL

Hopewell Hill, Mar. 27.—A very interesting session was held in the Division Hall on Tuesday evening by Golden Rule Division Sons of Temperance No. 51 when the members with over thirty invited guests met together for the celebration of its 65th anniversary. The evening was enjoyably spent, an interesting programme being carried out. Miss Nellie C. Newcomb, acting worthy patriarch, presided. Several musical selections were given which included a solo by J. M. Tingley, quartette by Mrs. Jennie Rogers, Mary A. Russell, J. M. Tingley and T. G. Moore. Readings by the Misses Mary E. Archibald, Frances Rogers, Nellie Newcomb and Ella Rogers were given. Excellent addresses were delivered by Rev. Thomas Stebbings and Rev. H. E. De Wolfe and Messrs. F. G. Moore, M. M. Tingley, Alex. Rogers, G. M. Russell and William J. McKinnon.

This temperance society since its organization on March 26th, 1850, has regularly met week by week and is still in a prosperous condition and doing good work.

It might here be noted that all the Hopewell Hill boys who have enlisted are either members of the Sons of Temperance or I. O. G. T. One of them, Albert Steeves, who came from Maine to St. John to enlist got his early temperance training in Golden Rule Division.

DAMAGED BATTLE SHIP AGAIN READY TO FIGHT.



The French battle ship Gaulois, which was damaged in the attack on the Dardanelles, has been repaired and is ready to resume operations. The Gaulois has played a prominent part in the bombardment of the Turkish forts and is expected to figure in the forcing of the straits, which will open the route to Constantinople.

The Most Picturesque Hour in The Trenches

Between sunset and dark when guns make ready for night's work—Bullets fly and night lights flash overhead.

By PHIL RADER. (Copyright, 1915 by the United Press)

London, March 22.—The most picturesque and weird hours of all the life in the trenches is between sunset and darkness.

If the real picture were put on the stage it wouldn't be believed. As you sit and watch it, you feel your eyes and mind are deceiving you. As the sun sinks and grows red and the shadows grow long, the gulch of the trench fills with early light. It begins to grow cold, and the frost crystals form on the muddy sides of the trenches, giving the effect of tinsel, or bits of bright stones. The darkness of the trench is broken now and then by the flare of a cigarette, puffed nervously or by the flare of a rifle.

Silhouetted against the red sky is the erect figure of a legion soldier, his glistening bayonet protruding above the trench walls and catching the dying glare of the sun's light on a distant hill, which flickers in the Morse code a message from a French battery to its comrades many miles distant. They are talking of some new plot to kill human beings. There is a rattle of rifles, and their quick flashes, first at one point in your trench, and then in another, from afar come the putt! putt! of a Maxim gun. During the hours of daylight, the machine gun men have got their ranges and fixed their arms, and now, in the darkness, when their precious guns are safest from sharpshooters, they flare out the results of the day's work.

From distant corners of the compass comes the roar of deep throated batteries.

The stars seem all the brighter, because you are gazing at them from the bottom of your black trench. Suddenly the sky is bisected by an arc of sparks terminated by a beautiful glare of pure white light, which transforms night into day for the space of many seconds. It is a night light sent up by the enemy so they can see what they are doing we might possibly, they think, be out of our trenches, with our bayonets fixed charging on them through the dark.

After the white light fades, the night seems darker than ever.

The bullets whistle and shriek overhead almost instantly, and all the night it will be like this, noises and lights, noises and lights. The night is filled with danger and surprises. Daylight charges were never made; it was in the night time, in the smallest, quietest hours, that either the Germans left their trenches or we left ours to run ahead into a hand-to-hand stabbing affray with the enemy.

The gray of morning is a sight of good cheer. In our trench we measured the morning light by whether or not we could see the legs of the "juggler" flitting in the wind of a Frenchman which for some six weeks lay some 200 feet in front of our trenches, lying on his back, with his arms outstretched, a canvas water bucket clutched in each hand, his legs sticking up into the air, in a spot so deadly from rifle fire that no one could reach him. The dead man lay there through the nights and days. The French called this grotesque heap "the juggler," because they remembered that Japanese athletes stretched themselves out in this dead Frenchman's posture and tossed things about in the air with their feet.

When the rags on the legs of the "juggler" were plainly seen, then we knew that morning had come, another night of madness had passed, and we might sleep until the night lights and the night noises broke out again at sunset.

PROBATE COURT

Estate of Aramantha Agnes Holly, widow, Alexander B. Holly and Murray McE. Holly, lumber merchants, sons of the deceased, file their accounts as executors and ask for passing of the same. Citation issued returnable on Monday, 10th May next, at eleven a.m. Messrs. Barnhill, Ewing & Sanford, proctors.

Estate of Charles Diegs, laborer, (colored). Deceased died intestate. His father and mother predeceased him. He was never married. He left him surviving two brothers, George of St. John and Alexander of the Parish of Simonds, and a half-brother, Joseph of St. John. On the petition of George Diegs, assented to by the other brothers, Frederick S. Skinner, accountant, is appointed administrator. No real estate. Personality \$150. S. A. M. Skinner, proctor.

HAD INDIGESTION FOR OVER 10 YEARS.

ALMOST DESPAIRED OF EVER GETTING WELL.

"Indigestion is one of the worst forms of stomach trouble. The stomach becomes upset and you have a raw, debilitating feeling in it. After a meal you feel that you must get rid of that nasty, bilious, burning sensation. It is not necessary for you to be troubled with indigestion if you will only try that old and well-known remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters, which is a combination of nature's best known roots, herbs and barks for the cure of all stomach and blood troubles.

Mrs. Mary MacKay, Hunter's Mountain, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with indigestion for more than ten years. I tried several doctors' medicines claiming the power to cure, but all without success. Having heard of the many cures effected by Burdock Blood Bitters, I decided to give it a trial. After taking two bottles I was completely cured. My appetite which was very poor is now good and I can eat most everything without any disagreeable feelings.

I can strongly recommend B.B.B. to anyone suffering from indigestion."

B.B.B. is manufactured only by The S. H. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"CASCARETS" RELIEVE SICK, SOUR STOMACH

Move acids, gasses and clogged waste from liver and bowels.

Get a 10-cent box now.

That awful sourness, belching of acid and foul gases; that pain in the pit of the stomach, the heartburn, nervousness, nausea, bloating after eating, dizziness and sick headache, means a disordered stomach, which can not be regulated until you remove the cause. It isn't your stomach's fault. Your stomach is as good as any.

Try Cascarets; they immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the bowels. Then your stomach trouble is ended. A Cascaret, tonight will straighten you out by morning—a 10-cent box from any drug store will keep your stomach sweet; liver and bowels regular for months. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good gentle cleansing, too.

"Mother doesn't have to call ME twice to Breakfast"

I'm always in a hurry for breakfast when I know I'm to be served with

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached Not Blended

FEEL THE FEEL OF FIVE ROSES. THE EVEN GRAINS SO FINE SIFTED MANY TIMES THROUGH SILK DRY GRANULAR DUSTLIKE. QUICK TO FERMENT EASY TO WORK. HAPPY BAKEDAYS!

Willis Pianos and Players

MADE IN CANADA

Endorsed by the World's Leading Musicians

Have attained an unpurchased pre-eminence which establishes them as peerless in tone, touch, workmanship and durability.

WILLIS & CO. LIMITED - Manufacturers

580 ST. CATHERINE STREET, W., MONTREAL, P. Q.

Branch Houses and Agencies from Ocean to Ocean

SALE

o'clock

Hats, \$3.00

St. select

Prices on Week.

limited

SAPPER A PERILOUS TASK.

ERA HOUSE

LYNNE

Fatal Wedding

St. Elmo

ON THE WHEEL

UNIQUE

IMPERIAL

Norma Talmadge, Van Dyke Brooke, Donald Hall and Big Cat

COOK

CROSS