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WEEK-END NOTES.

(I. C. M.)

The Daylight Bill, which was so long spoken of, and which to most of us seemed far away, is now law, and for the past week we have followed out its schedule. The Bill may be said to be a reform in an economic sense, for it has added six full hours of active life and recreation to the week. Like all, or most measures, it was at first looked upon as a mere fad, and very few people paid any attention to it. They were not interested in it; the old way was good enough, and why alter the custom of ages?

But the men who conceived the idea of saving daylight were in advance of this stand-still policy, and they saw further than the hands of the clock, and they exercised a wider vision than the flash of the noon-day gun. They saw a better way, and being convinced that it would benefit the people they formulated their plans and stated their case, and in due time gained their point; and now the measure which they initiated is almost universally recognized—and if not, soon will be.

In our own community the honour of introducing and explaining and carrying the measure is wholly due the Hon. John Anderson. Mr. Anderson has long been known as an expert at figures, and as a master of finance, and as a gentleman of minute detail in mathematics; but he has added another laurel to his success, and in the years to come he will be known as the local Hampden of the Daylight Bill. Not a great number would remember his expert financing, but all the people will remember his connection with the Daylight Bill, and often and often will his name be mentioned in references to it.

We now have the Bill. What then, may we ask, are its benefits, and what difference does it really make to the people in common and to business in general? Some will answer, "No difference worth while," and others will answer, "Not much difference." But it does make a difference, and a difference which is very much in the people's favour. As already stated, it adds to our week six hours of daylight and sunshine, and does so without prolonging the working hours of the day. Therefore these six hours are hours of leisure, hours

multitude of the world was late in awaking. But the twelve hours of the working day had to be filled in all the same, and to do so required the use of artificial light instead of the great light of nature which was meant to be availed of.

Looking then at the measure from a calm, and logical, and businesslike standpoint, it will be agreed that there is much in its favour and that its adoption is really worth while. It will afford more time for our evening outdoor games, and will give the average family man a chance to have more outdoor recreation with his wife and family. It will save the expense of an hour's light and will tend to better health and earlier rest. It will give us one full hour more of Nature's life, and will thus draw us nearer to the great heart of Nature itself. Certain it is that our modern life is too artificial, and that many of us have got too far away from the natural life which was intended for us. Because of these benefits we support the Daylight Bill, and we believe that the experience of the week just closing has been such as to convince the people that the measure is a good one, and that as we become accustomed to it we will better understand it and the more fully appreciate it, therefore we tender our congratulations to the hon. gentleman who so successfully introduced and established the Bill.

The Firemen's Pay.

A MUNICIPAL MATTER.

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir,—I notice the Estimates for Supply for the fiscal year is before the House for consideration, and that an increase of \$391,250.00 over the year just closing, bringing the total expenditure up to \$4,556,220.00, is contemplated. The increase in salaries amounts to about \$112,000.

I have heard that included in this increase in salaries there is likely to be an increase granted to the Firemen of St. John's, and the increase would, of course, come out of the general revenue.

Now, Mr. Editor, as an outport citizen and as a taxpayer, I wish to most emphatically protest against an increase being granted to the firemen of St. John's out of the general revenue of this country. The Government grant to the up-keep of the Fire Department of St. John's is too great already, when it is remembered that scarcely an outport town have a ladder or a bucket or anything else to fight a fire with.

The Fire Department of St. John's is purely a municipal service. Then why saddle the country with a further grant? In writing as I do let it be clearly understood that I am not opposed to the Firemen of St. John's getting an increase. I believe they are entitled to one. But I am protesting against the source from which the increase is to come, namely out of the general revenue of the country instead of from the "chest" of the St. John's Municipal Council. And in voicing my protest I believe I am but voicing the protest of thousands of outport citizens.

I hope the members of the House, both Government and Opposition, who represent outport districts, will do their duty by their constituents and protest against the grant being made to the Firemen of St. John's out of the General Revenue of the Country. Thanking you for space, I remain, yours truly,

OUTPORT TAXPAYER.

Milady's Boudoir.

PRETTY TEETH.

The prettiest teeth are pretty because of their unobviousness. They should be even, unbroken line of whiteness between the parted lips. They do not make themselves unduly conspicuous by protruding; they do not call attention to themselves by expensive gold fillings. They are just a set of teeth that appear to have grown correctly in their appointed places and to be white and well kept because of careful attention.

But on the difference such a set of white, even, inconspicuous masterpieces can make in the charm of a smile. As a matter of fact they may be sadly neglected teeth. They may be white because their possessor has a perfect digestion, not because of a sedulously applied tooth-brush. They may be even because the jaw they grew in happened to be plenty large enough to accommodate them, yet they are a more priceless possession than another set of teeth upon which hundreds of dollars have been expended, in enamel fillings, bridge work and plate devices for straightening.

After adolescence little can be done to alter the position of the teeth, though there have been cases where very crooked teeth have been straightened and brought into line at the age of thirty. Wonderful things are being done in dentistry now, in the way of forming the shape of the jaw in childhood and youth by forcing the teeth into proper position by plate wearing, and the next generation will see fewer receding chins, peaked jaws and overlapping front teeth than now spoil so many otherwise attractive faces.

The Battle of Monchy.

Capt. Rev. Fr. Nangle, C. F., Gives Thrilling Description of the Fight—Defeat Turned to Victory by Gallantry of 'Ours.'

(From the Daily News.)

Editor Daily News.

Dear Sir,—If a full account of the battle of April 14th has not already appeared in the Newfoundland papers, the following may be of interest to your readers. The honour may also fall to me to be the first to give to the people of Newfoundland the glorious story of the Newfoundland garrison of Monchy. I am writing you direct because a communication of mine concerning the cemeteries near Beaumont Hamel and those of our boys who are buried there was never published. At this date I may also give a little more information without incurring the ire of the censor.

On March 18, after enduring a five months' winter campaign on the Somme; and after the Premier's visit, the regiment began its intensive training. For nearly a month we were continually on the move, seldom sleeping twice in the same place. By the second week in April the weeklings had been weeded out and every man was in the best of fettle. It was a sight for the gods to see those nine hundred bronzed-faced strong-limbed lads swing past to the lilts of some popular music-hall chorus or to one of the marching songs composed by some of our own soldier bards.

The attacking divisions having broken through in front of Arras, Monchy was reached. Here trench warfare gave way for a time to open fighting and the cavalry went into action. But Monchy and the hill behind it being the German's last hope, they held it with a death grip; and this was the nut the "Immortal 29th" were asked to crack.

On the morning of April 12th we left — where we had had a day's rest and got clear of surplus equipment. The night before all the Catholics were to Confession and Holy Communion. The men of the other denominations had also opportunities to attend their religious duties. Having reached Arras the men were fed and given a few hours rest, when they again "umped" their packs and started for Monchy. A happier lad never went to the line, the thousands who were then billeted in the town turned out to see the regiment march past and to wish them "Cheer-io."

The next day was spent in the line resting and preparing for the attack. That night everything was quiet. Were it not for an occasional "fare" one would never know that the greatest battle in history was raging a few hundred yards away, or that the morning would bring forth such a bloody engagement. With the first streaks of dawn two of the enemy gave themselves up. Others endeavoured to do the same, but some of our men mistaking them for a working party opened fire and dispersed them. At 5.30 every gun in the sector from the little pip-squeak to the giant "how", all spoke at once as if they were controlled by one trigger and hundreds of tons of metal and lydite whistled through the air. As the barrage fell our regiment leaped the parapet as one man and advanced to the attack behind the curtain of fire as bravely and valiantly as their comrades of July 1st, and that is as high an encomium as can be bestowed on any regiment of any nationality. "C" and "D" Companies led the attack on the left, followed by "moppers up" from "B" Co. The remainder of "B" and part of "A" Companies went forward on the right. On our left flank we were supported by an Essex Regiment. Three minutes after the attack began the enemy dropped his barrage but caught few of our men. On they marched behind that death dealing curtain of fire, down the slope and up the other side, leaped the first objective and left it to the "moppers up." "C" Company digging in near the ridge. The second

wave of the attack jumped "C" and went over the brow and as a company that was the last that was seen of them. "A" Co. had a harder time running into a nest of machine guns, but on they charged, headed by their gallant commander, Lieut. Sid Stephenson, than whom none was braver. By seven-thirty the wounded began to come in bringing glowing accounts of the attack and the dawn bloomed into a beautiful balmy spring morning.

About 10 o'clock the first news of the disaster was brought in by a man from the Essex who reported that his regiment and ours had been surrounded and taken prisoners, but when we knew that our men were commanded by such officers as went over that morning, especially such tried and trusty men as Rowsell, Smith and Gardiner, we knew the report to be untrue. Those men would either repel the counter attack or fight to the very last.

In this war a commanding officer does not lead his men into battle. He has his Headquarters in some shelter, about half a mile or so behind the line. Here he is in telephone communication with his Brigadier General, who controls the operations over perhaps a two or three mile front. Here he also receives the reports of his company commanders and transmits them further back. Lieut. Col. J. Forbes Robertson was thus engaged when the bad news was brought in. He immediately sent Lieut. Kevin Keegan (signalling officer) to reconnoitre. Lieut. Keegan made his way through the village to our "jumping-off trench" from here, dodging shells and escaping bullets he reached a "strong point" from where he could see the Germans advancing. They had already cleared our first objective and were marching on Monchy. Having made his report to the C. O. his answer was—"Right ho Keegan, we'll cause a diversion for a quarter of an hour or so—Collect headquarters."

By the time the Col. came up Lieut. Keegan had collected the odds and odds of the Regiment that are usually attached to headquarters such as policemen, sanitary men, cooks, orderlies, runners, signallers, etc., but men who besides their other work, are right there when there is a "scrap." Every one of those men knew what had happened and knew what they were facing, nevertheless when the C. O. said, "Come on boys" they broke loose like a lot of boys from school. On the way the Colonel secured a rifle from a dead cavalry horse and a bayonet and ammunition from dead infantry men. On they dashed through what was once Monchy, but now a hell of screaming and renting high explosives, the crash of falling masonry and the screech of traversing machine guns. The little band was thinned down going through this inferno by the loss of Reg. Sergt. Major White and some others whose names may never be known. Reaching the outskirts of the village the Colonel gave the men time to get their wind while he had a look thro' a hole in the wall. From here he saw the enemy enter our jumping-off trench, and between that trench and where they were what appeared to be a hedge about one hundred yards away. This he showed the men and I think the distance was covered in even time, but even in those few seconds their number was further reduced by the loss of Ptes. E. Butt and Denty. On reaching the hedge they found it to be a splendid bit of trench. From here they began their work on the Hun. The number they laid low will never be known, sufficient to say the enemy had two divisions massed that day to retake Monchy. I do not mean that this little garrison shot down two divisions, but every scout or patrol that came forward to reconnoitre found more than he was looking for, and it was this that saved Monchy and thereby thousands of lives and millions of money to the Empire.

When things quieted down the strain and excitement of the morning's work made itself felt, so lunch was prepared by securing a tin of "Bully Beef," out of one dead man's haversack and some hard (very bad) bread cut another. A tin of dripping did duty as butter while the C. O. provided an excellent desert by unearthing a half tin of marmalade which when the muddy half was removed was not half bad. It was then they had time to have a look at each other and find out who was who and this was how they stood in the trench from left to right—L. Corp., now Sergt. Pitcher, M.M.; Sergt. Water-

field, M.M.; Parsons, M.M. (Essex Regiment); Don. Curran, M.M.; Lieut. K. Keegan, M.C.; Corp. now Sergt. Parsons, M.M.; Lieut. Col. Forbes Robertson, D.S.O., M.C.; Pte. now Corp. Rose, M.M.; Pte. now Pte. Hounsell, M.M. Later on they were joined by Corp. Jack Hillier, M.M., who had been pitched into a shell hole by concussion of a bursting shell and temporarily knocked out.

In the afternoon another regiment took over part of the line and thus relieved the tension. At dark Lieut. Keegan and a couple of men succeeded in getting in some of the wounded. A few crawled back unaided. From those a little information was gathered concerning the missing. Capt. Rowsell was hit in the shoulder, but cut the pack from his back and "carried on" at the head of his company, which would follow him anywhere through anything, and with such able and tried Lieutenants, as Smith and Gardiner, I am sure made the enemy pay a heavy price, for both officers and men of "C" Company have a reputation from the very foundation of the Regiment to be "last officers."

Lieut. Norman Outerbridge was also wounded while advancing but limped on at the head of his men until they went over the edge. An example of pluck worthy of any regiment.

Lieut. William Grace, was last seen in a shell hole wounded, but with his revolver cocked waiting for the advancing foe. Although a mere school boy in years, Lieut. Grace was every inch a soldier and had been spared would have made a great name for himself.

Lieut. Holloway, the most daring man in the regiment, was, I fear, killed in the performance of his duties as sniping, scouting and intelligence officer. His loss will be severely felt by the regiment.

I heard no reports of the gallant little officer "Andy" Clouston but that he lived up to the name he won on October 17th, is beyond doubt and that is a name of which any man would be proud.

This engagement was the baptism by fire of Lieuts. Alcock and Baird. I fear it was also their requiem, but no news of them was brought in by any of the men. I have not mentioned any of the wounded officers; they know their own experiences best and can tell them far better than I can. As to the men they were all that soldiers could be and the praise of the army commander is in itself a proof of that. On July 1st, 1916, Newfoundlanders taught the world how to die. On October 12th, 1917, they showed the world how they could fight, but on that dreadful day, Saturday, April 14th, 1917, the men of the regiment combined the two.

Some people believe in holding out hope when there is very little. This I think, is prolonging the agony of suspense. My opinion is that its much better for those at home to know the worst. If good news follow so much the better. No one was ever killed by good news. I believe very few of our men are prisoners of war. So far as can be gathered from put the number at twenty-five, for there may be some more wounded who were collected after dark, for the men who were opposite us on that day were good soldiers and chivalrous enemies. I know of one instance when they fed one of our wounded Sergeants, night after night, until he was able to get back to our lines.

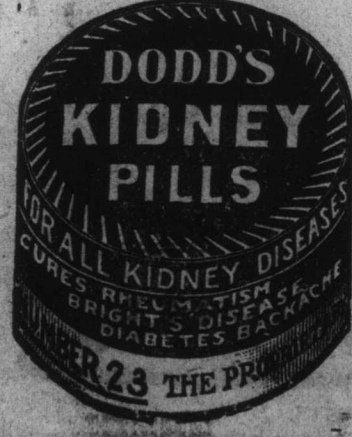
There is one other branch of the regiment I should like to mention, and that is the R.A.M.C. under Capt. Tocher, a good Scot, and an Aberdeen man at that. All that day he worked continually for not only our own wounded, but those of other regiments also. Even when the cellars on either side of him were blown in he carried on until he had all his wounded cleared. He was ably assisted by Sergeants Hammond, Goobie, Dewling and Pte. James.

This is a sketch of what really happened on April 14th in so far as it is advisable to relate at present. There are reports in the English papers, but the writers had splendid imaginations. There is no necessity to exaggerate the work of the regiment on the 14th. It will stand out as one of the most glorious minor engagements of the division, and it is to Lieut. Col. J. Forbes Robertson, Lieut. Keegan and their gallant little band that we owe the honour of turning what looked like a severe defeat into victory. I am,

Yours sincerely,

T. NANGLE, C.F.

1st Newfoundland Regt.
P.S.—Since writing the above, I have received word from one of our wounded who lay in "No Man's Land" for several days that Lieuts. Clouston and Grace, 755, J. Dempster and a lad named Rielly of "B" Co. were captured alive after being wounded.



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