

LANDING TROOPS IN DARDANELLES A DARING FEAT

THE STRATHPEY (Eng.) Herald re-

produces a description of the bombardment of Dardanelles forts and landing of troops given by an Elgin man, Private A. Ewen, B Section, Second Field Ambulance, Australian Army Medical Corps, son of Mr. A. Ewen, 9 King street, Elgin. As a member of the Army Medical Corps he had a splendid opportunity of witnessing the operations practically as a spectator, although, as his letter shows, they had several narrow escapes from the shells. He states:

Sunday—Wakened this morning with a terrific sound of big guns and wondered what had happened. Up on deck I sprung and saw the sight of a lifetime. We had left the island last night and we had arrived at our landing place. About a dozen warships were bombarding the coast for all they were worth, and it was a sight. Some of the finest ships of the Navy were there, and they were making things hot for those on shore, but they were not having it all their own way, as the Turks' guns were giving as much as they got. We were quite close in and could see everything.

About 4 a.m. boat loads of troops began to leave the ships, the 3rd Brigade, Queensland, and West Australia troops having the honor of landing first. As they got near the shore a torpedo boat towed about six boat loads and went right in with them; the fun commenced, and it literally rained shrapnel. The warships could not do anything at this time, so it was a marvel how they got landed at all, but they did, with only the loss of one boat load.

Making History

Jumping out of the boats before they were right in, they dashed up the beach, threw their packs from them, and, giving out their rifles, they went through a fire of shrapnel, rifle fire, and machine guns. They routed the Turks, and it was a sight to see the blood of anyone who saw it. Sailors from the warships, who took them ashore, Indians, and British Tommies say they were marvellous. Everybody was more than pleased that our boys had at last done something.

A captive balloon is up taking observations and directing the warship fire. Along comes the Queen Elizabeth, and we looked to see something going. She soon made a start, and the sound of her guns was terrific. You would hardly believe it, but when she fired every ship in the place rocked. After about an hour's heavy bombardment, two seaplanes went up, and flying over the hills had a hot time. Shells were bursting just underneath them, but none hit them. Commander Samson, the hero of the air raids, is on one, and he is not afraid to take risks, I can tell you. It was marvellous how he escaped sometimes.

Out of Range

All the time the troops on board were standing ready, and at seven a towing boat came alongside, and then we got our first sight of grim warfare. She had six wounded on board, and one poor fellow was stretched out on the deck, with his head half blown off, and blood gushing from him. It was terrible; the poor fellow hadn't long to live; perhaps just as long as he. Our troops went into the boats, our lot, the Tenth Division, having to stay behind until there is room for a hospital to be put up, and after giving them a cheer as they went off, we turned our attention to the sight of the ships bombarding. By this time the forts on shore were finding the range, and beginning to drop the shells into the sea, but they were short at first. We were wondering if they were escaping a torpedo at the narrow escape of a torpedo. A torpedo boat from a shell which sent a shower of spray over it when we were in the thick of the fun ourselves. Shells began to drop all round the troop ships, but not till one went whizzing over our heads. Our troops were just as quick as a flash, and burst about twenty yards on the other side; two followed in quick succession and burst into twenty feet on the near side; another landed behind, and we were just beginning to wonder what the next one would do when we weighed anchor and steamed about a mile out, and we were out of range.

Nervous Prostration and Heart Troubles.

Nervous Prostration, or Neurasthenia, is one of the worst forms of nerve trouble and brings about a general weakness of the whole nervous system. The symptoms presenting themselves are headache, a feeling of depression, disturbed and restless, unfreshening sleep, often troubled with dreams, fright when a crowded place, dread of being alone, terror of society, faint at travelling, muscular weakness, sense of fatigue upon effort, etc.

When the nerves become affected in this way the heart generally becomes affected too.

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Mrs. John Hewson, Caledonia, Ont., writes: "I feel it my duty to let you know the great benefit your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. I suffered for four years with heart trouble and nervous prostration. I was so bad I could not get up stairs without sitting down at the top before I could get to my room. I could not sleep nor could I eat on my left side, for it would seem as if my heart would stop. I thought my time had come. I was doctoring with the doctor, but didn't get any benefit. I took eight boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and am enjoying good health."

Price, 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Across on the hills we could see the troops digging themselves in, and advancing in open order. At 9 p.m. the second range of hills had been taken, and our boys were doing well. All day long the bombardment was kept up by the ships, some hidden guns in a gully receiving special attention. In the afternoon the "Lizbie" put shells in quick succession in it, and with a loud roar the magazine was sent into the air. What a smash up! The Turks had some cleverly concealed guns and a fort which took some finding. One especially, which seemed to be doing heavy damage to our troops, couldn't be seen. At last it was found to be an armored train, and "Lizbie" again put a shell beautifully on top of it, and it was "feenish" train.

Thursday—Another noisy awakening. Arrived at our destination during the night and they are still going at it; not so heavy as before, though. Shells were bursting often in the sea, but we were at a safe distance this time. Got orders to prepare to make this an hospital ship to take on wounded temporarily, so at last we had something to do.

A Terrible Sight

After dinner-time three boat loads came alongside and our real work began. What a terrible sight some of the poor fellows were. They had been lying for two or three days in the firing line with their wounds. It was impossible to get at them. I got a good job and saw something that I won't forget in a hurry. I was helping in the operating theatre, and some of the wounds the fellows had were frightful. The Turks were using dum-dum bullets and they made a terrible mess. Well, we worked up till two in the morning, going as hard as we could, one taken off the table and another taken on as quick as they could be done. Some had no chance of surviving, but we did our best for them. I won't describe any of the sights to you, as they would be too gruesome. Shrapnel and snipers seemed to be the cause of most of the wounds. I helped at thirty operations that night, and at two o'clock I was told to go to bed, and I was glad to as I was dead beat. They were being taken on all night and all the next day, and they are a cheerful lot; big wounds some of them have, but grinning and smiling through it all. All units have the greatest admiration for the Australians and the charge they made. One Indian, a Sikh, one of the Mountain Battery, says—"English good, but Australia very good."

Saturday—We left with 350 wounded on board and are bound for Alexandria. Then we are going straight back and will probably land and put up hospitals. Our stretcher-bearers have been made a mark for the enemy's snipers, one fellow being killed and four wounded, one fellow who slept next to me in the tent at Mina being rather seriously wounded.

VICE-ADMIRAL DE ROEBUCK

One of the British Vice Admirals now claiming special attention is the son of Baron de Roebuck of Gowran, Grange, Kildare, Ire. The title of the Roebuck family is a Swedish one, and the ancestor who founded the British line was born in 1755. There is no other family in Great Britain with a Swedish title.

Admiral de Roebuck has intense pride in historic Kildare, where St. Bridget founded the celebrated convent that was called "Kildare's holy fane," and where for 800 years the nuns kept alive the "inextinguishable fire" that was put out in the reign of Henry VIII.

His first British ancestor was only 11 years old when he entered the Swedish Army and at 20 years he had gained the rank of captain, and permission was given him to serve in the French Army with a troop of dragoons. When Rochambeau came to America this John Henry Fock, Baron de Roebuck, accompanied him and fought in the American war of independence. He also had the distinction of acting as aide-de-camp for the Duc de Lauzun, another distinguished Frenchman who came to aid the American colonists.

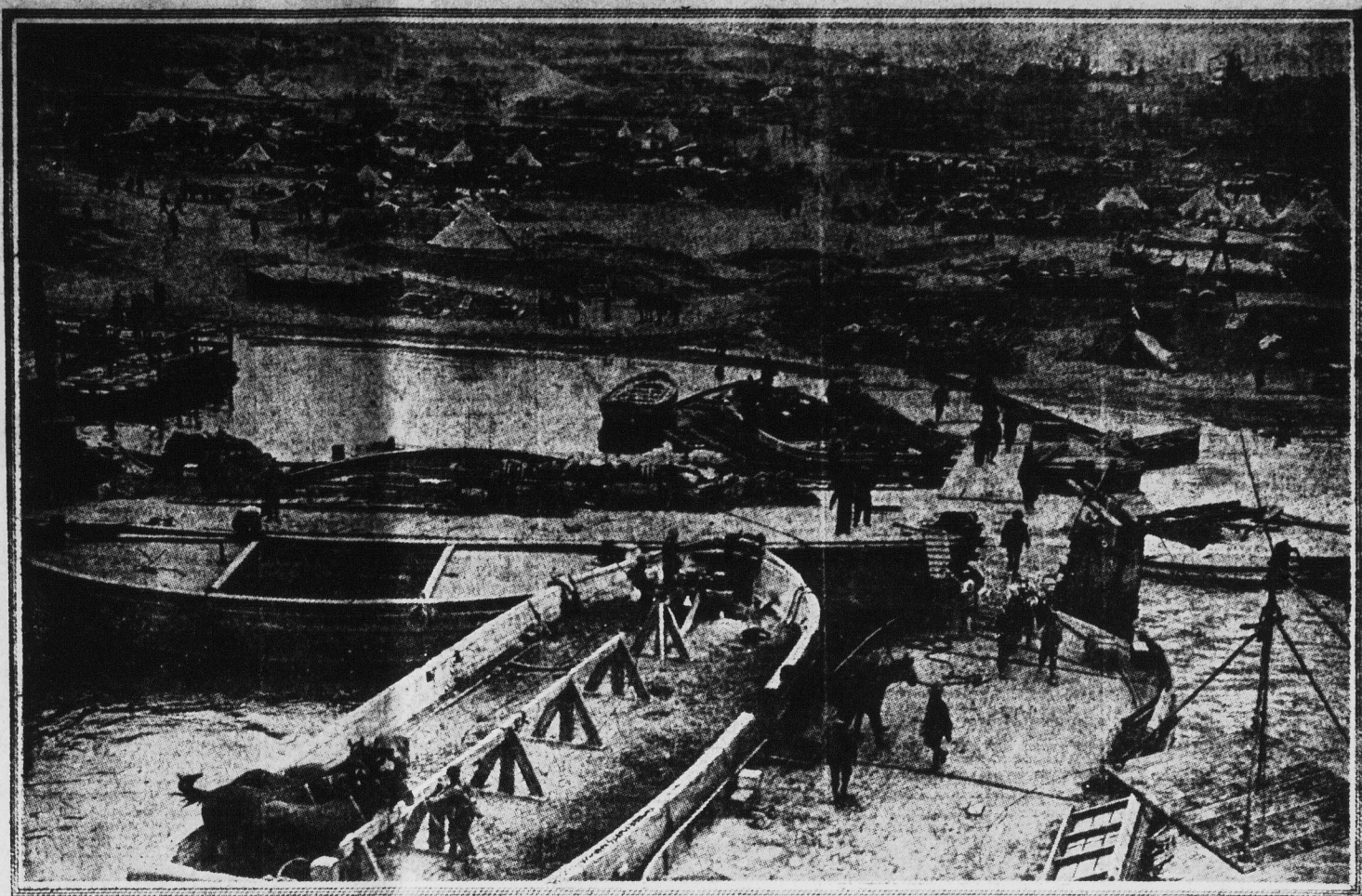
He returned to Sweden after his experiences in this country, but soon after went to England, where he was naturalized and acquired estates in Ireland.

John Michael de Roebuck received his training on the famous old ship Britannia, and was a little lad of but 13 years when he entered the Navy as a cadet.

As de Roebuck made his way to rank he has given much of his time and attention to the training of boys for Naval service. He is one of the strict Naval officers who believes that the service can be maintained only by a training that is life-long and complete. His work along the line of boy training has been recognized by the Admiralty, and four years ago de Roebuck was appointed inspecting captain of all the boys' training schools in Great Britain.

After war was declared last August Admiral de Roebuck was placed in full naval command; his flagship being the Amphitrite. When the operations to force the Dardanelles and reach Constantinople began, Vice Admiral Carden was in command of the fleet. Many ships were lost and there was so little gain there soon came the usual report of illness that would necessitate the commander's return to England.

THE LANDING WHEN THE RIVER CLYDE WAS RUN AGROUND ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA



The landing of the British troops on "V" beach of the Gallipoli Peninsula will ever remain memorable for the novel experiment of deliberately running ashore a vessel full of troops and thus allowing them to approach close in under cover without being exposed. The large collier River Clyde, with 2,200 troops on board, was run aground in the early morning of April 25 as high on the beach as possible. Three large ports had been cut in her on each side, and from these a plankway led down to the bows of the ship. Down these the troops poured and leaped into the rearmost of a chain of lighters, which had been towed ashore alongside her by a steam hopper simultaneously and brought into position so as to form a bridge between the bow of the River Clyde and the shore. Across these the troops ran to the beach, or at least to a point where they could jump into shallow water and wade ashore. In a very short time a veritable town had sprung up on shore. Tents of all descriptions were run up and horse lines were constructed. At night this southern end of Gallipoli, which was formerly so deserted and barren, has now the appearance of being one of the world's greatest ports.

It was then that Vice Admiral de Robeck was given command of the English and French ships, and a slow but effective advance is being made toward the Turkish capital.

French Official Report. Paris, June 24.—The following official communication was issued by the War Office tonight:

"In the region to the north of Arras there have been no infantry actions."

Today, our troops have organized themselves in the conquered positions. A very violently bombarded Berry-Aubac and the neighborhood of Sapignoul. The bombardment caused us only insignificant losses.

"In the Artois and on the heights of the Meuse there is nothing to report, except artillery actions. "In the Vosges, at Fontenelle, a German attack was repulsed. The Germans have bombarded the outskirts of Metzeral and the ridges to the east of the village, where our progress has continued to a slight degree."

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Two Interesting Competitions For Boys and Girls

Tomorrow (Saturday) I will publish a picture which I want all boys and girls who are not over 14 years of age to color with either water colors or chalk.

To the young artist who does it the best I will give a first prize of a dollar.

It's a simple competition, no hard rules, no entrance fees, just cut the picture out, paint or color it the way you think best, save Three coupons the same as the one shown on this page, cut from The Standard, fill them up, pin them to the painting and send them all addressed to

UNCLE DICK,
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June 25, 1915.

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