

Records Valor of Canadians at Festubert

British Headquarters in France, July 13.—Some details may now be given of the brilliant chapter in the recent British offensive movement around Arras—that of the Canadian division's struggle for gains around Festubert and Givenchy.

At Festubert the objective of the Canadians was a small orchard. The third company of the sixteenth battalion, Highlanders, commanded by Captain Morrison, was given the task. These men were recruited in British Columbia, many of them living in Vancouver.

Bomb-Throwers First

A rush for the orchard was started at 7.45 o'clock in the evening, each platoon having a definite object to accomplish. In front of the orchard the men found a deep creek hedge, having only two openings. In front, Morrison started to go through the hedge, but Private Appleton, a bomb-thrower, sprang ahead of him, saying: "Bomb-throwers go ahead of officers, sir."

Swept on Heroically

Once in the orchard the men met with heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, but swept on to the edge. Owing to unforeseen delay, one platoon, whose presence was most essential to the plan of attack, was unable to get up on time to support the attack.

The men who reached the edge of the orchard where the dead and wounded had been left, dug themselves in with the ready industry of western beavers, and stuck against all odds until help came, making the orchard securely theirs.

Many stories are told of the coolness of the men. Amidst the din of the fire Sergeant Cochran called to his men to keep their line straight, and Private Hildy, upon seeing a rabbit scurrying past, sang out: "Look at bunny, will you."

In Exposed Position

Elsewhere on the front the first party belonging to the first company of Canadians who went over the parapet were in such an exposed position as to be nearly annihilated without even reaching the German trenches. But a portion survived from the advance on the other flank and got a foothold in a German trench, where they bombed out the enemy. Every counter effort of the Germans to oust them failed. Though their position was torn into craters by German shell-fire they stuck and the British line on this part of the front remains where the determined heroes of the sanguinary action put it.

Fought Way to Admiration

In the face of a murderous machinery of war and modern fire, which dropped men right and left, they had won a mighty struggle, no less glorious because it was only a part of a big whole.

"If soldiers ever fought their way to admiration," said a British general, "it is the Canadians who, less than a year ago were raw recruits." At Givenchy they deserved success no less, but there they failed. Here, in front of the first battalion, the Germans had two strongly fortified points which the Canadians sought to take. They successfully mined one and, coincident with the explosion, opened up a concentrated fire with their guns against both positions. Number four company rushed through the open space between the two positions made by the explosion to the German trench, reaching it with only a few casualties.

Surprise Complete

So completely had they surprised the enemy that on entering the trench the Canadians found that some of the Germans, who had fled, had left their accoutrements hanging upon the walls. The Germans' fortified position to the rear which had not been mined was still able to work the machine guns, enfilading any movement of the Canadians to support the troops that had gained the German trench. The Germans being reinforced and being plentifully supplied with bombs, closed in upon their hostile visitors and forced a retreat. Every step of the way back was made under the enfilading fire from the fortified position.

The next morning soldiers in the German trenches called out in excellent English, "Hello Canadians." The answer was shouted back, "Hello Germans, did you have many losses?" A German soldier replied, "A good many; how about you?" To this a Canadian answered, "None at all." There was a moment's silence and then a German shouted, "You are a damned liar."

One would recognize gallant Canadians in their kilts in French villages these warm summer days by the way they have their sleeves rolled up and their shirts open at the throat as they do at home.

"I guess they are finding we can do our bit," is the sentiment of the Canadians, and it looks as if they are going to miss the green corn season in Canada, too.

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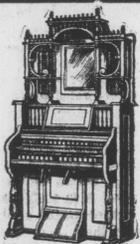
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A BRITISH HYMN

A recent issue of Church Work said: Every congregation in the Empire ought to be singing every Sunday "A British Hymn," written by the Vicar of Selby, Yorkshire, and sung for the first time in August last by two thousand troops, so that it would seem to have been composed before the German "Hymn of Hate." Lieut. Col. Rowley, who has presented copies to our battalions now mobilized, gave it the name "A British Hymn."

"In the meantime," he says, "when it came to him from England, it had no tittle. None could suit it better; may it remain, because it must have been an inspiration. Not 'The British Hymn,' but 'A British Hymn.'"

Even an article or a preposition may be inspired, as we well know who love our great singers and makers of prose. It must be a thrilling experience to hear a great body of troops singing this hymn accompanied by a military band:

(To "Melita.")

God of our fathers, at whose call
We now before Thy footstool fall;
Whose grace has made our Empire strong
Through love of right, and hate of wrong;
In this dark hour we plead with Thee
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

Not for the lust of war we fight,
But for the triumph of the right;
The strife we hate is on us thrust,
Our aims are pure, our cause is just;

So, strong in faith we plead with Thee
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

Asleep beneath Thine ample dome,
With many a tender dream of home;
Or charging in the dust and glare,
With war-bolts bursting through the air;

In this dark hour we plead with Thee
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

If wounded in the dreadful fray,
Be Thou their comfort and their stay;
If dying, may they in their pain
Behold the Lamb for sinners slain.

In this dark hour we plead with Thee
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

CHANGES MADE DURING NIGHT

How the soldiers get on and out of the trenches is described in an interesting way by one of the Ottawa officers involved home from the front.

"All the relieving is done at night," he said. "The force that is to go in to a trench marches up in single file, through the darkness. When a convenient distance behind the trenches the party stands, still keeping in the single file and close together so as not to get separated. The single file presents a smaller target and the men are less likely to get hit by stray bullets than if they were formed in fours for example. When the party has halted the commanding officer goes ahead to the trench and finds out just where his men are to go. He then returns to his command and marches them to the trenches. In the meantime, the occupants of the trenches who are to be relieved have crawled back of the trench and lie prone on the ground behind. They stay there until the new battalion is in the trench, then start for the rear, also marching in single file."

"Everything is done as quietly as possible, for the Germans, in many cases, are only a few hundred yards away and could hear a comparatively slight noise. At the least noise the Germans send up a flare, that is a shell which illuminates the spot where it bursts. It usually burns about 70 feet in the air and burns like Roman candles, lighting a space about 200 feet square. If anyone is seen in this light the Germans blaze away. However, it is only occasionally that anyone gets hurt in this manner. A flare itself will not hurt anyone, and when it lights up the vicinity, if there happens to be a force advancing there, every man stands perfectly still, and as a rule they cannot then be distinguished from the landscape."

GERMANY'S LOST COLONIES

General Botha Expresses the Hope That Many of His Men Will Be Soon Taking Part in

CONFLICT OF EUROPE

The Protectorate of German Southwest Africa Was the First Territory to be Acquired by Germany

OUTSIDE OF EUROPE

General Botha, whose great achievement in breaking the German power in West Africa has been noted in the despatches, replies to Lord Kitchener's congratulations by expressing the hope that many of his men will soon be taking part in the conflict in Europe. In our anxiety over the nearer and greater issue have almost lost sight of the fact that Germany's colonial empire, which she has been industriously building up for the last quarter of a century or more, is all but a thing of the past, and none of her lost possessions are likely to be returned to her except on terms that will make for the future peace of the world. At the beginning of the war Germany had colonies with an area of 1,006,412 square miles and a population of 12,192,000; not large, of course, as we reckon things in the British Empire, but still a very respectable nucleus, and so situated as to be of great strategic value with the German dream realized of a navy rivaling that of Britain. The Protectorate of German Southwest Africa was the first territory to be acquired by Germany outside of Europe. That was in 1884, when after having made treaties with the native chiefs the German flag was raised, to which Great Britain offered no objection. The last territory to be acquired was the sphere of influence at Kiao-Chau in China, following the war between Russia and Japan. Of course this was not the sum total of German ambitions, because the Kaiser having acquired a dominating influence at Constantinople, had set his eyes upon Mesopotamia and Arabia, hoping, no doubt, to get on to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean through ancient seats of Empire capable by means of reforestation and irrigation of almost unlimited agricultural development.

A SUBMARINE DASH THROUGH DARDANELLES

New York, July 18 (Special to Toronto Globe).—An American naval officer stationed in Mediterranean waters has sent a letter to a friend in this city telling how the German submarine U-51 succeeded in passing through the straits of Gibraltar and eluding the British blockade there. This information was suppressed at the time by the British censor. The officer was at Gibraltar immediately after the big submarine made its daring and successful attempt to reach the Dardanelles.

Billy Sunday's CHARLATANISM

The Literary Guide (London)

One of his phrases during his Philadelphia soul-saving campaign was, "I make it a rule never to read a book that is against the Bible." The result was that on January 24 the Philadelphia Inquirer published a crushing exposure of this religious mountebank, showing that he had "lifted" bodily long passages from an address by Colonel R. Ingersoll. Billy Sunday has constantly denounced the colonel and his infidel opinions, but he evidently did not mind stealing his thoughts. On May 30, 1882, Colonel Ingersoll delivered, at the Academy of Music in New York, his great Decoration Day address. On May 28, 1912, Rev. Wm. Sunday delivered an oration before the old soldiers at Beaver Falls in the state of Pennsylvania, in which passage after passage was conveyed from the great Rationalist orator. Here are one or two specimens:—

Col. Ingersoll

This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves, and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love. Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart.

On this day we tell the history of our country's life, recount the lofty deeds of vanished years, the toil and suffering, the defeats and victories of heroic men, of men who made our nation great and free.

On this day the story of the great struggle between the colonists and the kings should be told. We should tell our children of the contest, first for justice, then for freedom. We should tell them the history of the Declaration of Independence, the chart and compass of all human rights. All men are equal, and have the right to life, to liberty and joy.

Billy Sunday

This is a day for memory and for tears. A mighty nation bends before its honored graves, and pays to noble dust the tearful tribute of its love. Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the human heart.

Again we tell the story of our country's life, recount the lofty deeds of vanished years, the toil, the suffering, the defeats and victories of heroic men, of men who made our nation great and free.

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Reports at Constantinople. That the ruse practised by Otto Herring, commander of the U-51, cost the British dearly is only too

well-known, says the offer. The German sea raider, proceeding from Gibraltar to the Dardanelles, sank no fewer than three British battleships, he claims. She seemed to operate at will among the allied fleet, and did much to prevent the latter from co-operating in the land operations at the Gallipoli peninsula. Later the U-51 passed unmolested through the straits of the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora, and reported to the German commander at Constantinople.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

Born of the deep, daily need of a nation—I am the voice of now—the incarnate spirit of the times—monarch of things that are. My "cold type" burns with the fire-blood of human action. I am fed by arteries of wire that girdle the earth. I drink from the cup of living joy and sorrow. I sleep not—rest not. I know not night, nor day, nor season. I know no death, yet I am born again with every morn—with every moon—with twilight. I leap into fresh being with every new world's event.

Those who created me cease to be—the brains and heart's blood that nourish me go the way of human dissolution. Yet I live on—and on.

I am majestic in my strength—sublime in my power—terrible in my potentialities—yet as democratic as the ragged boy who sells me for a penny.

I am the consort of kings—the partner of capital—the brother of toil. The inspiration of the hopeless—the right arm of the needy—the champion of the oppressed—the conscience of the criminal. I am the epitome of the world's comedy and tragedy.

My responsibility is infinite. I speak, and the world stops to listen. I say the word, and the battle flames the horizon. I counsel peace, and the war lords obey. I am greater than any individual—more powerful than any group. I am the dynamic force of public opinion. Rightly directed, I am a creator of confidence. A builder of happiness in living. I am the backbone of commerce. The trail blazer of prosperity. I am the teacher of patriotism.

I am the hands of the clock of time—the clarion voice of civilization. I am the newspaper.

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