

## Glorious Fight at Hill 60 Described By One Near Scene

(Continued from page 2)  
shelled zone, but with the help of the gallant Yorkshire Light Infantry Hill 60.—Galley 3.  
It managed to secure the trench Hill 60 was ours once more.

### Deeds of Gallantry.

Some fine deeds of gallantry were performed on that sombre hillside. Privates Behan and Dryden of the Duke's got separated from their company but charged a German trench single-handed, killing three Germans there and capturing two others. When they were reinforced by a detachment of their comrades without an officer Behan took command with great ability. Both men were rewarded with the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

For the rest of that day and all through the next, April 13, heavy fighting continued. The Germans swept the hill with a terrific bombardment and their bombers sent bombs over incessantly into our trenches. Some of the shells fell dangerously close to the Brigade Headquarters, but the Brigadier, who seemed to bear a charmed life both now and afterwards at Ypres, escaped untouched. Not so his Staff Captain, Captain Egerton, who was struck in the forehead by a splinter of shell as he sat in the door of his dug-out a few yards away from the general and instantly killed.

By this time the 13th Brigade was exhausted by its spell of hard fighting. The arrival of another brigade released the 13th, who went off to its rest billets away from the firing line, leaving the East Surreys and the Devons to hold the hill.

### Unresting Thirteenth.

But there was to be little rest for the gallant 13th Brigade. It had hardly settled down in its new quarters before urgent orders reached its commander to push it up with all speed to the support of the Canadians, whose flank had been exposed by the retreat of the French on the left before the gas attack of the Germans. The brigade was put under the orders of the general commanding the Canadian Division and

sent into action east of Ypres along the Pilcken road. Its task was, in the words of a general officer, "one that always seems rather useless to those taking part in it, that of making small attacks." "But," he added, "without those attacks the enemy would have broken through and we should not have been able to do what we did, that is, come back in our own time to the line we had prepared. Without these attacks all those arrangements for defence would have been of no avail."

The 13th Brigade found it had exchanged the inferno of Hill 60 for an equally stern ordeal in the shell swept salient of Ypres. For days it battled bravely under a most terrible bombardment, doing their part with the French and the Canadians to keep the Germans from bursting through the gap they had rent in the allied line. It was a stern trial for weary men, but they acquitted themselves most gallantly of their task, though again at a heavy price.

But while one of the greatest battles of the war was raging in the wooded country about the ruins of Ypres, fighting more desperate than ever, had broken out on Hill 60. The Germans, foiled in all their attempts to regain by legitimate methods of warfare what they had lost, had recourse to their asphyxiating gas tubes, which they had only just employed with deadly effect against the French and the Canadians north of Ypres. Sir John French wrote of this attack in his last despatch: "The enemy owes his success . . . entirely to the use of asphyxiating gas. It was only a few days later that the means, which have since proved so effective, of counteracting this method of making war were put into practice. Had it been otherwise the enemy's attack on May 5 would most certainly have shared the fate of all the many previous attempts he had made."

### That Low Green Cloud.

The Dorsets, belonging to the brigade which had relieved the 13th, were holding the hill. It was in the early hours of May 1 that a low greenish cloud came rolling over the hill towards the trenches. Our men were taken unawares, unprepared. In a minute or two the gas had them in its grip and they were choking with the stifling fumes. As the forms of the Germans appeared swarming out of their trenches these gallant Dorsets, half asphyxiated though they were, scrambled to the parapet of their trench and opened fire on them.

Notwithstanding the deadly vapors the Dorsets kept their machine guns playing continually on the Germans and thus prevented the recapture of the hill. All that day the Devons, waiting in support, heard the brave tap-tapping of our Maxims and knew that the Dorsets were sustaining their grand old name. Again and again during the day, in response to urgent demands, the Devons sent up ammunition for the guns that were frustrating the enemy. The ground was thick with empty cartridge cases when they relieved the Dorsets.

The Devons went up that night, cleverly led to our trenches without the loss of a man. In the fields, in

## AT THE NICKEL

## NOTE—The First Performance on Wednesday Evening at 7 p.m. sharp THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY Episode 15.—"THE BORROWED HYDROPLANE."

"IN THE HANDS OF THE JURY"—An all-star cast in a modern two-act drama.  
"BILL GIVES A SMOKER"—A comedy with Fay Tincher.  
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the long grass, in the ditches, many gallant Dorsets lay. As the Devons plodded on through the dark, stumbling over these prostrate forms, the men cursed the Germans savagely and bitterly.

The Devons held the line until May 4, when, after dark, they were relieved by the Duke of Wellington's, who had been detached from the 13th Brigade. Like the West Kents and the Yorkshire Light Infantry, the Duke had had the gaps made in their ranks by the heavy fighting filled up with drafts from home, men and officers new to the ground. At eight o'clock on the morning of May 5, a warm spring day with a gentle breeze, the Germans launched another gas attack and opened a heavy artillery bombardment. The gas came down the hill, "gently, like a mist rising from the fields," says one who saw it, in greater volume than ever before. The gallant Duke's were overwhelmed. Choking with the gas, swept with shells and bombs and machine-gun fire, they were forced to give ground.

### The Last to Leave.

That morning there appeared, staggering towards the dug-out of the commanding officer of the Duke's in the rear, two figures, an officer and an orderly. The officer was as pale as death, and when he spoke his voice came hoarsely from his throat. Beside him his orderly, with unbuttoned tunic, his rifle clasped in his hand, swayed as he stood. The officer said slowly in his gasping voice: "They've gassed the Duke's. I believe I was the last man to leave the hill. The men are all up there dead. They were splendid. I thought I ought to come and report." That officer was Captain G. U. Robins of the 3rd Battalion, East Yorks, who had been attached to the Duke of Wellington's after their heavy losses at Hill 60 on April 18. They took him and his faithful orderly to the ambulance, but, though the orderly recovered, the gallant officer died that night. "He was the last man to leave Hill 60." No man could wish for a nobler epitaph than that.

### Another Gallant Man.

There was another gallant man in that regiment, Private Thomas, telephone operator of the Duke's. Though half-asphyxiated he stuck at his telephone box in the trenches until forced to retire. Then, hearing that the trench had been lost, he insisted on going back to save his instruments. Though the Germans were already in the trench, Private Thomas stolidly went back and brought his instruments into safety. Private Murphy, an R.A.M.C. orderly, wearing a respirator of his own invention, went up and down the trenches during the gas attack succoring the victims as best he was able. By prompt intervention, notably, he was instrumental in saving the life of an officer who had had his femoral artery severed.

The Germans showed a strange reluctance to advance. Perhaps they remembered the lesson some of them had received on the day they gassed the Dorsets (May 1), when a party of them, bursting exultantly down the road over the hill, walked straight into the fire of a battery of our machine guns. The Dorsets and the Duke's went for the survivors with the bayonet and killed or captured every one of them. At one time on May 5, however, the situation seemed so critical that the Devons beat up every reserve they could find, even taking the cooks away from their cooking-pots, and lined them up in anticipation of a German rush. But that rush never came.

### Horrors Of A May Day

I would wish to abridge the horrors of that hot May day. Men have described to me the railway cutting as a shambles where the dead and wounded lay so thick that one had to move them out of one's path to pass. I have seen that railway cutting myself, a bleak, ugly place, as railway cutting mostly are, with the single line of rails all bent and broken by shell fire, silent and deserted now, some of the dead still lying where they fell, for today no man may cross those rails and live. The spectacle was one that made the men who saw it, as they told me themselves, sick with horror and fierce with anger against the fiends who had perpetrated this nameless crime.

Meanwhile the 13th Brigade, which had shortly before come out of the inferno about Ypres, where the battle was still raging, hoping for a much-needed rest, was sent up to Hill 60 with orders to counter-attack and recapture the position if possible. The attack was fixed for ten o'clock that night (May 5), and entrusted to the battalions originally concerned in the capture of the hill—namely the West Kents and the K. O. S. B.'s.

### Exceedingly Dark Night.

The conditions in which the attack was made were exceptionally difficult. The night was exceedingly dark, and the innumerable shell holes and the coils of broken barbed wire spread about made anything like a rush forward impossible. The Germans apparently had wind of the attack for they opened a tremendous bombardment directly the storming parties got away. The leading files were instantly mown down and the assault really never got under way.

One of the most dramatic adventures of this night of bloody fighting befel Lieutenant Gillespie of the K. O. S. B.'s. Appointed to lead the K. O. S. B.'s storming party he had posted a man to tell him when the West Kents had got away on his left. Someone shouted, "They're off, sir," and he leapt out over the parapet, a rifle in his hands. A man caught him by the leg as he sprang, crying "They're not awa' yet, sir!" The man was right. It was a false alarm. So Gillespie lay down in the open in front of the parapet until he saw the dark figures of the West Kents spring forward on his left. With a cry, "Come on, men!" he started off.

### Last Drink In A Crater.

It was a wild adventure. The ground was full of holes in which dead men lay, and the officer fell at every step. Still he plunged on until, close to the German trench, he turned and looked and found he was all alone. Only two officers and half a dozen men were there and the next moment the officers were shot down.

Above the line of the sandbags of the enemy's trench, Lieutenant Gillespie could see the points of the German bayonets. The Germans stand still to repel an attack, with one finger on the trigger ready to shoot through the head any man leaning over the parapet to bayonet them from above. This Gillespie knew, so he discharged his rifle into the trench leaning well back. Then, hearing a commotion, he slipped for cover into a deep crater.

The hole was full of dead and wounded men. One of the wounded touched Gillespie's hand. Recognizing the regiment by the Kilmarnock bonnet, the wounded man said softly: "For the love of Christ, Jock, give me a drink!" Gillespie handed him his water-bottle and the man drank and died with it in his hand.

The officer crouched there in the crater for a long time in the black darkness listening to the sounds that came from the German trench. All night a harsh and angry voice harangued the men. Once there was a loud racket like the wind of a rattle, a blaze of red and green lights soaring heavenward with a tremendous fizzing, and then a deafening explosion. "That's the last of the old K. O. S. B.'s" was the officer's reflection, but it was in reality only a British shell that had exploded a box of Verey lights and with it a case of bombs. Presently Gillespie managed to creep away and regain his trench unscathed.

### West Kent Fiends.

On the right the West Kents fought like fiends, but made no headway. No fewer than five D.C.M.s were the need of honor they gleamed in the attack. Captain Moulton-Barrett, who led the storming party with splendid gallantry, receiving the Military Cross. Lieutenant Westmacott, the machine gun officer, was struck by a bullet and very seriously wounded while trying to rescue a German who was half buried under debris.

Another counter-attack was made with the approach of daylight, at 2.30 a.m. (May 6). The Yorkshire Light Infantry and the bombers of the Irish Rifles attacked the Zwartelen salient. Two companies of these splendid Yorkshire fighters got into the salient and were never heard of again. On the right the Cheshires assaulted with the bombers of the K. O. S. B. and made some progress, but finally had to retire. Nor could the Irish Rifles bombers make any headway. All through the night fierce fighting, often at close quarters, went on amid a terrific bombardment with shells and bombs. We finally had to retire and consolidate our position on the lower slope of the hill.

That is the story of Hill 60. It has never yet been told, perhaps because the fight was dwarfed by the immense battles which raged about the Ypres salient during its denouement. If it was a failure, it was a glorious failure, and in the future no battle honor shall figure more proudly than Hill 60 on the standards of the gallant regiments that fought, and died upon those barren slopes.

## W. & G. Rendell's Premises Burglarized

Late last night or early hour this morning burglars effected an entrance into the premises of W. & G. Rendell, Water Street East, ransacked the place, broke open the desk in the rear of the place which they entered from the wharf. They got in by breaking a large pane of glass in the window and secured all the money left in the desk, which they forced open and we learn, considerable goods. Quite a number of various characters intent on robbery and other crimes are nightly prowling about the city, and police find it difficult to cope with them.

The banker "Jessie M." Capt. John Lewis, arrived here Tuesday evening from the Banks, hailing for 600 qtls. She secured some bait and has sailed for Labrador. She is a Burin vessel and one of her crew named Foote, left her to enlist in the Newfoundland Regiment.

Mr. Wm. Hibbs, the local constable at Portugal Cove, arrived in the city to-day. Mr. Hibbs says that the traps at the Cove have secured from 30 to 150 qtls. cod this summer.

### Train Notes

Tuesday's westbound express arrived at Port aux Basques at 11 last night.

Yesterday's left Gampo at 8.20 this a.m.

The incoming express arrived here at 1.30 p.m. to-day.

There is one thing to be said in favor of the egotist; he never gets lonesome.

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### "Love the Clairvogant"

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## Naval Reservist Writes From Portsmouth

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)  
Dear Sir.—Some ten days ago you published a rumour about a letter from some of the crew of the missing ship Clan McNaughton, saying she had not been sunk, and that her crew were prisoners in Germany.

I have held from the beginning that this ship was captured. She is the only one whose disappearance is not fully accounted for. Having a nephew in her I am one of the many deeply interested parties.

Has anything been done to trace up the letter or the source of that rumour. Should it be well founded it would be a great relief to hopeful but sorrowing hearts.

P. J. O'BRIEN, P.P.  
Tors Cove, Aug. 30th., 1915.

An equal has not power over an equal.—Law Maxim.



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## The Foolish Workingman

It is estimated that in the manufacture of a barrel of beer (31 gallons according to U.S. revenue regulations) about 60 cents is expended. This includes labor and cost of materials. The Champion of Fair Play, leading liquor organ, informs us that at five cents per drink the profits of a barrel of beer range from \$12.40 to \$28.35, according to the size of the glass. These profits, it states, are based on the sale of the beer without foam. Thus does the "poor workingman" enable the brewer to present Mrs. Brewer with a crown of gold, his own wife the while going hatless and hungry.

Alabama in 1914 mined 16,593,422 tons of coal, worth \$20,849,919 at the mines.

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