

SHOCK OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELL STRIKES LIKE A LEAD PIPE AGAINST THE NAPE OF NECK

But When the Shelling Was Over, the Waiter Merely Remarked, "Les Boches Have Said 'Good Evening,'" And at That All Laughed

SURGEON WITH AMERICAN AMBULANCE FINDS THRILLS, SMILES AND TEARS

He Carries a Piece of White Lavender Which Was Entrusted to His Care One Night—But he Tell the Story Himself

The following remarkable account of one day's work with the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps at the front, is contained in a letter to a friend in Toronto from a doctor with the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps:

I am sure that you will be interested to know that The American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, which has been attached to the Second French Army in the north of France since the beginning of October, has, in obedience to orders from headquarters, removed to a new base less than six miles behind the lines. An immediate result of this movement has been the establishment of single guard cars at three points directly on the line and in front of the guns. Each guard car, equipped with two men, their rations and sleeping kit, remains at its post during twenty-four hours, a relief car taking up the work at each noon. These voitures de garde, as the French call them, carry wounded from the actual trenches or from shell-proof dug-outs which, by courtesy are called first aid dressing stations, to the field hospitals (often tiny churches) situated in small villages just out of cannon range and, in the event of a sudden attack or explosion of trench mines, also act as messengers to bring up from our base the remainder of our twenty odd cars.

Perhaps I can best give you an idea of the kind of work the guard cars do by a description of my first twenty-four hours at a post less than half a mile or so behind the trenches.

An Exciting Journey

Two of us, on a two-stretcher, three-sitter DeLauney-Bellville ambulance, arrived at the appointed village a little after mid-day, but still in time to bid good-bye to the French guard car which we were to replace. We found the doctors and stretcher-bearers of two of the four regiments we were to serve installed in a one-story farm house, the covered barnyard entrance to which was the shelter our car was to occupy while awaiting orders.

At 2.30 p.m. there came a telephone order from the "Premier Post de Secours" at the trenches for the "Voiture Americaine" to report there immediately. At once the car was got under way. Slowly we crawled through streets littered with the debris of shell-shattered houses and walls, and by sentries who demanded the password at the bayonet's point. Further on a clutter of supply and ammunition trains in a country lane kept us back, but a sudden turn to the left showed a white ribbon of empty road that wound up over a high ridge before us. Innocent it looked, and inviting. We opened the throttle wide, and rushed to the summit—to find ourselves in full view of the German guns and trenches, while in the surface of the road we jolted over, old shell marks gaped at us like manholes. Down the far side of the ridge we dropped at full speed, holding our breath. But no shells fell, and no bullets, and we inwardly congratulated ourselves as we drew up near the dugout shelters hidden in a hollow behind the French second line, where we found an orderly waiting for us beside a final sentry.

Station Underground

Here the car was turned round and the stretchers shouldered, for we had reached a point beyond which the ambulance might not go, since the road, which led straight on to the German lines, was heavily barricaded at intervals of fifteen metres. The Premier Poste de Secours was some way down the road, and we hurried towards it with the orderly. When we reached it, this first aid dressing station proved to be a dug-out chamber five feet below ground, reached by an inclined plane, much as one enters the tomb chamber of the Great Pyramid of Cheops. Here we found our men, wounded but fifteen minutes before, ready for us. One had a rifle bullet through his head; the other was riddled with shrapnel. Both were in pretty bad shape, the shrapnel case especially but as we lifted the first onto a

AT THE NICKEL

NOTE:—The first performance on Wednesday evening at 7 sharp

TON'T MISS THIS GREAT BIG HOLIDAY BILL AT THE NICKEL.

INSTANTANEOUS HIT "The Harmony Boys," Arthur Huskies, DeWitt Cairns.

"THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY"

Episode 16. DRAWN INTO THE QUICKSANDS. "IN THE JURY ROOM."—A two-part melo-drama. "NEWS PICTORIAL."—Interesting events. "THE CHEAP VACATION."—A sure fire comedy. YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE NICKEL PROGRAMME—IT IS CONSISTENTLY GOOD.

BOY IN THICK OF WINTER'S CAMPAIGN

Was Stowaway Aboard the Troopship Carrying Canadians—Mascot of Regiment—Chief Duty Was in Keeping Clear of Officers

Clothed in the uniform of Canada's Expeditionary Forces, three figures passed slowly down Bay street to-day to the recruiting station of the Queen's Own Rifles in the Bay street fire hall. It was plainly evident that they were veterans of the present terrible war, and the hundreds of people on the thoroughfare paused for a moment to watch the trio as they wended their way through the crowds.

It was a unique sight because one of the three in uniform was a mere lad of twelve. One of the men leaned heavily on a stout cane, and the other two walked erect, and none paid any attention to the gazing throngs. The boy attracted the most notice, and many wondered why it was that he was garbed in the regulation active service uniform. They would have been surprised to know that he was as much of a hero as his two companions.

The fact is that the lad, Peter Rutledge, from "somewhere in Nova Scotia," has been an unauthorized soldier of the British Empire since last October, when the Allan liner "Virginian" left Quebec with a shipload of Canadian fighters. His three older brothers had already enlisted, and had crossed the Atlantic, and the boy was all alone, because his mother had just died. He sneaked on board the boat, but was soon discovered and was put ashore. A few minutes later, however, he bribed the owner of a motor boat and he soon scrambled aboard the troopship on the offside. He rushed below and became a stow-away. Again he was discovered, but it was then too late to put him off, because the liner was on her voyage.

Regiment's Mascot

The troops on board included the 3rd Battalion, which is classed as a Toronto unit. Members of this battalion made him a mascot of the regiment and he was outfitted in the King's uniform. He proceeded with the battalion to Salisbury Plain and spent the winter in camp. During this training season his chief occupation consisted of dodging the officers in command. Eventually the first contingent was sent to France and Rutledge went, too. Right into the trenches he went last February and became one of the boys in the firing line. He was enjoying the time of his life, although his friends about him were falling from German bullets. Finally came a hot engagement and one of his grown-up pals, Pte. Robert Fulton, became a sieve from the Hun's bullets. Another pal, Pte. Thomas Norris, rescued Fulton under great difficulties and was himself wounded. Then the three of them were taken from the trenches. These were the three who walked down Bay street to-day.

Boy Tells of Deeds

Pte. Fulton was for five years a member of the 10th Royal Grenadiers before he enlisted for active service at the outbreak of war. Before coming to Canada Fulton was a member of the 1st Royal Scots. Pte. Thos. Norris was a member of the Queen's Own Rifles and he has just been made a corporal. In addition Private, at least Corporal, Norris, has been recommended for a D.C.M. for distinguished bravery in saving a water wagon under heavy fire. After months spent in English hospital, the two wounded men were ordered home and with them came young Rutledge. They have arrived in Toronto and they are still inseparable pals. Occasionally the lad "gets in wrong" by telling tales of brave deeds accomplished but, otherwise, the trio are happy together.

The three veterans are engaging in recruiting work at the present time. Corporal Norris is one of those detailed to the Q.O.R. station on Bay street, while the boy is generally to be found at the Amouries. Frequently they attend recruiting rallies where young Rutledge invariably gets cheers from the crowd. However, he disdainfully ignores the salutes from "other kids" and prefers hopes to return to the front some day when he wants to be officially recognized. He lives at 213 Ontario street with his adopted brother, Corporal Norris.

ROSSLEY'S EAST END THEATRE.

St. John's Leading Vaudeville, Dramatic and Picture Theatre.

BIG PROGRAMME TO-NIGHT

Farewell Week of the RUSSELLS.

JACK RUSSELL will present his best Songs, Sketches and Recitals. There will be shown a picture of the Newfoundland Lads and several other Regiments. Coming on Sept. 13th, **The Famous IAN MacKENZIE & Co.** NOTE—Jack Rossley is in New York and making arrangements for the Best Films on the Market.

5c. CRESCENT Picture Palace 5c.

"The Downward Path"

A Special Lubin Feature in 2 Reels.

"Her Spanish Cousins"

An Edison Comedy Drama featuring May Abbey.

"Treasure Grove"

A gripping drama with Harry Beaumont.

"A Regular Rip" and "Getting the Sack."

Are two lively comedies.

Harry Collins—Irish Tenor—Singing Classy Songs and Ballads
The Usual Extra Pictures at the Big SATURDAY MATINEE.
Good Music—A Cool and well ventilated Theatre.

COAKER ENGINES

are THE BEST Motor Engines for Fishermen

W. F. Coaker, Esq., M.H.A.,
President Fishermen's Union
Trading Company Limited.

Dear Sir,—
Last Spring I purchased a 6 h.p. COAKER Engine which has given me every satisfaction.

I certainly consider it the best Motor Engine for fishermen to-day on the local market.

With my trap boat I am able to make seven knots an hour. Last Summer I had my trap set four miles away and I made two trips daily with three dories in tow, and never had the slightest mishap.

I would advise any fisherman who requires an Engine that can be operated easily and give good results to buy a 6 h.p. COAKER Engine.

Yours truly,
WALTER HILLIER.
Point-aux-Gaul, Lamaline,
April 1915.

Specially Low Prices in LUBRICATING OILS.

Up to the 15th June, we will deliver "POLARINE" Oil at the following prices:—

5 Gal. Can POLARINE OIL, Imperial Measure, for \$3.60. Original Price, \$4.50.

2-5 Gal. Cans POLARINE OIL, Imperial Measure for \$7.00. Original Price, \$8.80.

This is strictly Non Carbon, Non Freezing Oil and is strongly recommended for Motor Cars and Motor Boat engines.

TESTIMONIALS:

From The Acadia Gas Engine Co., Ltd.
"We consider "Polarine" Oil to be the best and most suitable for our engines and recommend it to our customers.

From Swim Bros., Fish Merchants.

We have used all kinds of Cylinder Oil in our Motor Boats and are now using "Polarine" which gives us better satisfaction than any oil we have ever had.

Yours truly, (Sgd.) SWIM BROS.

A. H. Murray ST. JOHN'S