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 10 Barrels NEW TURNIPS.
 20 Crates BANANAS.
 20 Cases CALIFORNIA ORANGES.
 10 Large Ripe WATER MELONS.
 2 Crates TOMATOES.
 10 Large New CANADIAN CHEESE.
 20 TWIN CHEESE.

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Pressure At

The Dardanelles

(The Citizen)

According to the report of a newspaper correspondent at the Dardanelles the British forces have cut the lines of communication between Constantinople and the Turkish force in Gallipoli peninsula. Whatever truth there may be in the report, it is becoming evident from recent statements that the Allies are closing in on the wicked Turkish stronghold.

The success of the latest landing at Suvia Bay is possibly part

of a general move forward on the enemy; and just as the Turks show signs of giving in the Italians are preparing to join with the French and British in the final assault at Gallipoli.

Much depends upon the Dardanelles campaign. The capture of the peninsula would probably settle Turkey, and decide the question of Balkan participation in the war against Germany and Austria. News from the Dardanelles will be watched with increasing attention during the next few days.

GLORIOUS FIGHT AT HILL 60 DESCRIBED BY ONE NEAR SCENE

Many Acts of Bravery Lost in Other Engagements. No Man Can Shirk His Duty After Reading This Vivid Description of the Battle.

London, Aug. 28.—The Daily Mail under a recent date published the report of their special correspondent, Mr. Valentine Williams, regarding the fight on Hill 60, issued under date from General Headquarters. The account follows:

The other morning I stood by the gate of a field on a country road in these parts and watched a brigade march past the saluting point under the eye of the General Commanding the Second Army. There was a fine swing about the battalions as they went by, and with eyes shining, heads held high, and shoulders well back, they marched with the air of men who are inspired by the memory of a great ordeal endured.

These were the men of the 13th Brigade that had won Hill 60, had been gone off and played a very gallant part in the second battle of Ypres, and had afterward returned to the ill-omened hill to find that one of the bravest battalions had been overwhelmed by asphyxiating gas and that the work had to be done over again.

Twice the 13th Brigade attempted to recapture the hill. Twice it failed. There was no shame in the failure, only glory. The Commander-in-Chief had already expressed his warm appreciation of its gallantry, and now the Army Commander had come to speak his thanks to the 13th Brigade for its splendid services. Indeed, the lustre of its record shines so bright that I count it a privilege to be able to relate for the first time the full story of how Hill 60 was captured and lost.

Feat of Heroism.

It is a story illuminated by innumerable feats of deathless heroism, a story of splendid tenacity and grim determination, beginning with the asphyxiation of gallant men taken unawares, a crime so foul that no man who saw the railway cutting by Hill 60 after the Dorsets and the Duke of Wellingtons had been gassed will ever take the hand of a German again.

If after reading this story as it was told to me by the men who went through the fight any man can shirk his duty to his country, then surely our dead at Hill 60, the men who held out on the hilltop to the end and lie there still, will rise up in their hundreds on the Judgment Day and denounce him.

Hill 60 lies in an isolated position on the extreme western edge of the Klein Zillebeke Ridge, with the Ypres-Comines railway, which here runs through a deep cutting spanned by a bridge on the one side and the Klein Zillebeke-Zwartelen road on the other. It is a low hill with a flattish top, about 45 feet above the surrounding country. The Germans held the upper slopes and the summit of the hill, while our trenches ran round the lower slopes.

It was decided to mine the summit, then send infantry forward to occupy the mine craters and capture the hill. While our miners were burrowing underground the positions were carefully reconnoitered in person by the General Officer Commanding the 13th Brigade, to which the operation, timed to start at 7 o'clock on the evening of April 17, was entrusted.

Nerves Unknown.

On the evening of April 16th the 1st Royal West Kents and the 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers, who were to storm the hill, were in our trenches. When an attack of this kind is impending men are keyed up to a high pitch and are anxious to get it over as soon as possible. It speaks highly for the fine discipline of the troops that they waited in the narrow trenches all through the heat of April 17 without a trace of nerves.

By 7 p.m. everything was ready. Major Joslin, who was to lead the storming party, stood with his whistle to his lips besides the Royal Engineers' officer, who was to fire the first of the five mines to be exploded. The first mine went off with a dull rumbling explosion, not very loud, but the earth swayed perceptibly to and fro and an immense black spout soared heavenwards, descending again in a shower of sand, trees, timber and dismembered fragments of human beings.

At the same instant, with a roar, our artillery, supported by French and Belgian guns, opened rapid fire on all the German positions in the vicinity—on the woods, on the ruined houses of Zwartelen on the left (we were attacking from the north),

and on the railway cutting. The second mine went up with a deafening explosion, which was so much louder than the first that the mine is believed to have set off a German mine with it.

The five mines were exploded within a few seconds of one another; then Major Joslin sounded the charge on his whistle, and the "Gallant Half Hundred" were over the parapet and away, headed by men, to demolish any barbed wire entanglements remaining and bomb-throwers.

Five Great Craters.

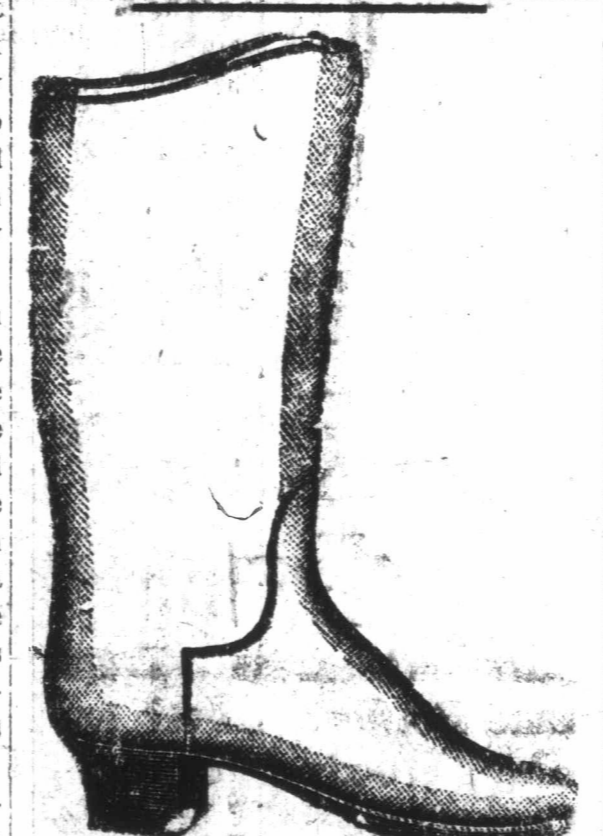
The Germans were completely surprised. As the West Kents were getting away a panic-stricken German rushed out of the smoke of the explosion, with hands uplifted, and tumbled headlong over the parapet into our trench, where he was made prisoner. Our machine guns got well into the surviving Germans as they hastily quit their ruined trenches. Such Germans as stood their ground made a mere show of resistance and were either bayoneted or driven down their communication trenches by our bombers. It was found that the mines had done their work completely and blasted all the barbed wire away. The biggest of the five craters formed was fully 50 yards across and about 40 feet deep. In the meantime, while the West Kents pushed on and captured the trenches beyond the craters, barricading the communication trenches, a digging party of the King's Own Scottish Borderers who had followed up set about digging trenches across the lips of the craters.

The Hill Was Ours.

By 7.20 Hill 60 was ours with only a few casualties.

The Germans bombarded the new trenches with "whizz-bangs" during the evening with small effect. About 2 a.m. they attempted three counter-

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Yours truly,

PETER JOY.

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attacks, but these died away successively under the fire of our machine guns. In the small hours of the morning the Scottish Borderers advanced to relieve the West Kents.

The Germans now wakened up and were maintaining a heavy bombardment with shells and bombs. It was pitch dark and the going over the ground, pitted with shell holes and encumbered with dead bodies and broken barbed wire, was extremely difficult. Major Joslin, of the West Kents was killed, so was the company commander of the Scottish Borderers, while Major Sladen, the commanding officer of the K. O. S. B.'s was wounded and his adjutant mortally wounded.

Singing As They Fired.

A stern ordeal awaited the Scottish Borderers in the trenches they took over. The Germans maintained a terrific bombardment, but the K. O. S. B.'s never lost heart. These astounding men, ensconced in hastily dug trenches by a yawning crater full of dead and wounded, with high explosive shells bursting all around them and often falling into the trench, actually sang as they fired over the parapet or lobbed their bombs over the barriers across the old German communication trenches. Amid the flares that lit up the barren hill-top as clear as day and the shells that burst noisily amid clouds of whitish yellow smoke they shouted in chorus, "Here we are! Here we are! Here we are again!"

Thus a company of the West Kents, sent up in support, found them at daybreak. The K. O. S. B.'s had had to fall back from the trench on the outer lip of the crater, so that the crater lay between them and the Germans. Their captain lay dead in the crater, which was so full of the dead and wounded that, in the words of a Royal West Kent's officer who was there, "hardly a portion of the ground could be seen."

A Proud Record.

The next morning—it was April 18—the 1st Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment) arrived to relieve the West Kents and the Scottish Borderers, who were now holding on to the three craters on the near side of the hill. "The Duke's" as they are called, dug magnificently that day. "The Old Duke," their brigadier, said afterwards, in addressing the shattered remnant of the regiment that came away from the hill, "would be as proud of you today as he was when he commanded you." Pelted mercilessly with bombs by the Germans creeping ever closer, and bombarded by high-explosive shells and whizz-bangs, they held on grimly all through the day. By noon the Germans had recaptured the whole of the hill save for a section of trench between the second and third craters, where the Duke's still held out. The men in reserve in the rear could see them clinging to the ridge "like a patch of flies on the ceiling." Their casualties were heavy. Two of the officers they lost, Captain Taylor and Captain Ellis, had distinguished themselves at Mons, where the battalion played a notable part; were captured by the Germans during the retreat, but managed to escape and reach England.

Ours Once More.

Towards evening, the Duke's still holding out, it was decided to make a counter-attack, supported by artillery. The Yorkshire Light Infantry were brought up, and at six o'clock the Duke's, as full of fight as ever, with bayonets fixed, were away over the parapet of their battered trench, followed by their fellow countrymen of Yorkshire. The Duke's and the Yorkshire Light Infantry were followed by some of the K. O. S. B.'s and the Queen Victoria Rifles, a London Territorial battalion, that did magnificently in the fighting at Hill 60, one of their subalterns, Second-Lieutenant Woolley, winning the Victoria Cross.

"B" company of the Duke's on the right reached the German trenches with only slight casualties. "C" company, in the centre, had to cross open ground, and of the 100 men who charged only Captain Barton and 11 men got into the German trench, where, notwithstanding their small numbers, they killed or routed all the Germans there. "D" company on the left had likewise to traverse the open and lost all its officers in its passage of the heavily

(Continued on page 3)

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