

GALLANT DEEDS THAT HELPED WIN FIGHT AT LOOS

Stories of the Great Drive Told by British Private Soldiers

BANTAM "TOMMY'S" CAPTIVE

He marched a huge Bavarian before him, bound him and returned to fight.

London, October 22.—Illuminating incidents of the great battle which saved the British possession of the stubbornly held German trenches about Loos are now to be gathered from those modest participants in the drive who are recovering from their wounds in London hospitals.

The First Charge at Dawn

The speaker was a Territorial with six wounds in his right arm, the work of what is familiarly known as a "whizz-bang." He was in the battle in the northern sector of the British line, near Hooge, in Belgium, in the drive of the last week of September. "We waited patiently," he said, "for the signal which was to set us free, talking and joking only in whispers. We knew that there was a fierce battle in front of us; and grim and serious though we were, we occasionally had our little joke. Before dawn our artillery began to pound the German positions, and immediately the German guns replied. The noise of the guns and bursting shells was terrific. Star shells illuminated the sky, but the light was cut off from us by the dense smoke which floated over the trenches. Day had scarcely dawned when there was a cessation of artillery fire on our side, and the words, 'Get ready!' came rapidly down the long line, followed a few minutes later by the command, 'Get over!' and over the parapet we jumped, the men on the left went momentarily for those on the right, and then the whole front moved forward, quickly, I can assure you! The quick tapping of the machine-guns and snipers' rifles in the Germans' front trench can be distinctly heard, and the bullets whizz through the air. Most of the Germans have retired to their rear trenches, leaving their machine-guns and snipers to defend the front.

"We cover eighty yards in quick time, shouting as we go. We reach the enemy's first trench and bring the bayonet into operation. We find

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the Germans are eager to surrender. Some of our comrades have fallen on the way, so we wait a few minutes for supports. Then off we are again for trench number 2, into which many of the wily Germans have retreated. Now the fight becomes fiercer, and the ground appears to be swept by bullets. But we rush on. The German does not like steel, so we take trench number 2. Let me say here that while the German does not like the steel, the sight of a kilt just scares him."

Smoked Cigarettes in the Walt

This is part of the story of a British private soldier's share in the drive on Sir John French's front.

"My company now here off to the right, and barbed wire caused our stomachs as the party in front of us got over, glad indeed of a few minutes rest. Many of us lighted cigarettes, and had a pot at Bosch's running away a good distance in front. When we got over that wire—it was only in few parts that our artillery had managed to sever it—we lined up as though doing extended order on the parade ground, and went forward smiling and quickly. None of us seemed to care a hang, although rifle bullets crashed around us like a hundred circus whips being wielded at once, and sharp bursts sounded like tons of coal being slipped down an area grating. We continued in perfect order, reaching houses at the edge of the village, the best of which our battalion captured by the aid of our machine-guns, and reached another line of trenches. But the Bosch's had retreated further back, and on we went."

The British Bantam's Prisoner

A private in a London Territorial Battalion, recovering from his wounds in a London hospital, recalls this incident of the battle:

"It was now Sunday morning and daylight. As I was hobbling on as best I could back to our old lines, I met the smallest English Tommy I ever saw, and in front of him walked, as quiet as a lamb, a monster Bavarian with his hands above his head. I walked towards them and this is the conversation I heard: 'I am tired of you. I shall have to shoot you or stick this through you. Which would you prefer?' The Bavarian fell on his knees. 'Mercy, Kamerad! Oh, mercy, Kamerad!' he cried. 'Hurry up and decide. I am missing all the fun. They want me up there. And the bantam pointed to Hill 70, where the firing was intense. Then they saw me. 'Can you walk?' asked the man with the prisoner. 'I told him I could only hobble. 'Can you carry a revolver?' 'Yes, I think I can,' I said, 'but I am not sure. 'That's no good,' he said. Then he turned to the Bavarian and told him to lie down. He began to tie him up. Just at that moment a light ammunition wagon came into sight. 'The bantam called to it, handed us both over to the driver, and ran as fast as he could back to Hill 70. 'He had been missing the fun too long. 'It was the machine-gun men we went for first with the bayonet,' said a sergeant in a London Infantry, 'and there's some satisfaction in getting men who have been laying your pals out, much more than in sticking chaps in the trenches who throw down their guns directly we get at them. 'Our rush had been so impetuous that we had left some German trenches behind us, and we had to return to deal with them. But when they found we were in their supporting trenches and on both flanks they did not want to fight. In fact, one German who pushed a clip of cartridges into his rifle as I dropped over the front had his arm pulled back by the man next him."

"Women Captives in Loos Cellars. "The cellars were the worst part of Loos," said another Territorial, "Rife and machine-gun fire was poured from these cellars into us in the streets. The tops of the cellars were above the level of the road. There were men who took whole cellars full of men prisoners. There were many occasions when these Bavarians caught like rats in a trap, begged to be spared and then shot the men who went down to take them prisoner. I tell you the enemy are proper little gentlemen. "When that happened there was only one end. The cellars were blown to bits by hand bombs which were dropped into them. Many of those cellars swam in blood. "In one small cellar about a score of French women and children were found. Poor things! I saw them myself. If the whole army had seen them there would have been no prisoners. Starved and ill, with sunken eyes, and such a look of terror in their faces as I never saw elsewhere, and never want to see again, these slaves and compulsory playthings of a cultured race just stood and looked at us. "They were too far gone to smile. They had no tears even of joy left. They were immediately sent back to a town behind our lines. My God! If that had been England; if Loos had been London, there wouldn't be a man in civilian clothes here today."

A Call Boy Bayonets a German

"I was a call boy at a London theatre before I joined this 'crush,'" said a wounded soldier, a mere boy, "and this was my first appearance, as you may say, in a real battle, and, al-

ONE OF THE CANNONS THAT CLEARED WAY FOR ALLIED ADVANCE



The above picture shows a cleverly concealed 155-millimetre gun in position within the French lines. When recalling the whole of the monster gun runs back onto the sloping wooden steps shown above. One man is seen carrying a heavy shell on his shoulder, and the other, assisting him from the little wooden platform, places it in position and then rams it into the breach. The gun itself is concealed from observation by the tree trunks and by the boughs and twigs surrounding it.

though I knew the part I was to play well enough after many months' rehearsals in England, I must own that I felt a trifle shaky—like an actor on a first night, I suppose. "Looking back, it seems strange how quickly this feeling passed away, when some one cried, 'Up, lads; now's your chance!' My chum and I had agreed that we would stick together so long as we could, but no plans were quickly upset, for no sooner had we clambered out of our trench than he went down. "This seemed to rouse me, I seemed to go mad with rage and hardly knew what I did, the most extraordinary thing being that I seemed then to have no fear of the hail of bullets which rained down upon us—they all seemed part of the 'play'—and I was carried along by an overwhelming impulse to get at the enemy and avenge my chum. "I, like the rest of us, scampered as fast as my legs would carry me, slipping and sliding in the mud, until, at length, went sprawling in the slush. I had just scrambled to my feet again when I heard the order 'Charge!' and leveling my bayonet I rushed headlong forward, jumping over barbed wire and barbed wire as though I was electrocuted. "My first experience of battle was short and sweet, for I was bowled over at the first trench. I remember plunging my bayonet into a huge German who confronted me with levelled rifle. Then I was hit on the head by something or other which made me see more fire in an instant than I had seen during the whole time I had been out there. Then I must have lost consciousness, for I remember no more until I found myself in the hands of the stretcher-bearers, who told me that my wound was not very serious. "I have Lost All My Children." This was the most striking picture of his experience at Loos which another wounded man brought from the great battle: "I was wounded before I reached the German lines, worse luck, in the left arm and left leg. I crawled as best I could into one of the numerous shell holes. I tried all I could to bandage myself, but it is hard with only one hand. "I lay in that hole for five hours before I was able to crawl out and roll back to our lines, where I was finally

picked up and brought back to the hospital. "As I lay in the shell hole a captain came by. He was swaying from side to side like a drunken man. He was looking sometimes on the ground at the men who lay there dead. Then he would shade his eyes with his hand and look around him. It seemed as if he had lost something. "He came quite near to me, and I called to him. He looked at me calling out as he went: 'I have lost all my children! I have lost all my children!'"

SELECTION OF SEED POTATOES

Canada will look to Maritime Provinces this year for seed.

Farmers in the Maritime Provinces should put on their "thinking caps" after reading the following short letter from an Ontario agriculturist—a sort of "Macedonian cry" for help from the potato-growers of Eastern Canada. The note runs: "Dear Sir:—The potato crops of the country are a failure. The member here advised me to write to you, saying that you might be able to tell me where good potatoes can be got and who has them for sale. "This is a typical letter chosen from several others which the Secretary of Agriculture for Nova Scotia has received, and is still receiving, from farmers and dealers in Ontario where the potato crop was a failure, chiefly due to a long season of wet weather that favored black rot. From the let-

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and the time spent on the job means choice big crops and corresponding profits in real money.

Retail Market. The local market was well supplied with provisions yesterday, there being no scarcity in any department. Prices rule about as last week. Roast beef was quoted at from 16c. to 26c.; lamb, 12c. to 18c.; pork, 12c. to 20c. Eggs brought from 40 to 42c. a dozen for fresh; case, 23c. to 24c. Creamery butter was sold at from 34c. to 38c.; tub, 32c. to 34c. Turkeys brought from 30c. to 32c. Chickens, 25c. to 30c. Vegetables of all kinds were on hand at about usual prices for the time of year. Dealers say that trade has been good during the week.

What Thin Folks Should Do To Gain Weight

Good Advice For Thin, Undeveloped Men and Women

Thousands of people suffer from excessive thinness, weak nerves and feeble stomachs who, having tried advertised flesh-makers, food-fads, physical culture stunts and rub-on creams, resign themselves to lifelong skinniness and think nothing will make them fat. Yet their case is not hopeless. A recently discovered combination of assimilative agents has made fat grow after years of thinness, and it is also unequalled, judging from reports, for repairing the waste of sickness or faulty digestion and for strengthening the nerves. This remarkable preparation is called Sargol. Six strength-giving, fat-producing assimilative elements of acknowledged merit have been combined in this preparation, which is endorsed and used by prominent people everywhere. It is absolutely harmless, inexpensive and efficient. A few weeks systematic use of Sargol should go far to produce flesh and strength by correcting faults of digestion and by supplying nourishing fats to the blood. If not, every druggist who sells it is authorized to return the purchase price. Increased nourishment is obtained from the food eaten, and the additional fats, that thin people need are thus provided. All leading druggists supply Sargol and say there is a large demand for it. While this new preparation has from reports given splendid results as a nerve tonic and vitalizer, its use is not recommended to nervous people unless they wish to gain at least ten pounds of flesh.

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