

TALES OF MEN WHO DID NOT DIE IN VAIN:

suspicion of German methods, his quick thought, and his absolute faith in the sense and courage of his officers. Sergeant Richardson belongs to Cobourg, Ontario.

OF a different order of courage was Corporal H. Baker, of the 10th Battalion. After the attack on the Wood and the occupation of a part of the German trench by the 10th Canadian Battalion, on the night of April 22nd-23rd, Corporal Baker, with sixteen bomb-throwers, moved to the left along the German line, bombing the enemy out of the trench. The Germans checked Baker's advance with bombs and rifle fire and put nine of his men out of action during the night. The enemy then established a redoubt by digging a cross-trench. Corporal Baker and the six other survivors of his party maintained a position within ten yards of the redoubt throughout the remaining hours of the night. Early in the morning of the 23rd the Germans received a fresh supply of bombs and renewed their efforts to dislodge the little party of Canadians. They threw over Baker, who was closer in to their position than the others of his party, and killed his six companions. Alone among the dead, with the menace of death hemming him in, Baker collected bombs from the still shapes behind him, and threw them into the enemy's redoubt. He threw with coolness and accuracy, and slackened the German fire. He held his position within ten yards of the cross-trench all day and all night, and returned to his Battalion just before the dawn of the 24th, over the bodies of dead and wounded men who had fallen before the rain of bombs and rifle grenades.

CONSIDER the case of Company Sergeant-Major F. W. Hall, V.C. During the night of April 23rd-24th the 8th Battalion took over a line of trenches from the 15th Battalion. Close in rear of the Canadian position at this point ran a high bank fully exposed to the fire of the enemy; and while crossing this bank to occupy the trench, several men of the 8th Battalion were wounded. During the early morning of Saturday, the 24th, Company Sergeant-Major F. W. Hall brought two of these wounded into the trench. A few hours later, at about 9 a.m., groans of suffering drew attention to another wounded man in the high ground behind the position. Corporal Payne went back for him, but was wounded. Private Rogerson next attempted the rescue, and was also wounded. Then Sergeant-Major Hall made the attempt. He reached his objective without accident, though under heavy fire from the German trenches in front. This was deliberate, aimed fire, delivered in broad daylight. He managed to get his helpless comrade into position on his back, but in raising himself a little to survey the ground over which he had to return to shelter, he was shot fairly through the head and instantly killed. The man for whom he had given his life was also killed. For this gallant deed Sergeant-Major Hall was awarded a posthumous V.C. He was originally from Belfast, but his Canadian home was in Winnipeg. He joined the 8th Battalion at Valcartier, Quebec, in August, 1914, as a private.

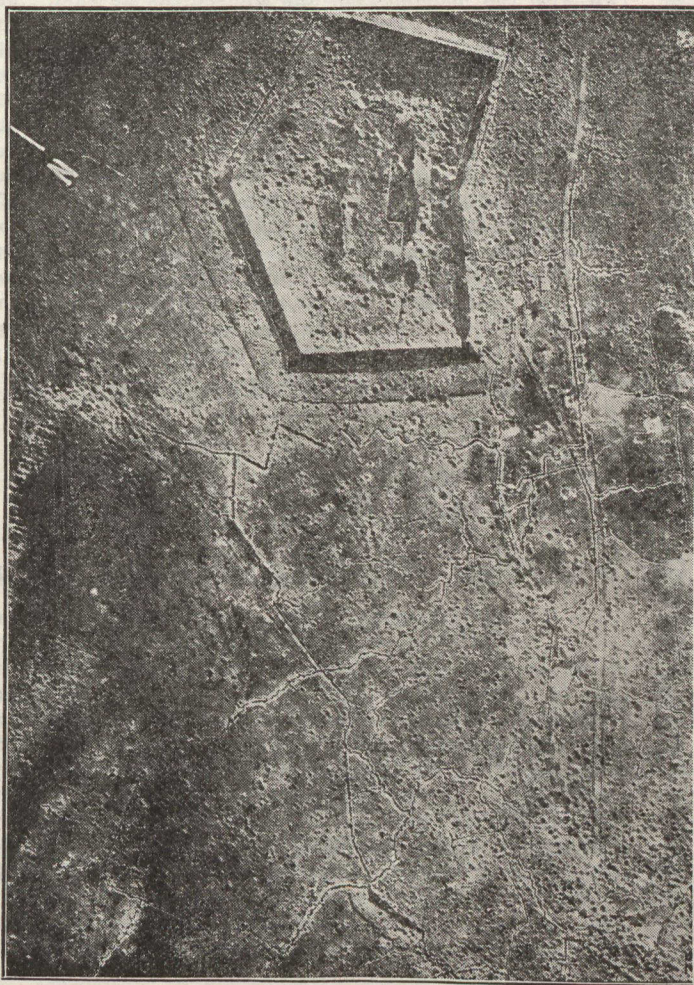
SERGEANT C. B. FERRIS, of the 2nd Field Company of the Canadian Engineers, proved in the face of the enemy that he could keep a road repaired faster than they could destroy it by shell fire. From April 25th to the 29th, the road between Portuain and the Yser Canal was under the constant hammer of German shells. It was of vital importance to the Canadian and British troops in the neighbourhood that this road should be kept open for all manner of transportation, and Captain Irving, commanding the 2nd Field Company, Canadian Engineers, sent a party under Sergeant Ferris and Corporal Rhodes to keep the highway in repair. Every shell-hole in the road-bed had to be filled with bricks brought up in waggons from the nearest ruined houses; and at times it seemed as if the German artillery would succeed in making new holes faster than the little party of Canadian Engineers could fill in the old ones. Sergeant Ferris and his men stuck to their task day and night, amid the dust and splinters and shock of bursting shells, and their work of reconstruction was more rapid than the enemy's work of destruction. They kept the road open.

On a moonlight night, a month later, the Road-mender developed the talents of a Pathfinder, when the 2nd Field Company of the Canadian Engineers was ordered to link up a trench in the Canadian front line with the attempted advance of a British division on our left, and establish a defensive flank

advance had reached, and was holding, a point where the connection was to be made. In response, Sapper Quin attempted to carry through the tape, to mark the line for digging the linking trench, under a heavy fire of shells, machine guns, and rifles. He did not return, and Sapper Connan went out and failed to come back; and neither of these men has been seen or heard of since. Then Sapper Low made an attempt to carry the tape across, and failed to return. Without a moment's hesitation, Sergeant Ferris sprang over the parapet in the face of the most severe fire, and, with the tape in one hand and revolver in the other, cautiously crawled in the direction of the flaring signal.

Midway, he stumbled upon the wire entanglements of a German redoubt fairly on the line which this section had thought to dig. He followed the wire entanglements of this redoubt completely round, and for a time was exposed to rifle and machine gun fire from three sides. At this moment he was severely wounded through the lungs, but he persisted in his effort. He found out that a mistake had been made

AFTER A RAIN OF SHELLS



This remarkable photograph was taken recently by a French airman while flying over Fort Douaumont. The thread-like lines are the remains of trenches. The innumerable dots are in reality shell-holes, some of them craters. Of the original "fort" little is left but the foundation lines.

and that the attack had not reached the point indicated, and staggered back to make his report, bringing Sapper Low with him. Sergeant Ferris's information was eagerly listened to by Lieut. Matthewson and Sergeant-Major Chetwynd, who was present as a volunteer. Sergeant-Major Chetwynd quickly realized the nature of the difficulty, and, encouraged by Lieut. Matthewson, he rallied the detachment and led it to another point from which he successfully laid the line under very heavy fire from the German trenches.

NOW we come to the story of Private Irving, one of General Turner's subordinate staff, who went out to do as brave a deed as a man might endeavour, but never returned. Irving had been up for forty-eight hours helping to feed the wounded as they were brought in to Brigade Headquarters, which had been turned into a temporary dressing station, when he heard that a huge poplar tree had fallen across the road and was holding up the ambulance waggons.

Irving set forth with the ambulance, but, on nearing the place of which he was in search, left it, and went forward on foot along the road, which was being swept by heavy artillery fire and a cross rifle fire. And then, even as, axe in hand, he tramped up this road, with shells bursting all around him and bullets whistling past him, he disappeared as

up! General Turner, who appreciated the gallant work Irving had set out to do, himself had all the lists of the Field Force checked over to see if he had been brought in wounded. But Irving was never traced. He is missing to this day—a strange and brave little mystery of this great war.

CORPORAL PYM (at Festubert), Royal Canadian Dragoons, exhibited a self-sacrifice and contempt for danger which can seldom have been excelled on any battlefield. Hearing cries for help in English between the British and German lines, which were only sixty yards apart, he resolved to go in search of the sufferer. The space between the lines was swept with incessant rifle and machine gun fire, but Pym crept out and found the man, who had been wounded in both thigh-bones and had been lying there for three days and nights. Pym was unable to move him without causing him pain which he was not in a state to bear. Pym therefore called back to the trench for help, and Sergeant Hollowell, Royal Canadian Dragoons, crept out and joined him, but was shot dead just as he reached Pym and the wounded man.

Pym thereupon crept back across the fire-swept space to see if he could get a stretcher, but having regained the trench he came to the conclusion that the ground was too rough to drag the stretcher across it.

Once more, therefore, he recrossed the deadly space between the trenches, and at last, with the utmost difficulty, brought the wounded man in alive.

THOSE were days of splendid deeds, and this chapter cannot be closed without recording the most splendid of all—that of Sergeant Hickey, of the 4th Canadian Battalion, which won for him the recommendation for the Victoria Cross. Hickey had joined the Battalion at Valcartier from the 36th Peel Regiment, and on May 24th he volunteered to go out and recover two trench mortars belonging to the Battalion which had been abandoned in a ditch the previous day. The excursion promised Hickey certain death, but he seemed to consider that rather an inducement than a deterrent. After perilous adventures under hells of fire he found the mortars and brought them in. But he also found what was of infinitely greater value—the shortest and safest route by which to bring up men from the reserve trenches to the firing line. It was a discovery which saved many lives at a moment when every life was of the greatest value, and time and time again, at the risk of his own as he went back and forth, he guided party after party up to the trenches by this route.

Hickey's devotion to duty had been remarkable throughout, and at Pilckem Ridge, on April 23rd, he had voluntarily run forward in front of the line to assist five wounded comrades. How he survived the shell and rifle fire which the enemy, who had an uninterrupted view of his heroic efforts, did not scruple to turn upon him, it is impossible to say; but he succeeded in dressing the wounds of all the five and conveying them back to cover.

Hickey, who was a cheery and a modest soul, and as brave as any of our brave Canadians, did not live to receive the honour for which he had been recommended. On May 30th a stray bullet hit him in the neck and killed him.

LIEUT. F. W. CAMPBELL, with two machine-guns, had advanced (this was at Givenchy) in the rear of Captain Wilkinson's company. The entire crew of one gun was killed or wounded in the advance, but a portion of the other crew gained the enemy's front trench, and then advanced along the trench in the direction of "Stony Mountain." The advance was most difficult, and, although subjected to constant heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, the bombers led the way until further advance was impossible owing to a barricade across the trench which had been hurriedly erected by the enemy. The bomb and the machine-gun bear the brunt of the day's work more and more as time goes on, till one almost begins to think that the rifle may come to be superseded by the shot-gun. The machine-gun crew which reached the trench was reduced to Lieut. Campbell and Private Vincent (a lumberjack from Bracebridge, Ontario), the machine-gun and the tripod. In default of a base, Lieut. Campbell set up the machine-gun on the broad back of Private Vincent and fired continuously. Afterwards, during the retreat, German bombers entered the trench, and Lieut. Campbell fell wounded. Private Vincent then cut away the cartridge belt, and, abandoning the