

quicken and throbbed at the sound of the deep-voiced cheering.

There was a sliding of machinery, a soft purring as the breeches of the forward guns of the Canada received their deadly pills; a further sliding of perfectly oiled mechanism and the muzzles of the great guns shifted; a mighty roar that shook the grey ships the whole of their grey lengths, and the fight began.

A BELCHING of smoke from the German flagship, a sound of metal crashing against metal, and a helpless mass of twisted steel was all that remained of the forward turret of the Canada. Another shell, with a mighty, whining roar, passed over the bridge, not twenty feet from where its Admiral stood, directing the battle. His son rushed towards him, his face alight, "Dad, dad," he cried, "that was a near one."

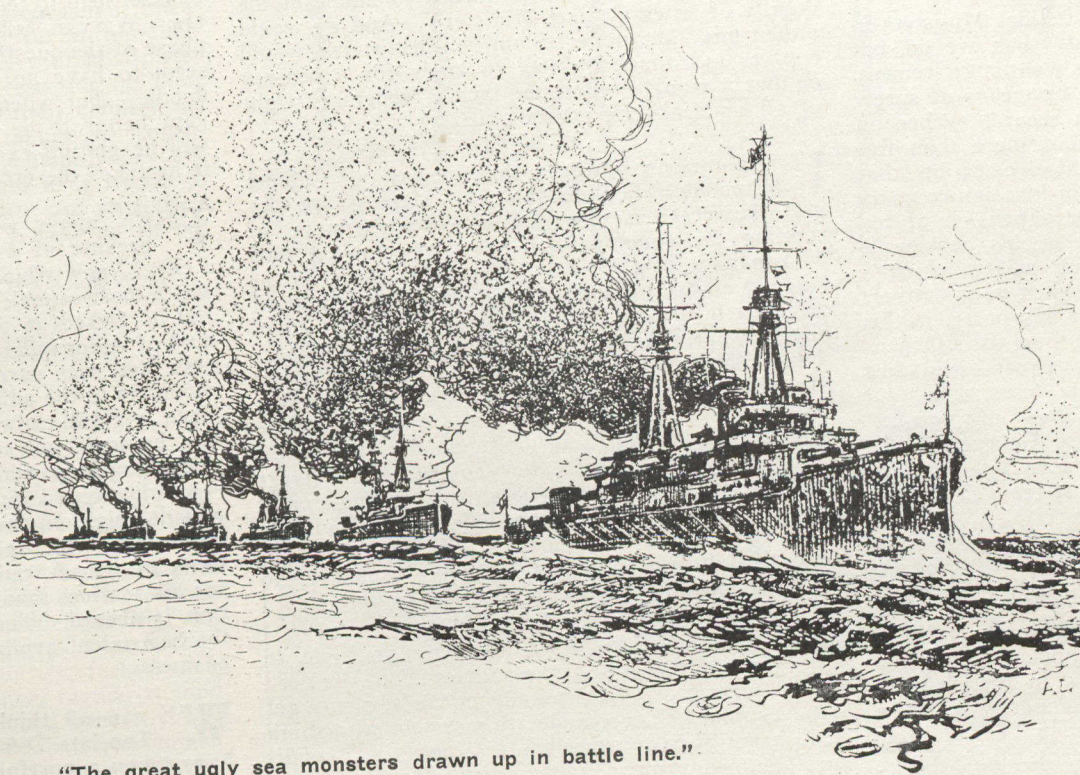
The Admiral's answer was a grimly nodded smile as he levelled his glass at the enemy. Suddenly he shouted to his second, who sat at the tube, "Ring McBride, tell him to post his rifle-men over the decks. Order the aero-gunners to their stations. They are getting ready to send up their air craft." He turned to his Lieutenant. "Signal the others!" His grey-blue eyes flashed. He shouted another command as the vessel shook with a heavy discharge of all her forward guns, and swung his glass to his eyes to watch the effect. A smile lighted up his stern features. The bows of the German flagship had crumpled up like so much cardboard, leaving a great yawning hole into which the water poured, while thirty or forty feet of her steel plates were ripped off the starboard side, and dangled into the sea. A cheer came from the Can-

ada—a hoarse, Anglo-Saxon cheer, such as no other nation can give.

Suddenly, like great birds let loose, a dozen monoplanes left the decks of the German fleet, and the battle-laden air was filled with the strange purring sounds of chugging motors, and the beating

again. Now they could be of some help without endangering their allies, and soon the cannons were hurling their screaming shells against the heavens.

From the decks of the Canadian Dreadnoughts the aero-guns belched their leaden hail at the swiftly-moving war-birds, while half a hundred rifle-men from each ship directed a well-aimed fire hoping to cripple them before they should get within bomb-throwing range. They lay on their backs, these keen-eyed, steel-nerved sons of blood, men taken from that force known the world over as the Northwest Mounted, and sighted their rifles with as much coolness as though they were practising at the butts at Regina.



"The great ugly sea monsters drawn up in battle line."

of propellers as the air-craft elevated their noses upward and climbed in long spirals into the sky.

It was a wonderful sight, the great, ugly sea monsters drawn up in battle line, the graceful but deadly war-birds circling into the heavens preparatory to dropping their evil bombs; all the ingenuity of German inventive power combined to the humbling of Empire. The soldiers and townspeople on shore watched the sight in utter silence for a few moments, then the former manned the fort guns

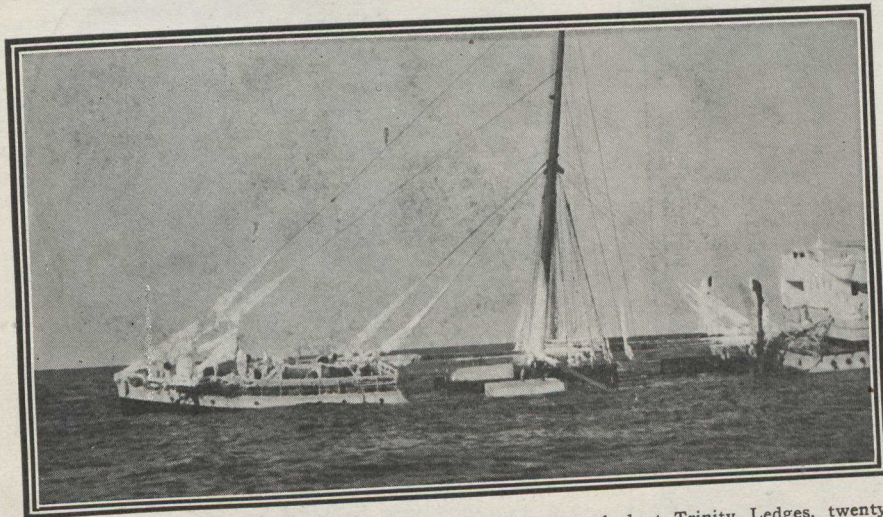
the bursting of mighty engines; clouds of smoke and steam burst the air and the ship lay a dismantled, sinking hulk.

A moment of awe succeeded this awful carnage, a silence in which men breathed hard, then again the hell began.

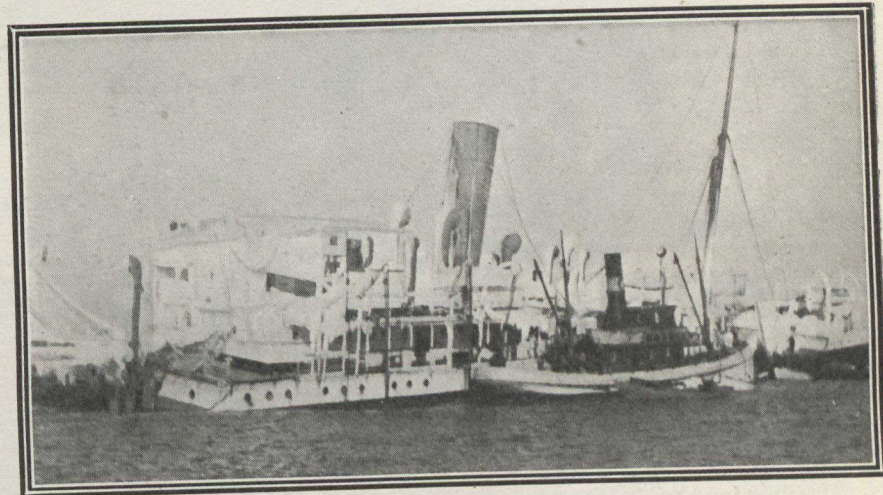
But whatever of value air craft might be on land or in future warfare, their success in the present battle was momentary. The aero-guns, fired with

(Concluded on page 18.)

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY



S.S. Cobequid, bound from Demerara to St. John, N.B., wrecked at Trinity Ledges, twenty miles west of Yarmouth at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, on Sunday, January 11th.



The former picture shows the starboard side of the forward part of the Cobequid; this shows the stern portion of the wreck, and was taken at high water, January 15th.

ONE of the most thrilling stories of the sea is that of the S.S. "Cobequid" which was wrecked on January 11th in the Bay of Fundy. The "Cobequid" is a new vessel belonging to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Line, plying between Demerara and St. John, via Bermuda. Owing to the terrific cross currents, tidal waves and fogs, the "Cobequid" got out of her course and ran on the treacherous reefs of Trinity Ledges, twenty miles west of Yarmouth. She immediately sent out the "S.O.S." wireless message, which was picked up by the various stations and ships in the vicinity. Several immediately proceeded to her assistance, but not having any exact knowledge of the whereabouts of the vessel, and no further messages being received, the rescuing boats were forty-eight hours in locating her. When the storm abated and the squalls ceased the vessel was seen by the watchers on the Yarmouth coast. The news was sent from Port Maitland to Halifax



THE CREW WHO RE SCUED 120 PEOPLE.

The crew of S.S. Westport III., who heroically searched day and night for the wrecked vessel, and after two days succeeded in finding her and rescuing the passengers and crew.

and the Government steamer "Lansdowne," the tug "John L. Cann," and the steamer "Westport" left Westport and Yarmouth for the wreck. The "Westport" reached the wreck shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon. Despite the storm that was running high the "Cobequid" crew was able to launch four life boats, carrying seventy-two passengers and members of the crew, and these were taken on board the "Westport."

In less than two minutes after the steamer struck the rocks her engine room was full of water and the fires quenched. For two days and two nights there were no fires or lights on the ship, except a little brazier in the captain's cabin. The suffering of the passengers and crew was intense and great praise must be given to the officers for their courage and success in protecting every life on board the ship. That they should have come through such a disaster without losing a single man, woman or child, is almost marvellous.