

WHEN CANADIANS WERE BAPTIZED AT GORY YPRES

WORLD GONE MAD

The afternoon was drawing to its close, the sun cast long shadows of peaceful little red and white farm houses.

Green was coming again into a world which the boys, after a winter of gray, had found to be forever to be gray. A lovely war—He?—

Red and green and blue. Oh, an afternoon in Flanders can be as lovely as the dawn of youth with shimmering horizons, its fenceless, gently rolling fields of gray-green.

For the boys had been for eight weeks, and scars belonged to the landscape. Eight weeks before they had done their first little tricks under the affable chaparone of the Himperlals.

Eight weeks' old soldiers, and they drowsed beatifically in this April afternoon's promise of fair days and fine.

To be sure, there were some indications that there was a war on. For the past twenty-four hours, sundry little accidents had been occurring, rattling and mumbling overhead on its way, express prepaid, to the fair city of Ypres just back a way.

There had been a few boxes, coal boxes, packing cases, it sounded like, spurring swift and high overhead, to land in Ypres this fine day with their fair share of the war.

Music and Perfume.

But hereabouts thearks were whishing and the air was full of that perfume of the soil which, in Flanders, is called "the perfume of the earth." It was the Scotties who first sensed the trouble, Canada's four Highland battalions were the left flank of the British, and the French colonial troops, Turcos and Algerians. From the German breastworks acrossed, at 4.40 p.m., a soggy greenish-grey mist came drifting towards the French lines. It was a lazy and filmy cloud that dragged its way listlessly across the moist fields. The French were in the Turco lines, the world went mad.

The German guns smashed out, and the afternoon was ripped to pieces, the sky was a mass of flames falling down from a blue sky and the shimmering sunlit air was smeared with red and black and the spouting fumes of destruction.

The startled Canadians scrambled to their feet and glued their eyes to the ground, and it was a touch that, but no Heines emerged from the mud wall opposite, to the left, northward, the storm seemed greater, and the German guns were firing.

The greenish mist was drifting suggestively back over the lines, and a horde of Germans with bayonets fixed to their rifles, were pouring into the open.

[illegible]

And as they looked at the awful problem, the shades of evening grew.

An Evening Conflict.

A little as dawn is not so bad, for morning comes, and the fear of the black of night is not so bad, for morning comes at last. But a battle with evening is a terrible thing, for evening is coming, and old things are passing away, and the world is full of horrors frow cold in the human heart.

Yet the sun was still in the sky when the Huns came, and they came toward to plant themselves as a flank along that side that had gone like wax; it was not yet dusk before the Huns came, and the Huns came to the Huns, near which they had been resting. The young division, without waiting for the Huns, came to the Huns. What had happened, nobody knew, but the Huns had shovled a great sodden wedge of men in north of the Huns, where the French colonial had been.

Therefore in darkness, the Canadian division, which had wedged between the Huns, and the Huns, and thickened up their line, and done, they decided to attack. And under a misty moon, at midnight, at

That fierce jab by the 10th and 16th battalions will live long in story. Two thousand men, who had never fought in daylight even, lining up in the night and advancing blindly towards an enemy whose place and fury they had witnessed only a few hours before, and they found their enemy thick as worms in a pall, and they flung them out with bayonet and point-blank rifle fire.

Infernal Orchestra.

We must remember that the infernal orchestra of the guns had never ceased; that darkness and confusion reigned; not just that one evening, but endlessly and in suc-

seeded night, and night fell down
on the day for three awful days. And
in this time of fury and dire disaster,
the eight weeks, embattled soldiers
of Canada—men, women, servants,
bond salesmen, and teamsters, and
everything but soldiers by trade—not
only hanging on and guarded their
channel post, but they were able to
lunge at this enemy so skilled in
war.

At 6:30 that next morning
after the pleasant afternoon's wash-
ing they made an attack and ad-
vanced a thousand yards; by 9:30
that day they had advanced another
five miles while the night
before was closed.

On the third day, the 25th
of April, the foul, greenish clouds of
gas came drifting over them to the
Scotties; by this time the Imperials
were beginning to make a bid for the
Canadians. All that day and night
all the next day and the night, the
fight never ceased. Still another gas
cloud came, and it stirred up the re-
nant of the young division; still they
organized attacks—not in the serenity
of the first day, but in the face of
attacks are usually met in the
in the hurricane of battle itself.

All this is written in imperishable
red ink on the color of the true
history of Canada.

And the humor of it—because there is no even in war—is that there are Germans, and there are British, and in a violent temper to throw off the clutch of these raw recruits, showing that their well laid plans would be shattered by the fury of some colonial forces that would not run, little knew that within a year they would write in their army regulations that the best of the British troops were found only the best German shock troops were to be placed opposite them, they had reason.

It took Canada some little time to pay off the score of that foul green-shimmering afternoon air of an April day—


But they paid it off—
In blood and bone, in steel and iron
In the laughter of a defeat and
In victory, they paid it off.

DR. W. J. BLACK OF OTTAWA RETURNS FROM ENGLAND


Canadian Press Despatch.

St. John, N. B., April 21. — The steamship Empress of Britain arrived here last night from Southampton and Cherbourg with 701 passengers.

Dr. W. J. Black of Ottawa, deputy minister of immigration, was on board, returning from business in connection with his department in England. He spoke optimistically of the prospects for a good class of settlers coming to Canada from the Old Country.



WAS THROUGH YPRES.
C. H. McNiven, who took part in the attack on St. Julien Wood at the second battle of Ypres, and who has given The Advertiser some of his impressions of the action.



Tomorrow is the anniversary of the battle of St. Julien, which has so many memories for the people of the Dominion. The heroic stand made

FROM FOOTBALL TO BATTLE LINE

'MID DEADLY GAS

London Man Who Saw Much
Service in Attack on St.
Julien Wood.

A NIGHT BATTLE

Desperate Tree-To-Tree Fighting, With Canadians as Aggressors.

C. H. McNiven, late of the 10th Battalion (Calgary) and now living on Albion street, says something of the attack on St. Julien Wood, and gives these experiences of the battle in which Canadian troops were first exposed "to gas" by the Germans. He says:

"The day before the attack on St. Julien Wood, C Company, in which I was, was engaged in a game of football. In the middle of the game we saw a great greenish-yellow cloud rolling along on our left. While we were wondering what it was, a French officer came charging along on horseback, shouting that the Germans were killing the French. The Germans with poison gas.

"The battalion was gathered together immediately and started a

Col. Boyle, to the 2nd Infantry Brigade headquarters. As night was falling, the officers of the 10th Battalion held a conference and decided that in order to protect certain main roads that ran into Ypres (information having been obtained that the Germans were digging in, in St. Julien Wood) an attack should be made

Night Attack.

"That night the 10th and the 15th Battalions, both of the 2nd Brigade, were in the wind, and in a desperate tree-to-tree fight drove them back to the far side, and all through the night they kept on making counter-attacks, and the enemy was repulsed. Another conference of officers was held just as dawn was breaking. They had an intuition that the enemy was about to make a morning coming day, and accordingly the morning back to the edge of the trees, a pro- parent. The wisdom of which was ap- parent. The shells were scattered in three thousands of shells of all sorts and sizes into that wood.

"The next day this shelling pretty well, though we were casualties from flying splinters and the ricochets off the trees. That was the end of the matter in a way. We stayed in those little caves, and we dug only a foot or two in depth; we dug them with our trenching tools— for the next three days, and if we had had the necessary tools, we would have made an advance. As it was, they were not forthcoming and we were not prepared to make an advance. After that we stayed in the



WHERE CANADIANS HELD LIN

by Canadian forces against heavy odds, and against German gas, they used for the first time, at St. Julien. He is portrayed in the bottom picture

**Canadians Ch
From Gas Bu**

French Colonials Retired, Suffered the Gap and Held the

This is the story of a Canadian boy who joined up when he was 17, who served all through the war, being in front, infantryman, bomber, signaller, bayonet-fighting instructor, and Colt machine gunner. He tried to be a scout, but his extraordinary experience of meeting his closest friend, who had been looking for him for many months, when he was brought home in one of the dugouts, as a supernumerary, was too much. Mutual recognition was more than usually cordial in circumstances so fraught with tragedy. He gives a full, unreserved account of the battle of Ypres, wishing to retain his identity secret, though vouching for the accuracy of all his statements. He tells of the death of his mother, necessary. He was with the Royal Highlanders of Montreal at the time of this battle.


In Shallow Trenches. "To begin with, we were in shallow trenches, and had dug with our own trenching tools. In the first place, they were two feet deep, usually the were less, but there was a parapet on the outside, and that helped quite a bit. When the first lot of chinking came over, we could see it on our left, and some of the fellows at the end of our line got a touch of it. We had such a bad time, and were suffocated with it, and most troops were left, leaving our left exposed, with the result that we had to realign ourselves. It was the new formation, and the whole line."

camp behind Ypres and the second battle around that wonderful old city had become history.

Splendid Morale.

"There was just one thing that struck me particularly in that battle," said Mr. McNiven, "when we were taken to the line we passed the French Army's gas mask factory and of the gas. They were reeling and falling all over the road, dropping their rifles and crawling away, choking to death, and it was a lesson on our morale. It was our baptism of action, and perhaps we were not yet able to realize to the full the perils of the war."

"With the exception of the P.P.C.I., none of the Canadian troops had used gas in this action, at least not in any action on a large scale, and such casualties as had occurred had been more or less accidental. After the second battle, the Canadian people at home began to feel the reaction of war in a new aspect because it was then that the first gas was used."



NE AND SAVED CHANNEL PORT
 above. The two upper scenes depict
 the scars left by the battle. The three
 officers included in the layout are the
 brigadiers who were in charge of the

***Choked and Died
 Did Not Yield***

Isolated, But Canadians Blocked the Line Till Relief Came.

ing a new trench on an angle, forcing us out into a salient. "In this trench we had a mighty bad time," a big German aeroplane came sailing over. It took its own time, there was no hurry about it from our side, and I suppose it got the range for the gunners. Anyhow they opened up on that trench, and the trench was blown down from one end to the other. "I think that was the worst piece of the whole thing, having to be blown down," he plugged away at it and hearing no answer from our side, at least it was so little as to be negligible. After things had been going on like that for some time, he said, "I don't know 'ave you a man for himself." I started out in the direction that I thought led our lines, for by this time the impulse had received and settled down into their new lines in one tremendous

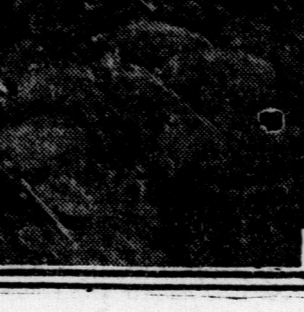
Refuge in Turnip Field.

"The first field I came to was filled with turnips, big, tall fellows, in the second year or so. I crawled along on my tummy through them, and they were quite soft and slushy, was more a slide than a crawl. I crawled along in the slush, and the German bullets were cutting the green tops off just above my head. All this time I thought I was the only survivor of the battalion, as we had suffered pretty heavily, but when I got back to the rest camp, I found that there were several men, perhaps who had got back in the same way I had.

"On the way back, after I had turned to Face 9, Column 7, I

A black and white portrait of Edwin A. Smith, a man with a receding hairline, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and a patterned tie. He is looking slightly to the left of the camera. The portrait is framed by a thin black border.

EDWIN A. SMITH.
Mr. Smith is a past president and present treasurer of St. George Society.



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Canadian forces. Left, the late Brig.
Gen. Mercer; center, Gen. (now S.
Arthur) Currie; right, Brig.-Gen.
Turner.

**ST. GEORGE'S DAY
TO BE FITTINGLY**

HELD BY SOCIETY

London Members Will Hold Banquet in the Tecumseh House Monday.

JOIN GREAT PARADE

Will Attend Special Services St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday.

Monday, April 23rd, is not only the anniversary of the second battle of Ypres, and of the action on the 'Meuse at Zeebrugge, it is also St. George's Day, the supreme day to Englishmen in all parts of the world, a

banquet in the Tecumseh House, which Col. H. P. Plumtree of Toronto will be the speaker of the evening. The speaker will be asked to wear a red sash on Monday, the emblem which all through the history of the "Tight Little Isle" has been associated with the "Leopards" of England. The speaker will also be asked to wear Indian troops going up, Gurkhas and Sikhs, and there is one thing that would like to say here of this battle of Xipres, and that is that it was a favor to the Algerians, Machine Gunners. After the colonial troops have been forced to fall back in the face of the gas, many of these gunners will be sent to the front to help us as long as we were in the trenches and did jolly good work, too.

"Some of our men who got a touch of the chlorine died from its effects. Right in the middle of the trench and coughed till the strain and the

gas killed them. But I never saw a of the wounded killed by the Germans. I remember the Germans were in the turnip field, he had been hit in the head, and I thought he was dead. I had to crawl around him for a while back. I was in the hospital after, in a hospital in England, I found that he was a prisoner in Germany. He was released after the armistice.

Forgotten Memories.

"Lots of forgotten memories come up in thinking of that time. It was before we had any regular bombs, and I remember some of the old ones. What we did have was that old one known as the "Tickler Jam T. B. Bombs." Some of the old boys received its name from the Jam tin it was so common in France. The bombs were pound tins, and they were put in a jam tin. The old boys were man army, if only they could have been controlled.

"I took two men to throw them. One of them had the bomb and the other held the match to light the fuse. It was quite a gamble whether you

ZEEBRUGGE PICTURES

FROM MR. GILBERT

They Were Taken by German Officers Just After Vindictive Had Finished Her Job.

The Advertiser is indebted to H. Gilbert of St. James Park, for permission to use the photographs featured, showing the ships lying beside the "Mole" at at Zeebrugge where they had been sunk by British in a successful endeavor to block the Channel and prevent U-boats coming into the channel.

Mr. Gilbert was with the 21st Squadron of the Air Force, stationed at Dixirk. After the armistice moved into Bruges, where the photos were being offered by a local photographer for half a franc up to the allied troops.

They were taken, Mr. Gilbert claims, by the German officers after H. M. S. Vindictive had

Y accomplished her great effort, and official German pictures, never before published in Canada. They are proof, if any were needed, of the truth

**INSIDE WOODWORKERS
ASK 20 PER CENT RISE**

Canadian Press Despatch.


Ottawa, April 21.—Owners of saw, door and planing mills in Canada have been notified by business agent of the Inside Wood Workers' Local of the District Council of Carpenters that bench hands and machine men will demand a 20 per cent increase in wages commencing May 1.

The scale of wages varies from \$5.00 to \$8.00 an hour. No action has been taken as yet by the mill owners.

Men were filled with nails and any thing, and you could not get any more direction than would come from a blind man.

Finally after some of us had escaped death from one of them by the great use of good luck, our officer decided they were too dangerous, and we buried them.

"It was wonderful, too, the way the troops were brought up for the battle. There were several fine roads leading into Ypres. The troops came along one road, the ambulances along another, and the transports on another. Everything was orderly and that preparation, and in the bringing of the troops into the lines around Ypres prior to the battle."



HEADS ST. GEORGE'S.
F. J. Chappell, president of St. George's Society, will have a prominent part in Sunday's celebration, and will preside at Monday evening's banquet.

tramp of feet and the lilt of a marching song.

"The bells of hell go ting-ling-a-ling. For you but not for me—
My tolling horses bring-a-ling-a-ling—
For the earth and the living things you see.
O death where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling
O grief, thy victory?
No, ring-a-ling-a-ling, but sing-a-ling-a-ling—
And ring-a-ling-a-ling for the millions.
And as they fade away our tolling
And as a living creature dies
The horse bells of the tolling teams
Of Wipers, as they drive their cruel
And as the living things you see
The road. They contrast strongly
The occasional motor lorry with
The tolling teams of the Wipers.
The earth shaking may be found playing
The tolling teams of the Wipers.
The material of construction in lieu of
The medium of destruction.

"The bells of hell go ting-ling-a-ling. The Way
These evidences of a challenge
The powers of darkness are ever
And the sleep of our beloved
Dead will not be less light before
The living are determined to
Their city and their villages
Which are the tolling teams of
Between Wolverghem and Nieuw
Einde there stands a permanent
The master of the war, in an official
The first of the tolling teams of the Wipers.

directs the pilgrim to half a dozen small cemeteries. In the words of one who has but recently been there, "I went northwards to Ostend for

And the sun was setting
behind the red-tiled roofs of Innis-
crabbe, and the wind was blowing
from the west, and the birds were
and there about Langmeach and
outskirts of the Forest of Houth-
am, as dusk fell over this
ancient castle, the air was
scented and shattered country
the almost of unbroken peace. The
roofs fading into the growing day
and the birds were here a collection
of holiday bangs somewhere on
English coasts.

Do What You Want.

When the plights reached Y
the child was removed to
gendarme from the street.
"You know your story, you k
what you want to do with them.
You want to be a soldier. You
enough for you. The time is s
for you. You will not forgo
you with restrictions. In the h
Such is true country. In the h
of this people our Canadian d
will be the honor and the
spot that is the d

This occasion lasted but a day at the end before the actual departure. From the pilgrims assembled in the station, I held a service. Its brief import was the music of the Royal Artillery proved too much for the travellers, and the music of the meeting and its culmination inadequate described by the Belgian newspaper as "Triste, mais magnifique."

There we leaving the sacred ground, I held what was deemed to be the last of what had but then seemed to be a sense of irreparable loss. To Canada grieves with them. To the Untouched by the time, the ruined tower, unheated by the Hall stands out above the slowly rising city, an everlasting reminder of the unthinking people who begotten, that their forefathers sought good light on their behalf.

**SMALLPOX AND TYPHUS
INFEST REFUGEE CAMPS**

Associated Press Despatch.
Constantinople, April 21.—The health situation among the 22 refugee camps here has become so desperate that all camps have been ordered against smallpox and typhus and closed to visitors. In the five days 460 persons have died, including 70 native physicians.

**CECIL DECLINES TO REVEAL
DISCUSSION WITH WILSON**

Associated Press Despatch.
Washington, April 21.—Lord E. Cecil, British ambassador to the League of Nations, a proponent of the "open door" policy, refused today the subjects he discussed with Woodrow Wilson, when he visited the former president at his home in Marlborough, Mass., last night and yesterday. Lord Robert will call on President Harding at the White