

THERE IS ROOM IN THE RANKS FOR ALL

AFTER DEALERS OF DEATH HAD PENETRATED INTO A GERMAN TRENCH



DEATH—THE VICTOR AT THE BATTLE OF LA COURTINE.

Pictured is a scene of death in German captured trenches. These defenders were shot down in the successful French assault on the trenches in the region of La Courtine. The picture is duplicated hundreds of times daily in different nooks of the western battle front.

Sailor Is Winner Of Victoria Cross

Unlike the German submarines, which seem to take a delight in sinking passenger ships, our own undersea vessels have been doing splendid work amongst the enemy warships.

Conspicuous bravery was shown by Lieutenant Commander Martin E. Nasmyth of Submarine E-11 in the Sea of Marmora.

This sea, as every Scout knows, is reached through the Dardanelles and is bounded on all sides by Turkey. In order to protect Constantinople it is heavily mined, and, in consequence, presents the gravest possible danger to enemy vessels.

But danger is as the breath of life to a submarine, so Commander Nasmyth resolved to penetrate through the Dardanelles in order to damage the Turkish warships which he knew were to be found lying off Constantinople.

With great good luck he dodged the mines, though now and again he had a narrow escape of knocking up against one of the many rows.

The first prey that fell to his "bar" was a large Turkish gunboat, then he torpedoed two transports, an ammunition ship, and three store ships, one store ship in addition being driven ashore.

By this time, as can be imagined, the Turkish Navy was pretty well stirred up, and Submarine E-11 had to dart and dodge about under the water to escape the heavy fire that was poured upon her from all directions.

Commander Nasmyth started to make tracks for "home," and the most difficult part of the journey had been safely passed, when another transport was sighted.

There was still a torpedo left in the magazine, and as it seemed a pity not

to use it, orders were given to turn. Back again the vessel went, threading its way through the mines, and when within striking distance, the torpedo was launched upon its dread errand.

A swish through the water, a mighty explosion, and another transport descended into the depths of the sea. Submarine E-11 then made her way back to the base—a good day's work to her credit.

For his splendid conduct Lieutenant Commander Nasmyth has been awarded the Victoria Cross.

Wounded Forty Times

Surely a record for number of wounds received, without any of them proving fatal, must have been achieved by Lance-Corporal Angus, of the Highland Light Infantry.

Angus was in the trenches under heavy rifle fire, when word came that one of his officers was lying wounded

only a few yards away from the enemy's position.

If the officer were allowed to remain where he was, his chances of life were very small. So Angus resolved to go and fetch him in.

As he climbed the parapet to get out of the trench, the Highlander felt that the enemy were concentrating all their fire upon him.

Rifle bullets tore through his flesh, and pieces of shrapnel from bursting bombs found their way into various parts of his body.

But he was not deterred by this. Keeping as low as he could, sometimes on hands and knees, he made his way to the wounded officer, reaching him eventually riddled with wounds.

However, he still retained consciousness, and though in fearful agony, managed to pick up the officer, and half-drag, half-carry him back to the parapet of the British trenches, where willing hands relieved him of his burden.

By this time he realized that he himself was wounded, and when his great effort was over, he collapsed, being borne off to the dressing station without delay.

Here it was found that he had received no fewer than forty wounds, some of them very serious.

It could only have been his unconquerable spirit which allowed him to carry out his self-appointed task.

A Victoria Cross—one of the few yet won by a Territorial—has been awarded to Lance-Corporal Angus for his conspicuous bravery.

The Gallant Men Who Began the Famous Advance at Loos in September

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was discovered in the church, which was so heavily mined that if he had succeeded in his purpose half the village would have been blown to dust and ashes. At night the village was lit up luridly by the red glow of a great fire at Lens, and at 12.30 that night and again at 5.30 a. m. there were counter-attacks on the positions we had captured, beaten off by the men of the 15th Division, in spite of their isolated situation.

A Critical Situation.

Later in the day the 15th and a brigade of the 21st Division were ordered to attack the redoubt on Hill 70, but the enemy had now re-organized defence, and the attack failed. Again and again during that Sunday the Highlanders flung themselves against the enemy's stronghold, but owing to the lack of adequate support there were heavy casualties and no progress was attained. Pits 14 Bis had to be abandoned, but elsewhere the line was maintained by the valour of the Highlanders. During Sunday there was a consultation of brigadiers in Loos, where no man could find a safe shelter owing to the heavy shells which now came from the enemy's batteries.

Rations were running short, and, owing to the rain and the roofless houses, discomfort was almost harder to bear than ceaseless danger. On the Monday the situation was critical all along the line, and the Guards were ordered to attack Hill 70, to which only a few of the Highlanders were still clinging on the near slopes. At the same time the London Division was attacking the Chalk Pit copse, south of Loos, and the 6th Cavalry Brigade had come into Loos with instructions to hold the village at all cost with the men of the 15th Division who had been left there.

Both the divisions whose story I have been telling were relieved early on Tuesday morning and came out of the battle, which for them had lasted three days. They were three days of ceaseless fighting, during which the men of Scotland and of London proved themselves to be great soldiers in attack as in defence, in endurance as in swift audacity.

—PHILIP GIBBS.

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