

HOW THEY WON THE LOOS FIGHT

Stories of the Great Drive Told by British Soldiers

BANTAM "TOMMY" CAPTIVE

He Marched a Huge Bavarian Before Him, Bound Him, and Returned to Fight

London, Oct. 21.—(Correspondence)—Illuminating incidents of the great battle which gave 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.

First Charge at Dawn

The speaker was a Territorial with six wounds in his right arm, the work of what is familiarly known as "whizzbang." 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 thoughts were occasionally had our little joke. Before dawn our artillery began to pound the German position 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 on our side, and the words 'Get ready' came rapidly down the long line followed a few minutes later by the command 'Go over,' and over the parapet we jumped the men on the left waiting momentarily for those on the right and then the whole front moved forward, quick, I can assure you. The quick tapping of the machine guns and snipers' rifles in the German front trench could be distinctly heard, and the bullets 'whizz' through the air. Most of the Germans must have retired to their rear trenches leaving their machine guns and snipers to defend the front.

"We cover eight yards in quick time shouting as we go. We reach the enemy's first trench and bring the bayonet into operation. We find 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 No. 2, into which many of the wily Germans have retreated. Now the fight becomes fierce and the ground appeared to be swept by bullets. But we rush on. The German does not like steel so we take trench No. 2. Let me say here that while the German does not like the steel, the sight of a kill just scares him."

Smoked in the Wait

This is part of the story of a British private soldier's share in the drive on John French's front. "My company, now bored off to the right and backed wire caused my slight check. We lay on 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 the wire it was only in few parts that our artillery had managed to sever it—we lined up as though doing extended work on the parade ground, and went forward snuggly 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-shooting 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 bombs. We settled a few German in outstanding houses and reached another line of trenches. But the Bosch had retreated further back and our we went."

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 lay hobbling on as best I could back to our own 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 in 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 was no satisfaction in getting men who have been laying their 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. 'The cellars were the worst part of Loos,' said another Territorial. 'Rifle and machine-gun fire was poured from these cellars into us in the streets. The tons of the cellars were above the level

Anaemic People

NEED MORE IRON IN THE BLOOD

If you are anaemic, you need more iron in your blood, and the tell-tale symptoms are a pale face—colorless lips, ash-colored finger nails, poor circulation, and short breath, and more serious diseases are easily contracted when in this condition. Mr. W. H. Hodges, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "I suffered from the effects of bad blood, was run-down, dizzy, had headaches and did not feel like working. I had tried Beef Iron and Wine without any help. After taking Vinol four days I noticed an improvement and its continued use built up my blood and my bad feelings disappeared like magic. The bad effects of poor, devitalized blood cannot be over-estimated, and it is the peptonate of iron and the trace of liver extracts contained in Vinol, together with beef peptone, that enriches the blood, improves the circulation and in this natural manner builds up health and strength. Try it on our guarantee. The Ross Drug Co., Ltd., Wasson's Drug Store, St. John, N. B.

of the road. There were men who look whole cellars 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 gentles.

"When that happened there was only one end. The cellars were blown to bits by hand bombs which were dropped in to them. Many of these 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 Gall Boy

"I was a call boy at a London theatre before I joined this crusade," said a wounded soldier, a mere boy, "and this was my first appearance, as you may say, in a real battle, and although I knew the part I was to play well enough after many months' rehearsal 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 drum and I had agreed, and we would stick together so long as we could, but our plans were quickly upset for no sooner had we clambered out of our trench than he went down. "This seemed to rouse me, and I seemed to go mad with rage and hardly knew what I did, the most extraordinary thing being that I seem to have no recollection 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."

"Like the rest of us, I 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 revelling my bayonet I rushed headlong forward, jumping over bodies and barbed wire as though I was electrified. "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 red 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 a very serious."

"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 for a moment, then he passed on, calling out as he went: 'I have lost all my children! I have lost all my children!'"

Have you got your tickets for the patriotic drawing yet?

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NEW GOLD FIELD A REAL BONANZA?

Possibility That Large Mine Has Been Discovered Near Le Pas

Toronto, Oct. 22.—Possibly one of the largest gold fields on the North American continent has been unearthed near the Pas, a terminal of the Hudson Bay Railway. The news of the find comes as a result of the recent activity of the Nipissing Mining Company interests in making a trip to the property. When Jack Hammett, a mining man of some repute in the north country brought the news of the find east, a party consisting of E. P. Fiske, David Fasken, D. Allen and R. E. Watson were sufficiently interested to make the two-day trip up the Saskatchewan river instead of sending their engineers.

Mr. Fasken returned to Toronto, but said that he had no information to give out concerning the find at the present time.

It was learned from other quarters that the ore body is at least 195 feet wide and the vein crops up on both sides of Beaver Lake. The formation is an iron sulphide body, and is said to cover a very large area. Information was obtained from parties who were among the original prospectors in the country that the ore would run about 9 per cent in copper, 80 in silver, with a showing of lead, and about \$12 to \$14 a ton in gold.

This means that if the ore body is as extensive as it is said to be another bonanza has been secured. It is not likely that transportation difficulties will be encountered as the C. N. R. run a train to Le Pas every three days and the Saskatchewan River is navigable.

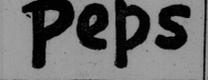
HERE'S A WAY TO SEND CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO SOLDIERS

The following appeal has been sent out by the Canadian Field Comforts Commission, which has its headquarters at Moore Barracks, Shorncliffe, England, and which is the official channel for distribution to the Canadian contingents in England and France: "The Canadian Field Comforts Commission wish to send Christmas gifts this

100 YEARS

and more, people with chest and throat troubles have tried to cure them by pouring cough syrups, lung tonics and the like into their stomachs. All a mistake! The Peps way is different.

Peps are tablets made up of Pine Extracts and medicinal essences, which when put into the mouth turn into healing vapors. These are breathed down direct to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes—not swallowed down to the stomach, which is not acting. Try a 50c. box of Peps for your cold, your cough, bronchitis or asthma. All druggists and stores or Peps Co., Toronto, will supply



year to every Canadian in the field, which may mean to 50,000 men or more. Everything must be in before the end of October in order to have packing and despatching done in good time. The sum of \$8 to \$15 would cover 100 welcome articles and it is hoped that different societies or individuals will undertake to collect one or more hundred gifts in addition to any regular supplies they may be sending. These are to be for general distribution and quite distinct from anything we may be asked to forward to special units. A promise to collect 100 month-organs, 100 packs cards, or 100 pipes would be very helpful. The intention is to send a bale containing packages of cigarettes or tobacco, pipes, handkerchiefs, small books, stationery, wallets, playing cards, month-organs, cocoa, soap, syrets or other little luxuries in sufficient numbers to provide one or two gifts for every man in the unit. The commission will be very grateful for help with this and especially grateful for an immediate response.

Any such gifts from St. John or New Brunswick may be sent through the Field Comforts Association headquarters in the C. P. R. building, corner of King and German streets.

The police of Berkeley, Cal., have a Junior Police Department composed of about 200 boys between the ages of 9 and 16. Chief Vollmer is training the youngsters so that they will help him in dealing with the offenses of the juvenile part of the population.

CUSTODY OF ELLIS CHILD IS AWARDED MOTHER

Tokio, Oct. 22.—The custody of Olga Ellis, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ellis of Massachusetts, has been awarded to the mother by the District Court. Mr. Ellis appeared in court to oppose his wife's application.

The Ellis case has attracted considerable interest in Tokio. The attempt of Mrs. Ellis to secure custody of her daughter began several years ago in Massachusetts. After long legal controversy in Boston, Mrs. Ellis was granted the custody of the child, but before the decree could be enforced Ellis left the United States with his daughter and went to Japan, where he obtained a position as teacher in English in the Tokio Higher Commercial School.

An attempt to secure the extradition of Ellis nearly three years ago failed. During the extradition proceedings Olga Ellis was placed in charge of Baron N. Kanda.

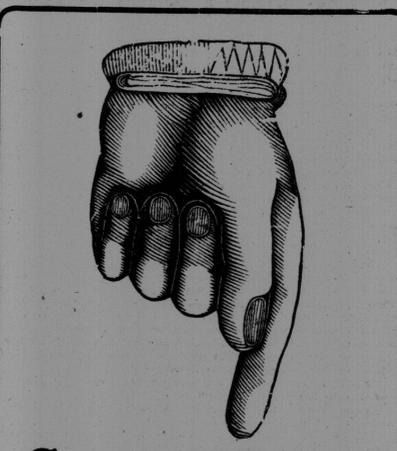
Mrs. Ellis then decided to go to Japan herself. Several months ago she began proceedings in the Japanese courts to secure the custody of her child, offering the Massachusetts decree in evidence of her right.

Ellis had been in turn a Boston telegraph operator, a clergyman, and a Socialist lecturer.

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