

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1915

## TWO HUNDRED KILLED IN ENGLAND'S GREATEST RAILROAD WRECK



More than two hundred British soldiers, who were on their way to the front in France, were killed and over 200 injured in the most appalling train disaster in the history of English railways, which occurred two miles from Great Green. On May 22nd a troop train en route for the coast, filled with officers and men of the Seventh Territorial Battalion of the Royal Scots collided with a local passenger train, and the Scottish Express, one of England's fastest trains, dashed into the wreckage, which became in a few moments a blazing furnace. All but six of the casualties were British soldiers. Illustration shows the collided engines piled up.

## CANADIAN HERO

Thrilling Episode of a Battle in Flanders

## A DOGGED FIGHTER

Fine Tribute to Unknown Soldier Who Alone Served Maxims One After Other Till Three Were Destroyed by Shells

(W. Douglas Newton in Lloyd's Weekly News)

There is a Canadian who lies buried along the tortured British line of Flanders. We do not know his name. We do not know where he came from or where he is buried. He is, all the same, one of the great heroes of this great war.

This Canadian whose name is unknown, but whose death will live, was serving a machine gun behind the grim trenches of the battle-line. In his little bastion of sandbags he kept his deadly Maxim gun at its high note of slaughter. He saw that the bullets were punching down the sand-bags on all sides, the crew of his own small gun collapsed in ragged death almost on top of him.

He ought to have been killed a time or two. He wasn't the sort to be killed in a hurry; he was too fearless. He should have been badly wounded, for every minute he lived. He was not wounded, he was only excessively busy. He was working overtime on the whole scale of death.

A shell landed near the Maxims, a vomit of fire and smoke jumped to the sky; the explosion engulfed the gun and the gunner. The gun fell to pieces under that dreadful stroke, its day was entirely done. The gunner—? The gunner was already knocking the mud flung by the explosion from him, he was up on shaky feet—looking for another gun to work.

Death had been busy; there were several idle guns standing forlornly with full belts hanging and empty firing seats. The Canadian saw them all, and ran to the nearest. Without stopping to find out which was the safest he had flung himself on to the nearest seat, and in a trice had the gun coughing and snorting through its heady pressure of work.

With scarce a moment's break he was pouring his lot of solid lead into the pushing crowd of grey, rolling forward on to the position. Again he was working overtime and wholesale, at the trade of killing.

## AGAIN GUN DESTROYED

He fought rapidly and bravely at his gun, and the Germans came on, and the heavy and brain-dazing shelling continued, and again he was not able to work the piece long. Another shell struck at it; it was destroyed. Still unwounded, still coolly and calmly plucky, the Canadian rose to his feet and ran along the battered trenches and stepping over the bodies of a slaughtered crew, began to work another gun.

The two close calls with death would have shaken the nerve of many men. His nerve was not shaken. The only thing he thought of was doing his job, and doing it well. And his job was the task of keeping back the encroaching mass of Germans making so determinedly for the British position. He understood what he had to do, and did it at once. At once the hopper of the Maxim was working at its best possible pace; at once he was reeling off belt after belt of cartridges until the water in the cooling chamber began to bubble with the intense heat of his firing, and his wrists were straining and aching with the enormous energies he was putting into his shooting.

The strong jet of his bullets struck down on the German with a solid stream, and where that stream hit there was death. The grey ranks caved and fell as if a jet from a fireman's hose were turned full on to them. This hero without a name was helping his nation win a fight with a great name; he was doing the work of a dozen or so rifles, and doing it better than they could.

Again he did his work in a haze of shell explosion. The parapets were battered down by now, and he must have been working in an exposed position. That did not matter. Shrapnel or common shell, they mattered not at all, or they probably mattered only this much—that he was anxious to get as much work done as possible, as many Germans killed as possible, before a shell caught him and stopped his labors. However, he had a life charmed against shell-fire. Again his machine was hit and destroyed. He understood that he was working, and again he came off without a wound.

With the destruction of his gun the last of the dogged-fighter was done. There was apparently nothing more for his eager hands to do. But he found work soon enough. A man of this heroic type cannot be kept out of the game. With three Maxims broken under him, with three miraculous escapes from violent and terrible death behind him this splendidly plucky man took yet another chance of being killed, flung himself into the firing line to do yet more towards bringing to a standstill the German charge. Maxims were gone; there were still rifles. The Canadian snatched a rifle and a pouch of cartridges, dropped into the firing position—and magazine reed through a series of "mad minutes" with the same fervor as his Maxim had reed. The man's supreme devotion knew no limits to its labor and its sacrifice. He gave all, even his own life. "He is dead today upon the field of Flanders," said Bonar Law, as he finished the story. He is dead, and his name is not known; but his deed is known, and that will live forever as long as courage is courage, and brave men are recognized.

## The Direct Relation

Between What We Eat and What We Are Is Well Established

This is both reasonable and scientific, for activity uses up tissue cells of body and brain which must be replaced daily from proper food.

A careful eater—one who selects food for its nutritional value—is usually strong in body and keen in mind.

Thousands of people, with an eye to nutritional values in food, are using

## Grape-Nuts

This delicious food, made of whole wheat and barley, contains all the nutrition of the grain, including those priceless mineral elements which are vitally necessary for rebuilding the tissue cells of body, brain and nerve.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

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Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

## THRILLING TALE OF WOUNDED SOLDIER

One of the Best Letters Yet Published Telling of the Terrible Time at Ypres

W. B. Embree of Athol, N. S., sends the following interesting letter from W. A. Embree who enlisted with the First Canadian Trench, and who was wounded in the battle which he so vividly describes.

The Lord Derby War Hospital, Warrington, England.

Dear W. B.:—As we have some time, thought I would write you and give you an idea of the battle. We came out of the trenches Wednesday night and marched to billets. Got there about four Thursday morning. Had breakfast and found out that we were in the wrong place. Started at eight o'clock and got to a place near Ypres, and just preparing to bivouac at three p. m. when the Germans opened a fierce bombardment on the town. Then the order came to stand to. Soon the Germans were seen running. As they passed, they shouted "All-lemans, come four kilometers!"

The order came "Fall in." We were told the Germans had broken the French line to six kilometers and prepare to advance to the charge and take two lines of trenches and recapture the guns in the woods.

We then advanced to a hedge. Between the hedge and the first trench, was an open field 600 yards across. As we started to go through this hedge, they opened fire, and it was a perfect hail of lead. All their guns and machine guns were trained on the open ground. We advanced in fifty yard rushes until forty

## CANADIAN HERO TO GET THE V.C.



Private George Place, of Calgary, who has been honored for conspicuous gallantry.

yards from the trench. Then we lay down. They were putting up flare shells so fast that it was light as day.

Then an officer sprang up and waved his stick with a roar, it was not a yell, it sounded like a hoarse scream. We were into them. But they were away into the woods. We went in pursuit. There they met their supports, the Fusiliers Guard. There for forty-five minutes raged something you cannot describe. It was a heaving mass of humanity. As fast as one rank was cut down, on came more until we were tramping over the dead and dying. The cries and moans of the dying were drowned in the fierce yells and curses of the two armies.

But our fellows stood shoulder to shoulder and let them come on. Soon there was only one left. He was a colonel and was following his men up with a revolver in his hand. Our fellows saved him, but I don't know why. Then we went into the trench and started to build up the parapet, but a machine gun was on the right was getting our men. So an officer told thirty of us to stop it and

The Quintessence of Smartness



There's a sense of security in knowing that, from the soles of your feet to the tips of your fingers, you're faultlessly attired.

Quintessence SILK GLOVES give you just that feeling. Irreproachable in style, fit and finish. Exquisitely rich and dainty. Every pair double tipped. MADE IN CANADA and sold by the smartest shops at 50c. to \$1.50 the pair.

away we went. We soon had the gun, but only seven of us came back. Then we went to work on the trench again. At daylight we counted up. Of our own, the 10th, and 10th Battalions, there were 244 left. When it grew light, our scouts went out and found out we were encircled and the Germans, who were wounded told us there were 10,000 in the trench opposite us. Then they started shelling us and soon they got the range and kept thinning down our ranks. Then about noon an order came to retire. The officer passed down the trench. "Every one for himself and retire to the right."

Then came the typhoon. The men refused to retire. He cursed and called them a bunch of fools, but they only laughed at him. Just then, an order came to hold the trench at all cost as reinforcements were coming. Then the cheering and a number of Germans jumped on their parapet to see if we were coming, and not a man who showed up but was killed or wounded. Then the British began to arrive. Buffs, Yorks, K. O. S. B., Argyll and Sutherland were hurled across that field. Some only got half way. Then came the Dublin Fusiliers and Connaught Rangers. Well they were regulars and had been in it

since August. There were thirty Connaughts got to the trench.

We were relieved that night at twelve o'clock and got to the dressing stations and half of the crowd were wounded, some in three places. They dressed us there and sent us away in motors, then to Boulogne, then to Rouen, and there to here. My arm is doing fine and will be O. K. in a week or so, when we get a week's leave, then back again. With kind regards to all, and trusting you are as well as I am at present, I am yours,

WILL.

Ingenious! Chess is good for children, good for old people, good for everybody. Pure, wholesome, delicious.

Four-year-old Donald was out on the lawn, wrestling with a somewhat older boy, and getting decidedly the worse of it. His quick-witted thought out a way to avoid defeat, so called out: "Mamma, did you call me?"

Not receiving any reply, and being on the verge of defeat, Donald yelled desperately: "Call be in, mamma, call me in quick!"—National Food Magazine.

## GOOD YEAR MADE IN CANADA Fortified Tires

Fortified Against Skids, Slips, and Spins. The Goodyear All-Weather Tread. Thick All-Weather Tread.



## Suppose We Pared This Goodyear Fortified Tire

Suppose we pared the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. There still would be a full-built tire left. For this famous tread is double-thick, and the "carcass" beneath is made extra-strong to support it.

That's what men mean when they tell you that Goodyears are built in perfect balance. For what is the good of a heavy tread that you have to discard when the tire beneath gives out prematurely? This fault, in many rival tires, is avoided in Goodyear construction.

## Goodyears Rule Because—

Five vital features have put these tires on top in four short years. But these five features we control. And no rival has them:

**Goodyear's All-Weather Tread**—now double-thick, with deep-cut, close-set, sharp-edged blocks. They grip where average tires slip. They minimize punctures and multiply mileage.

**Goodyear's No-Rim-Cut Feature**—that fortifies against rim-cutting in the best way science has discovered. This patented method, though widely copied, has never been equalled.

**Goodyear's "On-Air" Cure**—that protects against blowouts. We give each tire this second cure on bags of air. The air, super-heated, expands and "irons out" any wrinkle the fabric may contain.

No other tire maker goes to this expense. So wrinkled fabric in rival tires causes blowouts.

**Goodyear's Rubber Rivets**—hundreds of them vulcanized between the tread and "carcass." The exclusive use of this method cost \$50,000. It reduces loose tread risk by 60 per cent.

**Goodyear's Braided Wire Tape**—six flat

bands of 128 braided piano wires in the beads of Goodyear tires. They make it impossible to force the tire from the rim.

## Prices Reduced

Yet despite these extra features—despite the war tax on every particle of raw material that goes into Goodyear Fortified Tires—

On February 15th we made a radical price reduction.

This was our third in less than two years, saving the user, in all, an average of 37 per cent.

This saving is due to the amazing demand for Goodyear tires that multiplied our output and cut our factory cost per tire. Last year alone men bought in Canada as many Goodyear tires as there were cars in the Dominion.

Join these contented motorists. Get our new price on your size from any dealer today.

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