

## GAINED AT HOOGE BECAUSE GUNS HAD THE AMMUNITION

Germans Got What Our Fellows Often Had To Endure, Declared a Staff Officer After British Victory. Magnificent Dash Won 1,200 Yards.

Valentine Williams, special correspondent of the London Daily Mail states in a despatch from British Headquarters in the Field that the forces were successful in their attack at Hooge, east of Ypres, during the second week in August, because for the first time the Germans met their match in artillery. Our guns had the ammunition required." He writes:

**General Headquarters, British Army In the Field.**  
Aug. 11.—"Our artillery was magnificent. For the first time the Germans had met their match. As our men saw our shells crashing in a never-ending roar into the German positions and wreathing all the German lines in a mist of smoke they were elated to think that at length the Germans were getting what our fellows have so often had to endure. The roar of our guns and the sight of the shell-bursts dotting the whole of the German front put heart into our men, and there was no stopping them once they got away. We all realized that this time, at any rate, we were dealing with the immense battery which is what the German army really is."

This was the verdict of a field officer who took part in our successful advance at Hooge last Monday in the light which resulted in the capture of 1,200 yards of trenches and 164 prisoners, including two officers, two machine guns, and a trench mortar, as well as large stocks of German ammunition, notably bombs.

Heated by an artillery preparation the like of which, on our side, at any rate, this war has seldom seen, our infantry went forward with magnificent dash and not only recaptured the ground we had lost about the Hooge Chateau, but also extended our gains. Despite shellfire, they have successfully held them up till now. Only one short section of about twenty yards had to be abandoned, as the trenches, being in the open, were obliterated and untenable by either side.

**No Peace for the Enemy**  
For a week before the attack our guns hammered the Germans. One must not forget the French "75's," which supported our attack with splendid effect. Neither by day nor by night were the Germans given any peace. In the small hours of Monday morning the bombardment increased in intensity and then, the moment our guns lifted on to the German second line, our infantry actually before the Germans knew that

the attack was afoot, were over the parapet of the German trenches and in among the enemy.

**Easily Captured**  
The first man to enter the German trenches was a major, who ran straight into a young German who was ambling along in a leisurely manner. The major thrust his revolver into the face of the German, who shrieked aloud with fright and instantly raised his hands above his head.

Bombers who followed came across a German sitting at the entrance of his dug-out, spectacles on his nose, quietly reading a book. He also surrendered without further ceremony. A German officer advanced to one group of men, his hands above his head, and gravely stated that his detachment would surrender to the British if they would promise that the prisoners would not be "shot in Ypres." The promise was naturally given, and the surrender was effected without bloodshed.

**Treachery After Surrender**  
Unfortunately, surrender in some cases was marked by treachery. Thus a German officer who was being passed from one group of our men to another, with his hands lifted above his head, suddenly whipped out a revolver which he had managed to conceal about him and shot one of his guards through the body. Another officer emerging from a dugout, on the promise of his life, shot two of our men.

The German trenches were found to be extraordinary deep and narrow, and obviously constructed for the main purpose of affording their inmates protection from shell-fire. The dug-outs were most solid constructions, dug diagonally deep into the earth and affording shelter to four or five men, covered with iron sheeting reinforced by timber, sandbags and earth in layers. More than twenty-four hours after the fight two Germans were discovered in one of these dug-outs. The entrance had been blocked by the debris thrown up by a shell, and our men, not knowing that Germans were still alive within had placed sand-bags across it. The troops in the trenches heard a tapping and feeble cries for help emerging from behind the barrier, and when it had been removed the two Germans appeared and surrendered.

**Terrible Conditions**  
The German trenches were in an indescribable condition. Apparently no trouble had been taken to bury the dead of former fights, and the floors of the German trenches were full of German corpses stamped into the earth. At one place boots protruding from the sand-bags showed that dead bodies had been used for building up the parapet. When our men got into the first line of German trenches they found the dead of that morning piled up in heaps on the grim remains of their comrades a truly horrible spectacle.

**Rooted out of Crater**  
There was fierce fighting at close quarters about a redbut which the Germans had constructed on the extreme left of the trenches they had captured from us by means of their flame-projectors and about the crater, an immense, deep cavity, honey-combed with trenches on either lip and across which the Germans apparently had placed their men in reserve. Our men got into the crater and "chived" the Germans up its steep sides into the open, where they were mown down by four of our machine guns.

**Deadly Slaughter.**  
These machine guns did deadly slaughter on the enemy. The machine gun detachments, with entire indifference to danger, hoisted them on to the parapet of the first German line and swept all the region between the first and second lines and beyond that again. Thus the surviving Germans who fled from the first line to the rear before the irresistible onslaught of our infantry were swept down in swaths as they emerged into the open right into the fire area of these machine guns.

The Germans were mostly found to be in no conditions to resist. Their nerve had been so shaken by our incessant artillery bombardment that many actually appeared relieved to be taken prisoner. On one officer who was captured was found a letter to his mother in which he said that his life for the past few days had been a horror, and that since he knew it to be impossible that he should emerge from this bombard-

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ment alive he only hoped that he might be killed quickly.

## Desperate In-fighting

Where the Germans stood up to our men the in-fighting, while it lasted, was desperate. One of our sergeants who has to his credit the capture of a formidable German trench-mortar had a particularly exciting experience. When he clambered over the German parapet he found himself face to face with a German sentry who, a grenade in one hand and a rifle in the other, was guarding a trench-mortar, a complicated apparatus affixed to a very solid stand. In crouching down into the trench the sergeant caught his rifle in his equipment and the German sentry would undoubtedly have killed him had not the Britisher, in falling dealt the German a heavy kick with his foot. The German sentry collapsed in a heap, and a private, following hard on the heels of the sergeant, dealt with him and the trench-mortar was captured.

## Three Lay Out Twenty

Three of our bombers who were among the first to get into the German front line finding this particular section of trench choked with the German dead took cover in a "Jack Johnson" hole and from there laid out a party of about twenty Germans by skillfully aimed bombs.

These three bombers stayed in their shell-hole all day and held their bit of trench. To-day they told me themselves of their experiences. They said they were surprised to find how steady their nerves were, but, they added, it gave them great confidence to find that they could hurl their bombs much farther than the Germans could fling theirs. I might remark here that our bombers made great use of the German bombs captured in the trenches.

## Fine Spirit of the Men

The spirit of our men was splendid. So eager were they to get into the front line, indeed, that at one place they unduly crowded the captured trenches, and their colonel, coming up to inspect the ground, had to order a number back. Like the officers, they speak with enthusiasm of the good work of the gunners. But they are intensely bitter against the Germans.

The work of our sappers, too, was beyond all praise. Almost as soon as we had occupied the German trenches they were out laying the barbed wire in front of the ground we had gained, notwithstanding a heavy German bombardment.

I hear to-night that a summary count of the German dead lying in the crater and the trenches about the stables of Hooge gives a total of some 400. There must have been many more killed, however, in the rear of the German positions.

## Can't You Hear Us Calling?

Can't you hear us calling, calling from the trenches far and wide, In Belgium's broken body and France's shell-torn side? We've held them for a twelve-month through mud and storm and rain, And we think it's due to us lads, you come and share the same, For all must fight for Britain, shoulder arms and play the game.

Chorus:  
For you're wanted, yes, you wanted in the sternest kind of way, To defend your country's honor and to save the world to-day; 'Tis your duty to your God, lads, as well as to your King, So take your place and save the race, be British, that's the thing.

Can't you hear us callin, calling thro' the gas fumes choking breath? Truly hellish kind of fighting and not a soldier's death; Won't you think the matter over, for men, we look to you to take your places in the ranks and see the matter through? For Britain stands for honor, liberty and mercy too.

Chorus:  
Can't you hear us calling, calling from the sun-scorched Dardanelles, Don't you feel the message urgent, waer every moment tells? One thousand fell in landing, dying shattered, heap on heap, 'Tis we scaled the heights at last lads, and what we hold we keep, For Britain's sons are heroes still on land or rolling deep.

Chorus:  
Can't you hear us calling, calling from the mansions of the dead? Surely not in vain we gave our lives and for our country bled; We're waiting here to meet you with faces all arow, Can you ever bear to meet us if you still refuse to go? For there's worse than death, my brothers, your conscience tells you so.

## President Wilson Thanks Conference Secretary Redfield Raps Roosevelt

The House of Governors received a telegram from President Wilson, thanking the members for the resolution in which they pledged him their support in the present international situation. Secretary Redfield of the department of commerce spoke, giving Col. Roosevelt for his Plattsburg preparedness, and incidentally rebuking Col. Roosevelt for his Plattsburg speech.

"Speaking as a member of the administration," he said, "I submit that these trying times form a period for soberness of speech and restraint of thought. The situation is still grave and requires the best and most serious thought of the nation's best minds. This is not the time for excitement or rashness of speech, or that process called 'rocking the boat.'"

"If there was ever a time for sobriety of thought and restraint of speech that time is now. There is a cowardice of silence in which men dare not speak. There is a cowardice of language if spoken wrongly and at the wrong time. Between these two extremes lies the great body of sound sober and fearless American opinion."

"Is there a greater spectacle than to see one of the world's greatest peoples holding themselves in control? Is there a finer example to set the world than that of national self-restraint? Is it becoming for a great nation to get angry easily? Is it a sign of national power to have a quick temper? If it be so, I have misread American history. I do not read that we have been a hasty people."

"With that spirit of restraint should we not be ready for any emergency of any kind which may arise. Should we not at least have the tools ready, not for offence, but for defence of our nation? "If we must carry on a policy which says that when the need shall come, and not until then, shall the army be created to meet that need, should we not at least have ready the tools with which that army must work?"

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## Must Pay the Penalty

Montreal Daily Mail (Ind.):—"If a party by a mere change of leaders could expiate such sins as those committed by the Roblin administration, party government would be a failure. A party must accept responsibility for the acts of ministers who accept office under its auspices. It cannot purge itself by changing its leaders any more than an individual can square an offence by changing his clothes."

Toronto Star:—"A political party must pay the penalty of bad leadership. It cannot restore confidence merely by changing the leader and passing some good resolutions. The party system involves party responsibility, and this means that when the leaders do wrong the party must accept loss of power and be content to serve the country in Opposition." The above extracts are commended to Premier Morris and his associates in the Newfoundland Government.

## Fruits Of British Landlordism

Neutral Correspondent, in The London Times.

The contrasts between Germany and England are striking and instructive. One such is afforded by a comparison of the wide and fertile lands of England where grass is grown, and broad parks stretch for miles in wonderful summer beauty, with the sandy soil of Brandenburg, where one travels, mile upon mile, through well-cultivated fields covered with green wheat and rye and where old folks and children plant every spare foot of ground with potatoes. This is an object-lesson in waste and economy in the absence and presence of control of national energy, and in the subordination of everything to the needs of the war.

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