

## Gas Attacks and How Our Men Have Met Them

As we look back into the past years and remember some of the horrors that have visited this old world, there seems to come nearer to us those terrible happenings that have visited our own fair land and in many cases our own families. I suppose those of recent years, such as the San Francisco earthquake, the great cyclone that ruined a great part of that beautiful western city Regina, and the sinking of the great ship Titanic, came nearer than all others, and as the wires flashed the news from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and then across the oceans to Europe and the Orientals, there was felt by all people, rich and poor, a great throb of pain and sorrow. Most of us remember how we waited hour after hour for news of those that we felt might suffer, then came the news that brought to some great joy and to others great sorrow, but all agreed that these great calamities were accidents in the power of the elements that could not be helped, and that no government or person was the organization or means that caused them.

So in July, 1914, when Germany, the nation that stood in the eyes of the world as a model to pattern after, struck the hellish blow and trampled down upon little Belgium, there went throughout the whole world a

throb of pain and of terror because all people realized that a great nation had hidden behind a cloak of education and mock refinement and culture to organize and prepare for a system of warfare that was to lower her forever in the eyes of the world. And when England on the 4th day of August 1914 resolved to declare war against Prussian militarism, how her people, both at home and in the colonies, throbbed with pride and confidence, and felt proud of the Mother Country's stand for right against might, and showed their pride by coming to arms in the wonderful manner that time will never erase from our memory.

How the homes of the colonies sent their best men, and when they stood on the battlefield on the 22nd day of April 1915 and saw coming towards them that wonderful cloud that sent fourth thousands of colors, how little they thought that by that cloud of many colors, Germany was attacking them in the most cowardly form of warfare yet introduced, bringing pain, anguish and death in a manner which defied retaliation.

The gas cloud arrived at the point where the French and Canadian lines met in the Ypres salient at 4.30 in the afternoon, and the day that was full of light and sunshine was turned to a day of pain and darkness. This being their first experience of gas, the Canadians were obliged to fall back, and the Germans came up in great numbers only to be driven back by Canadian reinforcements.

How the whole world was moved in anger at an enemy that would lower its standard to fight in such a manner. How anxiety filled the hearts of those in the far off homes, how pride swelled also in the hearts of the whole allied world for a new army to show such courage at a time when a strange death-dealing system of warfare was upon them is wonderful.

Then again on the 26th and 27th of April such courage as was shown in these gas attacks by our men was never before known. At this time some old miners devised a safety devise of inhaling through a beer bottle with the bottom removed and the space filled with loose earth and grass, at the same time protecting the nostrils with cotton wool. Others soaked a sock or handkerchief in urine and placed it over their face, and with these precautions our brave men stood by their post and won the day.

This suggested a plan to that great leader and soldier, Lord Kitchener, who

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