

**Stories Of The Fighting
As Told By The Soldiers**

THE following story was told by a wounded artilleryman in hospital at Nottingham:—
"One of the hottest scimmages I saw was on the Aisne, when the Germans were trying to force a passage across at one point. The only force that could be spared was half a battalion of the Connaught Rangers, who were hurried up to occupy some trenches on our side of the river, just close to the bank.
"The Germans were massing in ugly crowds on the other side, and we could see their engineers coming along with temporary bridges to throw across.
"There weren't more than three hundred of the Rangers all told, and the Germans were at least four thousand. They came swarming down to the river, under heavy artillery fire, which was well aimed, and didn't drop on their side at all.
"In front came the chaps with the bridge which was to be thrown across. Our battery was posted with the Rangers, and we were all in great fettle as they came on.
"Our first shell dropped right on to the party with the bridge, which was being brought forward in sections, and there wasn't much of men or material left when we had done. They saw then that their only chance was to push forward sufficient men to their side of the stream to keep us at a distance while they had another try. So on they came down to the river bank, firing away for all they were worth as they came.
"They didn't do much damage, and the Rangers only laughed at them, and when some of them were just on the other side the Irishmen started shouting across at a lot of men of one of the swanky corps: 'Hullo, old tin-hat, when are you coming across?'
"Then the Irishmen saw the great big boots of those chaps, and that tickled them immensely. 'I see you,' they shouted; 'it isn't any good your hiding in there. We can see your boots, and while this was going on the Germans were being picked off and at last the ground got too hot for them, and they ran like fury.
"Then the Rangers settled down to enjoy themselves, but they had a little surprise, for a body of German infantry that must have crossed at a point lower down came into view on our flank, and we saw we would have to fight for our lives.
"We opened fire on them as fast as



we could, but they came on in spite of all we could do, and at last they reached the trenches, and were given the cold steel. It was terribly hot and hard work, and the way the Rangers stuck it would have taken your breath away.
"There was nearly an hour of that grim tussle, but the Rangers came out on top in the end, and the Germans were hurled back with terrible losses. They had an attacking force of at least a couple of thousand in that fight against the Rangers three hundred.
"The Irishmen were proud of their work and they had every reason to be. When the Germans began singing that old song 'What do you think of the Irish now?'
"Field Marshal French's Visit.
A captain at the front, writing to a relative in Hampshire on September 18th, says:
"We were within twenty-nine miles of Paris not very long ago, but are gradually advancing now. Our divisional general is a very nice man; he always has a cheerful word for the men as he passes, which is a great thing. I have just sent on the name of a man in my company for conspicuous gallantry three days ago in going under heavy fire for stretchers to remove wounded. I hope he gets a D.C. medal and V.C. he deserves it. I wish I had gone through an ambulance class, but the doctor said I had tied up some of the wounds very well, and sent one of his men away, and made me help him instead when he came up. I don't know if I told you that Sir John French came into our bivouac after the retreat from Mons, and said that he had received a telegram from the French President saying that our movement had saved the flank of the French Army, and that he was never prouder of being a soldier than he was that day. We marched 184 miles in seven days and were chased by six German army corps, four times our own strength, and by

drawing them off had given the French time to concentrate, and got into position. All these things are of the past, so there is no harm in telling you. . . I long for a good meal, a pair of pyjamas, a hot bath, and a Sleep! I had a shave yesterday. My boots are dropping to pieces, my clothes are covered in grease, jam, mud, and blood, and I cannot be called a smart looking object. Hurry up the boots and don't forget the dubbin'."

A Cross of Scotch Thistle.
A lieutenant of the Royal Army Medical Corps with the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, writing on September 18, says:
I joined the Seaforth's on Sept. 8, and have been on the move ever since. Every morning we stand at arms at three a.m., and move about four or five o'clock, with or without breakfast, which consists of tea and biscuits; bacon if we have time to cook it. Our sleeping places vary; an orchard, a ploughed field, and then a billet which means a floor in a house of some sort. We are often so sleepy that we lie on the road. I often feel myself reeling like a drunken man.
I am no martyr. I am doing less than the men. Just think of them, march, march, march, and then while we sleep it falls to the lot of many to guard the outposts, with no chance of shelter, and then next day marching wet, hoping to dry as they go. Only the highest praise can be given to these men.
At present we are entrenched. Our first day in this place (where we have been for five days) was awful. We were under fire the whole day, with practically no protection. Our total killed and wounded amounted to seventy. The men never wavered, and gaps were always filled. Grand were the Highland men, and grander still will be the account they will render. I am lucky to be with such men.
Poor Colonel Bradford; I can't tell you how great our loss is. He was brave and a born commander, but in the twinkling of an eye, whilst trying to safeguard his regiment, a shell carried him off. We could not fetch him in during daylight because of drawing fire, but at midnight on Sept. 14 we laid him with two other officers and men to rest in their "champs d'honneur" on a hillside overlooking a fair river and valley. It was a sad but glorious moment for us to stand and hear the padre tell us that they had not shrunk from duty, and had fallen for the sake of comrades. The next day I found some Scotch thistle growing close by. I plucked the blooms and formed a cross over our chieftain's grave.

Gravenstein Apples, very best pack of No. 1s, 2s and 3s; last chance to buy Gravensteins this season. Remember Snap Apple Night is Saturday. Also Bananas, Cal. Oranges, Grapes and Plums, Siberian Crabs, Cocoanuts, at very lowest wholesale prices. Outport orders given personal and strict attention at GLEESON'S, 108 Water Street, East.—oct28.

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**INFAMOUS TRIO
OF GERMAN ARMY**

Names of Savages Whose Outrages in Belgium De-lighted the Kaiser

THE names of three German officers will be as the brand of infamy for all bearers of the same names for ages to come.

They are the officers who are directly responsible for the blackguardism, unparalleled in modern times, which has made ruin of the beautiful towns and sacred monuments of Louvain, Dinant, and Termonde.

The three are officers who are unenviable eminence are:

- Major von Manteuffel,
- Lieut.-Colonel Beeger,
- Major Sommerfeld.

Manteuffel (sinister name) is the man who is to be credited with the devil's work done at Louvain; Beeger is the destroyer of romantic Dinant, and the ruins of Termonde cry for vengeance on Sommerfeld.

Later we shall be able to add to these the names of the savages who, at Malines, Rheims and elsewhere, have done only too well the vandals' work that is balm to the heart of their Emperor.

Humanity and religions have been shocked and outraged by the barbarism of these men and their insensate master, and it would be perverted charity to allow them to be forgotten.

It Would be Regrettable.
From a reliable Source the Exchange has received information of the identity of three of "the scourges of God."

"It would indeed be a regrettable fact," says the informant, "if the fame were to perish of these valiant soldiers who turned all the modern resources of destruction against churches beautified and enriched by the piety of scores of generations; against stately town halls, proud memorials of civic liberties, abodes from which learning and science have been spread unceasingly all over Europe ever since the fifteenth century."
"The Kaiser may well be satisfied with such men as Manteuffel, Beeger and Sommerfeld.

"They made their names and their master's famous; they achieved a lasting success; their names will live for ever in Belgium."
They will live as long as history continues to be written.

Cathedrals on which the Germans have made war:

- Senlis.—Damaged by a shell.
- Soissons.—Severely damaged in German advance on Paris.
- Louvain.—In ruins, as the result of sacking and burning of town.
- Rheims.—Destroyed except walls and organ.
- Malines.—Tower destroyed in first bombardment. Now bombarded again in revenge for Belgian Army's success near Brussels.

St. John's Municipal Board.

Tenders for Oats and Hay

Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received until Friday, 30th inst., at 4 o'clock p.m., for delivery at the Sanitary Stables, Hayward Avenue, from time to time as required, 3,500 bushels No. 1 Heavy Black P.E.I. Oats or 3,500 bushels No. 1 White Oats, duty free.

Also One Hundred Tons Prime Timothy Hay, (in bundles), duty free. Applications are requested to mark across the envelope the words "Tender for Oats" or "Tender for Hay" as the case may be.

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JNO. L. SLATTERY,
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oct27,29,31

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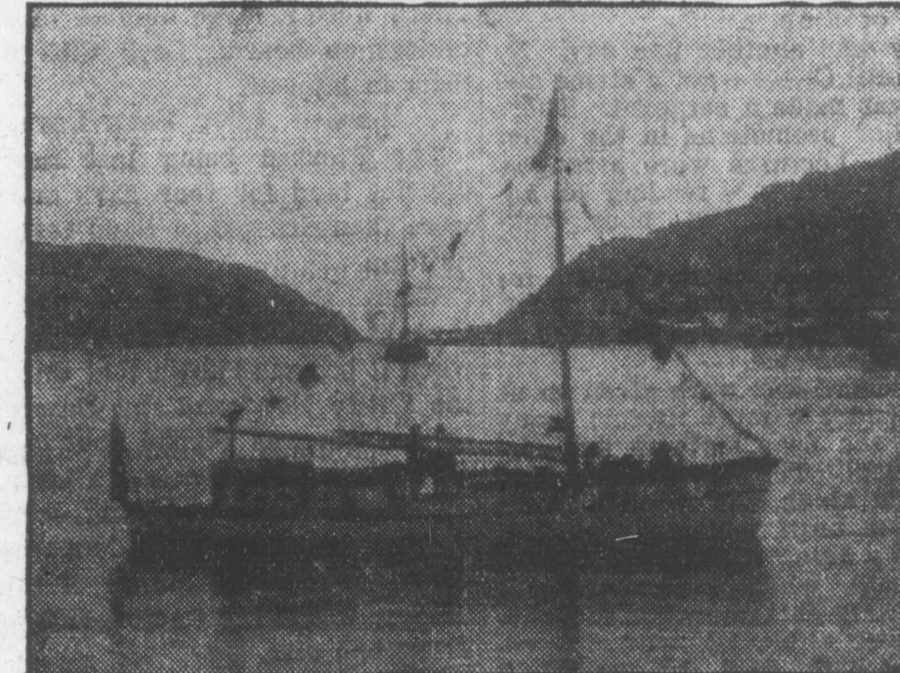
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We will mail the weekly issue of *The Mail and Advocate* to any address in Newfoundland or Canada from now until the end of 1915 for the small sum of Fifty Cents.

The weekly issue of *The Mail and Advocate* offers splendid opportunities to business men for advertising their goods as it is read by 50,000 persons every week.

The daily issue of *The Mail and Advocate* has the largest outport circulation by 100 per cent of any daily paper in the Colony. It has only been published nine months, yet its outport subscription list exceeds by 100 per cent the circulation of any other daily paper.

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MOTOR BOAT F.P.U.

**For Sale!
Motor Boat
F.P.U.**

Built for R. H. Silver, Esq., at their premises, Greenspond, in 1912. Used by President Coaker the last two summers during his cruises North.

Boat is fitted with a 27 h.p. Fraser Engine, which has given splendid satisfaction. The boat is 40 feet long and 9 feet wide, and would make an ideal mission boat.

She contains sleeping accommodation for four, and tanks for 250 gallons of fuel. Nineteenths of the fuel consumed by the engine is Kero oil.

The reason for selling is, the boat is not large enough for the purpose she is now used for.

The boat cost about \$1800, and is well fitted in every respect. She is provided with sails. She would make a fine boat for collecting bait or for fishery uses. Apply to

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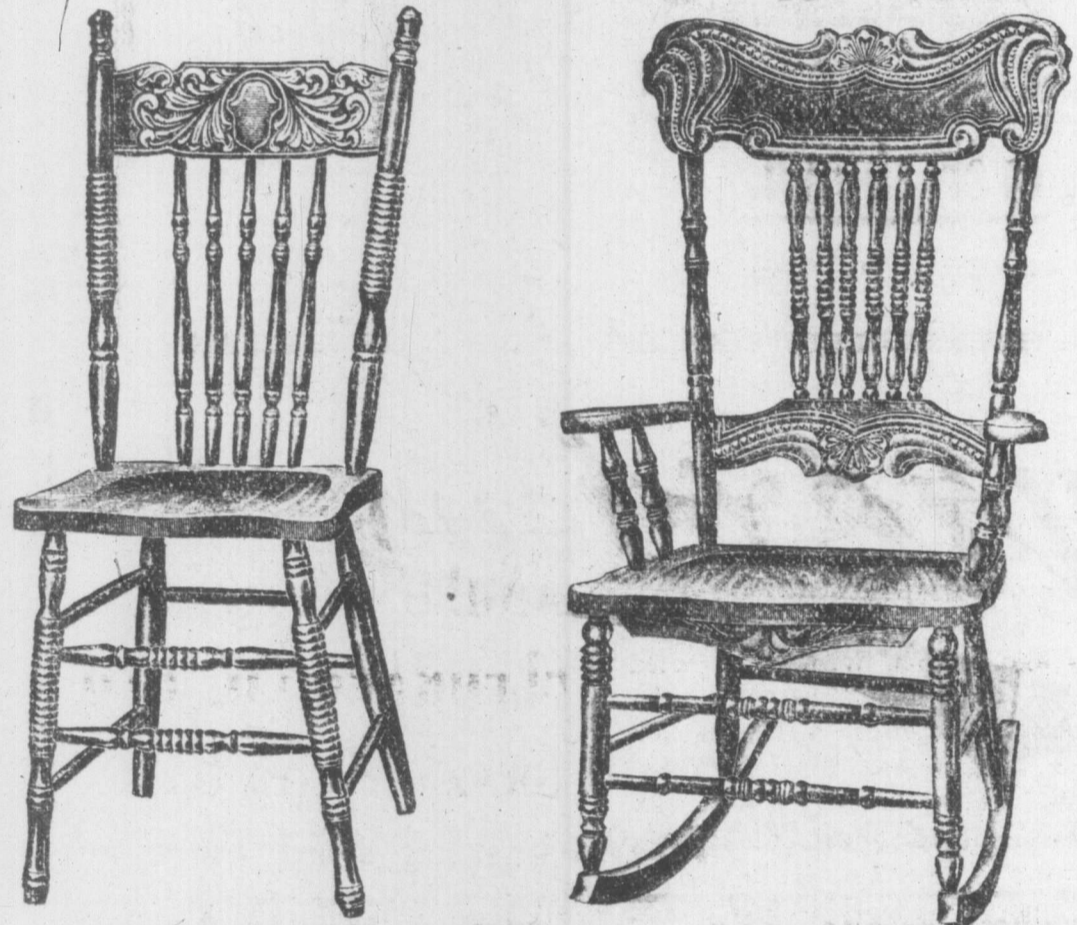
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