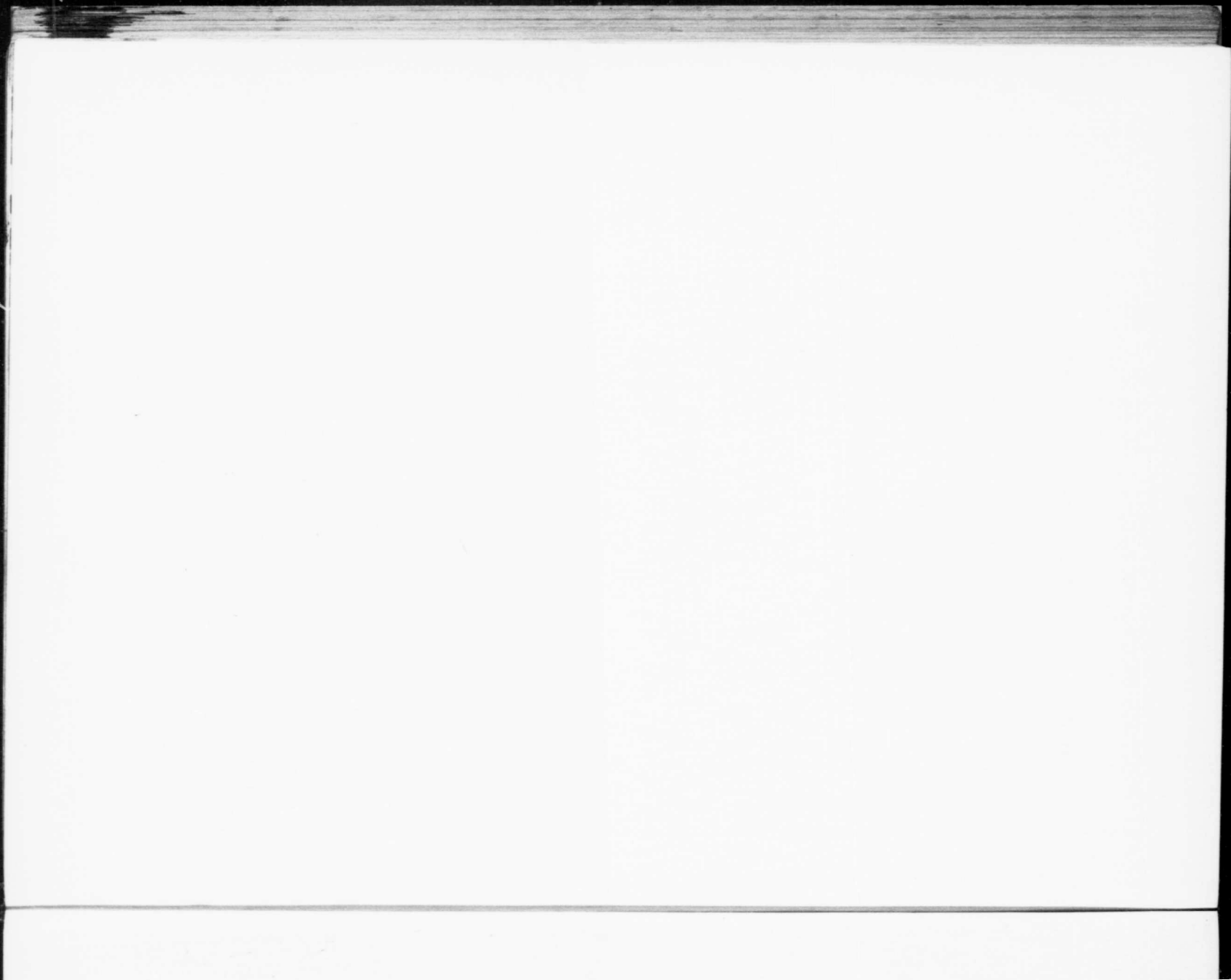


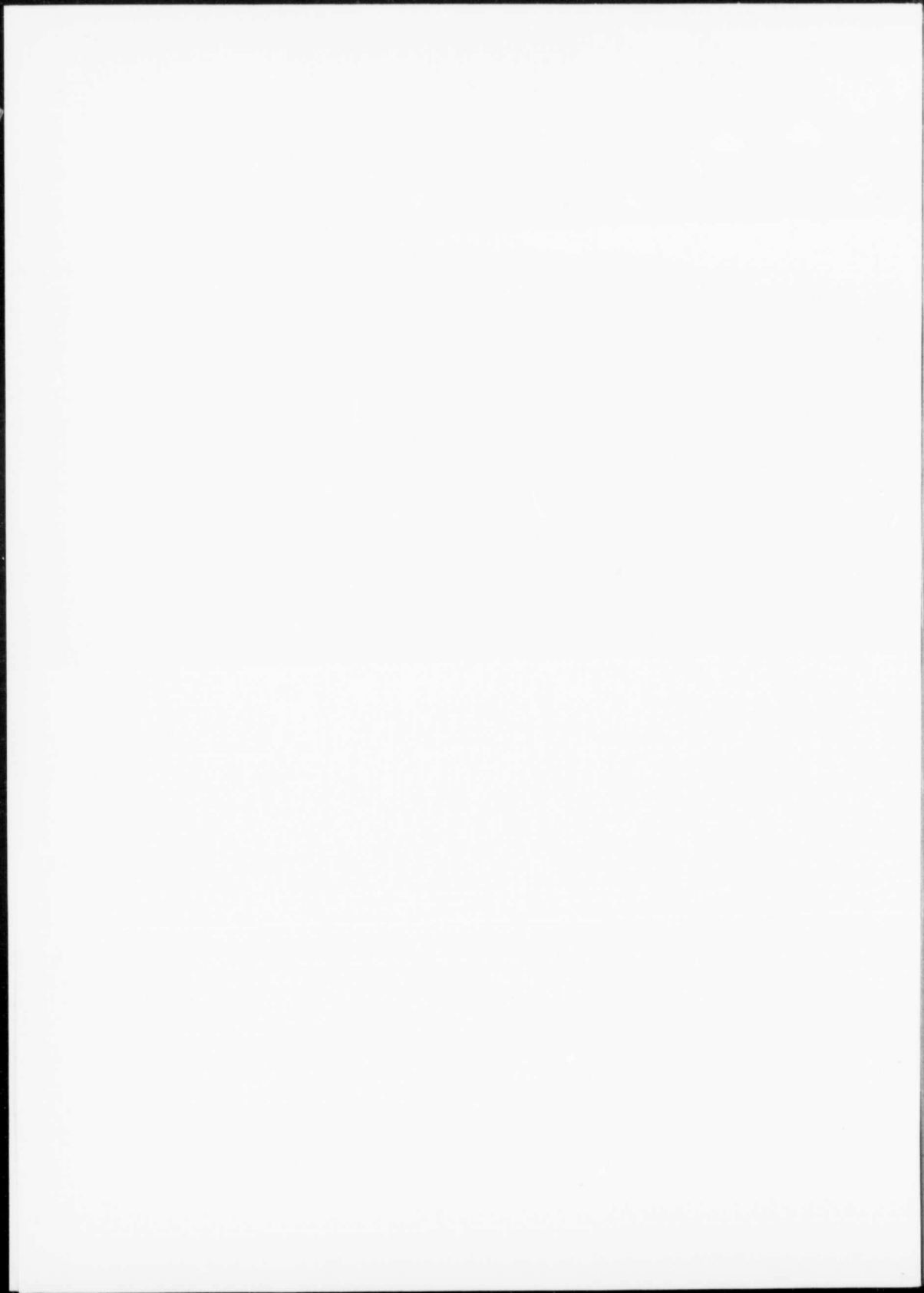
THE **Walt** Pictorial













# THE WAR PICTORIAL

THE LEADING PICTORIAL SOUVENIR  
OF THE GREAT WAR: DEPICTING  
ESPECIALLY THE PART PLAYED BY  
CANADA AND CANADIANS . . . .

*War*

A Complete History of the Great  
International Conflagration from the  
German retreat from Paris to the in-  
comparable defence of Ypres and  
the opening of the winter Campaign.

VOLUME TWO

BY  
LESLIE G. BARNARD

MONTREAL

DODD-SIMPSON PRESS, LIMITED

1915

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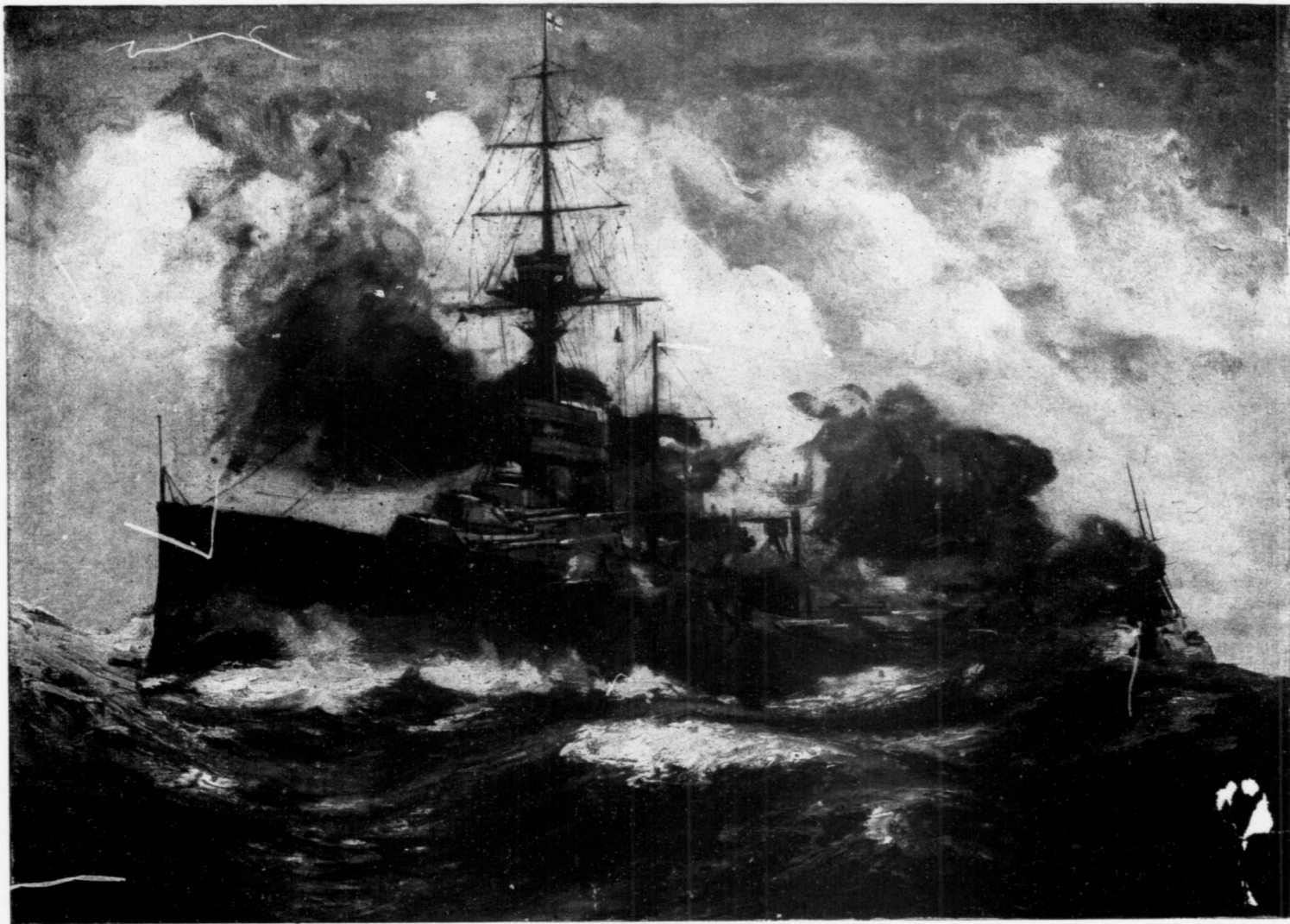
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H.M.S. "KING GEORGE V" IN ACTION.

# The - War - Pictorial

The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 13.

Printed and published at 1510 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal, Canada, 18th December 1914, by DODD-SIMPSON PRESS, LIMITED



THE LATE LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR.

The immortal "Bobs", whose death is mourned by the whole British Empire, as he appeared in his Field-Marshal's uniform at many public ceremonies. (Photo, Central News.)



THE MAN IN WHOM AN EMPIRE'S CONFIDENCE IS PLACED.

Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener, who for many years rendered devoted service to the British Empire in peace and war in many parts of the world, is now serving his country as Secretary of State for War, and is in a very real sense "the Man of the Hour."  
(Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)

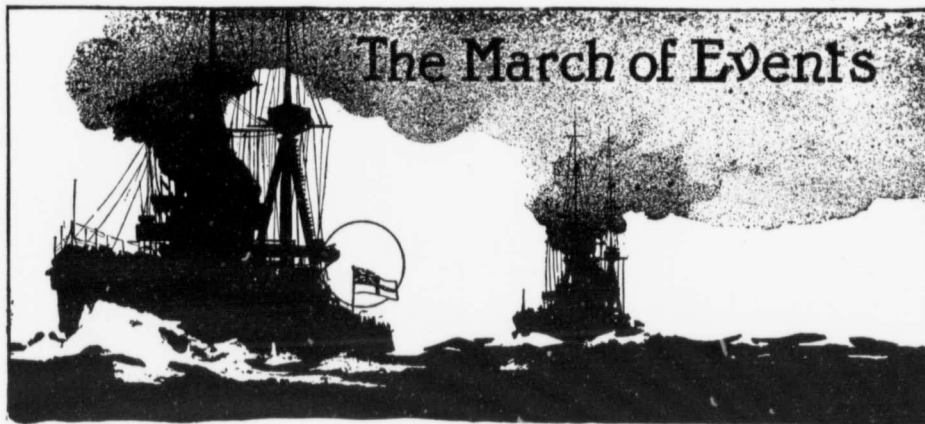
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## *A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration*

### PART 13

*Continued from page 292 (Part 12)*

**SEPTEMBER 23.**— Two months had now passed since that eventful day when, in the streets of Serajevo, the hand of an assassin had furnished the necessary spark to kindle the great European bonfire, over the inflammable materials of which the Kaiser and his advisors had thoughtfully poured a generous supply of "diplomatic oil" of a highly volatile nature.

Already the flames in their rapid spread had not only swept over the greater part of Europe, but, leaping over the confines of that continent, had kindled a considerable blaze in the Far East, scattered a shower of sparks over the earth in general, and made the conflagration no longer a purely European but a distinctly world-wide one.

Doubtless His Imperial Majesty William the Second at that time regarded with satisfaction the fortuitous kindling of the fire, which, in its devastating progress, was intended to clear for him a path to world dominion and the exercise of that power which he thought by divine right to be his, and pictured in his imagination the situation as it would be two months or so hence. What did he see? What visions did his inordinate pride and vanity conjure up for him? And how did the realities now measure up to the wondrous fabric of his dreams?

Two months! Ah! yes, two months at most would surely be enough to see great progress made, to have some tangible evidence of the working out of all these plans; would find Belgium trembling in subservient humility under the domination of an invincible power; France subjugated, once more despoiled—the standard of William floating proudly over her fair capital; Russia—poor deluded nation, not yet recovered from her last defeat, presuming to engage the superior fighting

men of the Kaiser's army—already feeling the might of her unconquerable opponent; while Britain—supposing that she dared to enter the conflict—would by then be learning her own weakness—her pitiful little army unavailing, her Empire filled with sedition and, in its disintegration, sounding in no uncertain tone the death-knell of her world dominion!

Perchance to thus attempt to read the thoughts of His Imperial Majesty is to take undue liberties; but, in the light of recent events and revelations, our previous suspicions have received sufficient confirmation to give along this line large grounds for speculation.

But what of the real situation on the 23rd day of September, 1914.

Belgium! Yes Belgium had suffered, but how gloriously. Amid the tragedy of devastated lands, of ruined homes, of countless new-made graves; in the face of wanton destruction, and more wanton mutilation and torture, the little Kingdom still stood with knee unbowed before her mighty neighbour—despoiled of much but clasping tight the nation's greatest treasure—her honour. And to this little country and her truly great King the greatest nations of earth payed a tribute of sincere and boundless admiration.

Nor had she ceased to fight. Her army—reduced in size by death, but with valour unimpaired—was still proving no mean adversary, and continued a tower of strength to the Allied arms.

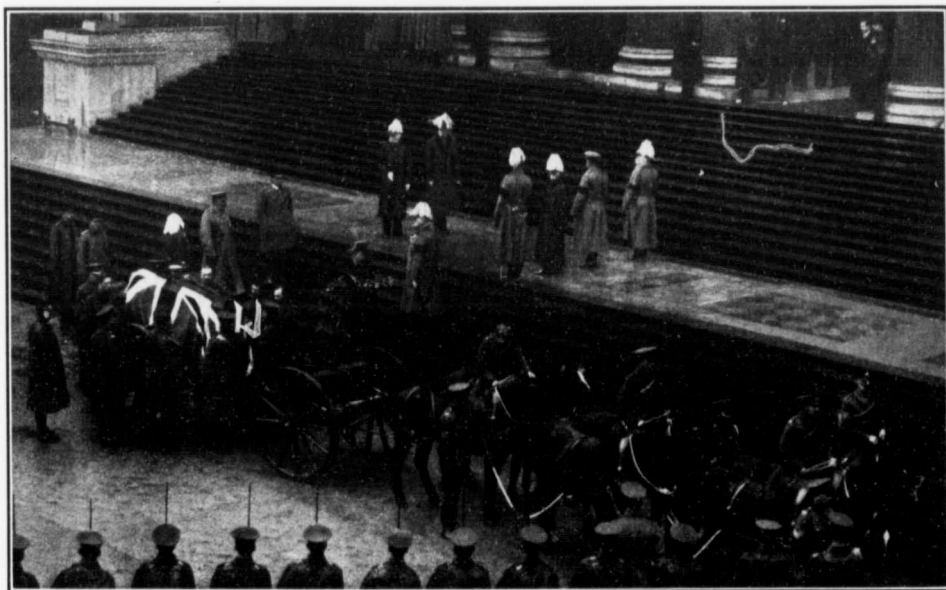
In France, confidence in ultimate victory had from the very first been held in all quarters, but as retirement followed retirement, and the Allied forces were thrown back nearer and nearer the gates of Paris, and a siege again became imminent, it is not to be wondered at that—with the remembrance of 1870 still vivid—a measure of alarm temporarily

*Continued on page 300*



HOW THEY BROUGHT LORD ROBERTS HOME.

The death of Earl Roberts, within the sound of the guns on the firing line in France, plunged Britain into sorrow. This photograph was taken in Boulogne as the body was borne through the streets en route to the vessel which conveyed it home to England. (Photo, Central News.)



FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD ROBERTS

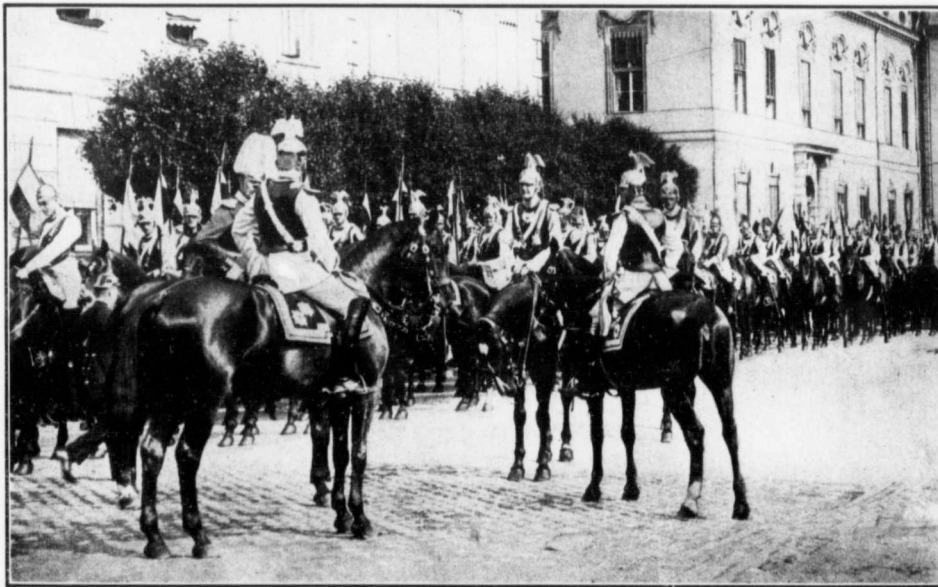
Amid rain and fog the funeral procession of the Late Field Marshall Lord Roberts passed through the streets of London. The illustration shows the cortege arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral. (Photo, Central News.)

The illustrati



THE WAR LORD AND HIS GUARD.

Kaiser William, with his staff, riding at the head of his favourite Guards. (Photo, Newspaper Illustrations)



THE WAR LORD'S BODYGUARD.

The illustration shows the German Cuirassiers, who form the Kaiser's bodyguard, at their barracks in Berlin. (Photo, Newspaper Illustrations)



## Prince of Wales at the Front

**E**VER since the war commenced the Prince of Wales has wished to go to the front, and his wish has been at last granted.

His industry and endurance have been a revelation to his fellow-soldiers, and he has made himself one of the most popular officers with the Expeditionary Forces in France.

A military correspondent, giving an account of the life of the young Prince at the front, says:

"Although nominally attached to Sir John French's staff, he is not chained there. He has been attached in turn to army corps, divisional, and brigade headquarters, and is undergoing an education which no books could ever give him. Only last week he occupied a fitting cradle for a Prince, a house rocking and shaking day and night with the constant detonations of bombardments, and he has visited the trenches, including those of the Indian army. It will be difficult to keep him out



THE PRINCE OF WALES EN ROUTE FOR THE FRONT

(Photo Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)

"He has won golden opinions. Personally of slight physique and almost fragile-looking, the Prince was but little known to the army until he joined it, and now that he is becoming known, it is a revelation. He is among the keenest and hardest soldiers in the army. He walks more than six miles before breakfast every morning, drives his own car, and spends every moment of the working day in acquainting himself with the situation of the troops and the service of the army.

of the firing line of his Grenadiers.

"A more zealous and indefatigable young officer does not serve with the King's troops. He has a quiet, confident dignity which is most attractive, and his character and intelligence arouse the enthusiasm of all who meet him. It was not exactly the expression of a courtier, but it was the expression of a truth, when an old soldier looked wistfully after him and muttered, half to himself: 'that's a damned good boy.'"

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THE NEED FOR BLANKETS DEMONSTRATED

This photograph of Belgian soldiers was taken in the trenches at Ypres. Imagine, while we are in our comfortable homes, the terrible suffering from cold of our soldiers in the field, now that winter has come on, unless they are supplied with the necessary warm clothing and blankets. (Photo, "Topical" War Service.)



BELGIANS AND BRITONS IN THEIR TEMPORARY SHELTER

Some of the soldiers of the British Colonial Horse, who are now attached to the 3rd Belgian Lancers, sharing a temporary shelter in the trenches on the firing line, with some of their Belgian brothers in arms. (Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)

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## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 205*

supplanted the absolute confidence hitherto manifested. But now all this was changed, and the renewed cheerfulness and assurance of the French people as a whole was striking testimony to the decisive curbing of the Kaiser's ambitions. The Emperor's boasted dinner party in Paris became a more shadowy event than ever, as, slowly but surely, the invaders were driven back over the ground which had cost them so much to gain.

The German forces which, advancing through Belgium and Northern France, had penetrated within so close striking distance of Paris, were now continuing their stubborn resistance along the River Aisne; nevertheless, from the moment when



FOR WINTER USE AT THE FRONT.

A novel protector against the cold, made of five thicknesses of paper, which is popular with the French troops. It is worn as shown here, under the tunic. The idea originated in Japan. (Photo, Central Press)

their left wing, in its attempted turning movement near the French metropolis, met with failure, and was obliged to undertake a rapid retiring movement, the Germans had never been able to resume the offensive.

Comparing the present Battle of the Aisne with the Battle of the Marne—the first serious engagement during the enemy's retreat—the French official report on the 23rd of September stated:

"The battle of the Marne was an action undertaken in the open field, which began with a general resumption of the offensive by the French army against the enemy who did not expect it, and had

not had time seriously to organize defensive positions.

"The same cannot be said of the battle of the Aisne, where the adversary, who was retreating, stopped and took positions which by the nature of the ground are very substantial in themselves in many places, and which he has been able gradually to improve as to organization.

"This battle of the Aisne, therefore, presents, on a large part of its front, the character of war by assault, similar to the operations in Manchuria (in the Russo-Japanese War).

"It might be added that the exceptional power of the artillery facing each other—the heavy German artillery against the French 7.5 centimeter cannons—gives a particular value to the temporary fortifications which the two adversaries have drawn up.

"The task is therefore to take whole rows of entrenchments, each one protected by very close defences, particularly rows of barbed wire with mitrailleuses in concealed positions."

In this district, the 23rd saw a continuation of the previously reported lull in the fighting, save on the Allies' extreme left, where a turning movement directed against the flank of the German right wing under Von Kluck had resulted in a gain of ten miles along the right bank of the Oise.

On other parts of the French frontier, repeated assaults by the enemy since the commencement of the war had been of little avail, and here also the situation was now distinctly encouraging, the latest advices telling of brilliant counter-attacks by the French troops in the neighbourhood of Verdun, resulting in the repulse of a determined German attack; and of the evacuation by the enemy of points in Lorraine and the Vosges.

Altogether the Kaiser's western campaign was far from proving the unqualified success he had apparently anticipated.

As for Russia, the "fog of war" still obscured the actual operations, and reports of huge victories for the Czar's troops constantly came to hand, only to prove in most cases gross exaggerations, but sufficient was known to establish one fact. In the face of great natural obstacles, handicapped by a transportation system inferior to that of the enemy, and labouring under tremendous problems of mobilization, Russia had proved her mettle. Reverses there had been and would be, but remarkable progress had been made and, if no other results had been achieved, the employment of large numbers of German troops in stemming the Russian tide—troops who might otherwise have crossed the Rhine—placed those in charge of the western campaign under a large debt of gratitude to their Ally in the east.

But, under the capable leadership of the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, other results had been achieved.

Roughly speaking, the Russian battle line now extended from its centre, at Warsaw, north along the line held by General Rennenkampf, to Libau on the Baltic, and south to Galicia where the discomfiture of the Austrian forces was being completed.

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This line was well chosen, having regard to the protection of lines of communication and sources of supply, and formed an adequate base from which to commence more aggressive operations. Moreover the approach of winter, rather than threatening to hamper an advance, was looked forward to as a distinct aid—overcoming as it would many difficulties in the way of bad roads and other natural obstacles, which at present constituted severe handicaps.

Announcement, made on the 23rd of September, of the capture of Jaroslau, an Austrian fortress on the San River, near Przemysl and not far from Cracow, was considered, by military experts, of much importance, as this success greatly facilitated the investment of Przemysl and was another decided step in the progress of the Czar's troops.

Advices told of further Austrian losses in Bosnia, where the Servian and Montenegrin forces were meeting with success, and menacing Serajevo—the town, which, in future history books, will doubtless be noted as the birthplace of the world's greatest war.

On his eastern frontier also, William the Second must have been expending much troubled thought.

But perhaps the most galling feature of the whole war, from the standpoint of the Kaiser, was the manner in which the mighty arm of Britain had stretched forth to throttle his ambitious and aggressive schemes.

On paper, Britain's "little army" might look small; as a factor on the field of battle it had proven of infinite value. Well-trained, splendidly officered, and with the advantage of actual war experience gained on the fields of South Africa, the comparatively small force composing General French's army was admirably efficient. Said a German officer of the Seventh Reserve Corps, after the recent fighting south of Laon:

"The English are marvellously trained in making use of ground. One never sees them and one is constantly under fire. . . . If we beat the English, the French resistance will soon be broken."

But more than all this, greater than mere mechanical efficiency imparted by years of training, was the fact that back of these men lay traditions—regimental and national—which must be maintained at all costs. How well they were maintained, and with what dogged tenacity and splendid heroism General French's little army fought, is known to all the world.

Out on the high seas, a triumph—largely silent but none the less certain—had been won by the Royal Navy.

Despite the added hazards of duty at sea as opposed to the "stay-at-home" policy of Von Tirpitz' fleet, the actual losses of war craft of various kinds belonging to both navies remained about equal. Yet the effective work of the British navy was shown in the practical elimination of German commerce from the seas, while that of the British Empire continued to live up to the popular motto "Business as usual."

But doubtless strangest of all from the viewpoint of an autocratic monarch, knowing little of the meaning of a free and enlightened democracy,

and of cementing together an Empire not by the iron bands of law but by a beneficent and co-operative government—was the continued wonderful spirit of loyalty which found expression in spontaneous action throughout the world's greatest Empire.

Carping critics, disgruntled malcontents, there might be, though very few—but in the hour of testing, an electrical wave of exalted patriotism had encircled the globe, touching the most far flung parts of the Empire, and galvanizing into new life and activity the many races and peoples who had come to know the blessings and benefits of British Rule.

Already on land and sea Australasia had struck telling blows against the Empire's foes; from Canada gifts already sent across the sea were now about to be supplemented with the Dominion's best contribution to the Motherland—men; from South Africa came the simple words of the loyal Premier, General Botha, who, when asked why he was so eager to fight for England, and about to take the field against the enemy invading the Union, replied, "Because it is my duty;" while,



FOR WINTER USE AT THE FRONT.

The protector made of paper used by many of the French troops, and shown on the preceding page, can be packed into very small space, and thus easily carried. (Photo, Central Press)

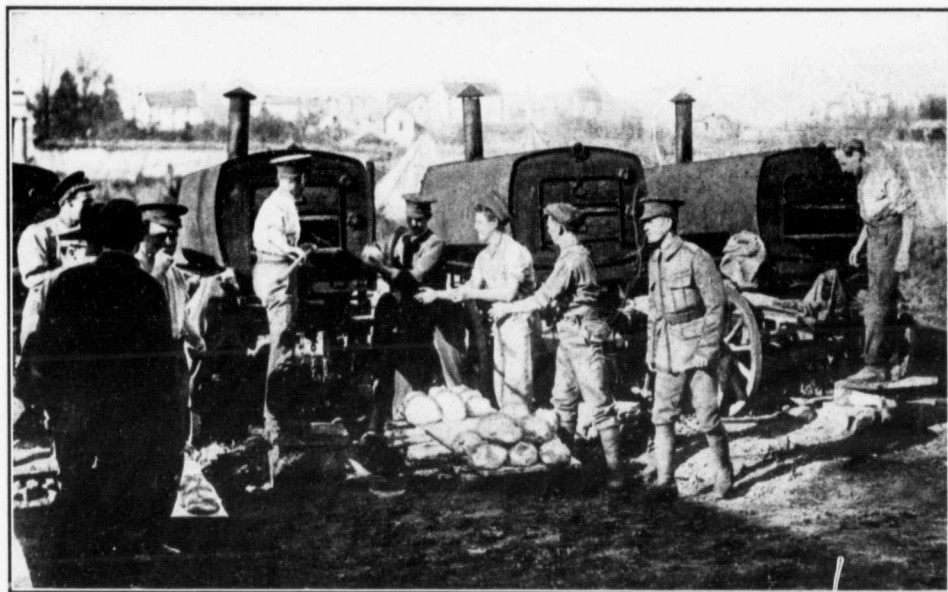
most striking of all, was the cryptic message of India to Britain's Sovereign, through the medium of two of India's most powerful princes, reading, "What history does our Lord, the King-Emperor desire written? Let us know and our blood will write it!"

In the Far East also the entrance of Japan into the war was menacing German interests in that part of the world, and Japanese and British troops were massing for a decisive assault on the German concession of Kiau-Chau.

Two months only had passed since that eventful day in Serajevo, Bosnia, but already the Kaiser's "castles-in-the-air" were falling to pieces with alarming speed.

Continued on page 306





BRITISH FIELD KITCHEN.

A British Field Kitchen is here shown "in action." The work of this department of service is a most important one, and a considerable factor in the efficiency of the army. (Photo, Newspaper Illustrations)



FOOD FOR THE ENEMY.

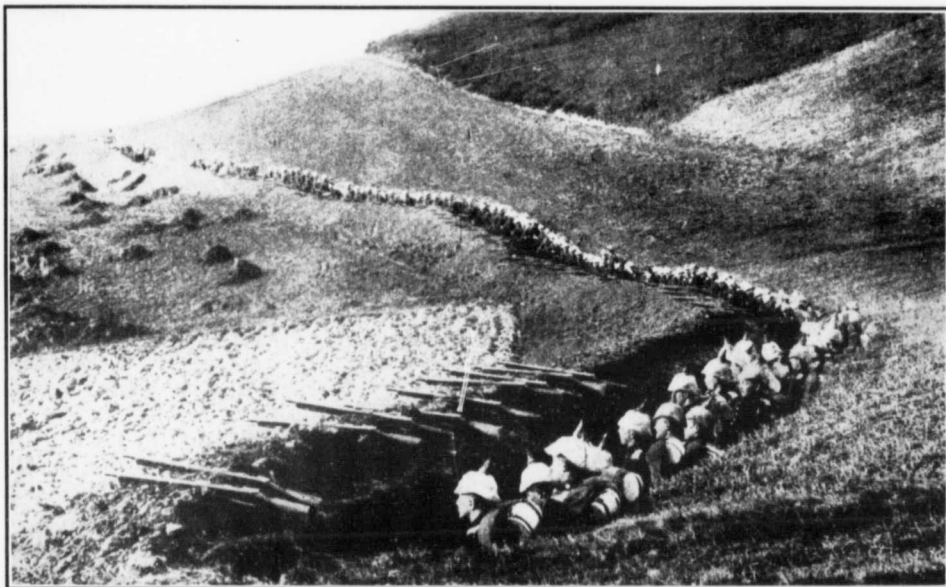
Whether the men in the German army are all as well looked after in the way of food as the Allied troops is open to question. The condition of some of the prisoners taken by the Franco-British troops was not always as good as that of the apparently well-fed men shown in this picture. (Photo, Newspaper Illustrations)



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Germans.



## WITH THE GERMAN FORCES

This photo gives a splendid idea of a long line of trenches. It shows a detachment of German Infantry entrenched, and was taken in France. (Photo, Central News.)



## WITH THE ALLIED FORCES

The men who are fighting have to put up with all kinds of hardships. This illustration shows French Zouaves fording a river to attack the Germans. As an old campaigner says "When your clothes get wet, either in crossing a stream or in the pouring rain, and you are on active service, the chances are that your clothes will have to dry on your back." (Photo, Central News.)



AN INFORMAL MEETING WITH "BOBS"

This striking photograph shows Sir Henry Pellatt, of the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto, in conversation with the late Field Marshall Lord Roberts. (Photo. Newspaper Illustrations.)



## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 301

**SEPTEMBER 24.**— The German methods of warfare — while in some cases exhibiting revolting brutality in conception and execution, and often engendering feelings of the deepest disgust in those accustomed to higher ethical standards—nevertheless frequently revealed much ingenuity.

The enemy's system of espionage, for one thing, which, in so many dishonourable ways, was discovered at the outbreak of war to exist to a most alarming extent, particularly throughout the British Isles, France and Belgium, was not confined to the preparatory measures thus revealed. In the actual operations on the battlefield espionage continued to play a remarkable part.

Said the official British report, referring, on one occasion, to this feature:

"They (the Germans) have evidently never forgotten the saying of Frederick the Great: 'When Marshall Soubise goes to war he is followed by a hundred cooks; when I take the field, I am preceded by a hundred spies.'"



THE GERMAN SAW BAYONET.

Amongst the charges of cruelty against the German troops is the use of this terrible weapon. It is 18 inches long, with 9 inches of teeth which tear the flesh and make a fearful wound. A British Red Cross official is seen comparing it with an ordinary bayonet.

With their usual thoroughness and attention to detail, this matter of "spying out the land" was conducted by the Germans with much effectiveness. Some of the methods detected by the British troops are worthy of note.

From points behind the Allies' lines men in plain clothes gathered information, and by pre-arranged signals, such as the use by day of puffs of smoke from chimneys, and of coloured lights by night, transmitted this information to the enemy, in spite of the hazards of such signalling. Another method adopted was equally striking. German officers and men, wearing French or British uniforms, or in plain clothes, remained at points recently evacuated and endeavoured to apprise their own leaders of the movements of the advancing forces.

"One spy of this kind," said an official report, "was found by our troops hidden in a church tower. His presence was only discovered through the erratic movements of the hands of the church clock, which he was using to signal to his friends by means of an improvised semaphore code. Had this man not been seized it is probable he would have signalled to the German artillery, at the time of their arrival, the exact location of the headquarters and staff. A highly explosive shell would then have mysteriously dropped on the building."

Disguised as labourers, spies were detected working in the fields between the opposing armies; wayfarers on the roads of France were found in possession of carrier pigeons; while women, mingling easily with the crowds of refugees, were discovered to be in the employ of the enemy as secret agents.

Exercising every care to prevent the operation of this dangerous system, strict measures were early adopted. One of the precautions taken by the British authorities at the front was the posting of notices in French, reading:

"(1) Motor cars and bicycles not carrying soldiers in uniforms may not circulate on the roads.

"(2) The inhabitants may not leave the localities where they reside between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m.

"(3) Inhabitants may not quit their homes after 8 p.m.

"(4) No persons may on any pretext pass through the British lines without an authorization, countersigned by a British officer."

Thus at home and on the firing line the menace of the espionage system was constantly present, and only by exercising every care was it rendered comparatively harmless.

In Canada, speculation as to the date and method of embarkation of the Overseas Contingent was now rife, and around the great "White City" at Valcartier signs pointed to an early departure.

An official message issued by the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, announced that, contrary to the original decision, the whole force at present in the Camp would be sent forward at once.

This message, after referring to the Premier's recent visit to the Camp read as follows:

"Everywhere I found most intense anxiety, and even impatience, to go to the front as soon as possible. After careful consideration, it was determined to send forward all the effective men in camp, that is, all those who have passed the necessary medical examination. The expeditionary force, including the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, will thus number approximately 31,200 men, and 7,500 horses. It will comprise eleven batteries of horse and field artillery of six guns each. These are of the most modern type, and are the same as those used in the British army. In addition, four heavy guns, known as sixty-pounders, will also go forward, as well as a number of machine guns, many of which have been generously donated by patriotic citizens whose gifts have already been acknowledged, and to whom the very sincere thanks of the Government and people of Canada are due. The news that the entire force assembled will go forward was received with loud demonstra-

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Official advices from London on the 24th of September contained items of interest.

Word was received of a recent air raid in which British aviators had given the enemy a "taste of his own medicine," save that in this case the administration of the "dose" was conducted within the rules of legitimate warfare. The dropping of bombs on innocent non-combatants and the wilful destruction of civil property was not in the British code of ethics, but the dropping of bombs on German airship sheds was quite within the bounds of both propriety and possibility, and an art in which our aviators proved singularly adept.

Five members of the Naval Branch of the Royal Flying Corps conducted the raid, under the leadership of Flight-Lieutenant C. H. Collet. Dusseldorf and Cologne were both visited. At the former place bombs were dropped, setting fire to the Zeppelin airship shed, but at Cologne a heavy fog obscured objects below, and after a lengthy search for the object of their attack—the airship shed—rather than risking the endangering of civilian life and property by dropping any missiles at random, the party returned to their own base of operations. The distinct contrast between this humanitarian action and the deliberate bomb-dropping of the Germans at Antwerp, Paris and elsewhere is worthy of particular note. It forms a striking commentary on the methods of warfare employed by the Britons and their "cultured" foes.

Further unpleasant news of the active little "Emden" was also received. The brief announcement of the Official Press Bureau told the story concisely and well.

"The German cruiser 'Emden,' it said, "fired nine shells at Madras, British India, entering the harbor at 9.30 on Tuesday. One of the shells hit the oil tanks, firing two. The telegraph office, the seamen's club, and some trucks were also hit. The forts at the harbor front replied to the 'Emden' which then withdrew. The affair was all over in fifteen minutes. There was no panic and there was no material damage, the oil loss being possibly 1,500,000 gallons. Two Indians and one boy were killed."

However much the British public might writhe under the unchecked activity of the cruiser, it was impossible to stifle a feeling of admiration for the wonderful energy and remarkable audacity of the "Emden's" officers and crew.

Frederick E. Smith, M.P., under whose direction the British Press Bureau had been discharging an arduous task with much efficiency, was now on his way to serve his country on the firing line, and upon the shoulders of Sir Stanley O. Buckmaster, the Solicitor-General, fell the heavy mantle which Mr. Smith was no doubt glad to be rid of.

As an echo of the Heligoland Bight incident, came the reply of the British Admiralty to an accusation, made by the German Minister at Copenhagen, alleging that the German sailors in the water were fired on by the English.

The reply, issued on September 24th, made it

clear that, with the exception of one unfortunate incident, the action of the British officers and men was all that could be desired.

When the German destroyer V. 187 was sinking, the British destroyers were ordered to cease firing, and to lower their boats for rescue work. Doubtless misconstruing their action, an officer on the sinking craft opened fire, and a few well-placed shots were necessary to silence this gun. Immediately after, rescue work was resumed until the German cruiser "Stettin," appearing through the mist, opened fire on the rescuers, who were forced to retire, leaving the rescued sailors in the small boats. Then it was that the single unfortunate incident occurred:—

"It is to be regretted," said the note, "that a bluejacket in the castel in the 'Goshawk,' exasperated at the inhuman conduct of the German cruiser, threw a projectile, which could not possibly have exploded under the circumstances, into a boat as it drifted past the ship.

"This is doubtless the incident referred to by the German minister at Copenhagen, and it cannot be denied, although it was done under considerable



AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE YSER.

A British officer is seen standing in the hole made by a German shell. (Photo, Central News).

provocation. It was surely a venial offence compared with that of the German cruiser, which fired many shells at the boats of the British destroyers which were engaged in a humane and chivalrous action."

In one case, a British officer and nine men with many prisoners were left in two of the abandoned boats—it being impossible to take them off under the heavy fire—but the submarine E. 4 later returning to the rescue, "removed the British officer and men, one German officer—a chief petty officer—and one man."

The Admiralty's statement added: "The E. 4 might as well have taken the other German officer and six unwounded men as prisoners, but as the boats contained eighteen very badly wounded Germans he humanely left the officer and men to care for them and navigate the boats.

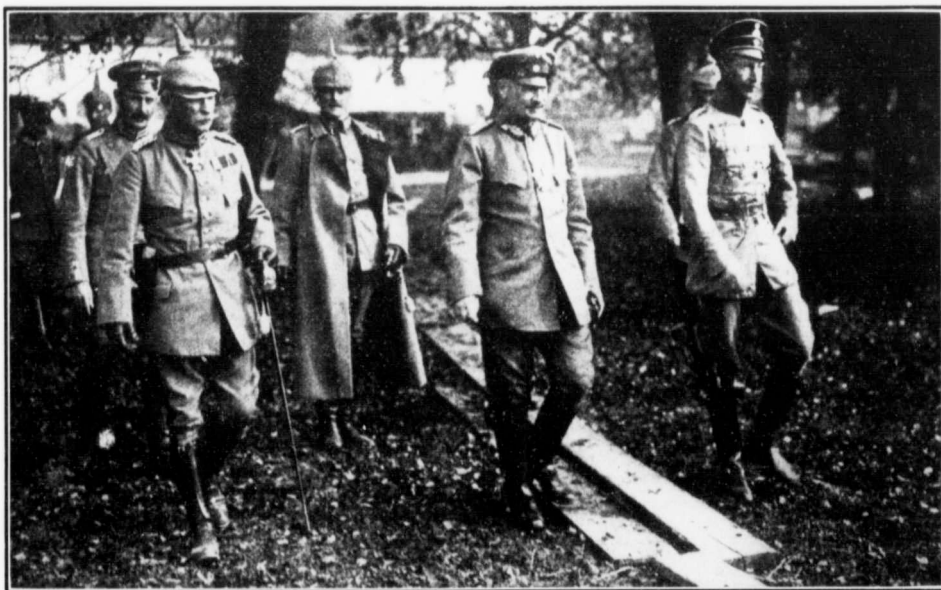
"Before leaving he provided them with water, biscuits and a compass, and gave the officer his position and the course to Heligoland."

Continued on Page 310



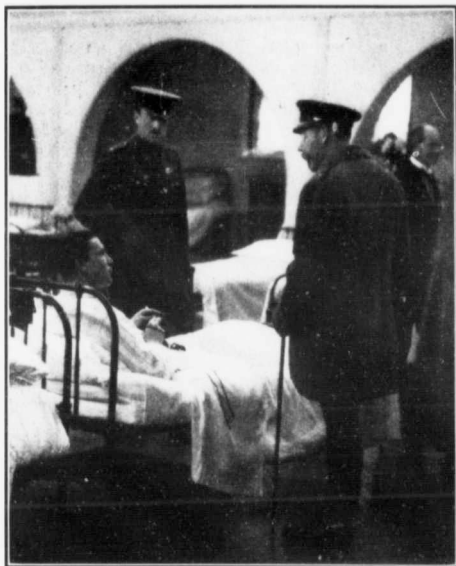
THE KING AND QUEEN VISITING THE WOUNDED.

Their Majesties recently paid a visit to the wounded soldiers of our Indian troops, who are at the specially constructed hospital in the New Forest. The photo shows an Indian trooper telling the King how he received his wounds. (Photo, Central News.)



THE KING OF SAXONY AND THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

The King of Saxony (centre of picture) and the German Crown Prince (on the right) at the front. This photograph was taken during the visit of the King of Saxony to the Crown Prince's army in the western theatre of war. (Photo, Central News.)



THE KING VISITS WOUNDED

The King and Queen recently visited the wounded soldiers, and His Majesty is here seen chatting to a wounded "Tommy," who is making good use of his time by knitting garments for his comrades at the front. (Photo, Central News.)



BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY.

There was a solemn pontifical mass at Westminster Cathedral on the occasion of the birthday of King Albert. The photo shows Bishop Cambysesopolis bidding good-bye to the three Royal children as they left the Cathedral. (Photo, Central News.)



HEIR TO THE THRONE OF RUSSIA.

This remarkably fine photograph has just been received. It shows the little Tsarevitch, Alexis Nicolaievitch, son of the Tsar and heir to the throne of Russia. (Photo, Central News.)



THE TSARITZA OF RUSSIA.

Photographs of the all-conquering Tsar and his family have recently been taken, of which two are shown on this page. The above photo shows the Tsaritsa. (Photo, Central News.)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 307.

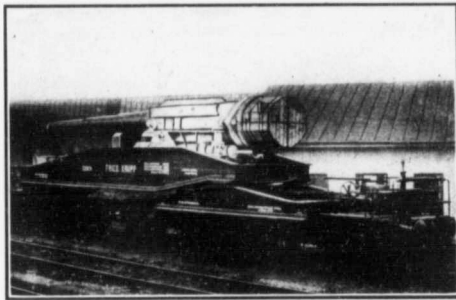
It is further on record that the British sailors "stripped themselves of all but their trousers, tearing up their clothes to provide bandages for wounded Germans."

In the face of these facts any charges of inhuman conduct were not only false but most contemptible.

From Tokio came a War Office announcement on the 24th of September, stating that British troops under Brigadier-General Nathaniel W. Barnardiston, the commander of the North China forces, had joined forces with the Japanese operating against Tsing-Tau, the capital of Kiau-Chau, Germany's Chinese concession.

**SEPTEMBER 25** "The old animosities are dead. What Great Britain asks, what she believes Ireland is ready and eager to give, is a freewill offering of free people," said Premier Asquith in the Mansion House at Dublin on September 25th.

Amid scenes of great enthusiasm Premier Asquith addressed a great audience and made a striking



GERMAN NAVAL GUN FOR THE FRONT.  
Heavy gun ready to be forwarded on one of Krupp's own railway cars. This illustration was issued in postcard form in Germany, but has since been confiscated and its sale prohibited. (Photo, Central News)

appeal to the Irish people, coming to them "as head of the King's government to summon loyal and patriotic Ireland to take her place in defence of our common cause.

John E. Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, following the Premier, stated:

"It is Ireland's duty to fight. Great Britain has kept faith with Ireland, and Ireland will keep faith with Great Britain."

It was a great night in Dublin—a night which bore eloquent testimony to the new spirit of unity which was drawing England and Ireland into new and more abiding co-operation and friendship. Not the least interesting feature was the guard of honour composed of Nationalist volunteers, armed with rifles and bayonets, whose presence roused intense enthusiasm among the crowd gathered in the streets.

Since the commencement of the war, German reports of operations and news in general had been, in many cases, "highly coloured," and, in some

cases, not even founded on fact. This endeavour to deceive their own people, and those of the outside world who were gullible enough to be thus taken in; this distortion beyond any semblance of their real selves of the facts concerning any progress made; this inventing of purely imaginary victories, and overlooking of very real reverses, was too absurd to be taken seriously; but when to this was added the fabrication of false reports, calculated to place their opponents in an unfavourable light in the eyes of the world, the indignation of the Allies was aroused, and emphatic protest and denial followed.

Particularly did this circulation of false statements apply to the reports sent to the United States, and emanating from Berlin. The desire to offset the unpleasant impression, created by their own atrocities, in the eyes of the American people, was very keen on the part of the Germans, and led to the publication of absurdly untruthful dispatches throughout the States.

So prevalent was this method of poisoning the minds of the American people that the British Embassy at Washington was obliged to issue statements giving vigorous denials of published reports. One such statement recently issued, follows:—

"Certain persons have been circulating in the press reports of speeches supposed to have been delivered by British statesmen, such for instance as that attributed to Mr. Burns, which is a pure fabrication.

"Recently a statement has been made as to a speech of Sir Edward Grey, in which he is quoted as saying that 'there shall be no peace until Germany is humbled to the earth, her territory divided between Russia and France and her commerce definitely delivered to England.'

"Sir Edward Grey never delivered such a speech, and the statement is obviously circulated with a view to mislead public opinion."

The German Chancellor, Von Bethmann Hollweg, had also issued a signed statement couched in the most violent language, directed particularly against Britain, and accusing her of every conceivable treachery.

The document made interesting reading and was replete with humour—from the standpoint of an unprejudiced reader, not from that of the Chancellor—containing such "gems" as the following:—

"His Majesty, the Emperor, has authorized me to say all this and to declare that he has complete confidence in the sense of justice of the American people, who will not let themselves be hoodwinked by the campaign of lies which our foes are waging against us."

But the American people as a whole, while maintaining as a nation strict neutrality were, as individuals, to a large extent unmistakably in sympathy with the Allies, and all the activities of the German Press Bureau or the vituperations of the Chancellor, failed to deceive the people of the United States, who being endowed with a goodly share of common sense, saw through the German designs, and scorned them.



**SEPTEMBER 26.** Meanwhile the Battle of the Aisne still continued the most interesting feature of the campaign on land.

Comparatively little change in the positions occupied by the opposing forces could be noted.

"There is no doubt," said an official report, "that the position on the Aisne was not hastily selected by the German staff after the retreat had begun. From the choice of ground and the care with which the fields of fire had been arranged to cover all possible avenues of approach, and from the amount of work already carried out, it is clear that the contingency of having to act on the defensive was not overlooked when the details of the strategically offensive campaign were arranged."

The report also emphasized the growing resemblance of the battle to siege warfare, "owing first to the immense power of resistance possessed by an army which is amply equipped with heavy artillery and has sufficient time to fortify itself, and second, to the vast size of the forces engaged, which at the present time stretch more than half way across France. The extent of the country covered is so great as to render slow any efforts to manoeuvre and march around to a flank, in order to escape the costly expedient of a frontal attack against heavily-fortified positions."

The last two or three days had passed largely without any incident of great importance and with less severe fighting generally, save on the extreme left, where the vigorous movement of the French troops against the German right wing had made matters considerably more uncomfortable for General Von Kluck, and necessitated a retirement on his part.

The weather continued fine and conditions being particularly favourable for aerial work, a marked increase in activity in this department,—on the part of French, British and German aviators—gave much opportunity to the anti-aircraft gunners to demonstrate their usefulness and skill.

Unfortunately a British airman, who had won distinction by his intrepidity and constant activity in dropping bombs with singular effectiveness on the enemy, was wounded in a one-sided duel in the air. Alone in a single-seated monoplane, he ventured to circle above and attack a two-seated German machine, and, unable to use his rifle, and before he could get in range to use his pistol, the observer on the enemy's machine wounded him with a shot from his rifle. Coolly, the wounded aviator flew back to his lines and contrived to effect a landing, fortunately in close proximity to a motor ambulance which at once conveyed him to a hospital.

On the other hand, a German aeroplane attempting to fly over the British lines at night drew a fusilade of shots, killing the pilot outright and wounding the observer, who was subsequently taken prisoner by the French.

On the night of the 25th and early morning of the 26th, a general attack was made against the lines held by the Allied troops. The result was disastrous for the attacking force. Not to be caught napping, the Franco-British troops awaited the enemy's advance, and welcomed them with a tremendous hail of fire. The British official report, referring to this incident, stated:—

"Opposite one portion of our lines, where they were caught in a mass by our machine guns and howitzers firing at different ranges, it is estimated that they left one thousand killed and wounded.

"The mental attitude of our troops may be gauged from the fact that the official report next morning from one corps, of which one division had borne the brunt of the fighting, ran thus, laconically: 'The night was quiet except for a certain amount of shelling both from the enemy and ourselves at 3.40 a.m.'"

During practically the whole of Saturday the 26th, the German activity continued, unsuccessful efforts to drive back the Allies being again made at 8 a.m., and in the afternoon, to the continuous accompaniment of the roar of heavy guns.

Following the lull in the fighting which had afforded some measure of rest to the troops during the last few days, the "unprecedented violence" of the attacks commencing on the 25th of September, were evidence that every effort to stem the tide was being made, and the French authorities stated:—



THE BATTLE OF THE YSER.

Dummy guns have been used with good effect by the British troops, causing the German gunners to expend much energy and ammunition in vain. (Photo, Central News.)

"These attacks were made with a uniformity which denotes instructions from the highest command to seek the solution of the battle."

The "solution" however, was proving hard to find.

Continued on page 319 (part 14).

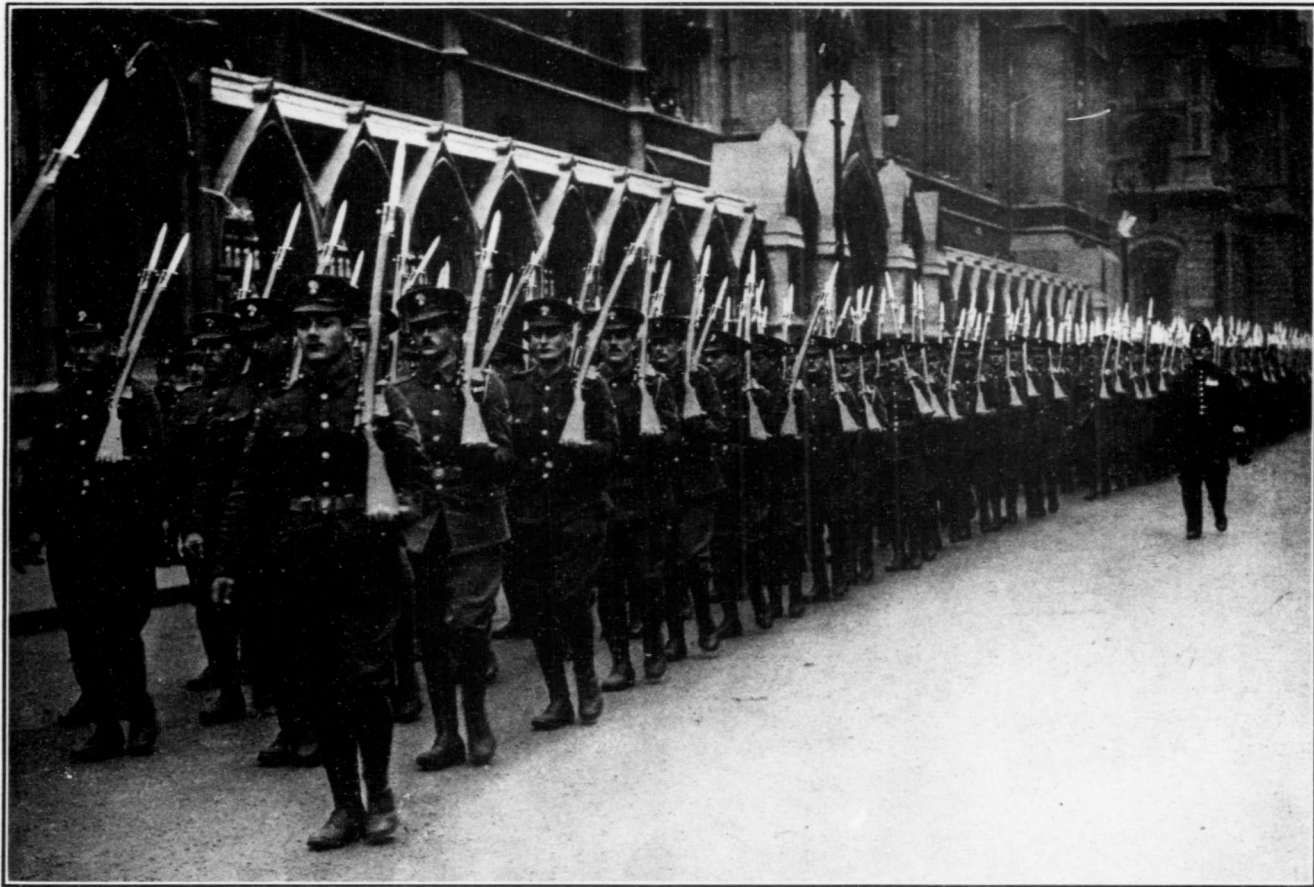
**MUSICAL RIDE: ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.**

(Olympia, June 1914—North France, Sept. 1914).

To the gay tune of Bonny Dundee they were riding,  
To the right, to the left, in their order dividing;  
With the jingle of harness, the clatter of horses,  
Went the pride of the guns of his Majesty's forces,  
And the children of five to the children of eighty  
Clapped with joy as the racketing, black-visaged, weighty  
Great guns followed humbly the drivers' directing,  
Crossing, wheeling, recrossing, abreast, intersecting.

To the gay tune of Bonny Dundee were they driving  
When the shrapnel and case-shot their stern ranks were riving,  
When the enemy's fire slew them steadily, grimly,  
Did they think, did they think, why, ever so dimly  
Of the faces of children, hands clapping in tune,  
As they rode, as they rode at Olympia last June?  
Did they think of the nation that thinks of them daily,  
Of these men who rode subtly and swiftly and gaily?  
We know that they fought just as finely, and carried  
The pride of the nation to battle, nor tarried,  
With the jingle of harness, the rumble and thunder  
Of the guns that last June made our joy and our wonder.

—HARDRESS O'GRADY.



SOLDIERS OF THE KING

Britain's Territorials are making a name for themselves in the present war, and proving a greater source of strength than might almost be looked for. The City of London Battalion is here shown on the march in the heart of the Empire. (Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)

## The Son of a Thousand Years.

BY C. FORD.

BARE your heads and wave your flags,  
 And praise the God who made you,  
 For the son of the widow is marching south—  
 Marching south to aid you.  
 He's only a boy with a boy's bright eyes,  
 In hers are the blinding tears;  
 Only a boy with the heart of a man,  
 The son of a thousand years.

The sergeant laughed as he measured his man,  
 With the thews of steel and the face of tan.  
 "There's fight in your blood," his whispers ran,  
 For that is the sergeant's way.

The N.C. spat and rubbed his hands:  
 "There's work to be done in foreign lands,  
 Straighten your shoulders. March to the bands."  
 That is the N.C.'s way.

"You'll duck your 'nut' when the rifles spit,"  
 Said the private of twenty years and a bit,  
 "But you'll fight like fun when your pal is hit."  
 That is the private's way.

Only a one-day soldier? Aye.  
 "God! Is he human" the foemen cry.  
 Hacking and thrusting; flame in his eye.  
 That is the hero's way.

My lady sits at the mother's side,  
 And the gulf is bridged, tho' the gulf be wide,  
 The tear-filled eyes in the satin hide,  
 For that is my lady's way.

And the mother smiles as she lifts her head,  
 Wars must be fought, and Self is dead.  
 "I give him—willing." To God she said—  
 "Is there no other way?"

Bare your heads and wave your flags,  
 And praise the God who made you  
 For the son of the widow is marching south—  
 Marching South to aid you.  
 He's only a boy with a boy's bright eyes,  
 In hers are the blinding tears;  
 Only a boy—but a British boy,  
 The son of a thousand years.



ON THE FIRING LINE.

Reports from the field of battle tell of the effective work of the British Artillery. The accurate shooting of the gunners has wrought terrible havoc among the German troops.  
*(Copyright, American Press Association.)*



ON THE FIRING LINE.  
Reports from the field of battle tell of the effective work of the British Artillery. The accurate shooting of the gunners has wrought terrible havoc among the German troops.  
(Copyright, American Press Association.)

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Page Three Hundred and Fifteen

WITH THE FRENCH-CANADIAN REGIMENT AT ST. JOHNS.

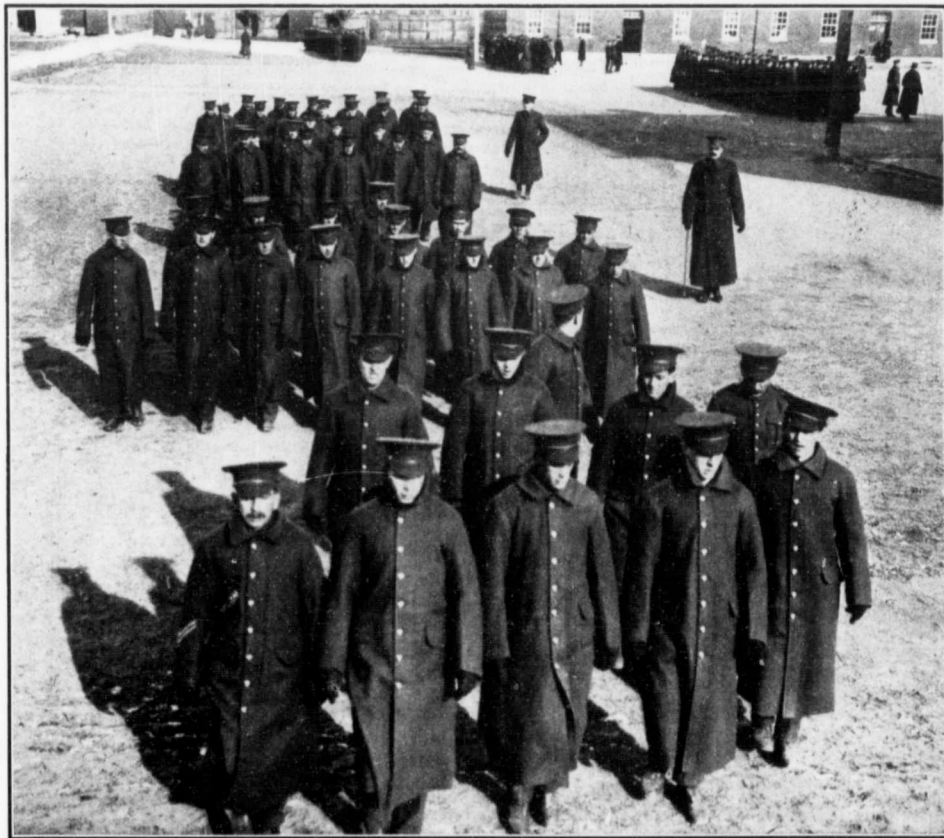
THE WAR PICTORIAL

ON GUARD!  
Fast learning the serious side of soldiering. Photo shows the business-like appearance of the guard of the 22nd Battalion at the gates of St. Johns barracks.  
(Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren).

WITH THE FRENCH-CANADIAN REGIMENT AT ST. JOHNS.



Photo shows part of the regiment starting on a march to Chambly and back—20 miles.



Part of No. 1 Company, 22nd Battalion, drilling on the parade ground. (Photos, Chesterfield & McLaren.)



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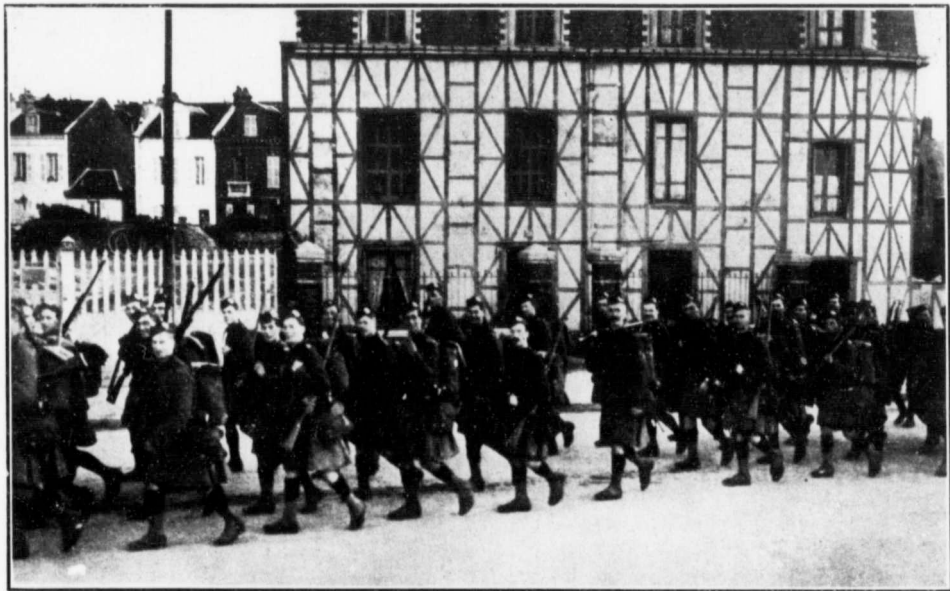


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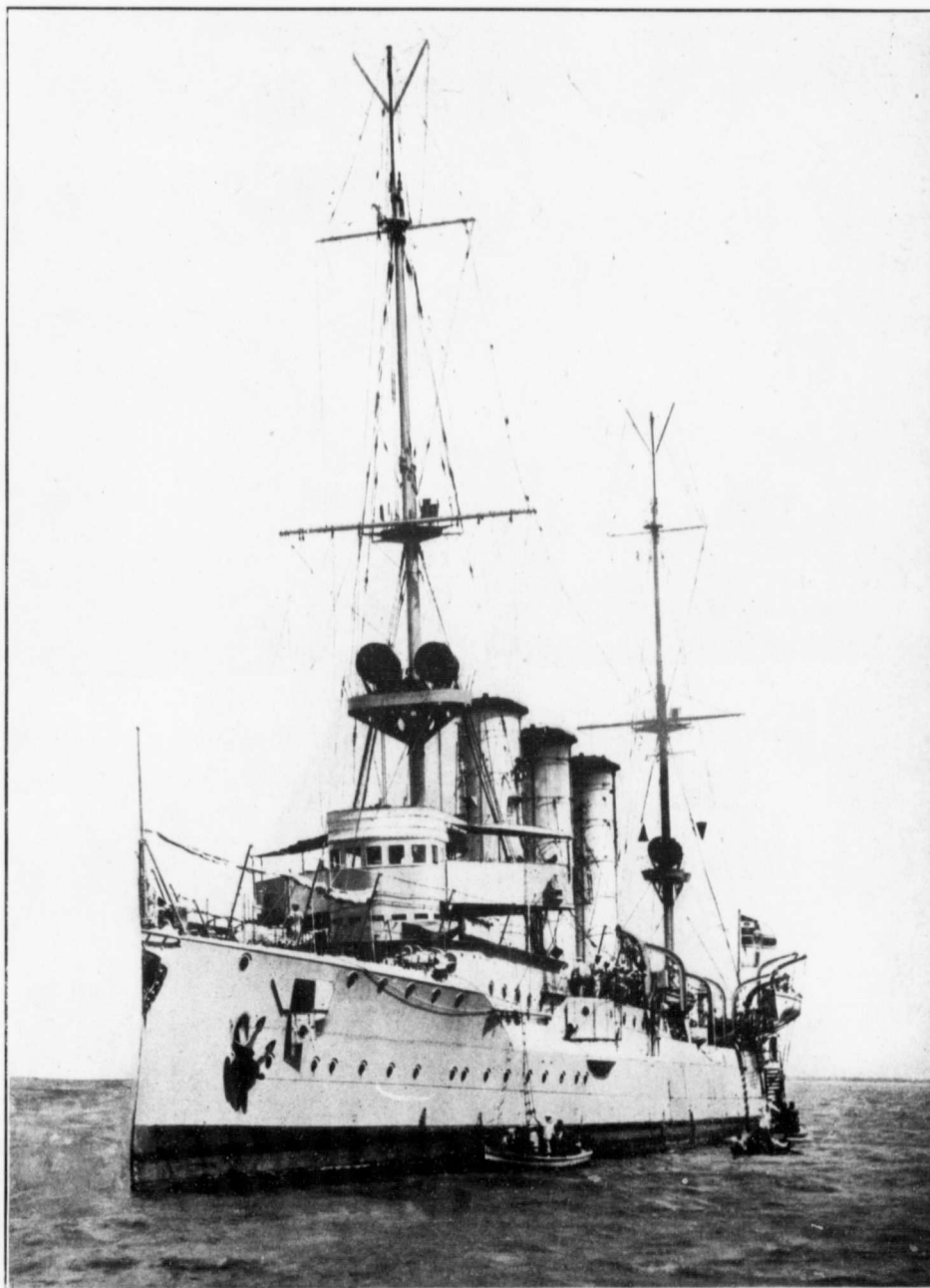
WHERE THE SHELL DROPPED.

This photo, which shows the ruin in a Belgian village, is especially interesting in that it gives some idea of the power of a shell. Note the man standing in the hole made by a shell. (Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)



SCOTTISH SOLDIERS IN FRANCE.

This artistic picture shows old world buildings at a French sea-port. The gallant Scots who have just arrived are en route for the firing line, apparently in good spirits. (Photo, "Topical" War Service.)



THE GERMAN CRUISER "DRESDEN" WHICH IS BEING CHASED BY BRITISH CRUISERS.

The Cruiser "Dresden", a sister ship of the "Emden" which was recently sunk, is the only boat which escaped Admiral Sturdee's Squadron when he met and engaged, off the Falkland Islands, the German fleet which has been operating in the Pacific. The German boats sunk were, The "Gneisenau" and "Scharnhorst," sister ships of 11420 tons, "Nurnburg" of 3400 tons, and "Leipzig" of 3200 tons. (Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)

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## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 335*

the German right wing under Von Kluck was fighting hard for life.

Public interest, however, was no longer centred on the struggle in northern France. Events in Belgium, having for some time been kept in the background, now came once more very prominently into the limelight.

Throughout the night of the 29th the bombardment of the southern line of forts continued, but slackened somewhat at eight o'clock on the morning of the 30th.

The official Belgian statement told of an attempt on the part of the enemy to advance, when, as they came within close range, "the artillery and infantry, working in a remarkable combination, showered the attacking column with a hail of projectiles and bullets, which threw their ranks into disorder, and compelled them to retire."

The statement concluded, "In short, the events of the day confirm the confidence of Belgians in the power of resistance of their national fortress."

Unfortunately this was misplaced confidence. Before the tremendous power of the German heavy guns, the ring of forts around the city were of comparatively little use. Already Forts Waelhem and Wavre-St. Catherine were virtually reduced to ruins, and the others threatened with a similar fate.

**OCTOBER 1.**— Considerable uneasiness was now felt as to the safety of Brussels. Under the tyranny of German rule the people were waxing impatient. An official German dispatch stated:

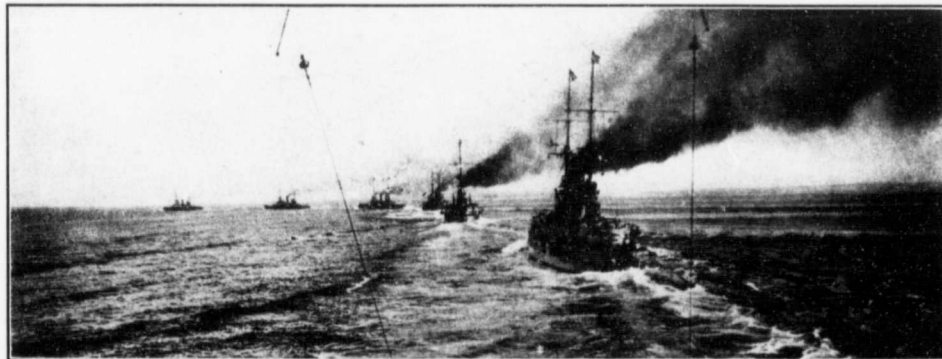
"The German military governor of Brussels has announced the arrest of Burgomaster Max, by public poster as follows:

"I have found myself obliged to suspend Burgomaster Max from his office on account of his irreconcilable attitude. He is now in honorable custody in a fortress."

This act of incarcerating the popular Burgomaster only added fuel to the fire of revolt which was smouldering among the inhabitants, who were becoming extremely tired of the overbearing attitude of the enemy and the general discomforts of German occupation. It was this condition which imperilled the city, for any open outbreak of anti-German sentiment might be used as a pretext for making Brussels a second Louvain.

But, with the fate of Antwerp in the balance, interest in all other matters waned. Could the stout defences of the city withstand the constant stream of heavy projectiles hurled against them? Could all the heroism of the Belgian Army avail against the determined efforts of the enemy? These were the all absorbing questions of the moment.

*Continued on page 343 (Part 15)*



THE GERMAN HIGH SEAS FLEET.

The role so far played by the German navy has not been an altogether heroic one. Von Tirpitz' "stay-at-home policy" was broken merely to make an attack on defenceless towns and kill and maim innocent women and children.



SIR ROBERT BORDEN REVIEWING THE CANADIAN TROOPS.

Accompanying the Premier is Col. E. W. Wilson, the officer commanding No. 4 Military District, while walking behind are Hon. Justice Doherty, H. B. Ames, Sir Chas. Peers Davidson, and Hon. T. Chase Casgrain. The Premier is seen passing before the lines of the 24th Battalion. (Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren.)



CANADIAN TROOPS REVIEWED BY SIR ROBERT BORDEN.

On December 7th the Premier, Sir Robert Borden, reviewed the 23rd and 24th Battalion of the second Canadian Expeditionary Force on Fletcher's Field. The Photo shows some of the troops at the review. (Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren.)

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# THE RAIDERS!

The Enemy strikes Unfortified Towns on the East Coast of England.

It was with something akin to an electric shock that England, on the 16th of December 1914, learned of the East Coast Raid. For centuries her shores had remained inviolate, and it seemed almost beyond credence that, upon the soil of England, scores had met death at the hands of hostile raiders. But, as details filtered through, incredulity gave way to belief, and with belief came a nation-wide wave of hot indignation and anger.

Once again methods of "iron and blood" had triumphed over humanitarian principles; the policy of "win at any cost" over an observance of the rules of legitimate warfare. Germany, succumbing at the very outset to the temptation afforded by Belgium, seemed determined to pursue to the end her career of wanton criminality, in direct defiance of international laws and the dictates of conscience.

Someone has termed war "legalized murder." Be this as it may, the East Coast raid was murder without any stamp of legality.

Whether in pursuance of some strategic move conceived of in the minds of Von Tirpitz and his officers, or in revenge for recent German naval losses, the object of the raid is still a matter for speculation. The incident, already a matter of history, may be briefly summarized. Early on the morning of Wednesday, September 16, hostile warships appeared off the coast of England. The foggy weather conditions at the time made the attack possible.

Sighted off Hartlepool at 8 a.m., two battle cruisers and one armoured cruiser dropped shells in the town. From the northern limits of Hartlepool to Seaton Carew on the south side of West Hartlepool, from the batteries and trenches along the coast to a point miles inland, no part was secure from the effects of the bombardment. The property damage was considerable, but, more regrettable than this, was the loss of life.

It is interesting to note that, in by-gone days, Hartlepool was the scene of many sanguinary conflicts. To this day the ancient defences—the Old Wall and Gateway—stand as striking reminders of the time when constant vigilance alone was the price of safety from invaders; spear heads and other relics of these ancient conflicts have been brought to light through excavations. Situated near the Tees mouth, Hartlepool's importance as a military point is still recognized, and at the outbreak of war its permanent defences were supplemented. It is some satisfaction to know that the coast batteries did some damage to the cruisers, in spite of the obscuring mist.

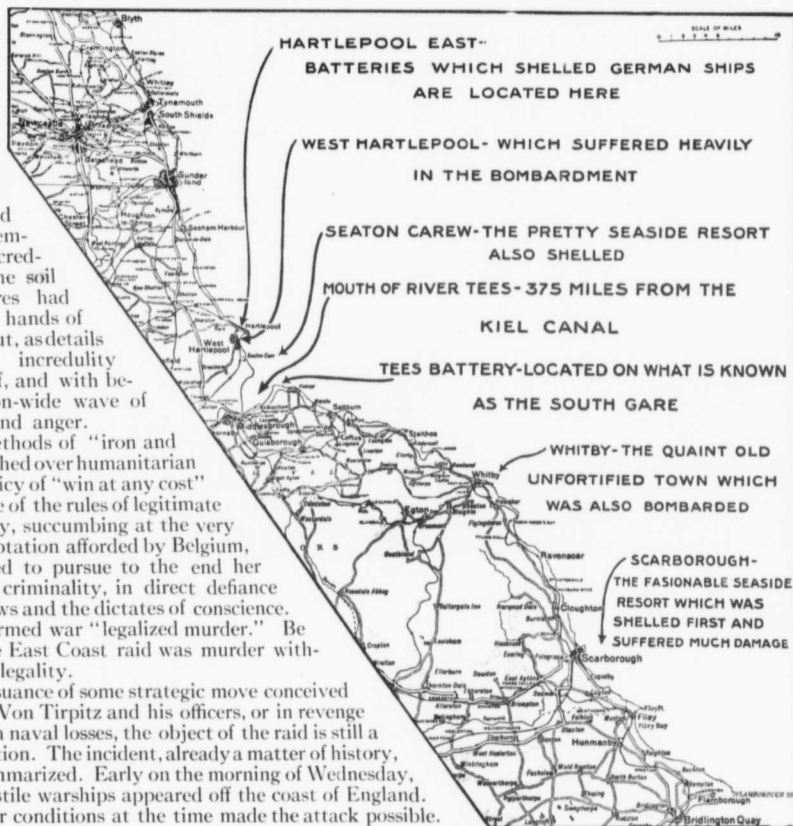
At the same time Scarborough, some forty miles south of Hartlepool, a famous watering-place and quite unfortified, was suffering much damage from the fire of two German ships. While not nearly as heavy as at the Hartlepoons, the loss of life here also was deplorable.

In passing, the German vessels took occasion to shell quiet little Whitby, occasioning considerable injury and loss, and partially demolishing the ancient and historic Whitby Abbey.

At the time of going to press the latest returns show 671 victims of the raid. The total is made up of 122 killed, 175 severely wounded, and 374 slightly wounded. Of the 122 killed only 6 were combatants, and at least 57 were women and children. West Hartlepool suffered most severely of the towns bombarded.

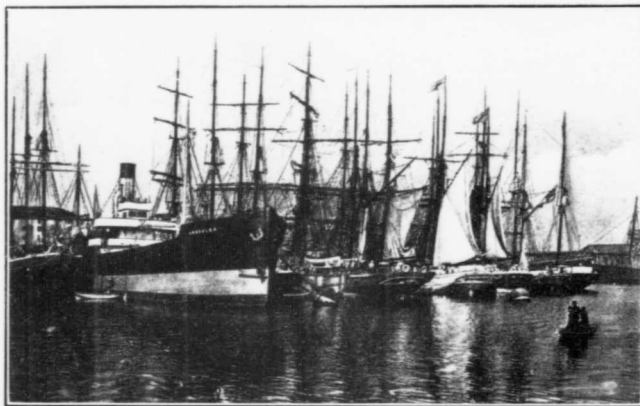
It is to be regretted that, with the exception of a minor engagement, the British Navy had no opportunity of striking back at these wanton murderers, as the fog made easy their escape.

German papers hailed with delight the "success" of this raid, but to the most unprejudiced observer, the achievement could hardly be considered a notable one, although quite in line with the enemy's "pleasant custom" of destroying churches and killing defenceless women and children.





HARTLEPOOL (East)—The photo shows the lighthouse point, where the "Lighthouse Battery" is located. To the left of the picture is seen the end of Cliff Terrace where several persons were killed and injured.



WEST HARTLEPOOL—Showing view of the docks which sustained some damage. By the irony of fate a German boat, held at this port, suffered damage at the hands of the German Gunners.



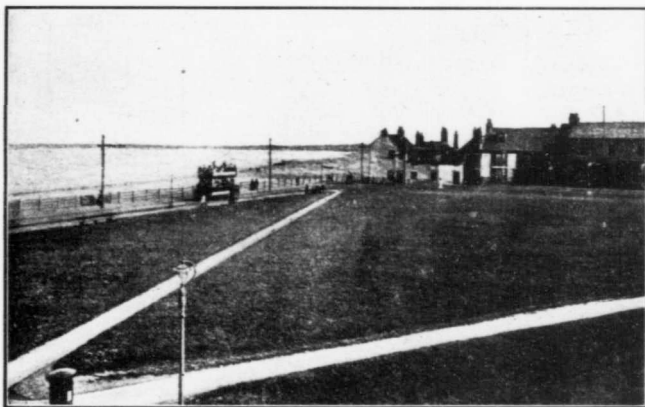
WEST HARTLEPOOL—In none of the towns shelled was more loss of lives and property sustained than at West Hartlepool. The illustration shows Victoria Road with St. Paul's Church in the background.



SEATON CAREW—This photo was taken on the promenade which runs between West Hartlepool and Seaton Carew. At the commencement of hostilities the banks were entrenched, and the populace forbidden to use the promenade.

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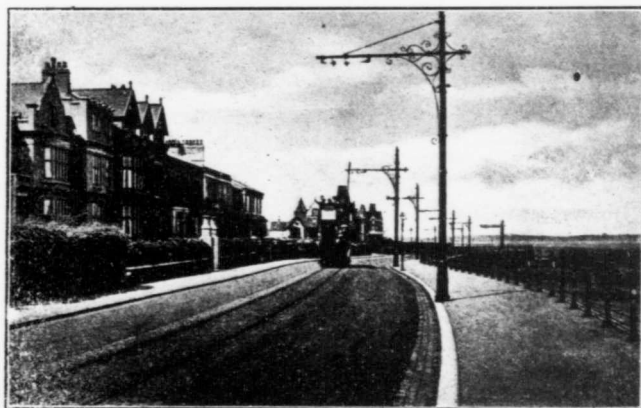
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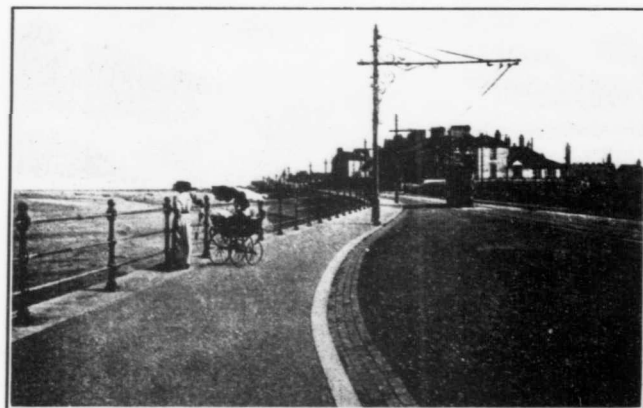
SEATON CAREW—This pretty seaside resort is located north of the Tees mouth, which seen in the distance. Photo shows the Green.



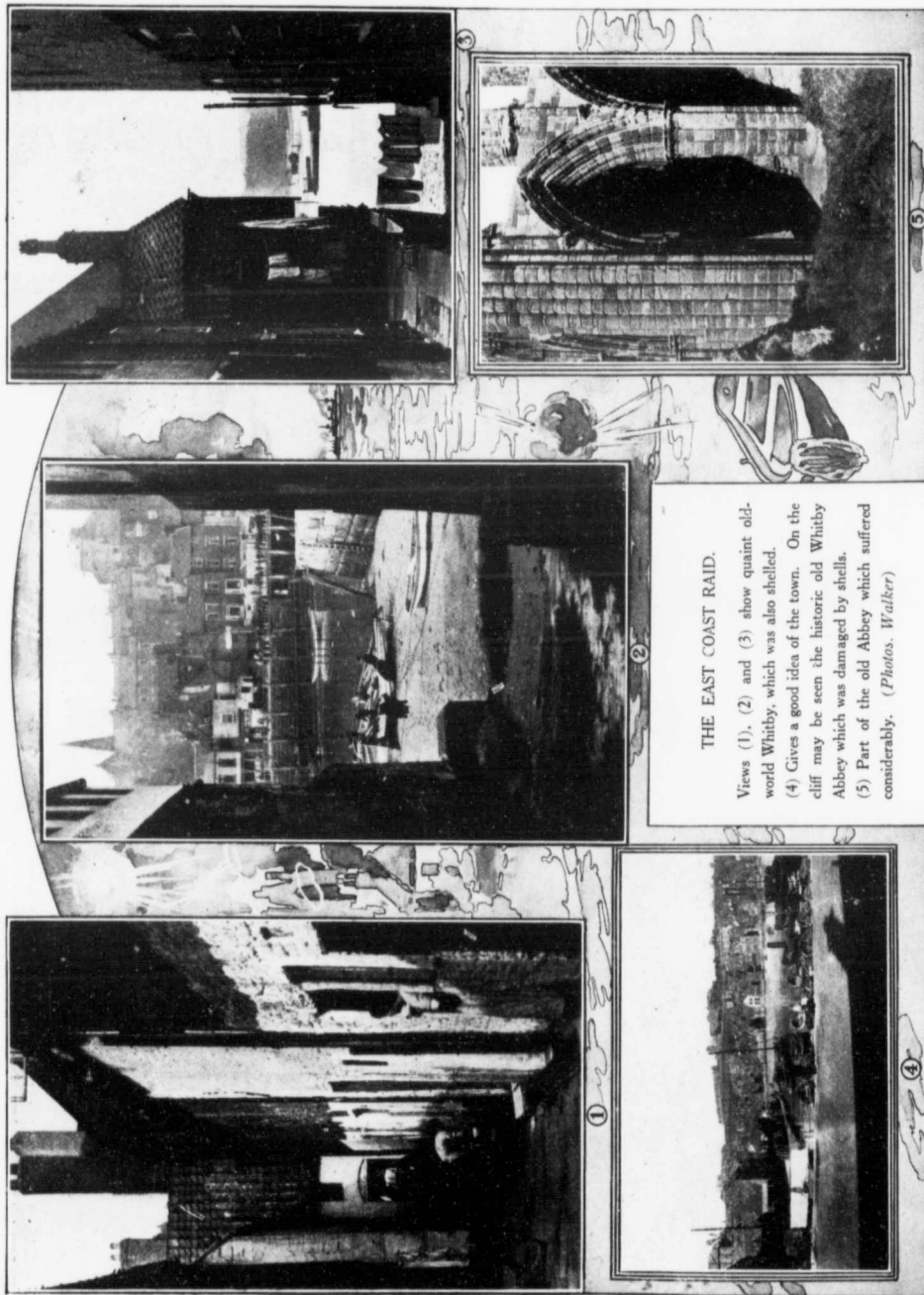
SEATON CAREW—The water front, in times of peace, showing relics of battles of the long ago. The large building seen is the Marine Hotel.



SEATON CAREW—This photo of the Parade at Seaton Carew, shows how close to the sea-front some of the fine residences are located, which were shelled by German Cruisers.



SEATON CAREW—The preceding picture was taken on the Parade at Seaton Carew, facing north in the direction of the Hartlepoons. This is facing south in the direction of the Tees mouth, Redcar and other points.

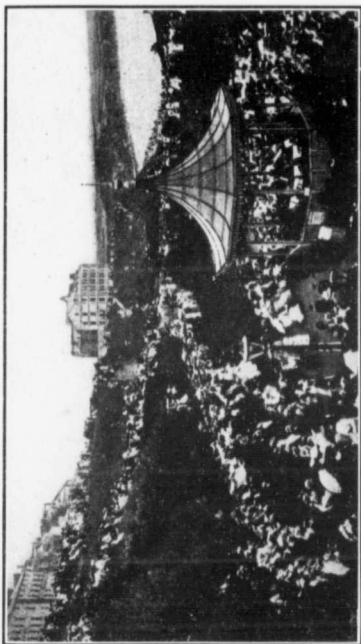


THE EAST COAST RAID.

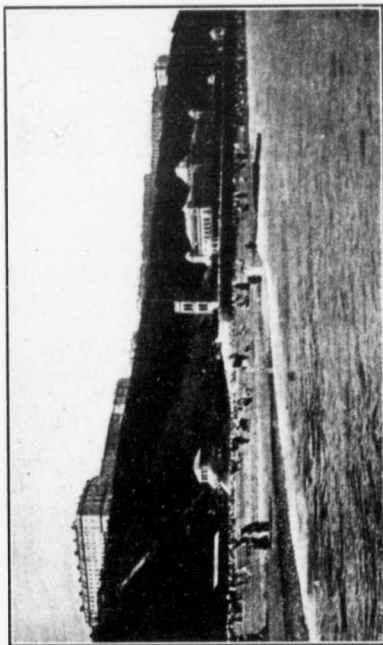
Views (1), (2) and (3) show quaint old-world Whitby, which was also shelled. (4) Gives a good idea of the town. On the cliff may be seen the historic old Whitby Abbey which was damaged by shells. (5) Part of the old Abbey which suffered considerably. (Photos, Walker)



## THE EAST COAST RAID



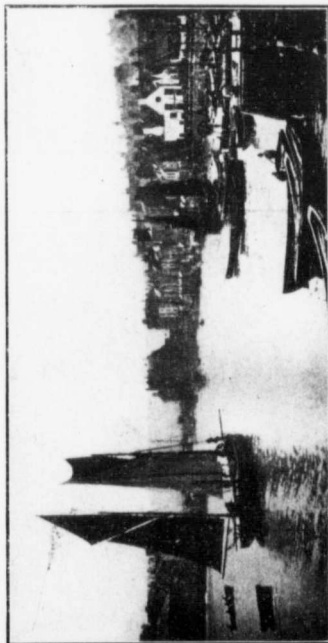
**SCARBOROUGH**—The town is boldly situated on the sweeping curve of a noble bay. It is an old town, and its story opens in a very dramatic way about 1055 when the Northmen landed and had their will in pillaging and murdering.



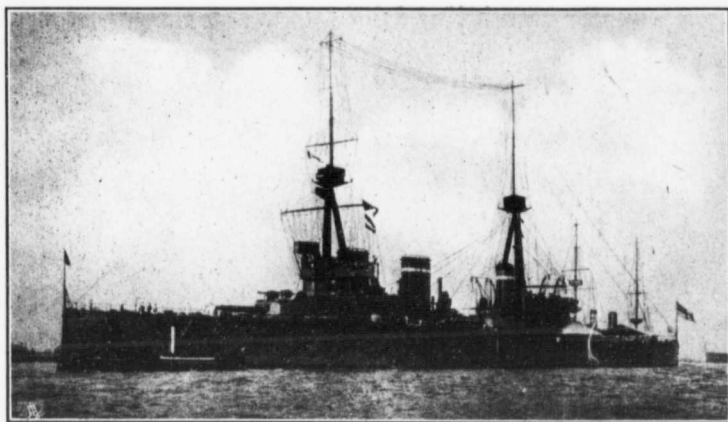
**SCARBOROUGH**—This photo, taken from the water, shows the beach and the Spa at Scarborough, the popular seaside resort. Scarborough's position made it an easy mark for the German gunners—England calls them under the circumstances—murderers.



**WHITBY**—This photo gives a very good idea of Whitby, looking out towards the sea. In the foreground is the River Esk which runs into the sea at Whitby, and in the distance, on the cliff overlooking the sea, may be seen historic old Whitby Abbey.



**WHITBY**—The lower harbour at Whitby is here shown. Without defences of any kind, the seaport town was absolutely unable to defend itself against the unprincipled attack of the German raiders, and much damage was done.



H.M.S. "INVINCIBLE" (of the "Invincible" type.)

Battle cruisers of the "Invincible" type are:

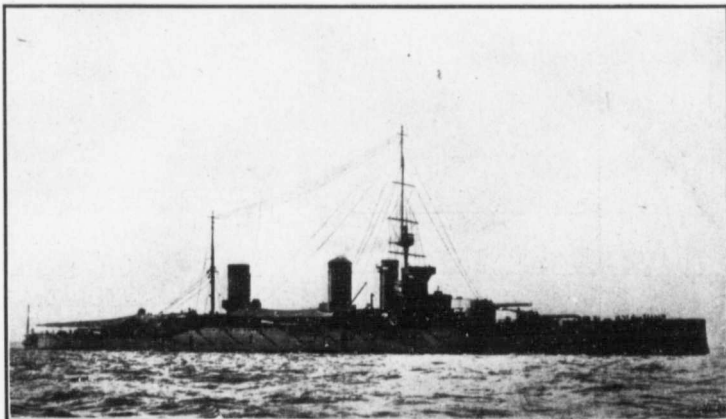
INVINCIBLE  
INFLEXIBLE  
INDOMITABLE

THEY are of 17,250 tons displacement, 41,000 H.P. (Turbine) and 2500 tons coal capacity. Their speed is 25 knots. They have 8 inches of armour belt and 10 inches protection for the big guns. Their armament consists of 8 12-inch, 16 4-inch rapid fire, and 5 machine guns. They have 5 torpedo tubes.

Battle Cruisers of the "Queen Mary" type are:

QUEEN MARY  
TIGER

THEY are respectively of 27,000 and 28000 tons displacement, 75,000 and 110,000 H.P. (Turbine), 3500 and 4000 tons coal capacity. Their speed is respectively 28 and 30 knots. The Queen Mary has 9.75 inches of armour belt and 10 inches protection for the big guns. Her armament consists of 8 12-inch, 12 4-inch rapid fire, and 5 machine guns. She has two torpedo tubes. The Tiger has 10.75 inches of armour belt and 11 inches protection for the big guns. She has 8 13.5-inch, 12 6-inch rapid fire, and 5 machine guns.



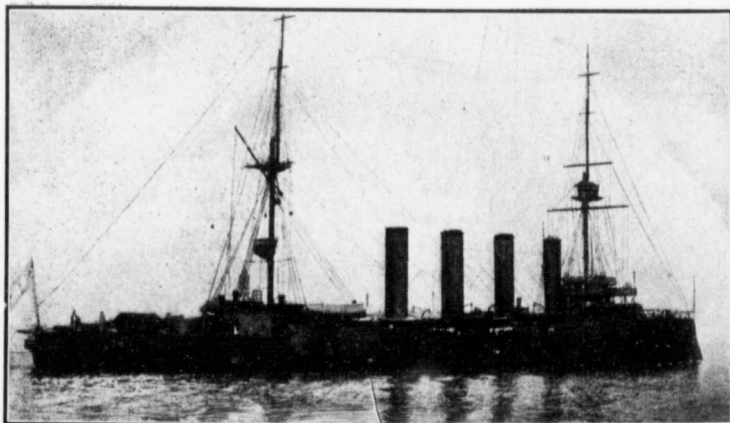
H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY" (of the "Queen Mary" type.)

Armoured Cruisers of the "Drake" type are:

DRAKE  
GOOD HOPE  
LEVIATHAN  
KING ALFRED

THEY are of 14,100 tons displacement, 30,000 H.P. and 2500 tons coal capacity. Their speed is 23 knots. They have 6 inches of side armour and from 5 to 6 inches protection for the big guns. The armament consists of 2 9.2-inch, 16 6-inch rapid fire, 14 3-inch rapid fire, 3 small rapid fire, and 2 machine guns. They have 2 torpedo tubes.

(The "Good Hope" was recently sunk by a German fleet in the Pacific Ocean.)

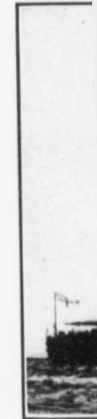


(H.M.S. "DRAKE" of the "Drake" type.)

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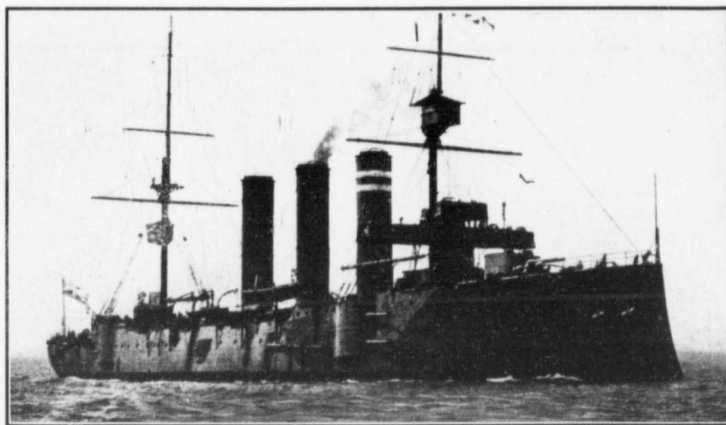
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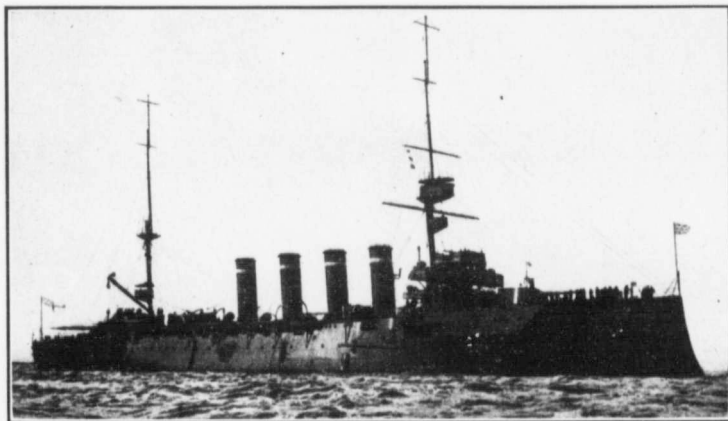
Armoured Cruisers of the "Monmouth" type are:

- SUFFOLK
- LANCASTER
- CUMBERLAND
- DONEGAL
- BERWICK
- CORNWALL
- ESSEX
- KENT
- MONMOUTH

THEY are of 9800 tons displacement, 22000 H.P., and 1600 tons coal capacity. They have a speed of 23 knots, 4 inches of side armour and 5 inches protection for the big guns. The armament consists of 14 6-inch rapid fire, 8 3-inch rapid fire, 5 small rapid fire and 8 machine guns. They have 2 torpedo tubes.



H.M.S. "ESSEX" (of the "Monmouth" type).

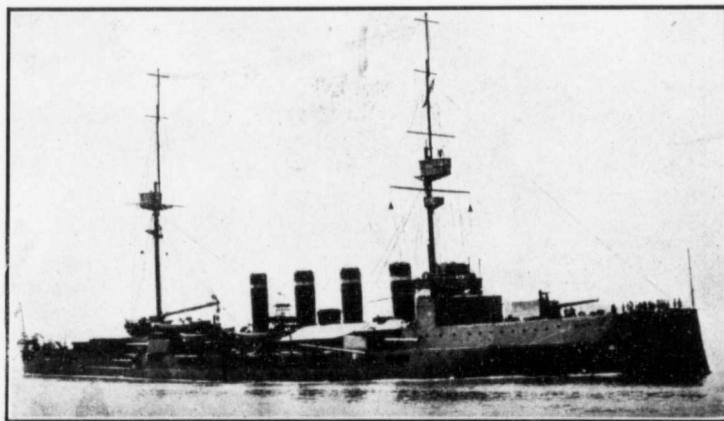


H.M.S. "DEVONSHIRE" (of the "Devonshire" type).

Armoured Cruisers of the "Devonshire" type are:

- DEVONSHIRE
- ROXBURGH
- ARGVILL
- HAMPSHIRE
- CARNARON
- ANTRIM

THEY are of 10,850 tons displacement, 21000 H.P. and 1800 tons coal capacity. Their speed is 22.3 knots. They have six inches of side belt and from 5 to 6 inches protection for the big guns. The armament consists of 4 7.5-inch, 6 6-inch rapid fire, 24 small rapid fire, and 2 machine guns. They have 2 torpedo tubes.



H.M.S. "DUKE OF EDINBURGH" (of the "Duke of Edinburgh" type).

Armoured Cruisers of the "Duke of Edinburgh" type are:

- ACHILLES
- COCHRANE
- WARRIOR
- NATAL
- DUKE OF EDINBURGH
- BLACK PRINCE

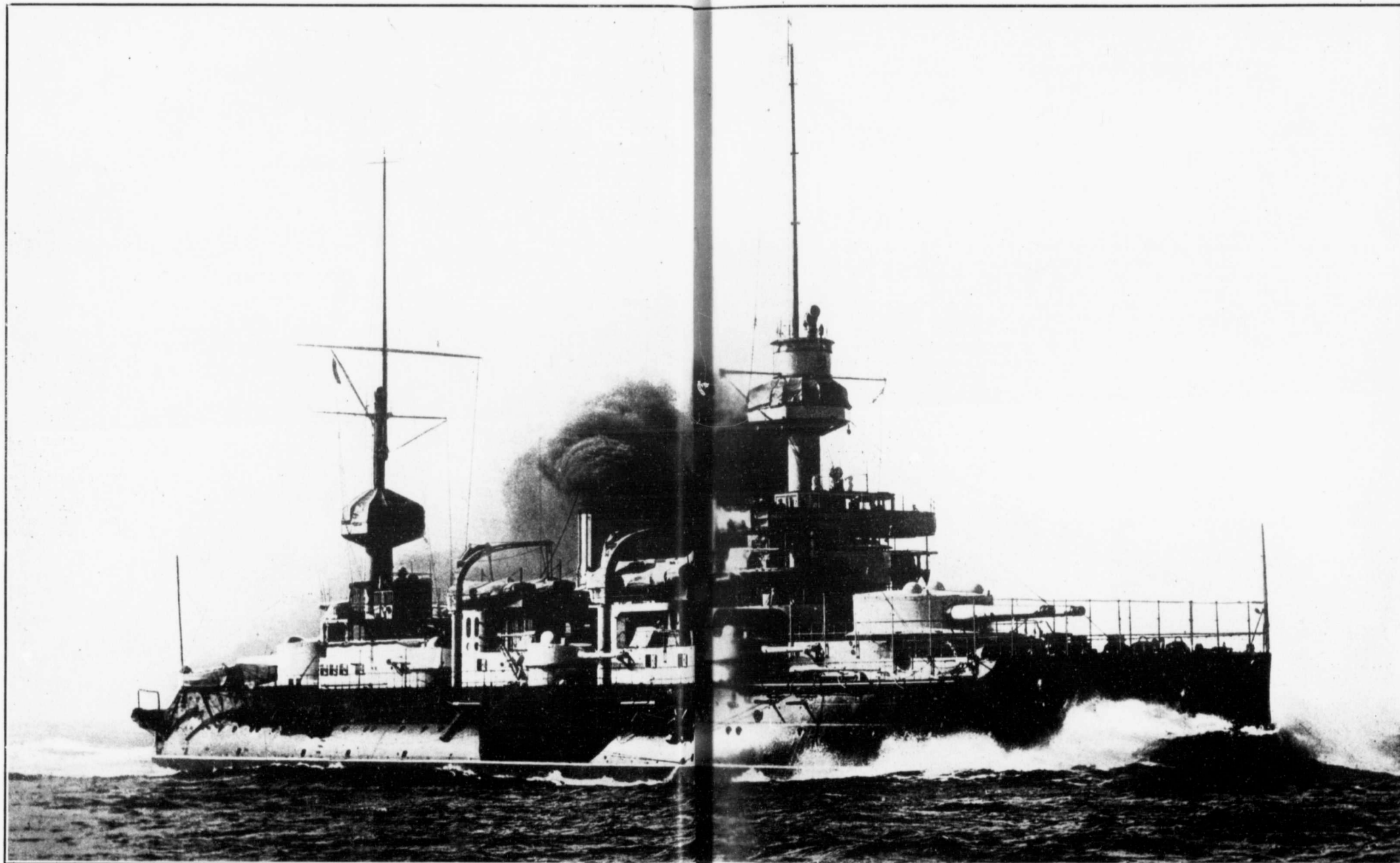
THEY are of 13,550 tons displacement, 23,500 H.P. and 2000 tons coal capacity. They have a speed of 22.3 knots, 6 inches of armour belt and 6 inches protection for the big guns. The armament consists of 6 9.2-inch, 10 6-inch rapid fire, 22 small rapid fire, and 8 machine guns. They have 3 torpedo tubes.

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THE BATTLESHIP "SUFFREN"  
This remarkable photo shows the Battleship "Suffren" of the navy of our France at full speed under forced draft. (Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS.

Continued from page 310.

fought doggedly, invincibly, advancing slowly but surely in the face of most difficult and well prepared positions.

The French troops—native-born, Turcos, and Colonials of all kinds—alike performed prodigies of valour, and gave up their lives with the same spirit of fervid and exalted patriotism which caused a poor Frenchwoman, who had lost three of her eight sons, smiling through her tears, to say:

"I have always wanted to do something for France, but I was too poor. Now I have given my sons to her, and I am rich."

Such was the spirit of France in the homes and on the battle-front alike. The all-consuming fire of patriotism seemed to have burned out of the people all the dross of self-interest and individual desire, and left only a wonderfully purified and sacrificial spirit, willing to endure all things for the sake of France. And how much that endurance meant—of fearful wounds and the agonies of death for the brave lads at the front, of broken hearts and saddened lives for the courageous women at home, trying, for the sake of others, to smile through the hot and blinding tears.

To the British troops in northern France fell a goodly share of the fighting, and of their conduct Field Marshall Sir John French said:



THE EAST COAST RAID.

At the first sound of firing the crowd assembled on the beach at Hartlepool, which is shown in this picture. In the distance is seen the point where the batteries are located.

"The Battle of the Aisne has once more demonstrated the splendid spirit, gallantry, and devotion which animates the men of His Majesty's forces."

This was a fitting and well-merited tribute. Sir John French recognized in the men under his command, the "stuff of which heroes are made"—soldiers worthy to serve in an army whose courage is traditional—and, recognizing it, was not slow to bear witness to the fact. But the actual achievements on the field were, in themselves, striking testimony of it.

Against this comparatively small force, the finest troops of the Kaiser's army were time and again hurled, and as many times were compelled to retire in disorder. Bearing much of the brunt of

the fighting, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, and weary with long hours of duty and little rest, the proverbial cheerfulness of "Tommy Atkins" carried him through with flying colours. Ready to crack a joke or raise a song in the "tightest corners," he made no complaint, save when, held back at times under a seemingly unnecessary restraint, he ventured to voice to his "mate" his grievance at not coming to closer grips with the enemy.

The British troops on the second line were not so busily engaged, and found time to indulge their sporting proclivities by impromptu games of football. This form of recreation gave rise to an amusing rumour that a German aviator, witnessing it, returned with a report that the British forces were "thoroughly disorganized, and running about their post in blind panic."

Sunday, September 27th, was marked by severe fighting along a considerable part of the line. This was merely a continuation of the violent attempt on the part of the enemy to turn the tide of battle which was commencing to flow more strongly against him. At intervals during the firing the German bands could be heard playing hymn tunes, supposedly at divine service.

Referring to this period, the concise and excellent report furnished by Field Marshall French stated:

"It is certain that the enemy then made one last great effort to establish ascendancy. He was, however, unsuccessful everywhere, and is reported to have suffered heavy losses."

The tremendous amount of energy and ammunition at times expended with little result was strikingly demonstrated during the engagement on that day. The weather was fine, but a haze hanging over the valley of the Aisne rendered it difficult to distinguish from one point just what was occurring some little distance off.

On the north of the river, and not very distant from a point held by the enemy on the far side of a small valley, branching off from the main valley of the Aisne, and near a village on a hillside, the men of the Dorsets, West Kents, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and the King's Own Scottish Borderers lay entrenched. An authentic account of the incident which followed gives a most vivid word picture of the character of much of the fighting which had, for the past two weeks, been taking place on the line held by the British troops.

Suddenly the enemy's gunners found the range, and dropped four heavy shells from their howitzers into the village, "sending up huge clouds of dust and smoke, which ascended in a brownish gray column." To an observer, viewing the affair from a point of vantage at some distance from the actual seat of operations, it was impossible to judge from whence the shells came.

Presently, however, followed a quick succession of reports, apparently from the nearby German works. Then, "almost simultaneously, as it seemed, there was a corresponding succession of flashes and sharp detonations in the line of the hillside along what appeared to be our trenches. There

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was a pause—and several clouds of smoke rose slowly and remained stationary, spaced as regularly as poplars."

Another succession of sharp reports. The German quick-firers across the hazy valley spoke again, the "detonations of high explosives" reached the ear, and "the row of expanding smoke clouds was prolonged by several new ones."

So far no reply had been made. But now, from another position, came the roar of guns. The British artillery was in action. Six reports—then the "whirr of shells as they sang up the small valley. Then followed flashes and balls of smoke—one, two, three, four, five, six—as the shrapnel burst over what, in the haze, looked like some ruined buildings at the edge of the wood."

Again the enemy's burst of firing, and, above the British trenches the smoke hung—"now merged into one solid screen." And again the British reply.

Well concealed, the enemy seemed to enjoy immunity from the British fire, and "with their customary prodigality of ammunition, they continued to pour boquet after boquet of high explosives or combined shrapnel and common shells into our works."

The account continues:

"Occasionally, with a roar, a high angle projectile would sail over the hill and blast a gap in the village. One could only pray that our men holding the trenches had dug themselves deep and well, and that those in the village were in cellars.

"In the hazy valleys, bathed in sunlight, not a man, not a horse, not a gun, not even a trench was to be seen. There were only flashes, and smoke and noise. Above, against the blue sky, were several round, white clouds hanging. The only two visible human souls were represented by a glistening speck in the air. On high also were to be heard more or less gentle reports of the anti-air craft projectiles.

"But the deepest impression created was one of sympathy for the men subjected to the bursts along that trench."

No less than three hundred projectiles—veritable messengers of death—sought out the short line of entrenchments on that Sabbath afternoon. The result was amazing—only nine men wounded. The men subjected to this fire had learned the art of taking care of themselves under such circumstances. Having "dug themselves well in," every man lived to tell the tale.

Unhappily, this was not the usual experience. In the very heart of the fighting, the British losses, like those of their French comrades, were very heavy. The official report subsequently issued, placed the casualties at 561 officers, and 12,980 men—killed, wounded or missing—covering a period of slightly under a month and dating from the 12th day of September.

An important advance, on the part of the enemy, was made on the position held by the British First Division at 6 p.m. on Sunday, and was later renewed in greater strength, but without the least success.

In a very concise and comprehensive report, the French War Office summed up the situation on the 27th of September. The statement read as follows:

"First—On our left wing, the battle has been continued with perceptible progress on our part. On the front between the rivers Oise and Somme, and on the north of the Somme from the Oise to Rheims, very violent attacks by the Germans have been made at several points, some of them being at the point of the bayonet, but they were all repulsed. In many places the French and German trenches were not more than 100 metres apart.

"Second—In the centre, from Rheims to Souain the Prussian guard has undertaken unsuccessfully a vigorous offensive, being hurled back in the region of Berry-Au-Bac (11 miles northeast of Rheims, and about 25 miles east of Soissons) and Nogent L'Abbesse (3 miles due east of Rheims). From Souain, yesterday, the enemy made an unsuccessful attack between the highway leading from Sommepey to Chalons-Sur-Marne and, the line of the railway from St. Menehould to



THE EAST COAST RAID.

Five views of West Hartlepool showing points which were subjected to heavy shell fire.

Vouzier. At the end of the day our troops regained the ground that they had lost.

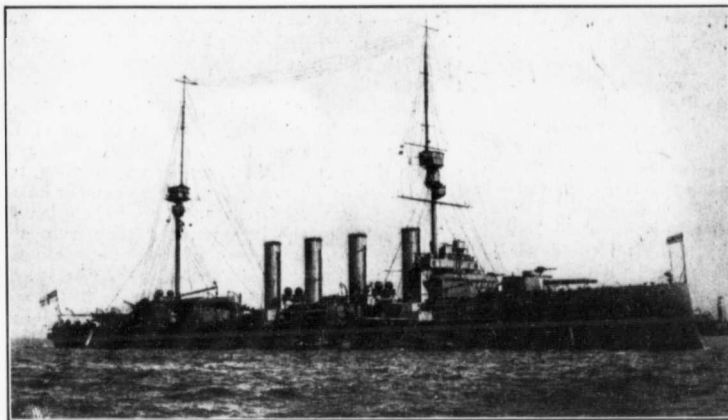
"Between the region of the Argonne and the Meuse, the enemy has not manifested any activity. On the heights of the Meuse, nothing new has developed. In the southern part of the Woevre district the Germans occupy a front which passes by St. Mihiel and to the northwest of Pont-A-Mousson.

"On our right wing in Lorraine, the Vosges and Alsace, there has been no important change."

The mere passing mention of the situation on the right wing is one of those cases to which reference has been made. Interest in operations had of late, and, indeed, for a considerable time, been centred largely in the north of France. Yet, while issues of more vital importance were being settled in this district, stern work was also being accomplished in Lorraine and the Vosges, and the tendency to overlook this feature of the campaign brought a lack of recognition of the heroic sacrifice which marked the fighting on the eastern frontier of France,

Continued on page 333





H.M.S. "DEFENCE" (of the "Minotaur" type.)

Armoured Cruisers of the "Minotaur" type are:

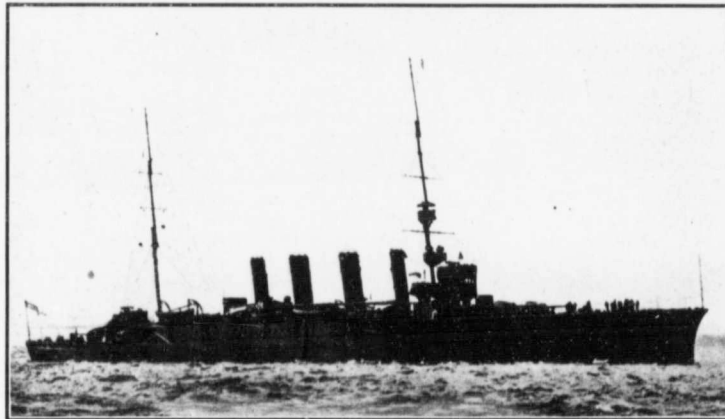
DEFENCE  
MINOTAUR  
SHANNON

THEY are of 14,600 tons displacement, 27,000 H.P. and 2250 tons coal capacity. Their speed is 23 knots. They have six inches of armour belt and 8 inches protection for the big guns. Their armament consists of 4 9.2-inch, 10 7.5-inch, 16 12-pounders, and 5 machine guns. They have 5 torpedo tubes.

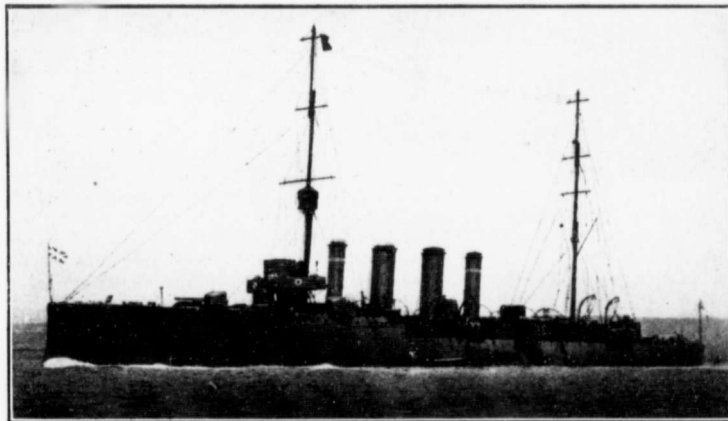
Protected Cruisers (2nd Class) of the "Chatham" type are:

CHATHAM  
SOUTHAMPTON  
DUBLIN  
BIRMINGHAM  
LOWESTOFT  
NOTTINGHAM  
MELBOURNE  
SYDNEY  
BRISBANE

THEY are of 5400 tons displacement, and 22,000 H.P. (Turbine) Their speed is 25.5 knots. Their armament consists of 8 6-inch and 4 machine guns. They have 2 torpedo tubes. The "Brisbane" is now building. The last three named are for naval service of the Australian Government.



H.M.S. "BIRMINGHAM" (of the "Chatham" type)



H.M.S. "DARTMOUTH" (of the "Weymouth" type)

Protected Cruisers (2nd class) of the "Weymouth" type are:

DARTMOUTH  
FALMOUTH  
WEYMOUTH  
YARMOUTH

THEY are of 5250 tons displacement, and 22000 H.P. (Turbine) Their speed is 25.5 knots, and the armament consists of 8 6-inch and 4 machine guns. They have 2 torpedo tubes.

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## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 331.

Perhaps the suffering here was even more intense, the fighting along this borderline of a more pitiless nature. The character of the country made it so. Men spoke of the sights they saw—of the wounded sometimes lying for days uncared for, unable to move, surrounded by the dead and dying, fevered, tortured with thirst, praying that death might end their agonies; of the unburied dead; of the hideous stench of the battlefields—spoke of them with hushed and trembling voices, and a repulsion akin to nausea.

"Words," said one who had visited this war-scarred area "are utterly inadequate to describe the horrors of the region to the east of the Meurthe, in and around the little towns of Blamont, Badonviller, Cirey - les - Forges, Arracourt, Chateau - Salins, Morhange and Bandrecourt, where for six weeks there has been incessant fighting."

To the young Frenchmen, who, for love of country, had sacrificed and suffered much, he paid glowing tribute.

"There are regiments of young men," he said, "who have the right already to call themselves veterans, for they have been continually, for six weeks, in innumerable engagements, for the most part unrecorded by the official despatches. I had seen them answering the call to mobilization, singing joyously as they marched through the streets. Then they were smart fellows, clean-shaven and spruce in their new blue coats and scarlet trousers. Now the war has put its dirt upon them, and seems to have aged them by fifteen years, leaving its ineffaceable imprint on their faces. Their blue coats have changed to a dusty grey, but they themselves are hard and tough for the most part, and Napoleon himself would not have wished for better fighting men."

But if the deeds of these brave men went largely unrecorded, they were being written indelibly into the history of France, for upon the success of the troops in holding back the invaders at these points—a success so far achieved—lay in a very considerable degree the ultimate triumph of the general campaign.

Advices now received in Bordeaux and London told of naval successes in operations directed against German colonial possessions, including the seizing by Australian forces of the town and harbour of Frederick Wilhelm, the capital of Kaiser Wilhelmsland, German New Guinea—reported by Admiral Patey of the Australian Navy; and the capture of Coco Beach, Kamerun, the German Colony in Western Equatorial Africa, by the French Gunboat "Surprise." In announcing this capture the French Minister of Marine stated that, previous to landing her marines, the little "Surprise," of only 680 tons, fired on and sank two vessels, the "Rhioe" and the "Italo," belonging to the German auxiliary fleet.

But if the Germans were meeting with reverses by land and sea, they had not lost their fine art of dropping bombs on innocent non-combatants.

Paris was again the victim of attack. While

crowds were enjoying the beautiful autumn weather on Sunday the 27th, an aviator dropped four bombs. The greatest damage was caused by one which fell in Avenue du Trocadero, not far from the Eiffel Tower. A man standing on the corner of the Avenue was killed, his head being blown from his shoulders, while his little daughter, who accompanied him, was badly crippled.

As though to leave no doubt as to the author of this outrage, in the wake of the missile a German flag came fluttering down. The other bombs occasioned considerable damage and much excitement, but no further fatalities were reported.

**SEPTEMBER 28.**— In the meantime fighting of a most sanguinary character had been taking place in Belgium, with varying fortunes. One thing was certain, however. With Antwerp as a base, the Belgian army was constantly harrassing the enemy, and in this way effectually aiding the general campaign to the south.

Recently the fighting had centred around Termonde, Alost and Malines. Official advices stated that on the previous Saturday, a German detachment, comprising one brigade of infantry, with two regiments of cavalry and much artillery, while attempting a march from Brussels to Termonde, via Alost, were surprised, and attacked on both front and flank. They suffered heavily, and retired in disorder towards Assche. Into the hands of the victors fell many prisoners, a large number of wounded, and some caissons.

Apparently in revenge for this defeat the enemy, on the following day, Sunday the 27th, subjected Malines to a long range bombardment, occasioning much damage, and killing a number of civilians. An attack in force was also made on the Belgian front between Malines and Alost, but met with a reverse on the left wing, and was on the whole unsuccessful.

Around Brussels, every precaution had been taken by the enemy to avert the risk of a movement of the Belgian forces directed against that place, while, on the other hand, before Antwerp, the German forces were massing, and every indication pointed to an early attack. Refusing to profit by the lessons taught by the campaign thus far, military experts were inclined to discredit the very idea of a successful assault on a position of such strength. But uneasiness on the part of the civilian population of Antwerp was growing, in the face of the threatened attack.

Some ten or twelve miles beyond the outer line of defences, the enemy lay well entrenched, and aviators brought back word of preparations being rushed for an early move against the city. The menace which Antwerp had so far been to the enemy was to prove its own doom.

In France, the 28th saw little change in the respective position of the opposing forces. German efforts again failed signally to gain ground, while on the heights of the Meuse a slight advance was made by the French troops. Throughout the day intermittent sniping was general along the whole line, and, from their well-concealed positions,

Continued on page 334.

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## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 333

a bombardment of some severity was maintained by the enemy.

From London came word of the gratification of the Admiralty at the receipt of a cable message from Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, advising that a draft for \$285,960 was being mailed from the women of Canada. Of this the sum of \$100,000 was to be handed to the War Office for allocation, and the balance devoted to the establishment and equipment of a naval hospital. This generous gift was deeply appreciated.

Reference to the formation of a distinctly French Canadian unit to form part of Canada's Second Contingent, was made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at a Patriotic Rally held on the 28th of September in the Russell Theatre, Ottawa.

"It is not without pride," he said, "that I find to-day my compatriots coming to the Government and asking permission to raise a French-Canadian regiment. I may tell you—for, after all, blood is thicker than water—that I was deeply moved when I learned that the Government had granted the prayer of that deputation."



THE EAST COAST RAID.  
Lyn Street, West Hartlepool, in the heart of the business district which suffered severely.

Eulogistic references to the First Contingent were made by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, by Sir Robert Borden and other prominent speakers, the Premier declaring that they comprised "as splendid a body of men as will be found among the armies of Empire."

**SEPTEMBER 29.**— "In a spurt of fierce flame from sea and land they drove the enemy from his position," was the advice issued by the British Official Press Bureau on the 29th of September, regarding preliminary successes attending the efforts of the forces attacking Tsing-Tau, the seat of the German Government at Kiau-Chau, China.

Recent operations in this district were all in favour of the Japanese, who now held commanding positions overlooking the German's main line of defence. All the high ground outside Tsing-Tau had been gained and occupied by the attacking

forces, and the investment of the City was practically complete.

Many rumours had been current regarding the participation of China in the war. The Japanese action in crossing Chinese territory in their operations against Kiau-Chau had raised storms of protest. A prominent Chinese official, however, voiced the opinion that trouble in this quarter need not be anticipated.

"I do not think more than a show of protest will be made against the Japanese journey across Chinese land," he said. "China does not want war and knows better than to array itself against the Allies, who are its friends."

Of developments in France, the curt official report stated on the night of September 29:

"There is practically no change in the situation. The Allied left have had some heavy fighting, but they are well holding their own."

This, as usual, proved accurate, for the British and French official statements, while frequently withholding information for military reasons, unlike those of the enemy, were trustworthy in every respect.

In Belgium, the German forces were closing in around Antwerp, and from nearby points the populations were fleeing to that city. Nine miles south and east of Antwerp, the manufacturing town of Lierre was already suffering demolition before a vigorous German bombardment, and to the stream of refugees seeking protection was added a fleeing multitude from that place.

The horrors of this human tide flowing constantly in, caused an eyewitness to make a striking comment. "If the final event," he said, "proves that Antwerp has decided not to endure the horrors of a bombardment, no one can utter a word of censure. These streams of refugees are enough to break down the most heroic resolution, especially as the civic government is kept completely engaged in finding food and shelters for the incoming horde."

Already Forts Waelhem, Wavre-St. Catherine and others on the southern line of defence were experiencing the effect of the enemy's howitzers, and on the 29th of September the two first mentioned were practically put out of action. The effect of the German fire was well described in the short but expressive phrase of a correspondent, "Whatever the German shells struck they destroyed."

**SEPTEMBER 30.**— After a long and active career, Lord Roberts, more familiarly known as "Bobs," the hero of many fights dating back to the stirring days of the Indian Mutiny, was still active in the service of his country. Encouraging recruiting, inspecting newly formed units, contributing articles to the Press, kept his days well filled, and the presence of the beloved "Bobs" was always a stimulus to whatever operations might be under way.

In an article contributed to an English journal, Lord Roberts made some interesting observations and predictions, which, coming from the source they did, attracted considerable attention, and are worthy of note. Above all he urged Britons not

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to underestimate the strength of their adversary, Germany.

"I cannot help thinking," he wrote, "that the great task of subduing that nation will begin when we, with our French, Russian and Belgian allies, have driven the Germans into the heart of their own territory."

Deprecating the attitude of some critics of the "words not deeds" order, he said:

"May I give a word of caution to my countrymen against the unsportsmanlike practice of abusing one's enemies. Let us avoid what Kipling during the Boer war described as 'killing Kruger with our mouths.' Let us rather devote all our energy to defeating our foemen by the superior fighting of adequate numbers of British soldiers in the open field.

"When we read the charges against the German troops, let us remember that gross charges, absolutely untrue, were brought against our own brave soldiers fighting in South Africa; but, whether the charges are true or not, let us keep our own hands clean, and let us fight against the Germans in such a way as to earn their liking as well as their respect."

That, unhappily, many charges laid against the enemy were true, however, was further confirmed by a most interesting document issued on the 30th of September by the Official Press Bureau in London. It contained extracts from a book called "Kriegs Chronik," found in the possession of aliens entering British ports, and seized by the authorities. This book, according to the Bureau, consisted "partly of a highly untrustworthy chronicle of the war, and partly of soldiers' letters from the front," the latter having "considerable value as showing the methods of thought of the enemy."

The Official Bureau further stated:

"It is not the truth or falsity of the tales that matters, but the applause and self congratulation of the writers on deeds of gross treachery and cruelty, claimed to have been done by themselves or comrades."

Two extracts will suffice to show the nature of the letters published. The first is the narrative of a German artillery officer concerning the extermination of a Belgian village, and reads:

"The countryside was full of our troops. Nevertheless, the stupid peasants must needs shoot at our men, as they marched by, from lurking-places. The day before yesterday the Prussian troops surrounded a village, put the women, children and old people aside and shot all the men. The village was then burned to the ground."

The second concerns the tragic but noble death of a boy scout, reading:

"A traitor has just been shot. He was a little French lad, belonging to one of the gymnastic societies which wear the tri-colored ribbons, a poor young fellow who, in his infatuation, wanted to be a hero.

"As the German column was passing along a wooded defile, he was caught and asked whether the French were about. He refused to give any information. Fifty yards further there was fire from the cover of the wood. The prisoner was

asked in French if he had known that the enemy was in the forest, and he did not deny it.

"He went with a firm step to a telegraph pole, and stood against it, with a green vineyard at his back, and received the volley of a firing party with a proud smile on his face. Infatuated wretch—it was a pity to see such wasted courage!"

The publication and distribution of such a book as the "Kriegs Chronik" is undoubtedly a striking commentary on the German attitude towards such methods of waging warfare.

Again the report from the battle front in France showed little change in the situation. Vigorous engagements, however, had resulted in the repulse of the enemy at many points with heavy losses. In the Woevre district some progress had been made to the east of St. Mihiel.

The general line, stretching across the north and north-eastern parts of France, was undoubtedly occasioning the German commanders considerable worry. With fresh troops arriving to reinforce the men on the firing line and the morale of the whole Allied forces remaining excellent, the outlook for the enemy was not bright.

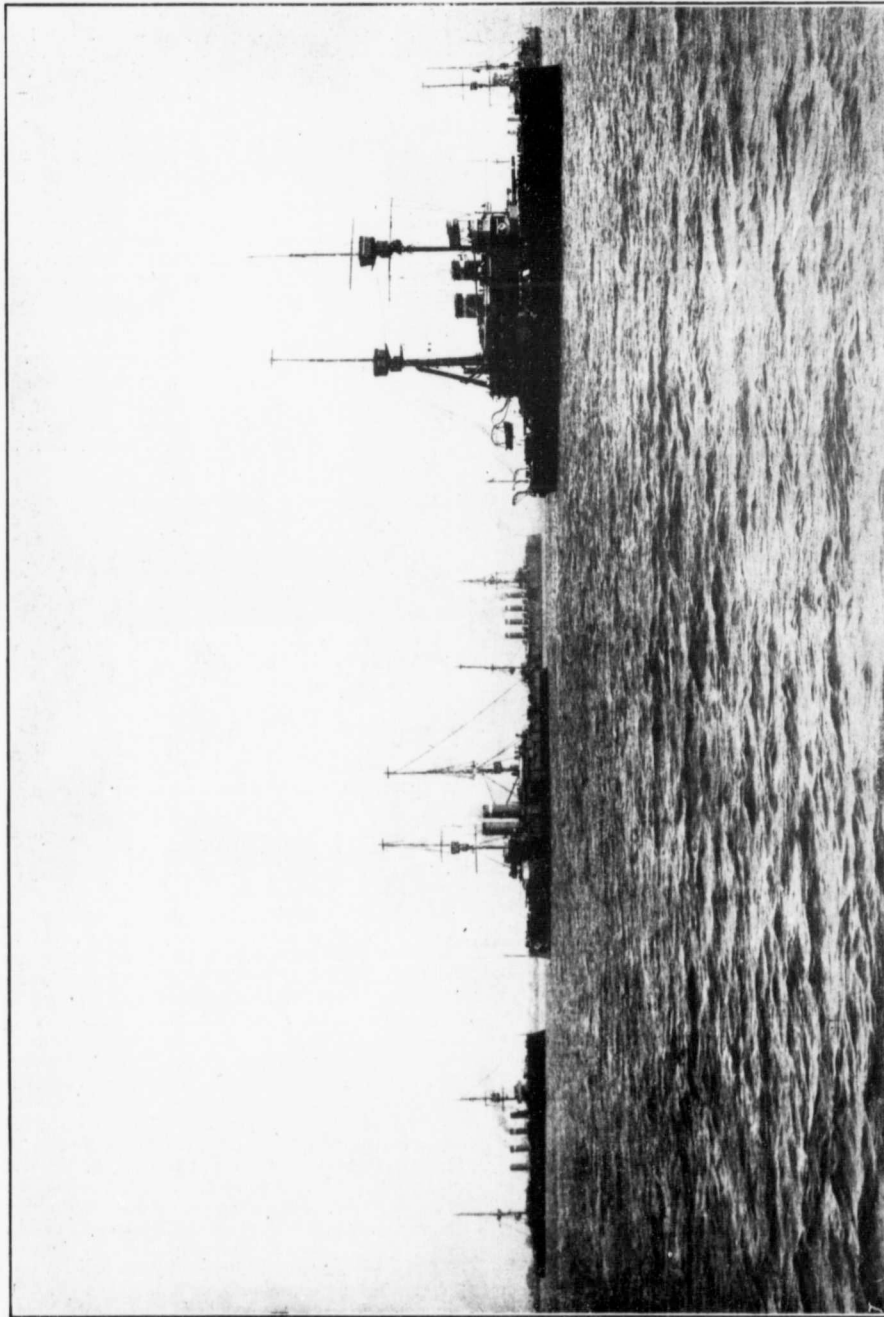


THE EAST COAST RAID.  
The batteries at the mouth of the River Tees made effective reply to the German fire.  
The photo shows the transporter bridge over the Tees.

Roughly speaking, the line held by the Allies, commencing at the east from the district of Pont-à-Mousson, passed through the regions of Apremont, the Meuse, in the neighbourhood of St. Mihiel, along the heights north of Spada, and through a portion of the heights of the Meuse. Between Verdun and Rheims the line passed by Varennes, to the north of Souain, and thence, by the Roman road to Rheims. From here to Soissons it, for the greater part, closely followed the right bank of the Aisne. Over the first plateau on the right bank of the river it ran from Soissons to the forest of L'Aigle, and between the rivers Oise and Somme it touched Ribecourt (then in the hands of the French) Lassigny (held by the Germans), Roye (occupied by the French) to Chaumes (in possession of the enemy). North of the river Somme, the line continued to Albert and Combles, crossing the plateau between those two points. This, then, was the front held by the Allied troops at the end of September, and which, slowly and at much cost, but nevertheless surely, was being pushed northward, particularly on the left where

Continued on page 337.





THE BRITISH FLEET AT SPITHEAD.  
(Photo Cribb, Southsea.)

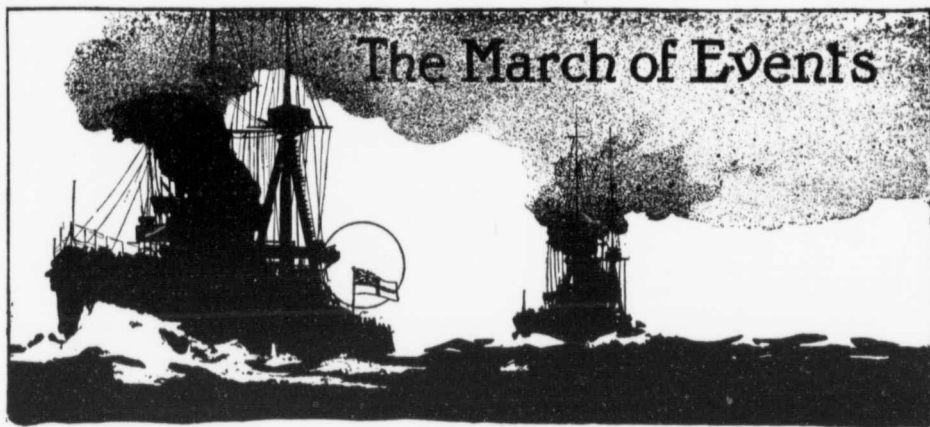
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## *A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration*

### PART 14

*Continued from page 311 (part 13)*

**SEPTEMBER 27.**— It is curious how, in times like these, the mental attitude of people generally, towards some of the great facts of life, undergoes a striking change. Occurrences which, under ordinary conditions, would shock the sensibilities, are passed over with a shrug of the shoulders, or regarded as matters of minor importance and interest.

In time of war even death becomes a commonplace. Normally, the contemplation of the great experience through which all must pass and towards which all are travelling, brings a feeling of solemnity and of awe, and, before a catastrophe which hurries a few dozen, or it may be hundreds, of our fellow mortals into eternity, we stand aghast, the tragedy for a moment superceding in interest all other matters. Not so to-day, for

"The earth is full of anger,

The seas are dark with wrath,"

and man, in bloody conflict, strives with his brother man for mastery, and on the scale of values against the great issues of national honour, and the safety of eternal principles of justice, righteousness and liberty, human life weighs but lightly.

At times the quickly mounting list of casualties appals one, or the loss of some friend or loved one brings home with fearful vividness the true significance of it all; but, as day after day goes by and the same story is repeated with unvarying monotony, we become inured to it, and on a day when perhaps hundreds have laid down their lives, we read, with comparative indifference, the laconic official reports as they curtly inform us that "The day passed without incident of note," or it may be, "The situation remains unchanged."

Nor does this necessarily constitute an indictment against humanity on the ground of cold-

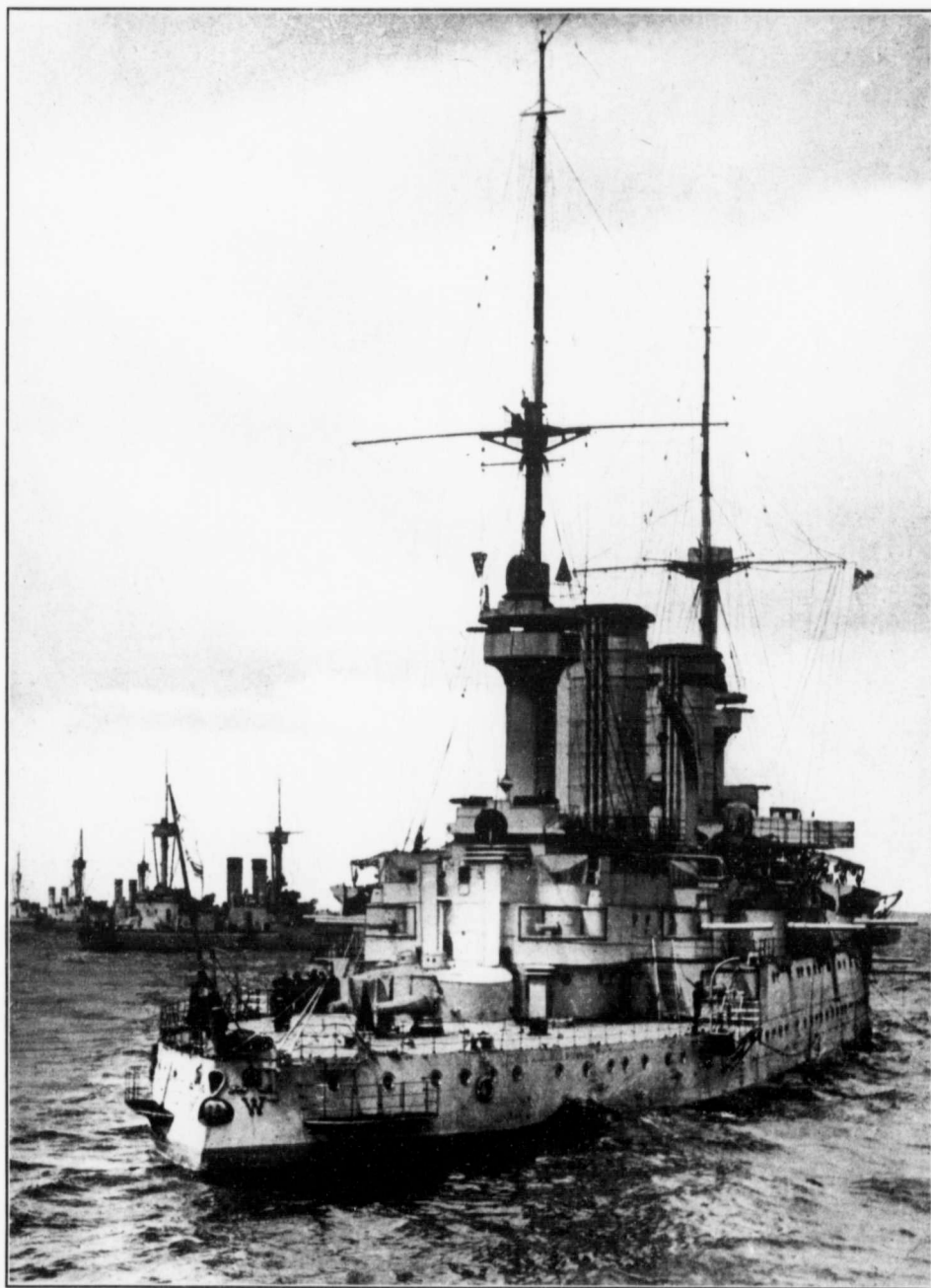
blooded indifference. Rather does it show a wise provision of nature which renders man capable of accepting such a situation with comparative equanimity, and prevents him, as a normally cheerful being, from brooding too much on the dark side of war. To dwell too largely on the horrors of the present conflict would be dangerous to a man's mental system.

Yet, despite all this, war in all its hideousness has surely sufficiently revealed itself to the world to teach a lesson, not soon to be forgotten, of the evils of militarism and the appalling tragedy of a recourse to arms as a means of settlement of national difficulties.

The Battle of the Aisne was one of those struggles, which, by reason of their protracted and comparatively undecisive nature, are apt to obscure the sacrifices involved—sacrifices which, in a shorter and more quickly decisive contest, would be heralded to the world as glorious feats of arms. But the battle which, on the 27th day of September, continued in increasing violence, was replete with heroic effort, and hard and constant fighting.

Literally for weeks now it had been in progress. Few were the hours of rest out of the twenty-four. Constant vigilance was the price of safety and success; and the continual alertness demanded by the nature of the fighting—which was marked by so many counter-attacks on the part of the enemy at all hours of the day and night—reduced to a minimum the opportunities for sleep. Through it all, however, the morale of the Allied troops remained excellent. Under the most trying conditions, spending long, weary hours in the trenches, with the enemy's shells almost ceaselessly bursting overhead and on every side, as the German gunners persistently searched the entrenchments with their heavy pieces, the Franco-British forces

*Continued on page 330.*



GERMAN RAID ON EAST COAST OF ENGLAND.

This Photo shows German Battleships in the North Sea. Indications point to increased naval activity in these waters shortly.  
(Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)



# The - War - Pictorial

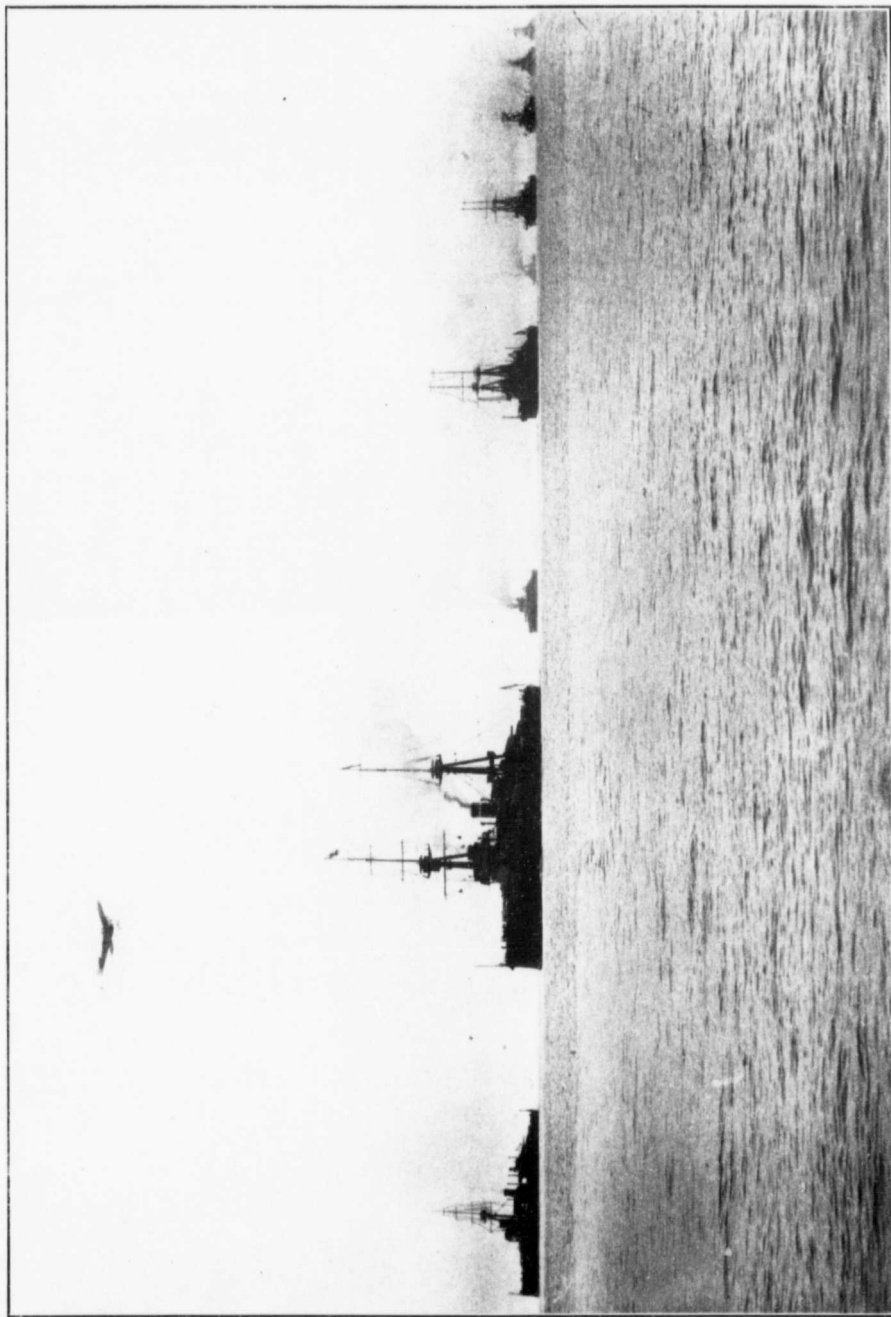
The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 14.

Printed and published at 1510 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal, Canada, 24th December 1914, by DODD-SIMPSON PRESS, LIMITED



GERMAN RAID ON EAST COAST OF ENGLAND.  
The South African memorial in the Park at West Hartlepool, where the shells from the German Cruisers fell thick and fast. (Photo, M. E. Simpson.)





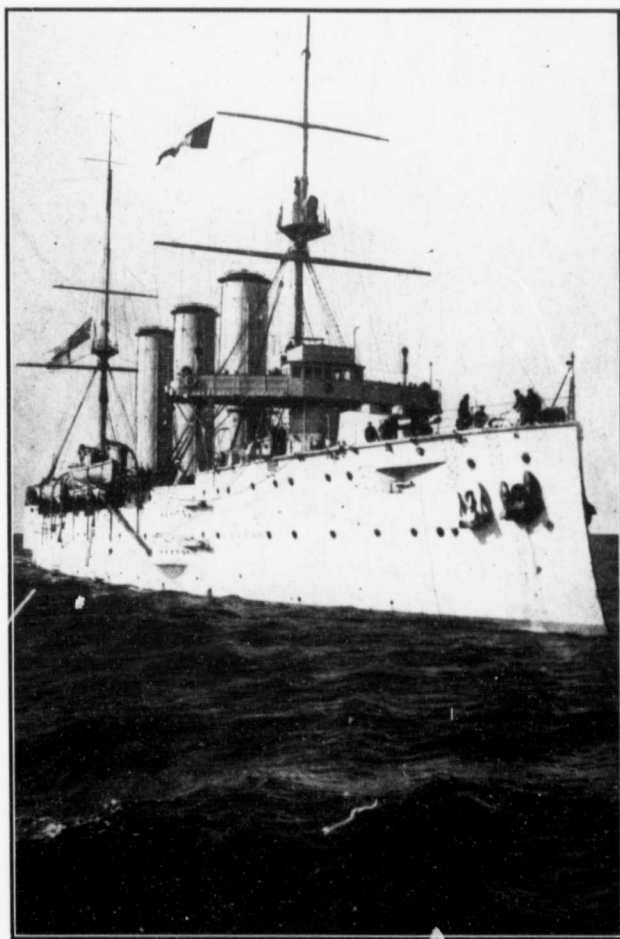
BRITAIN'S FIRST AND SECOND FLEET IN NORTH SEA.  
(Photo, Cribby, Southsea.)



# The - War - Pictorial

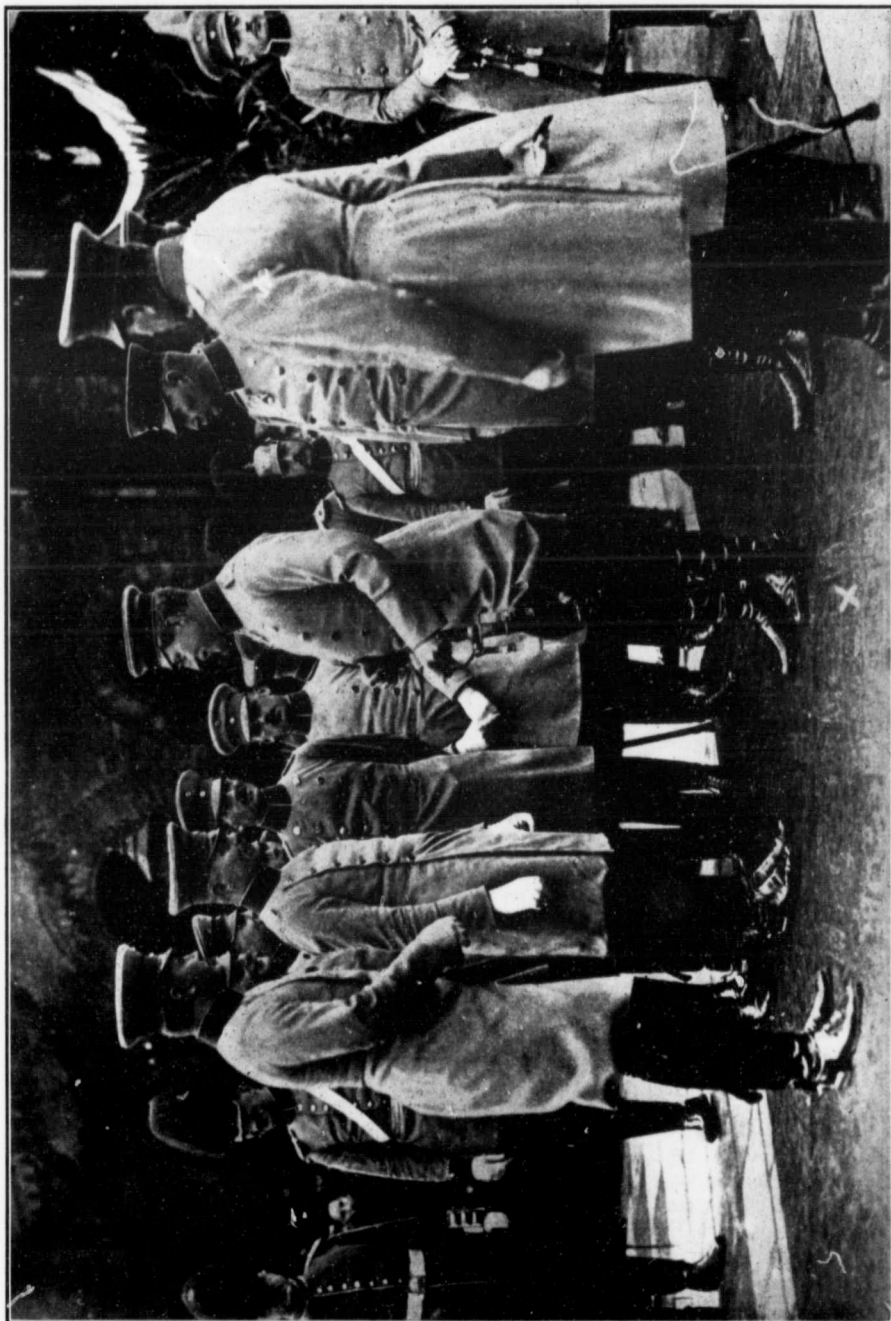
The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 15.

Printed and published at 1510 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal, Canada, 2nd January 1915, by DODD-SIMPSON PRESS, LIMITED



H.M.S. "CORNWALL."

An armoured cruiser of the "Monmouth" type which, it is reported, was damaged when the German fleet was sunk off the Falkland Islands.  
(Photo, Underwood & Underwood.)



ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS, AND SOME OF THE MEN HE IS FIGHTING.  
King Albert (X) as an Honorary Colonel of the Prussian Dragon Guards, shaking hands with his brother officers—the very men against whom he is to-day fighting in defence of the honour and integrity of his Kingdom. (Photo, Underwood & Underwood).

OCTOBER

of Britain weighed against the cause of the Belligerent. Against the lawyer's last analysis.

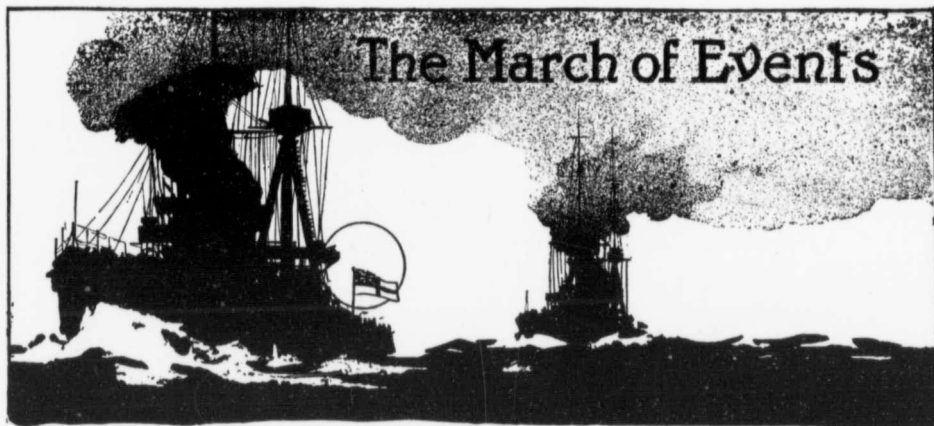
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## A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration

### PART 15

*Continued from page 337 (part 14).*

**OCTOBER 2.**— In the balance of public opinion the "white papers" of Britain and Germany had been impartially weighed, and that of Germany found wanting. Against the clear and frank documentary proofs of the British case, the German statement was a "lawyer's brief" cleverly worked up but, in the last analysis, lacking conviction.

Yet there were still to be found, even in neutral nations, those who, through prejudice or illogical reasoning, were disposed to regard the German cause and righteousness as synonymous terms. As time went on, and methods of warfare threw interesting sidelights on the attitudes of the rival belligerents, it seemed as though nothing but a blind and unreasoning prejudice could still cling to such fallacious conclusions. Germany, in her overmastering lust for power, had revealed herself unmistakably to the world. The brand of Cain was upon her. No considerations of humanity or fair play were allowed to impede her military or naval progress.

As daylight is to dark, so were the methods of Britain to those of her aggressive opponent. Scorning to stoop to underhand means, she fought with a fairness that was not always to her material advantage.

In one case, however, was it found necessary to fight "fire with fire." Yet, even in this, the frank attitude of the British Admiralty was but further proof of Britain's honourable intentions.

On the 2nd of October, the Official Press Bureau, on behalf of the Admiralty, issued the following statement:

"The German policy of mine laying, combined with their submarine activity, makes it necessary

on military grounds for the Admiralty to adopt counter measures.

"His Majesty's government has therefore authorized a mine laying policy in certain areas, and a system of mine fields has been established, and is being developed upon a considerable scale.

"In order to reduce the risk to non-combatants, the Admiralty announces that it is dangerous henceforward for ships to cross the area between Latitude 51.15 north and 51.40 north, and Longitude 1.35 east and 3 east. In this connection it must be remembered that the southern limits of the German mine field is Latitude 52 north. Although these limits are assigned to the danger area, it must not be supposed that navigation is safe in any part of the southern waters of the North Sea.

"Instructions have been issued to His Majesty's ships to warn east-going vessels of the presence of this new mine field."

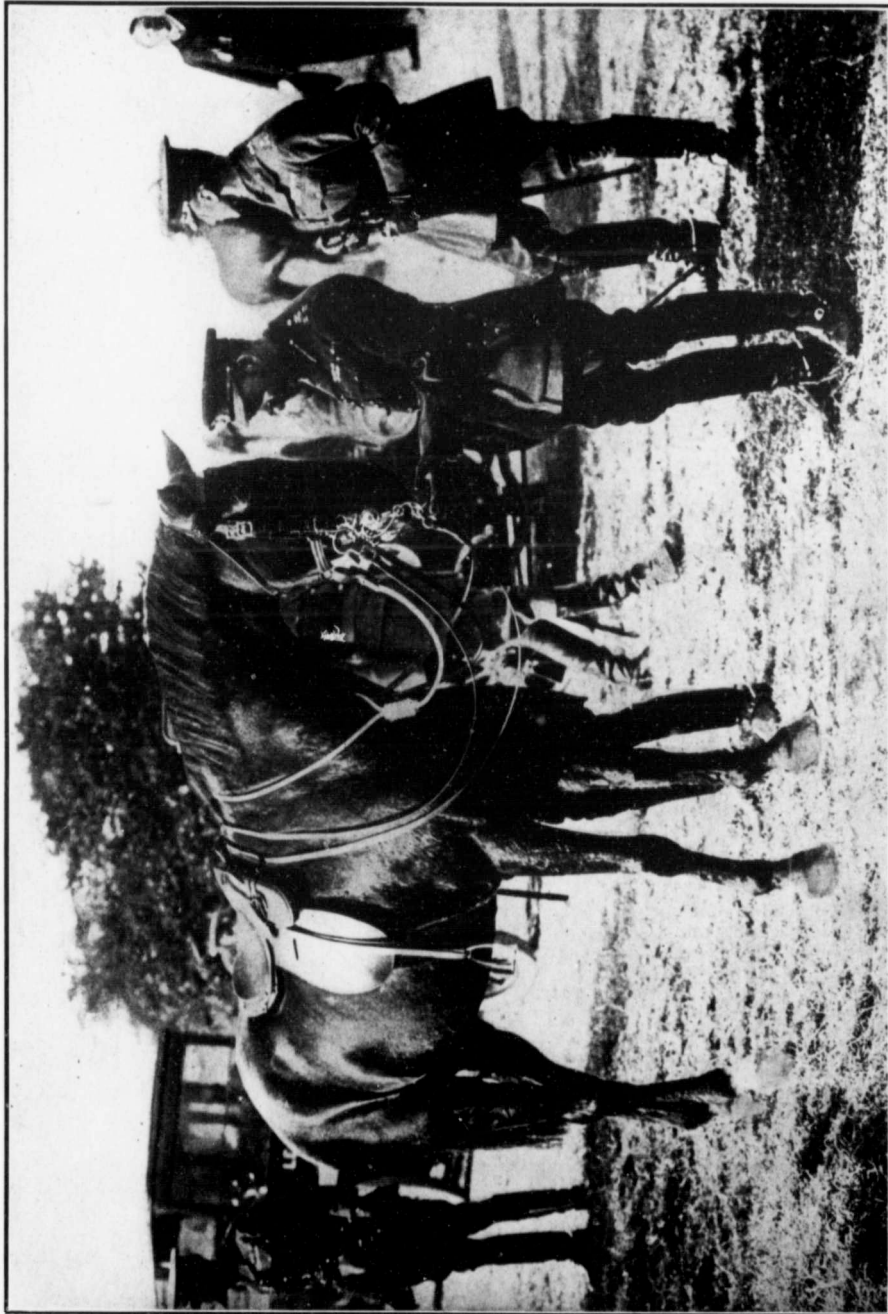
The area thus designated covered the eastern end of the Straits of Dover, gave additional security to the Thames' mouth, and included a district off the coast of Belgium, in the neighbourhood of Ostend.

A German attempt to discredit the British Admiralty in this connection was not without humour, and the statements made by wireless from Berlin regarding the blocking of channels and trade routes generally, were fittingly characterized by the British Press as "deliberately false."

The "Fatherland" was still suffering the loss of commercial vessels in various parts of the world. Announcement of successful activities on the part of H. M. S. "Cumberland" told of the capture, off the Kamerun River, in West Africa, of the Hamburg-American liner "Arnfried," and nine merchant steamers, also the gunboat "Soden." From the

*Continued on page 348.*





This fine photo was taken in France recently, when His Majesty King George V. visited his troops on the firing line in France. The King is seen giving his favorite charger a lump of sugar. (Photo, Central News.)

KING GEORGE IN FRANCE.

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The White City

have no idea when we may be shipped away. Fourteen of our doctors sailed yesterday. It is likely that the only means the people in Canada will have of knowing that we have crossed the Channel will be the stopping of all mail, as I doubt if it will be cabled when we sail.

"All news is censored, both coming in and going out. Leave is very restricted; all towns are out of bounds—pickets patrol everywhere, and it is now a very serious thing to be caught without a pass. Owing to the isolated position of the Plain, we are as out of the way as if we were put away on an island in mid-ocean.

"The roads are often impassable, the artillery, traction engines, cavalry, and large bodies of troops being constantly moved over them having torn them up to an enormous extent. The mud is two feet deep in places, and an ordinary touring car has a mighty hard time to make its way over the roads at all—I have seen dozens of cars fast bedded in the mud.

"The conditions we in camp are under are very much like the real thing. We see live shells bursting on the ranges, and all day long war planes are flying right over head—a few days ago one of them gave us quite an exhibition by flying right at one of our marquees, and then clearing it by only six feet; we held our breath expecting to see the whole thing wrecked.

"Besides ourselves there are thousands of other troops on the Plain—'Kitchener's Army,' 'Terriers,' and a regiment of New Zealanders. I believe the idea is to have a tremendous army ready for the spring.

"It is very unlikely that the Canadian Contingent will go to the front as an Army Division. We (Auto Machine Gun Brigade) will probably go as soon as we are ready. The War Office are very particular that only fully trained troops go to the front, and Major General Alderson has made it distinctly understood that unless the officers are efficient they will not be allowed to lead the men,

and as a consequence a distinct 'bucking-up' has been noticed.

"You have no idea how self-contained each unit is—we are practically each as a little town, with police, sanitary authorities, doctors, cooks, canteen, stores, post-office, and in fact everything that goes to the making up of a community.

"Although it is only a matter of a few months since I left Canada, I can scarcely remember being anything else than a soldier. It seems years since I was in Montreal. It certainly agrees with me, and we are well treated, for I have put on over 14

lbs. since I was at Ottawa with the Auto Brigade. It is a good thing that we are in such fine health, for the conditions which we are under at present would probably knock a man up in a few days unless he were as fit as we are.

"We have recently been served out with overshoes, but most of us have rubber top boots—they clean up very much better, and are much easier to put on.

"Entrenching forms a considerable part of our drills—trenches have played such a great part in this

war, and the experience which has been gained during the few months of fighting has been put to good use. Owing to the seat of war being so near, we are benefiting by the advice of men who are constantly being sent back from the firing line. I have personally met men who have taken part in many of the big battles. Almost before the news of a big engagement is flashed to the world, the wounded reach England.

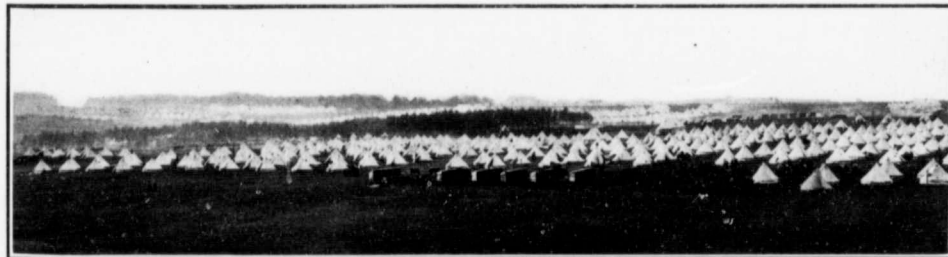
"The copies of 'The War Pictorial' you sent are very much appreciated and the boys are keenly interested in the photos of the troops on Salisbury Plain, and also in the pictures showing other Canadians who are being prepared in Canada.

"The people of Canada can rest assured that when we go to the front we shall be as fit and as up-to-date as the regulars, and that the boys from Canada will give a good account of themselves."

LOUIS KEENE.



CANADIANS IN CAMP AT SALISBURY. Owing to the heavy rains the camp has been a mass of mud, and wooden huts are being erected as quickly as possible for occupation. Photo shows Canadians helping to build their own huts. (Photo "Topical").



CANADIAN CAMP ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

The White City of the Canadians on Salisbury Plain will soon come down, and in its place will stand a City of Wooden Huts. (Photo, "Topical").

KING GEORGE IN FRANCE. This fine photo was taken in France recently, when His Majesty King George V. visited his troops on the firing line in France. (Photo, Central News).



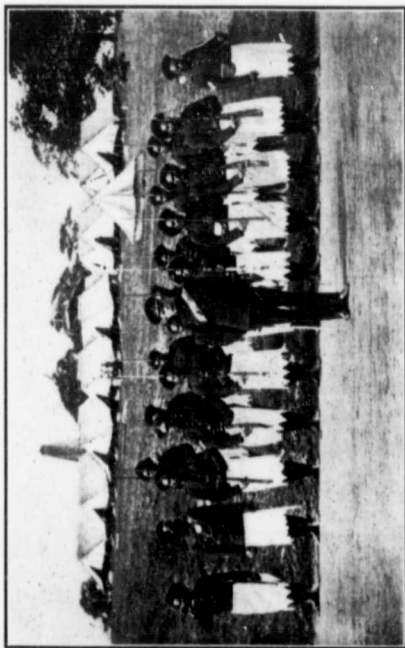
SIBERIAN INFANTRYMEN IN WARSAW.

Some of the Siberian troops who arrived in Warsaw in time to assist in repulsing the Germans in their first attack on the city. (Photo, Underwood & Underwood).



EFFECT OF BOMBARDMENT AT YPRES.

Severe fighting marked the operations around Ypres. When the inhabitants are able to return to the homes from which they have fled, they will be greeted by scenes of devastation such as this. (Photo, Newspaper Illustrations).



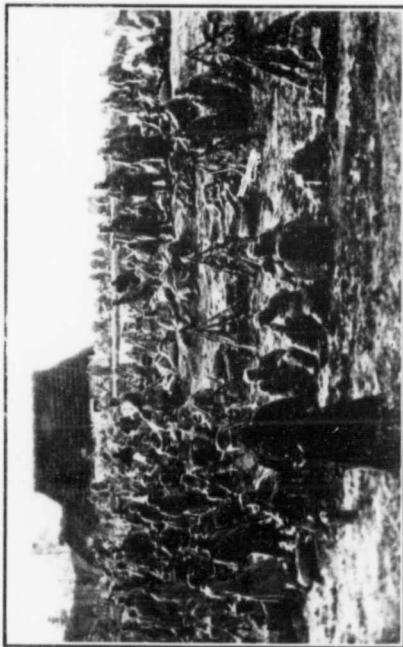
The British forces at the front are shortly to be reinforced by native troops from far away Fiji. This photo shows Fijians, with a British Officer commanding them. (Photo, "Topical.")



Fijian soldiers at drill under British Officer. They are a handsome, well built people, and great fighters. It is a magnificent thing that so many of the native troops wish to fight for Britain. (Photo, "Topical.")



This photo shows a German infantry attack developing on the lines of the Allies. The German army has proved a good fighting machine, but this attack, as in many other cases, was a failure. (Photo, Newspaper Illustrations.)



Very few photos have been received of the fighting in Poland. The Austrian troops are reported to be in a very demoralized state; some of them, tired out, are here seen taking a welcome rest after a trying fight. (Photo, "Topical" War Service.)



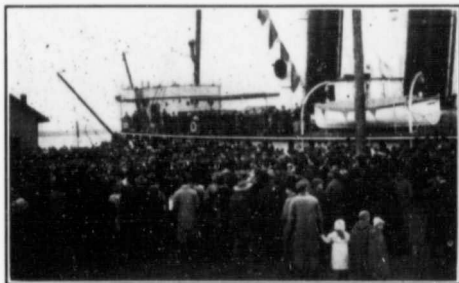
## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 343.

former, the European crews were made prisoners but the native engine-room hands were retained, while the gunboat was put in commission against her previous owners.

From France came word of continued progress. Slowly but surely the Franco-British forces, in the face of repeated efforts by the enemy to break through their lines, were pushing northwards towards the frontier between France and Belgium. The fighting continued very much the same in character as it had been for many days. The centres of violence shifted frequently from one point to another along the whole line. Despite a slight check, the troops on the left wing particularly were doing splendid work, and on the 2nd of October were in the neighbourhood of Arras. North of the Somme, progress before Albert was reported, and from Roye to Lassigny violent German attacks had been repelled. Elsewhere quiet prevailed.

When the Honour Roll of this great war is



PRINCE RUPERT'S CONTINGENT FOR FRONT.

Canada's newest city, and the most westerly city in the Empire, has responded nobly to the call of the motherland. With a population of 5,000, she has already sent 130 of her sons to the front. (Photo, H. Couper, P.R.)

completed, and the lists of heroes are all in, there is little doubt that prominently displayed will be the name of Albert, King of the Belgians. From the very first his attitude and bearing had won the admiration of true men and women everywhere. In his character there was that subtle blending of man and monarch which made him the idol of his army, the hero of his nation, and in every sense a fitting leader for so heroic a people.

"Every inch a king" is indeed a fitting appellation for such a man, for, while exercising with dignity and reserve the powers of his office, he thought it not beneath him to put his hand to the most menial task which might confront him, but working in the trenches side by side with the humblest soldier of his army, using, as occasion offered, spade, or rifle, or sword, he showed himself not alone the monarch but the servant of his people, and thus gave proof, as in no other way could it be given, of his true kingliness of character.

At Antwerp King Albert personally conducted operations and, with unwearied devotion, spent many hours out of the twenty-four in the trenches

or in superintending further defensive preparations. A typical dispatch from the city stated, "The King stayed in one of the trenches for over twenty hours without resting."

**OCTOBER 3.**— The forts around Antwerp were still accomplishing a most vigorous resistance. Against the outer line of defence, all the strength of the enemy's attack was concentrated. Amid the shriek of shells, the constant bursts of shrapnel and the ceaseless thunder of the heavy guns, as they threw, with terrible effectiveness, their tremendous projectiles against the crumbling outer works, the Belgian soldiers—gunners and infantrymen alike—lived up to the high reputation for heroism and efficiency already gained in the eyes of the world.

From Termonde and St. Amand, to the south and west of Antwerp, past Forts Waelhem and Wavre, up around Duffel and Lierre, and along the general line of the River Nethe, a sanguinary conflict raged.

The situation had become more serious. Confidence in the impregnability of the city's defences waned somewhat, and, as the outer defences crumbled into ruins before the German siege guns, grave doubts disturbed the minds of some as to the fate of Antwerp itself. How long could the stoutest fortifications withstand so devastating a fire? It was obvious that not for long could the present defences hold out. Already rumour was at work telling of the occupation of important points by the enemy. Remained the inner ring of forts and then—what? Imagination pictured it all. The nightmare of a shelling of Antwerp itself, the ruined homes, and shattered buildings, the panic-stricken flight of thousands of refugees already suffering untold miseries, the humiliation of another triumphal entry. Yet perhaps the most vivid imagination failed to picture the realities which the days to come held in store.

If defeat was again to fall to their lot, however, no stain would besmirch the Belgian arms. However invincible might be the enemy's artillery, with its superior gun-power, the Belgians, man for man, proved themselves more than equal to the finest soldiers the Kaiser could send against them. To the inherent intrepidity of the Belgian troops was added the courage of desperation. At all times brave and efficient soldiers, King Albert's men were now fighting in a measure with their "backs to the wall"; fighting to defend a city whither thousands of their fellow-countrymen, in wretchedness of body and heaviness of heart, had fled for refuge; fighting with a determination that not one foot more of the sacred soil of their beloved Belgium might fall into the hands of these ruthless despoilers of their country.

It was a potent appeal—an appeal to their patriotism to save this great city, of which they were justly proud, from the clutch of the invader; but, more than all, it was an appeal to their sympathies, for what man as he looked upon the throngs of refugees—men in the piteous frailty of old age, women with tear-stained faces and disheveled attire, children with pale faces and wonder-

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ing eyes, not comprehending the significance of it all—what man could look upon such sights unmoved? It was an appeal which must have nerved many an arm, and sent the men out to the firing line with a new resolve and fresh determination that—if sacrifice could stay the evil hour—not again should these refugees know the horrors of a flight for life.

The result was felt by the enemy. Assault, on the part of the infantry, followed assault, generally at dusk and dawn, only to be almost invariably repulsed by the defenders, who took a terrible toll of lives.

A clever ruse was credited to Fort Waelhem. Comparatively early in the bombardment the German gunners, watching the effects of their fire, found the reply from the fort diminishing in effectiveness. Presently it ceased altogether. The reason was soon apparent. From the damaged fort flames broke out and a cloud of smoke rose in the air. Confident that the guns had been silenced and further resistance rendered impossible, the German infantry advanced. Suddenly from the "silenced" guns, and from the supporting field artillery, a tremendous fire belched forth. The attacking force literally "crumpled up," and the survivors retired in disorder leaving their dead and dying comrades in heaps upon the ground. How many fell in this "zone of death" is hard to state. Estimates place the figure as high as 8,000, though the reliability of this cannot be vouched for. With the aid of a little straw the deceptive ruse was thus ingeniously worked with terrible effect.

One who visited this part of the field gives the impressions of the men on the firing line in regard to the enemy's heavy guns, stating:

"The big shells of the Germans, both officers and men frankly admit, were terrifying at first. They made enormous pits in the ground when they struck, and came through the air with the roar of an express train; but in time the men came to laugh at them. They distinguished between the smaller howitzer shells and 28 centimeter shells by calling the first trolley cars and the second express trains."

Thus, marked by a vigorous resistance, the 3rd day of October passed.

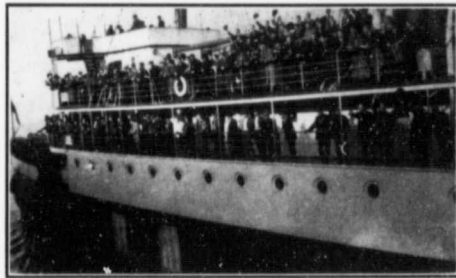
But the apprehensions of the people in the city itself, awaiting with anxiety news of the fighting, and kept in constant remembrance of the reality of this seeming nightmare by the thunder of the guns not far distant, was not allayed by the appearance of two airships, one of which dropped bombs—fortunately without much damage—and the other proclamations urging the people to surrender and save the suffering that must otherwise follow.

In France, the 3rd day of October saw no change of great importance. Considerable shelling, however, was indulged in by both sides.

**OCTOBER 4.**— Conflicting reports still arrived from the eastern frontier, but the Russian official reports continued modest. In the minds of many, grave doubts

arose as to the real power of the Russian "steam roller." Two months had now passed, and the advance on Berlin was not progressing with very rapid strides. As a matter of fact, the campaign had proven a much more complicated and difficult affair than the public had been led to anticipate. Prophecies of a triumphal march to Berlin, made early in the war, and placing a very short time limit on the incidental operations, had overlooked the nature of the ground to be covered. The Russians, indeed, had accomplished not a little and, as has been shown, had placed under a debt of gratitude the leaders of the campaign in the west, whose operations had undoubtedly been facilitated by the withdrawal of troops to the eastern frontier, who would otherwise have been employed against them.

While at present it is possible only to sketch a brief outline of events in the eastern theatre of war, it is certain that, when the full authentic details are available, they will make interesting reading. The nature of the fighting area lends itself to warfare of a most deadly and almost fantastic character. Mountains and valleys, rivers and



PRINCE RUPERT'S CONTINGENT FOR FRONT.

The Prince Rupert Contingent, under command of Col. C. Peck, left recently. The city has given \$10,000 to relief funds, that is, \$2.00 per capita. (Photo, H. Cooper, P.R.)

lakes, forests and marshlands made operations difficult and "death traps" frequent.

While events in the west had been claiming public attention, while the German forces in France vainly sought to stay the Allies' advance, and before the very gates of Antwerp the guns of the Kaiser's legions maintained a menacing roar by day and night, the Russians, in a series of sanguinary engagements, had scored a marked success on the Niemen River and, in the words of a military writer, "shattered the German army that had advanced on to Russian soil, and sent it reeling back into East Prussia."

In a general way the Austro-German forces might now be said to constitute one great army, joined together at Cracow, and extending from Galicia to the Baltic.

Doubtless in order to neutralize the continued series of Russian victories against their flank in Galicia—where the land had practically been swept clear of hostile troops by the Czar's forces, and even Przemysl was completely invested—the

Continued on page 354.



IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

This photograph from Northern France shows some of the French troops with pack mules on their way to the front. (Photo, Central News.)



JAPANESE ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

Very few photographs have come through of the fighting in the far east in connection with the capture of Tsing Tau. This photo shows some of the Japanese heavy artillery in action. (Photo, Central News.)



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#### THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE FRONT.

The Prince of Wales is taking an active part in the fighting among the troops at the front. His Royal Highness is here seen during the journey around the British lines, accompanied by two staff officers. (Photo, Central News.)



#### A COMMON SCENE IN BELGIUM TO-DAY.

This photo was taken during an early morning service in a Belgian Church. While a little group of civilians have come to pray for their country's liberation, war-worn and weary soldiers sleep peacefully on the straw-strewn floor. (Photo, Central News.)





"BRITANNIA AND DOGS."  
Part of Great Britain's Fleet Battle Squadrons at sea.

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS.

Continued from page 349.

enemy sought to take a vigorous offensive in the centre, where, in the neighbourhood of Kalisz and Piotrkow the Germans were reported to be strengthening their position, and on their left wing, where the early advance of General Rennenkampf had been overcome, the investment of Koenigsberg raised, and the Czar's troops driven back over the frontier, only to return a counter-stroke resulting in a Russian victory, officially announced from Petrograd on the 4th day of October.

This report stated:

"The Battle of Augustowo ended yesterday, October 3, in a victory for Russian arms. The German defeat is complete."

There is little doubt but that the Russians lured Von Hindenburg's men into a trap. The area covered by the fighting was in the neighbourhood of Suwalki and the pine forest of Augustowo and along the line of the River Niemen, particularly from Sopotzkin to Druskeniki.

Apparently the German troops, flushed with



FRENCH ARTILLERY.

This photo, which was sent by one of our readers, shows French Artillery on the road to Saint Luce. (Permission, M. Courlay).

victory in East Prussia, precipitately followed the retiring Russians over the border, and finding a "gap" some twenty miles in width, where virtually no opposition was offered, continued their advance until the River Niemen was reached.

Suddenly the tide turned. Caught in what has been described as a "mouse trap," while in the midst of contesting the passage of the river, they found the "trap" closing on their flanks. Nothing remained but to retreat towards Suwalki.

The official report concluded the story thus:

"They are leaving our territory in haste. At certain points this retreat is degenerating into a rout."

Thus, on the Russian right defeat had followed early victory, but on the very heels of defeat came another triumph, while on the left the tide of battle still flowed strongly in their favour.

Indeed, Russian rule was already establishing itself here. Advice stated that, through Count Bobrinsky, the new Governor-General of Galicia, the Czar had made reply to a loyal address presented by a representative deputation of the Galician population.

"All Russia," it read, "is with me in rejoicing at the re-union of Galicia with Russia. First of all, we remember that eastern Galicia is a very ancient integral part of one great Russia. In these lands the population has always been Russian, and the social structure here must be on a Russian basis.

"I shall introduce the Russian language, Russian laws and Russian administration. These principles will be introduced gradually as needed, for I hold it to be essential in the interest of the whole population not to break the continuance of the orderly life of this region."

Word from Petrograd told of the Czar's departure from the capital for a visit to the front, accompanied by General Sukhomlinoff, the Russian Minister of War. Great was the enthusiasm manifested in the streets and at the railway station, the crowds cheering vociferously and shouting repeatedly, "On to Berlin" and "On to Vienna."

One of the most striking effects of the war on Russia was the prohibition of the sale of vodka by edict of the Emperor. The result was immediate and significant.

Throughout the country, particularly in the rural districts among the peasantry, a wonderful difference was reported. Travellers arriving from Southern Russia spoke of it with wonder. The whole attitude and character of the people was undergoing a remarkable change.

Indolence was giving place to industry, depravity into an enforced sobriety that was quickly emerging into a new condition of self-respect. Clothes, houses, amusements—every phase in the life of the people felt the awakening touch of a new life, free from the drink habit, which, as long as it flaunted itself in the midst of a community held the people in fetters stronger than iron.

So striking was the result that orders were now issued that, even after the end of the war, the prohibition edict should remain indefinitely in force.

A dispatch from Petrograd stated:

"This startling regeneration of the peasantry is, in the opinion of the Russian authorities, likely to have an important effect on the social and economic conditions of all Russia."

In this way Russia struck a telling blow for the liberty of her people against an enemy no less menacing to the peace and happiness of the nation than the "Huns" who threatened to despoil her land. As in other parts of the world, the great issues of the hour were not without their sobering and ennobling effect.

Following the German disregard for treaties, as manifested in the present international conflict, the value of such "scraps of paper" became a topic of much interest, and one concerning which a great deal was written and said—some of the speculation being very much to the point and some otherwise. To this discussion, which was largely confined to the United States, the cablegram of Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador at Washington, was an interesting and valuable contribution. It was made public at Washington on the 4th of October, and read:

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"We still believe in treaties, in the rights of the weak and the duties of the strong. We look forward at the end of the war to a Europe in which these great and simple truths will be safeguarded against a recrudescence of the era of blood and iron."

From Dublin word came of the rush of Irishmen to volunteer for active service. Unionists and Nationalists alike were flocking to join the colours, and an estimate of new recruits was placed at 26,000. Ireland, united in the face of a common foe, was indeed "keeping faith with England," as Mr. Redmond had promised, and giving to the Empire some of the finest fighting men in the ranks of the British Army.

In France, Sunday, October 4th, was a day of comparative calm. Services were conducted by the army chaplains. The German fondness for music was again demonstrated at one point opposite the British lines—somewhat to the music-lovers disadvantage—for the British howitzers found the assembled company an easy mark, and the patriotic airs were interrupted by the roar of guns and the sound of bursting shells.

At Antwerp a decided slackening in the German fire was noted during the greater part of the day, but as evening drew near the quiet was broken, and a furious bombardment of Lierre and the trenches along the riverbank commenced.

Some idea of the tremendous financial strain imposed by the war on the governments of the belligerent nations was conveyed by the announcement on the 4th of October that the first sixty days of the war had cost France the stupendous sum of \$420,000,000.

**OCTOBER 5.** "On the eve of your departure from Canada, I wish to congratulate you on having the privilege of taking part, with the other forces of the Crown, in fighting for the honor of King and Empire.

"You have nobly responded to the call of duty, and Canada will know how to appreciate the patriotic spirit that animates you.

"I have complete confidence that you will do your duty, and that Canada will have every reason to be proud of you.

"You leave these shores with the knowledge that all Canadian hearts beat for you, and that our prayers and best wishes will ever attend you. May God bless you and bring you back victorious.

"(Signed) Arthur, F.M.,  
"Governor-General of Canada."

Such was the parting message of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, to the lads of Canada's Overseas Contingent. Once again the call of the Motherland had elicited a ready response. But while on the fields of South Africa, and in other parts of the world, the men from the Dominion had hitherto been nobly represented, the departure of the First Contingent for active service in the present war was an event unprecedented in Canadian history. It marked a new era—an era in which Canada should more fully share the responsibilities and the glories of the British Empire—the responsibilities, which must ever fall upon such a power, of defending the weak, of giving to the many

aces gathered under the folds of her flag the largest measure of enlightenment and liberty; the glory of such service for humanity. For only in such world-service would Canada find the highest expression of her national ideals.

For two weeks or more "hard work" had been the slogan of the troops, that is to say, harder work than usual, for from the first arrival at Valcartier the men had laboured with a will to fit themselves for the task before them. But the final "business" of moving an army division, of getting it in safety to Quebec, and there embarking, was an experience not soon to be forgotten.

To the people of the Ancient Capital, too, it was an event that would live long in their remembrance. Tears mingled with laughter; comedy rubbed shoulders with tragedy. For some the long lines of artillery wagons, gun carriages, ambulances and munitions of war of every character passing through the streets, the jangle of metal, the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching men, was nothing more than a great pageant staged for their benefit, with its little bits of comedy interspersed; to some it was a sight, sad but wonderfully inspiring—this



FRENCH CHASSEURS.

We are indebted to M. Pierre Joseph for permission to use this photo. It depicts a platoon of Cyclist Chasseurs before leaving for the front.

great force of cheerful, determined men going forth to fight for King and country; to some it brought nothing but tears, for the tragedy of separation from lover, son or husband lay heavily upon them.

Through rain and mud—for the weather was most unsettled—the artillery, cavalry, transport wagons and ambulances, made the journey from Valcartier to Quebec. And a trying journey it was, though accomplished with few mishaps. The infantry fared better. Some forty trains were necessary to transport them, and, with the baggage in seventy-five box cars, all arrived in due course at the dock.

As the ships were filled they silently slipped down stream to points below the city. A veil of secrecy hung over the whole proceedings, and displays of enthusiasm were discouraged.

An official statement, subsequently given to the Press, read as follows:

"According to the reports of the chief embarkation officer, the total forces embarked at Quebec amounted to nearly 33,000 men, besides 7,000

Continued on page 363.



"BUSINESS AS USUAL."

A busy scene on market day in Ortelsburg, a town on the Russo-German frontier, after the bombardment. On the right is a war monument which remained unharmed during the shelling of the town. (Photo, Underwood & Underwood).



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Market day at





RUSSIAN TRADESMEN WHO BROUGHT FOOD TO ORTELSBURG.

This interesting photo shows a group of the Russian tradesmen who brought foodstuffs to Ortelburg after its bombardment by the Czar's forces, immediately after their retirement from the town. (Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)



SELLING FOODSTUFFS AT ORTELSBURG.

Market day among the ruins. A scene at Ortelburg showing the destruction done by Russian guns. (Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)

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CANADIAN HEADQUARTERS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

The Bustard Hotel, where Major General Alderson and his staff are making their headquarters. (Photo, "Topical.")

THE following interesting letter has been received by the publishers of "The War Pictorial" from Mr. Louis Keene, who is with the 1st Auto Machine Gun Brigade in camp at Bustard Camp, Salisbury Plain. Mr. Keene, who was at one time in charge of the publishers' art department, is very well known in Montreal as a rising young artist of exceptional ability. His pictures, especially those of naval subjects, have been widely shown in Canada and elsewhere, and have excited favourable comment. Some of Mr. Keene's pictures have already appeared in "The War Pictorial," and others will appear from time to time.

In Mr. Keene's letter, written November 26th, 1914, he gives a vivid description of life in camp. It reads:

"You see by the above address (Salisbury Plain) that we are still located in England, and have not yet got to the firing line, although we are all more anxious than ever to meet the Kaiser's forces.

"We are still under canvas, although Kitchener has given an order to the effect that no troops are to be in tents after the 27th, that is, to-morrow. A raging storm is now battering the tent, and on one side the rain is coming through the canvas in little streams—fortunately it is not my side. I am

writing under difficulties—the floor is covered with mud, and everything is wet or damp. My boots are sodden, and far from comfortable. Outside the tent it is a quagmire—I can hear the guard pacing up and down through the slush. If you could see him you would say he looked more like a fisherman than a soldier, for he is wearing a complete suit of oilskins. Still, in spite of all these disadvantages, we are all in magnificent health and feeling very cheery.

feeling very cheery.

"We have to work pretty hard in camp, but everything is done that is possible to keep us fit. We are up at 6 o'clock every morning, and 'lights out' is sounded at 9.45 at night, so you see we certainly get plenty of sleep. Getting up at 6 o'clock in the morning, when the ground is covered with a thick frost, is no joke and requires quite an effort sometimes.

"All the Balaclava caps, scarves, mittens, etc., which have been supplied to us, have come in mighty useful, I can tell you. Sometimes it is so cold that we have to wear all our 'comforts' even when we are in bed. We're supplied with four blankets; most of us have sewn the bottom and sides together and so made sleeping bags. Going to bed means very often simply taking off your boots.

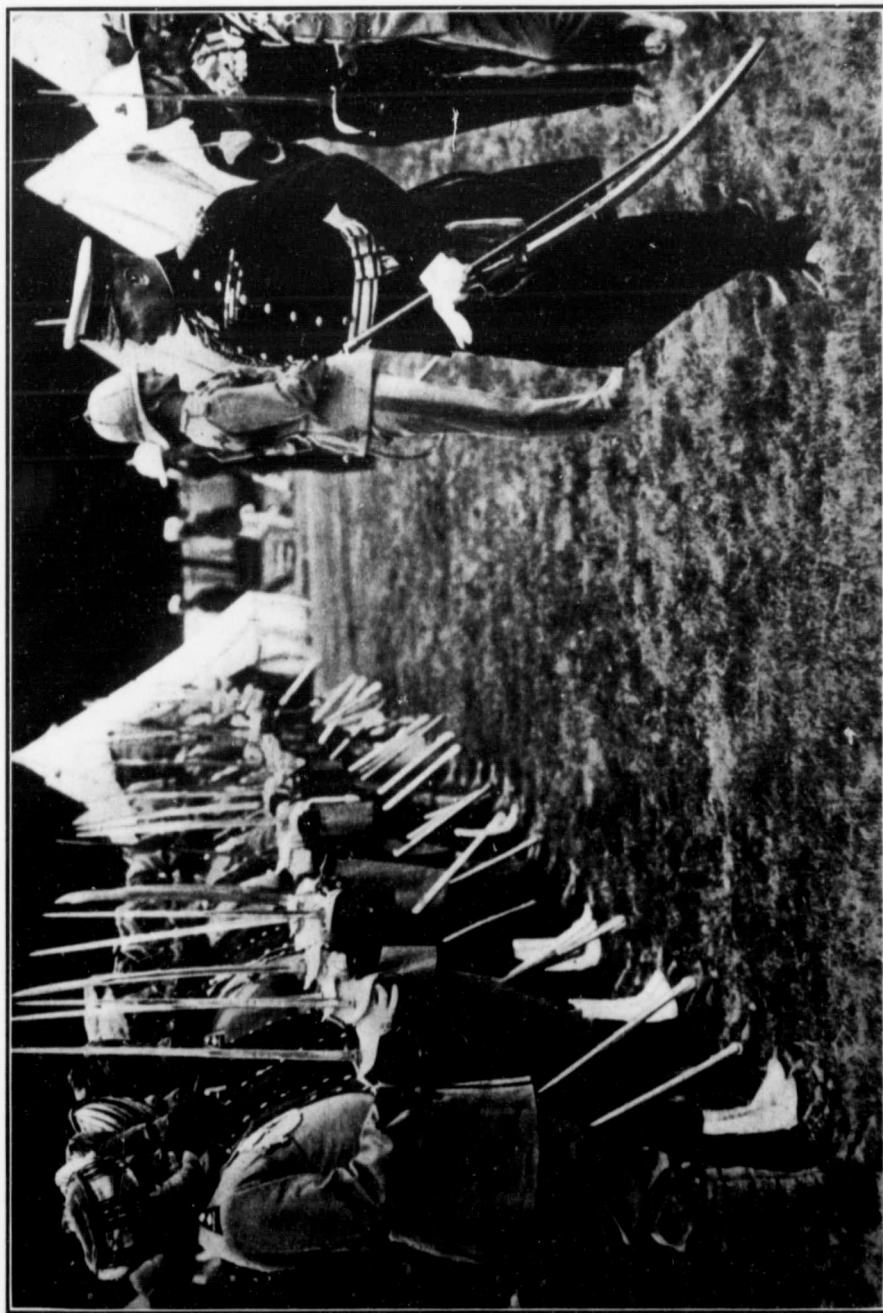
"We are very anxious to go to the front, but



CANADIANS IN CAMP AT SALISBURY.

Some of the men of the 1st Auto Machine Gun Brigade. Louis Keene, the writer of the letter on this page, is seen to the right of the picture.

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE**—It has been our aim to provide material of a character which would be especially interesting to our readers, and with this end in view have shown many pictures of special interest to Canadians. We will, from time to time, publish news from Canadians who have gone to the front, or who are in camp in England, and we shall be pleased to receive letters, etc., from our readers, with a view to publishing, if they are of sufficient interest.



KITCHENER, "THE MAN OF IRON," SMILES.  
 Perhaps the most interesting picture of "K. of K." published since the commencement of the war. It was taken when the Minister of War was inspecting Indian troops.  
 (Photo, Central News.)

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This photograph, just to hand, was taken in France, and shows outposts guarding the route of the troop trains against the German invaders. (Photo, *Boston Photo News*.)



German battery commander at artillery observation post on top of a haystack. A telephone is inside the stack. Note the style of periscopic observation glass used. (Photo, "*Topical*" War Service.)



The equipment of the German forces is wonderful. Here, a German brigade Commander's orders are being received by telephone; a rangefinder is in use on the left. (Photo, *Central News*.)



Field telephone near a battery commander's observation post, which in this case is at the top of a tree. The commander is giving information to the operators for transmission. (Photo, "*Topical*" War Service.)





Field telephone near a battery commander's observation post, which in this case is at the top of a tree. The commander is giving information to the operators for transmission. (Photo, "Topical" War Service.)

The equipment of the German forces is wonderful. Here, a German brigade Commander's orders are being received by telephone; a rangefinder is in use on the left. (Photo, Central News.)



**BUSY TIMES WHEN MAIL COMES IN**  
Our picture taken "somewhere" shows how busy those who are responsible for the distribution of the soldier's mail are when it arrives. (Photo, Newspaper Illustrations)



**"WHO GOES THERE"**  
In England nowadays many people who have been accustomed to walking through certain districts, find themselves challenged by sentries. (Photo, News Illustrations)



**WITH THE GERMAN FORCES**  
Flying men of the First German Army Corps receiving orders before starting on a reconnoitering trip over the Allied lines. (Photo, Central News)



AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION SCOUTS FOR THE FRONT.

The Automobile Association men are undergoing strenuous training at Colchester. The photo shows a company of the scouts lined up for the day's work. (Photo, "Topical.")



BEHIND THE FIRING LINE IN FRANCE.

This illustration shows a French Turco Regiment, resting behind the firing line, ready at the call to re-inforce the line. (Photo, Boston Photo News.)

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**THE MARCH OF EVENTS**

*Continued from page 355.*

horses and a proper complement of guns and vehicles, with full equipment for men and horses. The transportation of this force required no less than thirty-one large steamships.

"It is probable that upon arrival in England the force will be organized as follows:

"Field troops, including a first reinforcement of ten per cent., 26,400.

"Line of communication troops, 2,100.

"Total force at the front, 28,500.

"This will leave about 4,500 men for training in Great Britain, who will constitute a reinforcement of nearly twenty per cent. for the men now at the front."

It was known that the transports would cross the Atlantic under convoy, but the rendezvous where Canada's "Armada" would assemble was a matter of speculation.

The meeting-place could not have been better chosen. Gaspé Basin, Quebec's little known but really wonderful natural harbour, was selected. It was here that the fleet of transports were met by British warships, and, with few to view the great sight or raise a parting cheer, that the voyage to England began.

It was a notable event in Canada's history, for at last, in the greatest fleet which ever crossed the Atlantic, she was sending a really "worth-while" contribution to the Motherland who, asking little in return, had for so long a time shielded her in every trial, and given to her people the privileges of citizenship in an Empire greater materially, and more noble in purpose, than the world had ever yet seen.

Nor was she yet content. While the first contingent was still on the sea, from Ottawa came the following advice.

"The Government proposes forthwith to organize and train a second expeditionary force of twenty thousand men, with first reinforcement of ten per cent., making 22,000 in all. This force will be organized as expeditiously as possible, and the arrangements for providing the necessary arms, ammunition and equipment are already in progress. The force at the front will in this way be brought up to more than fifty thousand men."

The Prince of Wales Fund was announced in London on the 5th of October to have reached the sum of \$15,000,000, and, in issuing a letter expressing his thanks for the generosity shown, the Prince took occasion to say:

"I trust that the portion of the fund which will be applied to the relief of civil distress may, as far as possible, flow into productive channels, such as assisting schemes for male and female employment and perhaps industrial training, for it is repugnant to me, as it must be to the recipients, that assistance should be distributed only in the form of doles."

The tragedy of Belgium! What a book could be written under such a title. Yet to those who are far removed from the terrible scenes enacted in the little Kingdom it is not easy to fully realize the horror of it all. Let the reader, however, in

imagination transplant, as it were, these sights and scenes of destruction and desolation from the land of their enactment to the comfortable and peaceful surroundings of his own environment, and something of the reality will grip him. Let him conceive, if possible, of the vista which would meet his eyes. Instead of that row of pretty houses over there, nothing but blackened and smoking ruins. Or it may be that some little cottage, still standing, once clean and bright—a humble place, but home—now empty and desolate. Visit it, as travellers have done in Belgium—peep in at the doorway. Evidently the good woman, in sudden fear, at the shout of "The Uhlans are coming" snatched up her baby, and, with the older children clinging to her skirts, joined the stream of frightened refugees already hurrying down the road. A blackened kettle stands upon the stove, the table is half set for the mid-day meal, but, more affecting than all, a few toys litter the floor, and a little horse and cart—doubtless a most cherished possession—stands in one corner awaiting its owner's return. The very atmosphere seems haunted with the merry voices of children at play. Outside, the once well kept garden is rank with weeds. The windows, broken and dirty, add an extra touch of dreariness. Once a home, bright with the prattle of children, the quiet happiness of humble domesticity, now—desolation.

Fiction? Not altogether. Such scenes, alas, are common in unhappy Belgium. And those who witness them state it is the little things such as these—the neglected gardens and the children's playthings—which bring most vividly to mind the pathos of it all. Transplanted in imagination to our own land, the horror and misery of it strikes a chill to one's heart.

But what of the refugees? What has become of the simple folk who have thus fled in terror? Has worse befallen them at the hands of some inhuman monsters, or have they sought shelter in some city such as Brussels where their misery is little lightened, for here, too, the shadow of German occupation casts a gloom, and, conditions exist such as an American Clergyman just returned from Brussels to London, graphically described when he said:

"The Germans have changed the city of life, and color, and joyous hospitality, and kindness, into a city of stillness and desolation, a city rife with rumors and filled with deep dread and suspicion. The atmosphere has changed from the warm light of noonday to that of some damp, dark, raw morning.

"The bright suits of the Belgian soldiers have been replaced by the gray green of the German, who, singly or in groups of eight or ten, with drawn swords, walk up and down the thoroughfares. Poverty-stricken people, the advance guards of the hordes of victims that advancing winter will claim, were in sad evidence. Mothers with babes in their arms and ragged children asked alms. Mourning women in deep black take the place of the gay parades of former days and add to the sombreness of the disquieting spectacle. And when the lights are turned off, between nine and ten o'clock, one

*Continued on page 364.*

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## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 363.*

feels that, not so spectacularly, perhaps, as at Louvain, but slowly, surely and relentlessly the German machine has clutched its iron finger and crushed out the life of the city."

North of this dreary city the great struggle continued about Antwerp. The Belgian soldiers, aided by British marines, who, in response to a request of the Belgian Government, had been hurried to the assistance of the garrison, were maintaining an heroic resistance. But the pressure of the German attack was becoming intolerable and it seemed likely that before long Antwerp would share with Brussels the wretchedness of German occupation.

**OCTOBER 6.**— Anxiety in France and England over the fate of Antwerp was somewhat offset by continued satisfactory reports from the firing line in northern France.

Stubborn fighting, replete with incidents of individual and regimental heroism, made futile the constant counter-attacks of the enemy, and, on the other hand, drove the invaders further back on the road whence they had come.

The motto of the Allied fighting men might well have been expressed in the words of the comic song:

"Every little bit added to what you've got  
Makes just a little bit more."

Practically every day saw some advance at some point on the line, and, however imperceptible these gains might be they were beginning to tell. Particularly on the left wing, which was pushing steadily northwards, was this the case, but the fact that progress was general along the line, and not confined altogether to one point, was evidence of the strength of the Allied position as a whole.

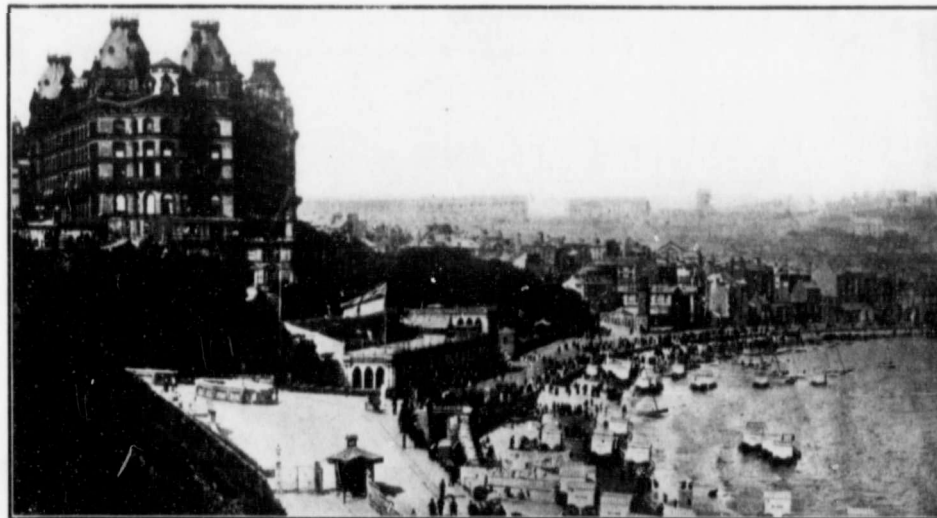
President Poincare, of France, himself had arrived at the front to visit the troops and view operations at first-hand. In this connection, M. Poincare took occasion to telegraph King George his congratulations on the splendid achievements of the British Army in France, the message reading:

"On leaving French headquarters, I had great pleasure in paying a visit to Field Marshal French at British headquarters, and to his valued British troops. I seize this agreeable opportunity to renew to Your Majesty my most hearty felicitations and shall be grateful if you will convey them to the splendid army which is now fighting fraternally by the side of the French."

To this His Majesty made reply:

"I heartily thank you, Mr. President, for informing me of the visit which you so kindly paid to the headquarters of my army in France. I will gladly convey your message of congratulations to my troops, who are proud to be fighting side by side with the gallant French army."

*Continued on page 367 (part 16).*



THE EAST COAST RAID.

The illustration gives a general view of Scarborough, the fashionable English watering-place and the scene of the recent activities of the German raiders, dubbed by Hon. Winston Churchill as "the baby killers of Scarborough." (Photo, Underwood & Underwood).



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# The - War - Pictorial

The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 16.

Printed and published at 1510 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal, Canada, 16th January 1915, by DODD-SIMPSON PRESS, LIMITED



A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.  
Weary Belgian soldiers resting outside of Ziel Church, near Ghent. Above them is a beautiful figure of the Prince of Peace on the Cross. (Photo, Boston Photo News.)



## CLEARING THE ROAD FOR THE CAVALRY.

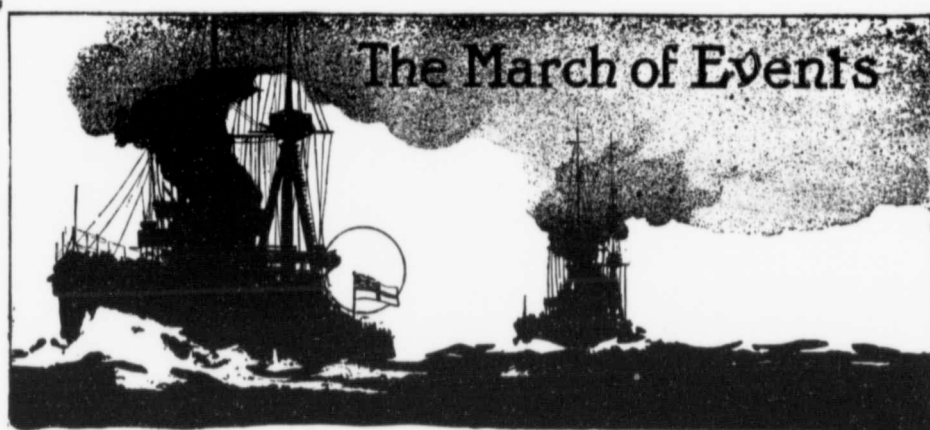
The Belgians erected all kinds of barricades to obstruct the passage of German Uhlans. This photo shows French soldiers removing a heavy farm cart which, with other obstacles, had been placed across a bridge to block the road into the Belgian village. The French force seen in the illustration were on their way to assist the Belgians. (Photo, Boston Photo News.)



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## *A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration*

### PART 16

*Continued from page 364 (part 15).*

**T**HE news from Antwerp on the 6th of October was distinctly unfavourable. Under added pressure, the defending forces along the Nethe River, who for so long had maintained an unbroken front, were at last overwhelmed.

During the night of the 5th, the enemy's forces mustered in great strength, and, supported by a powerful array of artillery, made a final determined effort to wrest from their gallant opponents the victory which had hitherto proved so elusive. Fortune attended them. Before the unprecedented violence of the attack, a part of the defending force was compelled to retire, in consequence of which it became necessary to effect a general withdrawal of the allied forces to the inner line of defence. This was shortly accomplished.

The serious nature of the move was soon apparent. Although the troops continued to fight with undaunted energy and courage, it was inevitable that the retirement should adversely affect the morale of the Belgians, whose heroic—almost superhuman—efforts had thus again proven unavailing. But, more disturbing still, was the abandonment to the besiegers of positions of prime importance, the loss of which rendered the bombardment of Antwerp itself an easy matter.

The Germans were not slow to follow up their advantage, and were soon engaged in mounting guns in every possible position commanding the city. Results shortly followed. Early on Tuesday, October 6, the retirement took place; by evening the official announcement indicated the danger which threatened the city. It was issued at 10 p.m. and read:

"The Military Governor has informed the Burgomaster that a bombardment of Antwerp is imminent, and that the people who wish to flee from the town are requested to leave."

The news spread quickly, and in many homes that night tearful preparations for flight were under way.

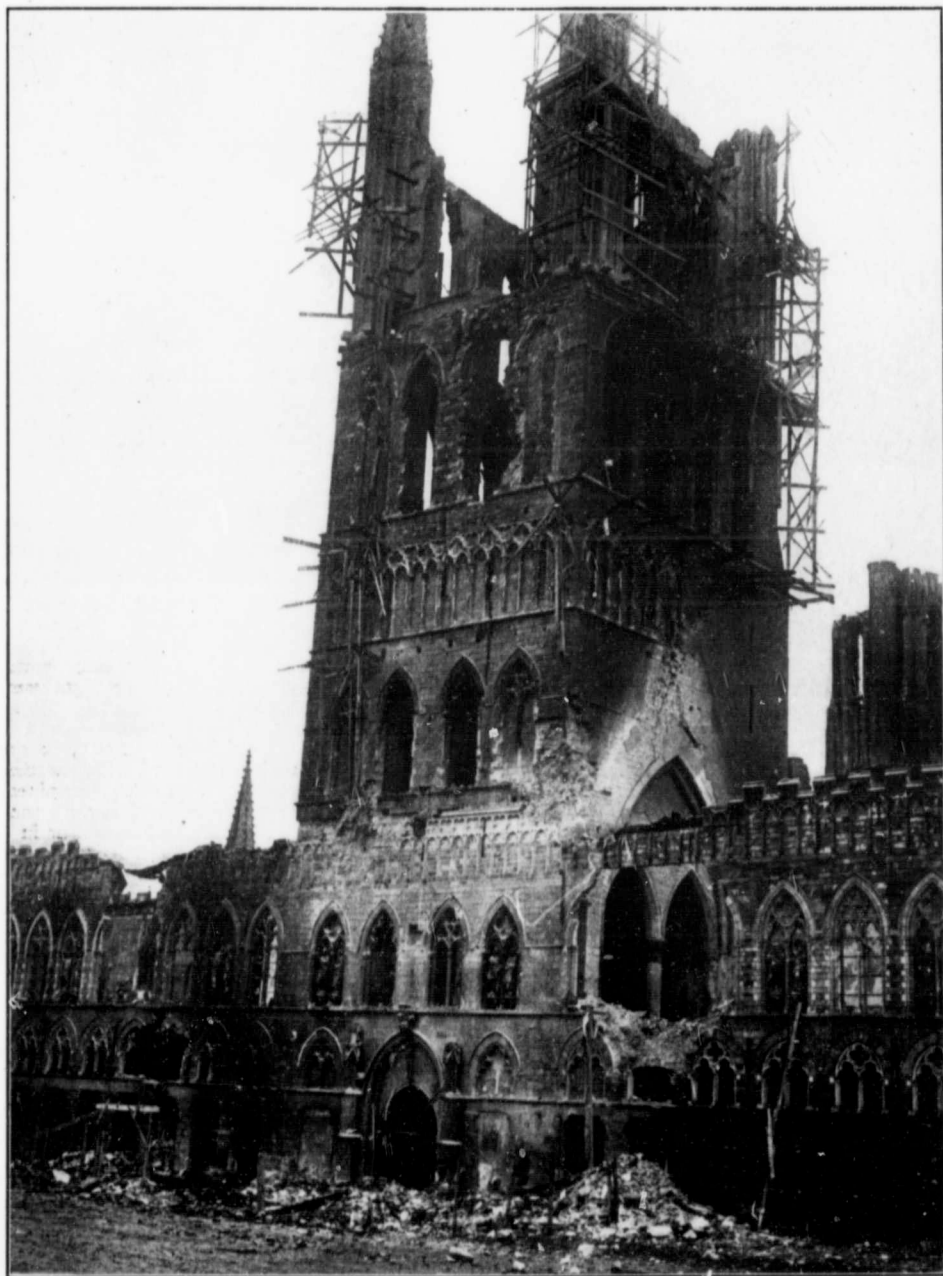
In London, the Official Press Bureau, on the 6th of October, took occasion to refute another "made-in-Germany" lie. Certain prominent Teutonic gentlemen—notably Professor Harnack—whether through mistaken enthusiasm, or in a deliberate attempt to discredit Britain through falsehood, had made allegations to the effect that Great Britain, with the intention of violating Belgian neutrality, had stored certain munitions of war at the French fortress of Maubeuge prior to the outbreak of hostilities. Characterizing such an absurdity as "absolutely untrue," the British statement continued:

"No decision to send British forces abroad was taken until after Germany had violated Belgian neutrality and Belgium had appealed for assistance. No British ammunition or stores had been placed at Maubeuge before these events. Any British ammunition or stores found at Maubeuge were sent there after and not before the outbreak of the war and the violation of Belgian territory by Germany."

In the face of so emphatic a denial, the theories of the worthy Professor and his friends—absurd in any case—were made doubly ridiculous.

When a German submarine, taking them unawares, torpedoed and sank the "Cressy," "Aboukir" and "Hogue," the feat was acclaimed as a

*Continued on page 372.*



BY ORDER OF THE KAISER.

The ruins of Ypres! By order of the Kaiser! The work of centuries reduced in one short day to a mass of broken masonry, as an act of revenge, by the War Lord's order. (Photo, News Illustrations.)

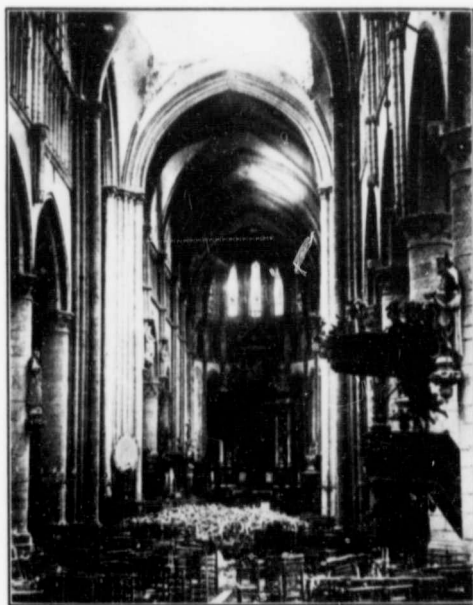
The interior  
the Germ  
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THE RUINS OF YPRES.

This photo was taken in Ypres, and shows the flames and smoke from the Cathedral, the Cloth Hall, and the Market Hall, which were set on fire by the German shells. (Photo, News Illustrations.)



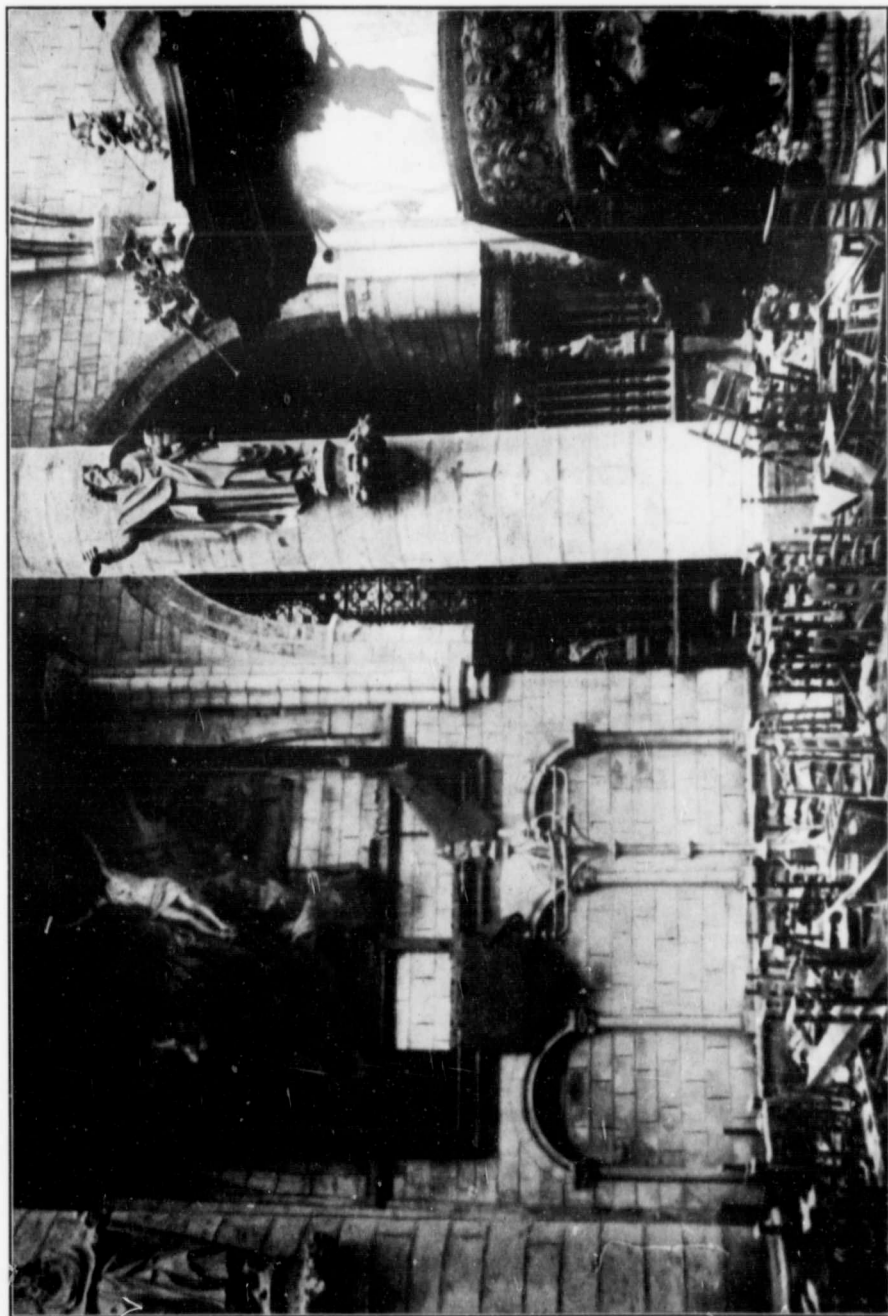
THE RUINS OF YPRES.

The interior of the Cathedral at Ypres after it had been shelled by the Germans. The masonry of the roof lies in heaps in the choir of the Cathedral. (Photo, News Illustrations.)



THE RUINS OF YPRES.

Another remarkable picture taken in Ypres, giving an idea of the terrible fire which added to the work of destruction caused by the German shells and bombs. (Photo, News Illustrations.)



THE RUINS OF YPRES.  
The Cathedral at Ypres was terribly damaged by the German shells and the fire which they caused. Note the picture, in the nave of the Cathedral, which is rent and torn.  
(Photo, News Illustrations.)



THE RUINS OF YPRES.

The Cathedral at Ypres was terribly damaged by the German shells and the fire which they caused.

(Photo, News Illustrations.)



"CONVALESCENT."  
A group of Britain's dusky warriors enjoying the sunshine at the Duchesse of Westminster's War Hospital at Le Touquet. This hospital has been officially recognized as one of the best in France. (Photo, Topical)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 367.

great one. Nor was the tribute undeserved. To the successful Teutons, the British "jackies" themselves "took off their hats"—mentally registering, the while, a wish to "meet them again." On the other hand the British submarines had not been idle. Their feats—while less "wholesale" in character, and therefore less spectacular—were, if anything, even more daring. To the ordinary hazards of submarine operations were added the dangers of working right under the very nose of the enemy—this being rendered necessary by the

"stay-at-home" policy of Von Tirpitz' fleet.

On the 6th of October, another successful raid was carried out by the British submarine E9, under Lieut.-Commander Max K. Horton, who, by sinking the German cruiser "Hela" off Heligoland, on September 13, had already won distinction for himself and his craft.

In clear weather, and with the sea calm, the E9 made a bold dash from Harwich to the mouth of the River Ems. Here, some sixty or seventy miles from Wilhelmshaven, and seven miles off the coast of Schiermonnikoog, a Dutch island, an encounter took place. From the shore the affair was clearly visible and was witnessed by the Dutch Coast Guards.

Before the mouth of the Ems the German Torpedo-boat Destroyer S.126 was patrolling. Suddenly,



ANOTHER HERO.

Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee, commander of the British Squadron in the South Atlantic, recently victorious in the engagement off the Falkland Islands. (Photo, Central News.)

bow, a great column of water shot up into the air. Almost immediately the vessel heeled over, and within three minutes disappeared beneath the surface.

Said one of the members of the E9's crew, on his return to Harwich, after relating how the destroyer was sighted:

"Our commander was at the periscope, and ordered the forward tubes to be fired. I fired the first tube, but could not say whether my missile hit or not. We then rose to the surface, and the commander said, 'Look at her; the beggar is going down.'

"Then we saw the German rise perpendicularly, and her men rushed to her stern, and dived into the water. Our submarine was then submerged again, and made her way back to Harwich."

The S.126 was built in 1904-5. Her length was 210 feet and she carried three small guns and three torpedo tubes. Of her crew of fifty men, the majority, according to an official Berlin report, were saved, a German cruiser and torpedo boat, which at the time of the occurrence were in the vicinity, having promptly rushed to the rescue of the drowning sailors.

The Navy Department at Tokio on the same day announced the landing of Japanese sailors on German territory in the South Seas, stating:

"The Japanese squadron delegated to destroy the German fleet in the South Seas, has landed bluejackets on Jaluit Island, the seat of Government in the Marshall Archipelago, which was annexed by Germany in 1886."

The report told of the seizure of arms and munitions of war, and of the release of a British steamer held at the port.

In Belgium, the War Lord might be achieving certain success, but, in the aggregate, troubles were gathering in thick clouds about his head, and the devastation of the little Kingdom could hardly compensate him for the losses which, in one way or another, he daily sustained.

**OCTOBER 7.**— The alarm occasioned on the previous evening by the announcement in Antwerp of the imminence of a bombardment, was scarcely allayed by the appearance, on the morning of the 7th, of a German officer, under a flag of truce.

Sent by his commander to give due notice of the bombardment shortly to be commenced, he delivered his message and went his way. The observance of the Hague rules in this regard was a courtesy hardly to be expected from the besiegers, in the light of recent events, but one for which due credit must be accorded them. Whether the situation could not be made more favourable for the enemy by again overstepping the bounds of legitimate warfare; whether the Germans hoped to occupy a city, not a heap of ruins; or whether it was merely that the commander was a gentleman, are questions interesting to speculate upon, and which naturally rise in one's mind. Let us in this case, however, exercise a spirit of charity, and incline towards the latter view. For, after all, among the many rogues and dishonourable "curs" occupying high places in the ranks of our opponent, there are also to be found men of outstanding honour, courage and nobility of character, caught in the web of militarism and imbued since early life with militaristic traditions and ideals, but who must nevertheless command our respect as honourable and worthy foes.

Be this as it may, the die was cast as far as Antwerp was concerned. Come what might—ruin, desolation, fire or sword—she would resist to the last. Already an exodus of citizens and refugees

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from outlying parts was under way, and word came of the removal to Ostend of the Belgian Government.

Outside the city, on the firing line, the fighting was of a most desperate character. The Belgian troops continued to display the most admirable courage.

No less heroic was the work of the British sailors and marines. During the final week of the attack, in response to the request of the Belgian Government, a marine brigade and two naval brigades had been rushed to the assistance of the defenders. They were commanded by General Paris, R.M.A., and, aided by some heavy naval guns which formed part of their equipment, rendered most valuable services. In connection with the late arrival of this force, the Admiralty subsequently came in for certain criticism, the soundness of which is open to question. Certain it is that the appeal of the Belgian Government could not in decency have been disregarded, and that, once on the spot, the "tars" proved most welcome reinforcements. Of the part played by these men, the Admiralty later stated:

"The behaviour of the Royal Marines and naval brigades in the trenches and on the field was praiseworthy in a high degree, and remarkable in units so newly formed; and, owing to the protection of the entrenchments, the losses, in spite of the severity of the fire, are probably less than 300 out of a total force of 8,000."

Despite the most determined efforts on the part of Belgians and British alike, the German forces, like the coils of a great snake, were winding themselves around their prey.

October 7, in France, was a day of comparative quiet. No change was noted on the extreme right; from Pont-à-Mousson to Compeigne some slight progress was reported, especially in the Woivre district, where an attempt to arrest the French advance was frustrated; while from Compeigne northwards the Allies' left wing still forged ahead. It now extended into the region between Lens, nine miles to the northeast of Arras, and La Bassee, some thirteen miles to the southeast of Lille. Considerable bodies of cavalry were in contact with the German horsemen, who, on the previous day had been reported in the neighbourhood of Lille. These cavalry encounters extending still further north, lengthened the battle line to the region of Armentieres, and virtually to the Belgian frontier.

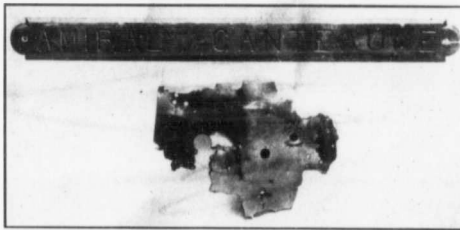
From Russia, word came that the victory of Augustowo, when the passage of the River Niemen had been disputed to such good purpose by the Czar's troops, was being successfully followed up, to the further discomfiture and loss of the enemy.

**OCTOBER 8.**— For one who cares to philosophize, dawn, like time, is a subject not without interest. As time, in its inflexible march, hurries not for those who find it long, nor lingers for those who find it all too fleeting, so the coming of dawn brings to the sad

and to the joyful, to the care-free and to the burdened alike, a new day—fraught for some with possibilities arousing pleasurable anticipation, for others with potentialities, from facing which the heart shrinks with horror and with chilling dread. Singularly enough, it is only when in the depths of some great experience that the consciousness of this "impartiality" strikes one fully.

Dawn at Antwerp on the morning of the 8th of October raised the curtain of night on a scene of immense tragedy. The same sun which, elsewhere, shone on peaceful fields and happy tranquil homes, lighted up in the doomed city the streets wherein a great and terrible human drama was being enacted.

The night had been one of horror. Those who, on the previous day, had been inclined to discount the alarming rumours which passed from mouth to mouth, and who had watched, with a measure of scorn, the hurried flight of the more timid, now realized their folly. The bombardment was on at last. A few shells were thrown into the city during the evening of the 7th, but it was not until midnight that the bombardment commenced in earnest. Perhaps the experience related by the American



"AMIRAL GANTEAUME" TORPEDOED.

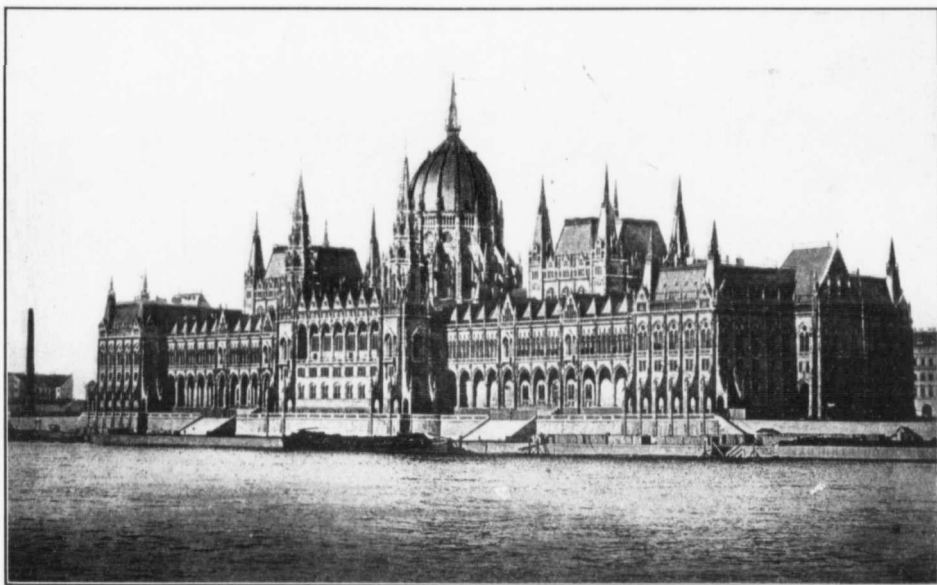
Examination of one of the damaged lifeboats of the "Amiral Ganteaume" (the French passenger steamer which sank while on passage from Calais to Havre, with upwards of 2,000 unarmed refugees) has led to the discovery of a fragment of a German torpedo. The Secretary of the British Admiralty states: "The presence of this fragment proves that the vessel was torpedoed by a German submarine." This official photo shows the fragment of torpedo. Above it is the wooden nameplate of the damaged lifeboat. (Photo, Central News.)

Consul, who, with his family, escaped on the 8th to Ghent, is as illuminating a description as can be given of the attendant horrors.

"I did not realize until almost too late the horror which was coming," he said. "At eleven o'clock at night we were going to bed, when we were aroused by frightful noises in the air, reminding us of the previous visit of the zeppelins. Soon we realized that the bombardment had commenced, and then I had the most horrible experience of my whole life. I went with my family to the basement, and we crouched there all night, shells falling every few minutes. They came with a dreadful whistling sound, followed by a thunder-clap and the collapse of buildings.

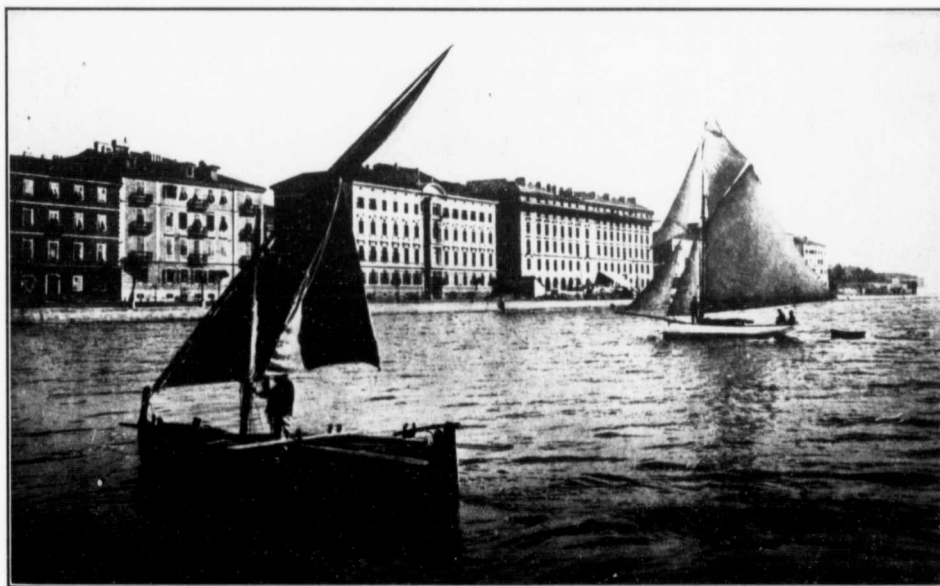
"Opposite the consulate is the home for old folk. The front was torn off by a shell. Some of the debris scattered over my house, and the rest fell on a two-storey building, crumpling it up entirely and setting it on fire. After this, another shell blew out the facade of a house lower down our street.

Continued on page 380.



BUDAPEST, CAPITAL OF HUNGARY.

This illustration shows the Parliament Buildings at Budapest, which have been the scene of many conferences, not of a very cheerful nature, since the war commenced. (Photo, Boston Photo News)



ZARA, CAPITAL OF DALMATIA, AUSTRIA.

An interesting and artistic photo showing the water front at Zara. Recent reports have told of the great suffering from hunger in this and other cities in Austria, owing to the war. (Photo, Boston Photo News)



**ON SENTRY GO—A LONELY VIGIL.**

This photo has just arrived from Northern France, and shows a sentry on duty "somewhere." A cold and bleak countryside evidently. (Photo, *News Illustrations*.)



**WITH OUR TROOPS IN SLEET AND SNOW.**

Cavalrymen cleaning their saddles and equipment during a fall of snow in Northern France. They had recently been relieved from the firing line. (Photo, *News Illustrations*.)



**COLD BUSINESS IN CHILLY WEATHER.**

Another photo of cavalrymen just returned from the front, cleaning up and putting harness and gear in order before taking their rest up in camp. (Photo, *News Illustrations*.)



**BREAKFAST, AND A WARM UP IN CAMP.**

A group of our men, some taking breakfast, some having a warm up beside the fire, in a Rest Camp in Northern France. They will soon be at the firing line again. (Photo, *News Illustrations*.)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 373.*

"As dawn came we were wearied out, and my family having utterly collapsed from fright and strain, we decided to endeavour to leave the city."

Exposed to bursting shells, the Consul managed in safety, but with much difficulty, to make his escape in his motor car. His narrative continued:

"With my wife, daughter, two servants and a refugee child, I crossed the pontoon bridge over the Scheldt. It took us four hours to do this, the street being a seething mass of every kind of vehicle, and a dense crowd of refugees. The scene was dreadful, everybody being moved by the same desire to get away from the awful horror. From Antwerp the roads were a mass of fleeing humanity.

"As we left we saw vast volumes of smoke rising from the city from burning buildings and blazing petroleum tanks."

If this escape in an automobile was a thing of difficulty and terror, how infinitely worse was the condition of those afoot—particularly for the aged, the infirm and those of tender years. The one bright feature of the whole affair was the fact that the road to Ghent, however blocked with traffic, was open, and presented a medium of escape. Had this line, too, been held by the enemy, the pitiable condition of the refugees would have been rendered still more terrible.

The conditions in the city itself in the early afternoon of Thursday, October 8, were thus described by one eye-witness.

"Through the courtesy of a Belgian officer," he said, "I was able to ascend to the roof of the cathedral, and from that point of vantage I looked down upon the scene in the city. All the southern portion of Antwerp appeared to be a desolate ruin. Whole streets were ablaze, and flames were rising in the air to a height of twenty or thirty feet."

Speaking of the great oil tanks, on the opposite side of the Scheldt, which had been set on fire, he continued:

"A huge thick volume of black smoke was ascending some two hundred feet into the air. The oil had been burning furiously for several hours, and the whole neighbourhood was enveloped in a mist of smoke.

"In all directions were fire and flame and oil-laden smoke. It was like a bit of Gustave Dore's idea of the Infernal Regions. From time to time great tongues of flame shot out of the tanks, and in this way the flames greedily licked the sides of other tanks, the conflagration spreading. How long this particular fire raged I cannot say, for I saw neither the beginning nor the end of it, but, while I watched its progress, it seemed to represent the limit of what a fire was capable of."

It was now realized that nothing could save Antwerp.

"The defence," to quote from the report of the British Admiralty, "could have been maintained for a longer period, but not long enough to allow of adequate forces being sent for their relief, without prejudice to the main strategic situation."

In view of this, and also owing to the line of communication near Lokeren being seriously threatened, the Belgian and British leaders decided to evacuate the city.

To General De Guise, an offer was made by the British to cover the retreat, but this, though appreciated, was not accepted. The Belgian leader wished a division of his own troops to fulfil this office, and as a consequence the British Brigades were the last but one of the divisions to leave the doomed city.

To the lot of the exhausted troops now fell the task of executing an orderly retreat. This was, on the whole, admirably accomplished. None of the heavy guns and the naval armoured trains



H. R. H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT INSPECTS CANADA'S SECOND CONTINGENT.

H.R.H. has, from the first, taken a keen interest in Canada's overseas forces. He is here seen inspecting the 24th battalion on the Champ-de-Mars, Montreal. In front of the Duke is Col. Gunn, of the 24th, behind him is Col. E. W. Wilson, C.O. No. 4 Military District, Major Duff, A.D.C., who was recently invalided from the Belgian trenches, and Col. Dennison, A.G. (Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren.)

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were left behind. A misfortune, however, overtook the British naval force. A long night march brought them to St. Gilles, where they entrained, and from Ghent onwards they and their Belgian comrades-in-arms were covered in their retirement by strong British reinforcements. Unfortunately, through some combination of circumstances, in which a German attack north of Lokeren played a part, some 2,000 officers and men of the first Naval Brigade, and a division of Belgian infantry, entered Dutch territory in the neighbourhood of Hulst and were interned.

The most modern branch of naval service now won distinction—the Flying Corps—when Lieutenant R. L. G. Marix, with Squadron Commander Spencer Grey and Lieutenant S. V. Sippe, successfully raided an airship shed at Dusseldorf on the afternoon of October 8. Lieutenant Marix's feat was indeed a daring one. Flying at a great height to escape the constant fire of the enemy, he located the zeppelin shed, and, in the face of a tremendous fusillade, executed a "spiral dive" until within some five hundred feet of his object. From this height he dropped two bombs, and "flames five hundred feet high were seen within thirty seconds. The roof of the shed was also observed to collapse. Lieutenant Marix's machine was under heavy fire from rifles and mitrailleuses, and was five times hit."

The three officers all returned to their base in safety, although their aeroplanes were lost, after having thus penetrated over one hundred miles into hostile territory and accomplished the object of their raid.

On both the French and Russian battle lines the reports told of fighting of a more or less violent nature, but with little actual loss or gain of ground.

**OCTOBER 9.**— By night the glare of innumerable fires, visible for miles throughout the countryside; by day the tongue-like flames darting out from burning buildings, and a dense pall of smoke over the city; at all times the hideous din of the bombardment, the shriek of hurtling shells, the noise of crumbling masonry and falling walls. To one not actually a witness of the scene the horror of it all transcends the power of the imagination.

How to get away from this raging inferno was the sole thought in the minds of those remaining in the stricken city of Antwerp. For the morning of Friday, October 9, saw many unfortunates still left behind and now, at the "eleventh hour" attempting flight. On foot, by automobile, in vehicles of all kinds, and by boat to Flushing, the panic-stricken inhabitants fled from the doomed city.

The tales of the suffering and misery of these poor people are harrowing indeed. Like huddled frightened sheep, in confusion, and disorder, the refugees flocked along the road to safety. "Children," we are told, "lost their parents and moved on with the endless stream, crying bitterly. Mothers, half mad from fear and anxiety, asked for their lost ones and were driven almost to desperation by a negative answer." Of the thousands a large majority had little or no money, and despite the kindness shown them, this added to their difficulties and hardships in reaching the Dutch frontier, towards which many fled, or other havens of safety.

"The towns," according to one authority, "were crowded with pitiful wanderers begging for crusts of bread. They were simply starving, and householders did what they could to help, cottagers giving

*Continued on page 387*



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS INSPECTS CANADA'S SECOND CONTINGENT.

The inspection of the men of the 24th battalion on the Champ-de-Mars, Montreal, on the 17th of December, 1914, by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, was most thorough. The Governor-General spoke personally to a large number of the men.

(Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren.)



#### ENGLISH WOMEN SEEK TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY.

With Lady French, wife of Field Marshal Sir John French, and Lady Castlereagh as Colonels-in-Chief, a Women's Volunteer Force has been organized in England, with headquarters at Old Bedford College, London. Drilling is now in full swing, and when the corps is fully trained it is the intention to offer it to the War Office. Photo shows signalling instruction. (Photo, Central Press)

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The Kaiser showed a keen interest in the work of the women, and the British Government has taken steps to encourage them. The women are to be trained in the use of arms, and in the operation of motor cars, and in the work of the ambulance corps. It is the intention to offer them to the War Office when they are fully trained. The women are to be organized into battalions, and will be under the command of officers of the Regular Army. The women are to be trained in the use of arms, and in the operation of motor cars, and in the work of the ambulance corps. It is the intention to offer them to the War Office when they are fully trained. The women are to be organized into battalions, and will be under the command of officers of the Regular Army.

## Women's Volunteer Reserve.

**A**N organization has recently been formed in England, which is known as the Women's Volunteer Reserve. We have secured photos showing the uniform which is worn by the Volunteers, and also other pictures of interest.

The primary object of the Women's Volunteer Reserve is to organise a disciplined body of women, skilled in First Aid, cooking, signalling, the carrying of despatches, riding, driving, management of horses and marksmanship. In short a body that would be ready to act and able to act in any emergency.

The fear has been expressed by some that if women are taught the use of a rifle, this might encourage them in individual sniping at the enemy; and they surmise that if such sniping on the part of non-combatants takes place, the same dastardly reprisals may occur as have followed such alleged acts in Belgium. Nothing could be more erroneous; the effect of such training will in reality act rather as a deterrent than an incentive. *In the first place, these women will only be armed by the Government in the event of their services being accepted.* In the second place, the sense of discipline inculcated will militate against individual and unauthorised action such as is liable to occur in moments of danger and excitement among unorganised persons. One cannot help thinking how different things might have been in Belgium had there been a body of trained women, however small, in each town and village, to collect together and defend the helpless members of their own sex.

It is also proposed to enrol qualified motorists, motor cyclists, and aviators.

When the Corps is fully trained, the intention is to offer it to the War Office. In any case, whether or not the services of the Corps are accepted by the Government, disciplined co-operation amongst women is of undeniable good, both to themselves and to the community at large.

It is intended to form the Local Branches into Recreation Clubs for the Members, so as to combine a certain amount of healthy exercise, and social intercourse, with the more strenuous work of the Women's Volunteer Reserve. These Clubs should be a real boon to the women whose time during the week is occupied in shops or offices and who have no means of getting out into the country for fresh air.

It has been suggested that each of the many Women's Clubs in London and the Country should form a Company of their own.

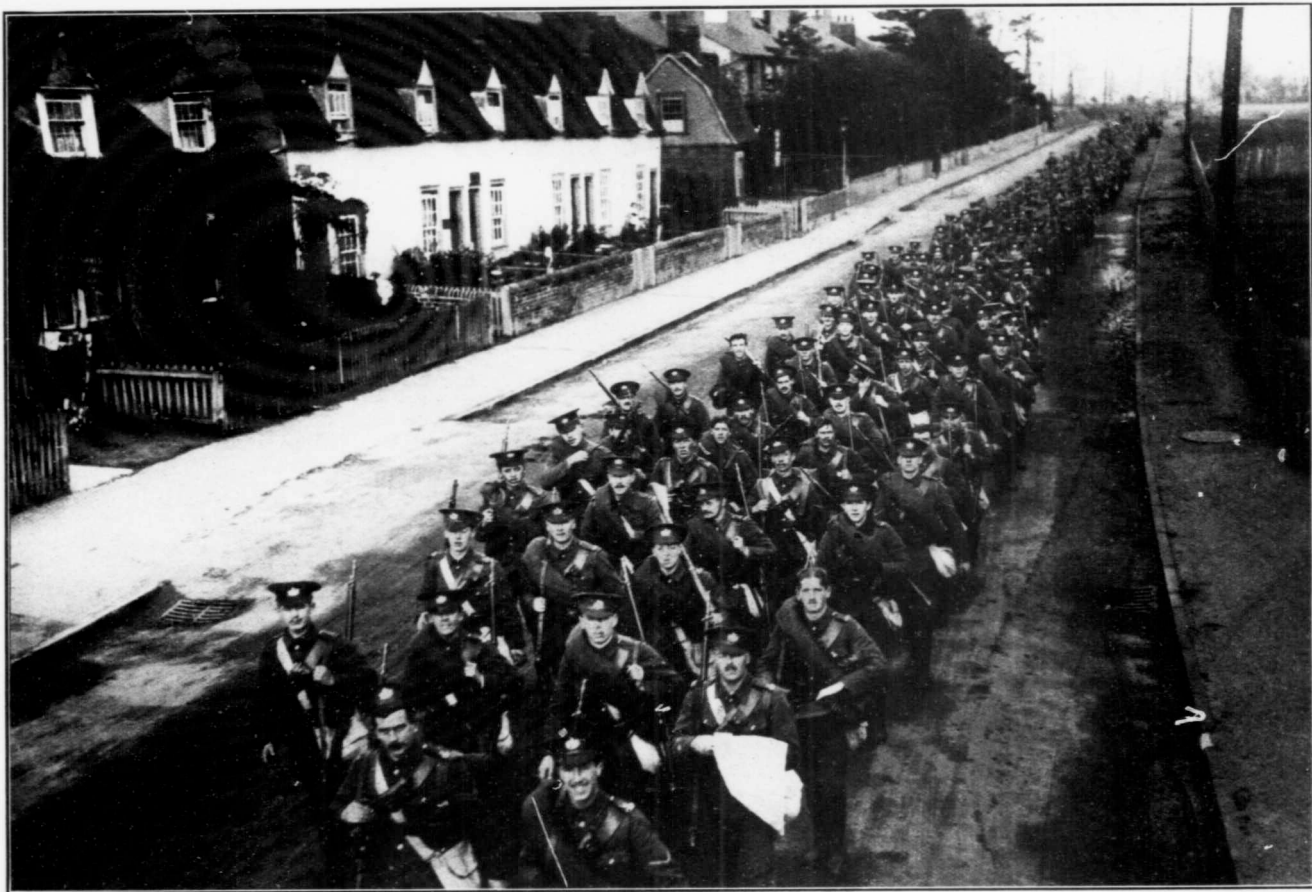
The age limit of recruits is 18 to 40, and a medical examination by one of the Hon. Medical Officers of the Corps has to be passed. The entrance fee is 1/-.



THE "WOMEN'S" ARMY  
A "Sergeant" of the Women's Volunteer Reserve handing a despatch to a "Major." (Photo, Central News.)



THE "WOMEN'S" ARMY  
This illustration shows equipment pack adopted for use by the Women's Volunteer Reserve. (Photo, Central News.)



WITH THE TERRITORIALS IN ESSEX  
"Terriers" returning after a morning at the ranges near Chelmsford. The soldiers are mostly billeted in the different villages, and the photo shows some of the pretty little cottages where the soldier lads are welcomed and hospitably entertained. (Photo "Topical" War Service)



## The Recruit.



He was ragged—down at heel,  
 And he hadn't had a meal—  
 Or a wash I shouldn't think for quite a year!  
 But his step was firm and light,  
 And his eyes were clear and bright,  
 Though he may have had a drop or two of beer.

When I asked him to enlist,  
 He just shook his dirty fist,  
 And said: "Let me at them Germans, and I'll show  
 What a London lad can do!"  
 (He was only nineteen, too.)  
 So I sent him in to pass the P.M.O.

And he passed, too, right enough—  
 He was just as hard and tough  
 As a "pug" who'd been in training for a fight!  
 He was rough-haired and square-jawed,  
 As he said: "So 'elp me Gawd,"  
 With the Bible in his hand, last Friday night.

He was marched off yesterday  
 With his four and threepence pay,  
 And a half-smoked "Woodbine" stuck behind his ear;  
 Stepping out, too, square and proud,  
 While an apathetic crowd  
 Of wasters tried to raise a feeble cheer.

But he didn't know or care  
 Who these bally blighters were—  
 He was going to be in The Firing Line.  
 With his face hard-drawn and set  
 He re-lit his cigarette—  
 While the other chaps were singing "Auld Lang Syne."

He has gone, as oft before  
 Men have gone away to war,  
 With only one great purpose in his mind:  
 To go abroad and fight  
 For his King, with all his might,  
 And to shame the Wasters who have stayed behind.

"APOSTROPHE." in *John Bull*.

where the soldier is are welcomed and hospitably entertained. The more a soldier is



COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF NO. 1 ADVANCE DEPOT, WITH 1ST CANADIAN CONTINGENT.  
 Back Row (left to right.) Lieut. C. N. Shanley, Lieut. C. G. Cowan, Capt. R. B. Smith, Lieut. E. A. Dyer.  
 Seated (left to right.) Major E. C. Thurston, Colonel W. Hendrie and Capt. W. Van Allen.  
 (Photo, "Topical")



COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA, WITH THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT.  
 Many people throughout Canada will recognize friends and acquaintances in this group. Colonel F. O. W. Loomis  
 is seen seated in the centre of the group.

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## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 381.

to their utmost out of their meagre larders, but still there was a cry for food."

Telling of the escape of a party of journalists by motor boat down the Scheldt to Flushing, a correspondent states:—

"At a good ten knots we raced down the river. In twenty-five minutes we had reached the bend which blotted Antwerp from view. As we rounded the corner I turned for a last glimpse of the disappearing city. The cathedral was still standing, its tower dominating surroundings. Here and there volumes of smoke were rising to the sky. It took us twelve hours to get to Flushing. On either side of the river thousands of refugees were fleeing from the invaders. They swarmed along the banks in continuous lines, a vast pilgrimage of the hopeless, many laden with household possessions, which they had been able to gather at almost a moment's notice. Numbers were empty-handed and burdened at that in dragging their weary bodies along the miles which seemed never ending. It was a heart-rending spectacle. Infinite pity must go out to those broken victims of war, bowed veterans driven from home, going they know not where; women with their crying children, famished for lack of food, all, or nearly all, leaving behind men folk who are still fighting their country's battle, or mourning the loss of loved ones who had already sacrificed their lives."

To those remaining in Antwerp the conditions obtaining in Brussels were not reassuring. Under German occupation the ancient Belgian capital and its suburbs, forming the civil community known as the "Brussels agglomeration" was enduring much suffering and privation, and on the 9th of October a protest filed in Washington by the Belgian Foreign Office stated:

"The civil authorities of the Brussels agglomeration inform the Government that Brussels faces famine. Violating once more the rights of mankind, and, namely, Article 43 of the fourth convention of The Hague, the German army, after having taken away from the population an important part of its resources, is getting ready to let it starve. The same information is coming from Namur and Luxembourg.

"The Belgian Government protests with the utmost indignation against this revolting act of barbarism, and brings it to the knowledge and the appreciation of the civilized nations."

That Antwerp was to share Brussel's fate seemed evident. The last act of the tragedy was about to be enacted. The fall of Antwerp was at hand.

All the determination and heroism of the defenders, the sacrifice of individual interests, the flooding of much valuable land around Lierre to impede the progress of the enemy, had been in vain, and it remained for the Belgian garrison to evacuate the town, after first destroying the remaining defences.

The afternoon of the 9th saw the German soldiers in the streets of Antwerp and by 11 o'clock

the next morning, according to their own official reports, the few forts which still "showed fight" were silenced and the invaders were in complete possession of the city and fortress. If they expected to capture many of King Albert's troops however, they were disappointed, for, with their arms and munitions of war, there were very few who had not made good their escape.

Of operations in France, the official announcement on the 9th stated:—"The general situation has undergone no important change."

Reports from Bosnia told of the arrival of Montenegrin troops before the fortifications surrounding the city of Serajevo, despite which, Austrian statements contained constant reference to an apparently interminable series of "satisfactory developments" and "sweeping victories" on every hand. In consistent fabrication the Austrian official reports were now by far outdistancing those of her ally, Germany, whose early campaign of lies concerning military and naval developments had undergone a noticeable modification, attributable, possibly, to the fact that it is impossible to "fool all the people all the time," and the publication of false reports which cannot be substantiated will inevitably, sooner or later, rouse indignation and protest from those they are designed to deceive.

For a long time Turkey's attitude had been a topic of much interest and speculation. On more than one occasion her entrance into the war had been mooted, but Great Britain's frank declaration that such a move would be equivalent to signing her "death warrant" had apparently exercised a deterrent effect. Of late, however, uneasiness in this quarter had noticeably increased. Rumour had it that Turco-German officials were at work endeavouring to arouse antagonism against the Triple Entente, and moreover, that actual preparations for war were being rushed. In this case rumour was not so very far from the truth.

**OCTOBER 10.**— After the first shock occasioned by the news of the fall of Antwerp had passed, a question arose in the minds of the public as to the real value of the victory to the Germans.

As was but natural, Berlin attached not a little significance to the capture. In jubilation the bells rang out, and the press gave voice to curiously mixed expressions of joy and ravings at Britain. Stating that Germany's heart and soul was in the desire to destroy the power and prestige of England, the *Kölnische Zeitung* asserted:

"With the Belgian people we desire to be friends. They are the people who have been reduced. But regarding the English we have no regrets, or we shall have no peace in the world until the might of England is destroyed.

"At Antwerp we hope the Belgians have not suffered severely, and now their last bulwark has been levelled we trust that Germany will push on

Continued on page 388.

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 387.*

toward the Straits of Dover, where we shall be nearer the enemy we desire to fight."

Of the significance of Antwerp's fall the *Zeitung-am-Mattag* said:

"Englishmen know that the possession of Antwerp not only proves that Belgium is razed to the ground, but it means the possibility of setting an army corps of artillery free to reinforce the Germans in France and it is the key to the German possession of the Belgian sea coast.

"It is understood in London, as in Berlin, that a great and highly important blow has been struck against England. Unlimited value is attached to this victory which surpasses all other single achievements of the war and will probably lead to an entire change in the whole situation."

These statements, though doubtless making interesting reading for the subscribers of the sheets in question, were hardly substantiated by the facts. While recognizing that, morally, the victory would "have an effect, which cannot be denied, on public opinion," and would "remove a thorn in Germany's side, and set the besieging force free for other duties," the British Press attached little military significance to it. As a point from which to conduct operations Antwerp might prove of value, but as a naval base it was impossible. The violation of the neutrality of Holland, which was involved by the use of the River Scheldt, stood in the way; the British Navy constituted another obstacle in the path of this persistently rumoured move. German ambition might disregard Dutch neutrality, but the activity of the British Navy constituted a more potent argument.

Even the releasing of a considerable force now that Antwerp was subjugated was in a measure offset by the similar release of the defenders. The Belgian Army, led by its heroic King, was still a factor to be reckoned with.

The first excitement of the German occupation being over, Antwerp had settled into comparative calm. While the usual "rigours" of German rule in Belgium were in evidence, it was apparent that the invaders were anxious that, as far as possible, the civil life of the population should continue undisturbed. To General von Beseler, the German commander, who with Prince August William, the Kaiser's fourth son, was decorated for his success at Antwerp, was credited the following proclamation:

"To the inhabitants of Antwerp: The German army has entered your city as conquerors. No citizen shall be harmed and your property shall be spared if you refrain from hostile acts. All refractoriness will be punished according to the laws of war, and may lead to the demolition of your beautiful city."

The reference to the possible "demolition of your beautiful city," in the light of refugee's tales of the bombardment, seemed rather strange, but the reports of Antwerp having been reduced virtually to ruins were found to be much exaggerated. Many beautiful buildings, it is true, had suffered damage and, in some cases, destruction, but conditions on the whole were not as bad as had at first been feared. Fire had wrought considerable havoc and was still intermittently smouldering and breaking out into flames in various parts. German soldiers were busily employed endeavouring to extinguish these outbreaks, but the poor water supply—due to the effective firing of the besiegers during the bombardment—militated against these efforts. The city still contained many signs of the recent panic-stricken conditions—bundles of clothing and household goods dropped in the haste of getting away, and other evidences of the precipitous nature of the recent flight.

Already some refugees, attracted possibly by the desire to see how their homes had fared, or tempted by the conciliatory proclamations issued, were returning; shopkeepers were again removing the shutters from their doors and windows, and, amid the desolation so manifest on every hand, evidences of normality again began to appear. All of which formed an interesting sidelight on the adaptability of the average human being to whatever circumstances life may introduce him to.

But if to Antwerp had come a comparative restoration of calm, the condition of anxiety and desperation which had made of the city for the past two weeks or so a place of horror, had been transferred to Ostend. Here, as the crowds of pitiable refugees streamed in to the city and with trembling lips and pale faces recounted their experiences and told their tales of woe, a marked uneasiness disturbed the population.

"Will the Germans come to Ostend?" The question was on every tongue, and those whose means made possible the journey looked at one another and questioned whether after all English air might not be more salutary and English shores more hospitable just at this time.

Soon came the news of Antwerp's fall. It is scarce to be wondered at, then, that the appearance over the city of Ostend on Saturday, the 10th of October, of a hostile airship, sent through the city another shiver of apprehension, and seemed to the much harrassed crowds who watched its coming, the harbinger of further death and disaster.

In France, vigorous fighting at many points marked the progress of the Allied troops, and while few details of importance were noted, the War Office took occasion to state:

"The impression of the day is satisfactory."

*Continued on page 301 (part 17).*

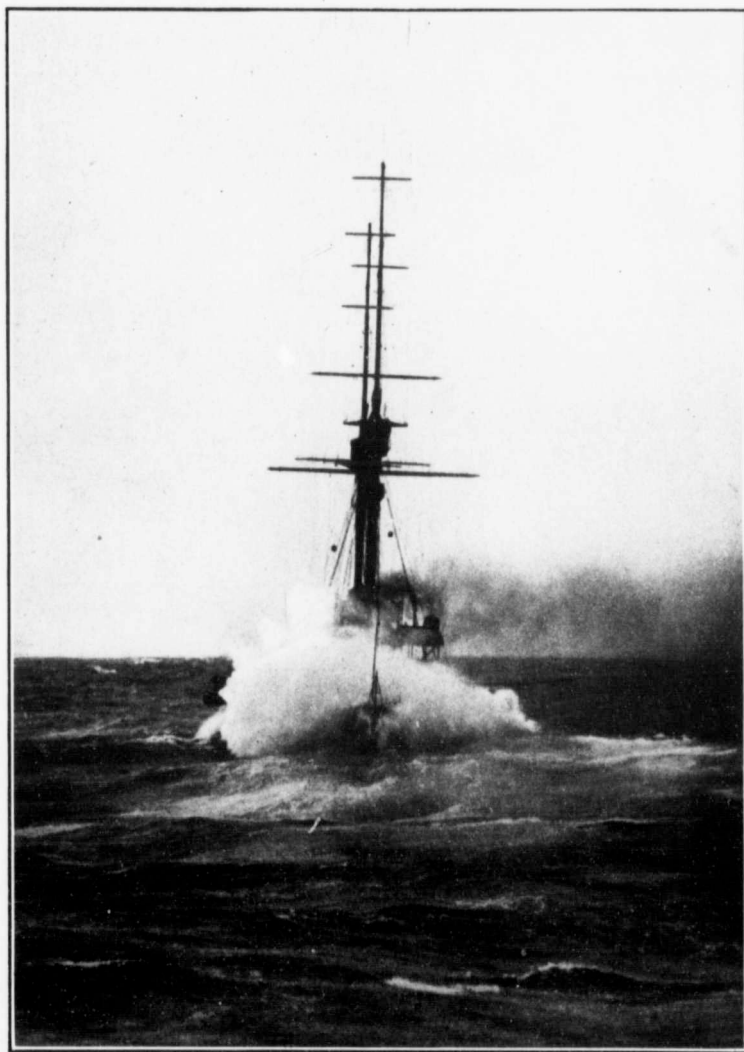




# The - War - Pictorial

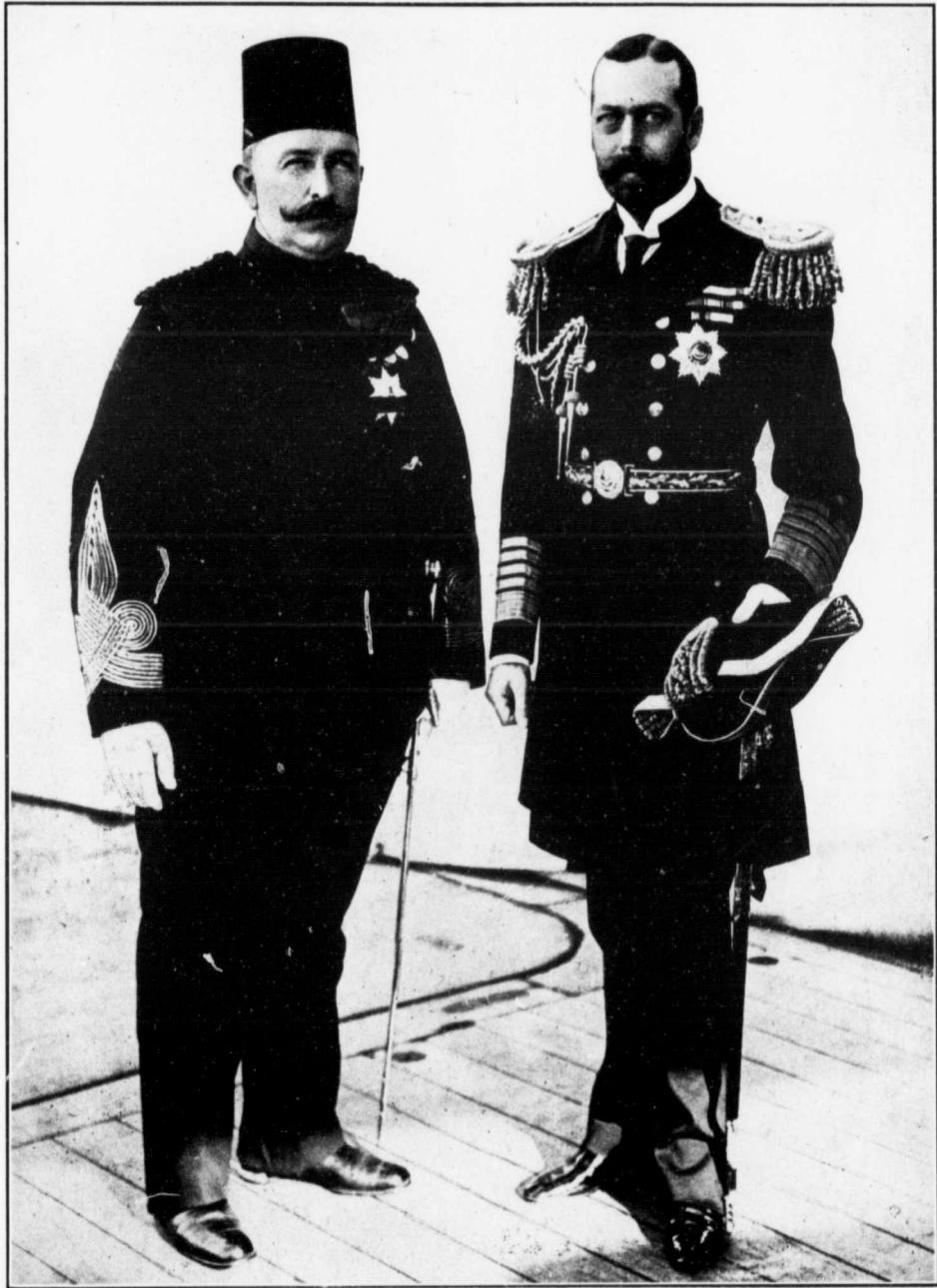
The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 17.

Printed and published at 1510 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal, Canada, 25th March, 1915, by DODD-SIMPSON PRESS, LIMITED



H.M.S. "NATAL" IN HEAVY SEA.

A striking photograph showing British warship encountering heavy seas. H.M.S. "Natal" is one of the Second Cruiser Squadron attached to the Home Fleet, which sank the German ships "Gneisenau," "Scharnhorst," "Nurnberg" and "Leipzig." (Photo, Central News.)

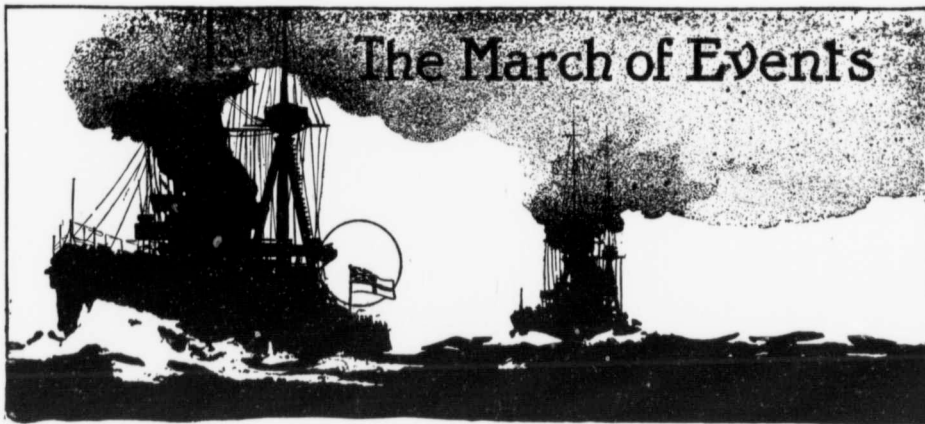


KING GEORGE AND THE KHEDIVE

This photo shows the Khedive of Egypt, who has thrown in his lot with the Germans, photographed with King George.  
(Photo, Central News)



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## *A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration*

### PART 17

*Continued from page 388 (Part 16)*



It was a striking tribute to the valour and efficiency of the British soldier that virtually from the time he first set foot on French soil, during the present conflict, it should fall to his lot to hold positions of great strategic importance—points where the pressure of the opposing forces was most strongly felt and the movements of the enemy bore the gravest menace.

If at the first this dependence on Sir John French's little force was based upon the traditional courage and steadiness of the British army, and upon the achievements of days long since gone by, not for long did it so remain. History and tradition gave place to actual experience. Amid the unprecedented horrors of the world's most terrible war, the British soldier was again tried and not found wanting. The spirit of his forbears was upon him, and the fact that "England never went to war with a cleaner conscience" lent new nerve and determination, became an added source of strength and power. More and more must the heart of every Briton thrill with pride as fuller details of the fighting come through. From that day in August when the first clash of British and German arms took place, the record written in the blood of the men of Sir John's army, has out-rivalled the most glorious pages of British history.

Even as the mention of Blenheim, of Waterloo, of Balaclava, and of a host of other names enshrined in history, brings to our hearts a strange glow, so, in an even greater measure, will the sound in our ears of Mons, and Compeigne, of the great struggles of the Marne and Aisne, and of battles subsequently fought, stir up in our imagination pictures—vivid

and thrilling—of heroic deeds, of lives laid down in noble sacrifice—throwing over the hideous tragedy of the battlefield a veil of solemn beauty.

At critical moments, it soon became evident, the British soldier could be depended upon to keep his head. And many were the moments when great coolness was required of him.

It was at a critical moment that the Expeditionary Force, conveyed across to France in safety through the efficient offices of the Royal Navy, took up their position at Mons, in a neighbourhood replete with historic interest, recalling, as it did, the great campaigns of the past, when, under Marlborough and Wellington, English blood had stained this very soil. Across Belgium from the hardly opened gateway of Liège came the Kaiser's legions, their hundreds of thousands thrusting aside the gallant Belgian army, and pouring on to where an insufficient force of French first line troops and reserves were now supported by some 80,000 British troops with 20,000 reserves. How much the wonderful fighting power of Sir John French's little army meant in the days that followed, when, outnumbered three to one, and at times more disproportionately still, the heart-breaking retiring movement was brilliantly carried out, the world to-day knows.

Again, when the German turning movement abruptly ceased, and the enemy's retreat from Paris began, it was the British force that, forgetful of exhaustion, drew from their French comrades warm plaudits for their splendid and effective initiative. When at the river Aisne the German retirement was checked, and natural obstacles and carefully prepared positions blocked the further advance of the Allies, the men of French's army held a hard position and showed that in

*Continued on page 394.*



WITH THE ALLIES IN THE FIELD.

An actual war photo showing a detachment of French soldiers, entrenched behind a turf wall, firing on the Germans. (Photo, Central News.)



FRENCH TROOPS IN ENCOUNTER WITH ENTRENCHED GERMANS.

French Chasseurs, of the Bicycle Brigade, firing at the Germans who are entrenched some distance to the right of the white building which is seen in the background. (Photo, Underwood.)





A SUSPECT BEING BROUGHT IN.

This photo shows a "Suspect" being brought through the French lines after having been discovered in a suspicious position near the French artillery. His head is enveloped in a sack so that he may not see anything within the lines. (Photo, Central News)



BRITAIN'S FIRST AID WOMEN IN ACTION.

The brave women attached to the British First Aid Yeomanry Corps have proved themselves conspicuously cool and courageous at their work. Two of them are here seen carrying in a wounded Belgian soldier to base hospital at the front. (Photo, Central News)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 391.*

patient endurance when progress was slow, no less than in the dash required in more suddenly decisive struggles, they were not lacking.

And now in the early days of October they were again to bear the brunt of the fighting. A new battle, even more desperate in its character than those preceding it, was about to commence.

The report of Field Marshall Sir John French, subsequently issued, throws light on the conditions leading up to the new situation.

"Our enemies," said Sir John, "elected at the commencement of the war to throw the weight of their forces against our armies in the west, and to detach only a comparatively weak force, composed of very few of the first line troops and several corps of second and third line troops, to stem the Russian advance until the western force could be completely defeated and overwhelmed. Their strength enabled them from the outset to throw greatly superior forces against us in the west. This precluded the possibility of our taking vigorous offensive action, even when miscalculations and mistakes were made by their commanders, opening up special opportunities for successful attacks and pursuit."

Citing the Battle of the Marne as one instance of this, General French continued:

"The role which our armies in the west have consequently been called upon to fulfill has been to occupy strong defensive positions, holding ground gained and inviting the enemy's attack, and to throw back these attacks, causing the enemy heavy losses in his retreat, and following up with powerful and successful counter-attacks to complete his discomfiture."

Obviously, then, in the face of these difficult conditions, to take advantage of the "special opportunities for successful attacks," which the

situation might from time to time afford, became a cardinal necessity.

Early in October it seemed to Sir John French that such an opportunity had arrived. Along the line of the Aisne stubborn fighting still continued, but the northward extension of the left wing, carried out by the French troops, had opened up new possibilities in the Ypres-Armentières district. Here the situation was quickly developing. The attempt of the allied line to outflank the enemy was being met by the foe with a similar attempt. Not content with having possessed themselves of Antwerp and with being within striking distance of Ostend, it became evident that a dash for the French coast, ostensibly with Calais as their objective, was the next move contemplated by the Germans.

While the northern flank was thus exposed to added pressure, the situation on the Aisne visibly improved. Weakened by continual attacks, the enemy was obliged to relax his efforts. Added to this was the fact that highly improved defensive positions gave to the allied troops a security hitherto lacking. Sir John French, ever a man of action, was impressed with the necessity of throwing all possible strength against the enemy in the north, thereby offsetting the increased pressure, and striking a sudden and effective blow which might outflank and throw back the German left wing. Who better to undertake the task, then, than the men under his own command—reinforced and eager for further service—and who, chafing at the enforced delay in aggressive operations, were just in the mood for an offensive move such as this? To transfer them from their present sphere to the new theatre of war was in a measure a delicate operation, but one that the weakened condition of the enemy rendered comparatively safe.

To General Joffre, Field Marshall French communicated his views. Results quickly followed, and arrangements for the withdrawal of the British troops were at once made.



CANADIANS IN TRAINING.

Entrenching formed a great part in the training of the Canadian soldiers in camp at Salisbury Plain. (Photo, Underwood.)

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**October 11.**— The new battle in the Ypres-Armentières district really began on the 11th of October, and the deeds with which it was replete, in the words of Sir John French, "will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters which will be found in the military history of our time."

Since October, 3, the Second British Cavalry Brigade, under Major-General Gough, had been moving northwards from Soissons, proceeding towards Hazebrouck and clearing a way for the two army corps which were advancing rapidly in a northeasterly direction, the 2nd, under Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, leading. For some days spirited encounters between the French and German cavalry had been in progress north of Arras, and, on the 11th, the first clash of the British horse with the enemy took place in the woods along the Bethune-Aire canal. The next great battle was on, and for a considerable time at least the struggle along the Aisne, and extending through the Argonne and Woevre districts to the extreme French left in Alsace and Lorraine, became of very secondary importance in the eyes of the public.

Certain of our British troops however, still remained in the "southern sphere," eagerly awaiting their turn to move northward, but "maintaining their pressure" on the enemy.

Word from the firing line threw interesting light on the wonderful spirits of the men who, in the midst of sudden death and untold horrors, retained their sense of humour, and lightened many a dreary hour with little bits of fun.

Speaking of shelters constructed by the troops to add to their comfort in the trenches, and scientifically arranged with regard to drainage and bomb-proof qualities, an official account stated:

"Considerable ingenuity has been exercised by the men in naming these shelters. Among the favourite designations are 'The Hotel Cecil,' 'The Ritz Hotel,' 'The Billet-doux,' and the 'Rue Dormir.' On the road barricades, also, are to be found boards bearing the notice: 'This way to the Prussians.'"

Once again, on Sunday, the 11th of October, Paris entertained unwelcome visitors, in the shape of two German airmen. The railway stations and other prominent points were singled out, and bombs dropped. Filled with some inflammable material, a bomb hit the Cathedral of Notre Dame, setting fire to the roof, but the blaze was quickly extinguished. While the material damage was comparatively slight, the raid took a heavy human toll. Four fatalities were reported, and some twenty persons were more or less seriously injured, of whom twelve were women or girls. Surely a pleasant Sabbath's sport for these most chivalrous and heroic airmen! A pennant dropped from one of the aircraft bore the inscription:

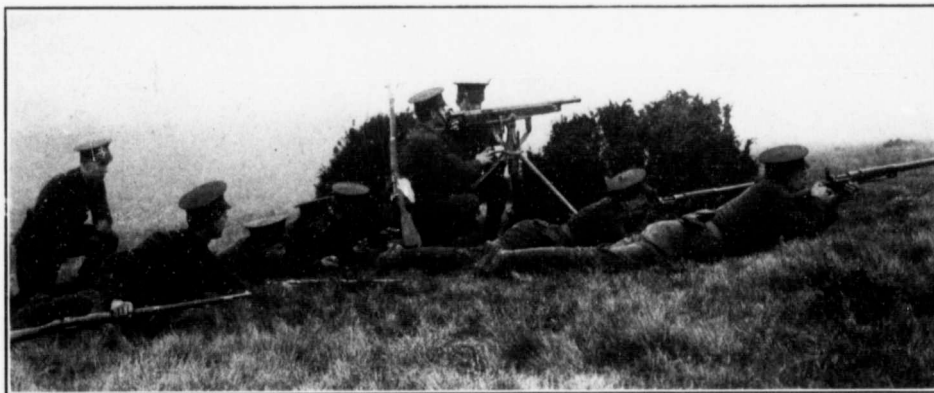
"We have taken Antwerp: your turn will soon come."

Meanwhile, reports from the Eastern frontier were not without interest. Following the repulse of the enemy at Augustowo and Suwalki, the right wing of the Czar's forces continued to exert pressure, in the face of which the Germans "profiting by their railroad communications were trying to hold the positions they occupied in the vicinity of the frontier."

On the Russian left, in Galicia, little change was noted. Przemsyl was still undergoing siege, and, while not "annihilated" or "completely routed and destroyed," as certain newspaper stories would lead the public to believe, the Austrian army was exercising a "prudently defensive" attitude.

In the centre, however, events of much interest and importance were shaping themselves. In Silesia, a concentration of German troops was under way. Reinforced, apparently, by at least an army corps from the western theatre of war, a strong offensive movement, with Warsaw as its objective, was threatening to somewhat upset the plans of the Russian General Staff. Without doubt, early developments might be looked for on the much-ravaged battlefields of Poland.

*Continued on page 400.*



CANADIANS IN TRAINING.

An interesting photo taken at Salisbury Plain showing Canadian quick firer gun section. (Photo Central News.)



BOMBARDMENT OF WEST HARTLEPOOL.

West Hartlepool suffered more than any of the other English towns in the recent East Coast raid. An idea of the damage caused by the German shells is here given. (Photo, Central News)

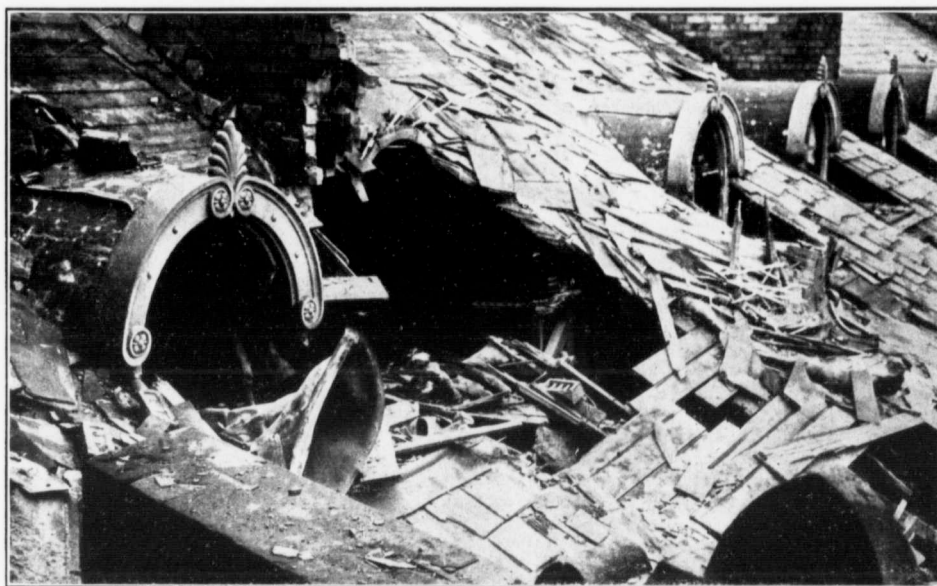
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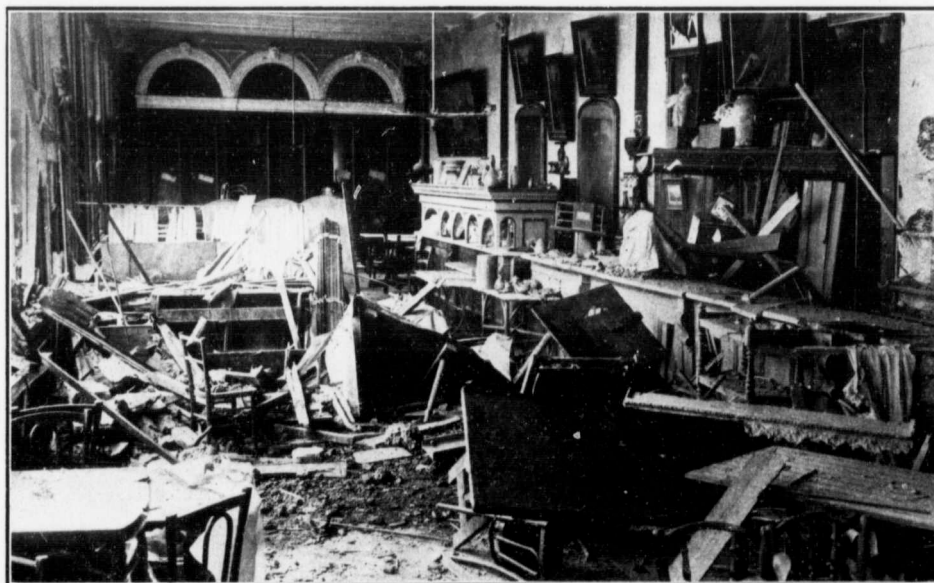
THE EAST COAST RAID

Much damage was done at Scarborough in the recent raid. The illustration shows a house wrecked by a German shell which also killed a woman and two children. (Photo, Central Press)



THE BOMBARDMENT OF SCARBOROUGH.

This photo shows the roof of the Grand Hotel at Scarborough after the bombardment. Several persons occupied these rooms only twenty minutes prior to the bombardment. (Photo, Central News.)



DAMAGE DONE AT SCARBOROUGH

The Grand Hotel at Scarborough suffered almost as much as any building. Here is seen the wrecked interior of the saloon. (Photo, Topical.)



THE BOMBARDMENT OF HARTLEPOOL

What one shell fired from a German warship did to a dwelling house in the old town of Hartlepool. Notice the hole in the wall where the shell entered. (Photo, Central News)



THE BOMBARDMENT OF SCARBOROUGH

In this shop in Prospect Road, Scarborough, in addition to the havoc wrought by the shell, the wife of the proprietor was killed. (Photo, Central News)

THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 395.

The somewhat spare record of Russian naval activity was now augmented by news of an encounter in the Baltic, in which considerable losses were experienced on both sides. Following an unsuccessful submarine attack, on the previous day, directed against the Russian cruiser "Admiral Makarov," while the latter had stopped to search a suspicious-looking craft flying the commercial flag of the Netherlands, a second attempt was made at 2 p.m. on the 11th of October. The Russian cruisers "Bayan" and "Pallada" were the victims this time singled out. In the face of a vigorous fire, the Germans succeeded in launching torpedoes against the "Pallada," an armoured cruiser of 7,900 tons, and sister ship to the "Bayan." A heavy explosion heralded the cruiser's doom. With a rapidity which afforded no time for rescue work, the "Pallada" foundered with her full complement of 568 men.

**October 12.**— "A proclamation declaring martial law throughout the Union will appear in a Gazette extraordinary to-day, Monday, October 12, 1914."

Such were the concluding words of a lengthy telegram signed "Buxton, Governor-General of South Africa," received on the 12th of October by the Colonial Secretary in London, and subsequently issued by the Official Press Bureau.

Once again the hand of the Kaiser could be discerned. German agents armed with honeyed words, and more potent still, with German gold, seeking, through certain sources of disaffection, to light the flame of revolt in British South Africa, had at last succeeded in kindling a blaze, small it is true, but none the less disturbing.

The story of the Maritz uprising is an interesting one.

"Ever since the resignation of General Beyers as Commandant-general of the Citizen's Force,"—so read the text of the Governor-General's message—"there have been indications that something was wrong with the forces in the Northwest Cape province which were placed under command of Lieutenant-Colonel S. G. Maritz. The Govern-

ment at once arranged to send Colonel Conrad Brits to take over the command from Lieutenant-Colonel Maritz."

On the 8th of October Colonel Brits sent word to Maritz to report to him at once. Couched in most insolent terms, the disaffected officer sent a message in reply stating, in effect, that he would "report to no one" and that Colonel Brits must himself come and take over the command. Major Bouwer, dispatched to perform this office, was, with his companions, made a prisoner by Maritz, but was subsequently released and sent back with an ultimatum from Maritz stating that "unless the Government guaranteed to him before ten o'clock Sunday morning, the 11th of October, that they would allow Generals Hertzog, De Wet, Beyers, Kemp and Mullter to meet him where he was, in order that he might receive instructions from them, he would forthwith make an attack on Colonel Brits' forces and proceed further to invade the Union."

The German influence back of this revolt was clearly evidenced. Major Bouwer reported, among other things, that the rebel colonel possessed German guns, held the rank of general commanding the German troops, and had augmented his own following of rebels with German forces. The official cable report further declared:

"Major Bouwer saw an agreement between Colonel Maritz and the Governor of German South-west Africa, guaranteeing the independence of the Union as a republic, ceding Walfish Bay and certain other portions of the Union to Germany, and undertaking that the Germans would invade the Union only on the invitation of Colonel Maritz.

"Major Bouwer was shown numerous telegrams and helio-messages, dating back to the beginning of September. Colonel Maritz boasted that he had ample guns, rifles, ammunition and money from the Germans, and that he would overrun the whole of South Africa."

The message added:

"In view of this state of affairs, the government is taking the most vigorous steps to stamp out the rebellion, and to inflict condign punishment on all rebels and traitors."

Promises of support and demands for mobilization, that swift punishment might be meted out,



Greeting card sent out from Salisbury Plain by the 1st Auto-Machine Gun Brigade, Canadian Expeditionary Force. The drawings are the work of Mr. Louis Keene.

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poured in upon Premier Botha from all sides, and even from unexpected quarters—a significant and cheering feature of the situation. The position of Maritz and his few hundred followers from the first looked hopeless, even though they were thus supported by Teutonic allies. The mention by Maritz of the names of five Boer generals was the most disturbing feature. Were they, too, implicated in the plot? The question was on every lip, though public opinion inclined strongly toward a negative answer. The attitude of the "Oms Land" in terming, in a vigorous article, the conduct of Maritz "most humiliating to Afrikanders," well expressed the general feeling, as did also its emphatic declaration regarding the five generals that, "People have a right to expect them to make declaration immediately and publicly, that they have nothing to do with the rebellion and revolt."

Yet, as time went on, and the silence remained unbroken by the men thus placed in an unenviable position, it was natural that certain uneasiness in regard to this should be felt.

Interest in the fighting on the continent, on the 12th of October was again focussed largely in the north. Slightly increased activity was noted on the allied right in Alsace and the Vosges; before Soissons some progress was made; but on the left wing, the preliminary stages of a new battle were under way.

From Soissons north to the region beyond Arras the French left extended. It was in this district—in a most difficult country, flat and monotonous, intersected by rivers and canals, containing large manufactories, and in the midst of a great coal mining district—that recent developments centered. It was here that the British soldier was called upon to perform unprecedented prodigies of valour, a call to which he nobly responded. The 12th of October saw the first British infantry on the scene. On the heels of the cavalry, who had been busily engaged in clearing the way, and were now occupied in rounding up stragglers and generally keeping a watchful eye on the enemy, came the 2nd Army Corps, composed of some of the finest units in the British Army, and commanded by their distinguished leader, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. Under instructions to hold the line of the Bethune-Aire canal, they took up their position on the French left, pivoting on Bethune. Subsequently the cavalry, having efficiently performed its other duties, fell in on the left of Smith-Dorrien's Corps, until the 3rd Army Corps, under General Pulteney, on detouring at St. Omer, took up this position, when the cavalry moved still further north to protect their flank.

The plan of operation, as drawn up by the British Commander and General Foch, in charge of the French troops north of Noyon, was soon under way. To the British was assigned the task of forcing the German right flank, and pushing their way northwards. Upon the success of this depended further developments. Should the enemy be compelled to evacuate his positions, a general advance would take place, the British right being directed on Lille, which would thus be the dividing line between the Allied armies. No general engage-

ment had so far heralded the opening of this tremendous contest, but for the men eager for opportunities for hard service and great achievement, after a long period of defensive work in the trenches, the future was full of promise.

Further north still, Belgium's "reign of terror" continued. Steadily the enemy advanced towards the coast. Ghent was already occupied, and before the invading hosts the inhabitants were fleeing along the road to Bruges and Ostend. The removal of the Belgian wounded was a difficult and heartrending task, and at the end it seemed that some must be left to the "tender mercies" of the Germans. The story of how the difficulty was overcome gives much credit to the American vice-consul, Mr. Van Hee, for his good offices in this connection. Stubborn fighting marked the operations leading up to the occupation of Ghent, but when hope of further successful resistance had fled, the town was abandoned, and the enemy entered unopposed.



"THE BABY KILLERS."  
Captain of the Emden: "Dirty work!"

—From *Punch*.

And all the while the sound of guns became ominously clearer and more distinct in the ears of the people of Ostend.

**October 13.**— "Our beloved country, so odiously betrayed and so odiously treated by one of the powers who had solemnly promised to guarantee her neutrality, has excited a growing admiration in the whole world. Thanks to the unity, the courage and the sagacity of all her children, she will remain worthy of this admiration, which sustains her to-day. To-morrow she will emerge from her trials greater and more beautiful, having suffered for justice and for the honour of civilization, Long live free and independent Belgium!"

Such was the conclusion of a lengthy proclamation posted in Ostend on the 13th of October, and giving advice of another removal of the seat of the Belgian Government—this time to Havre. Of the reasons for the removal it stated:

Continued on page 407.



BOMBARDMENT OF SEATON CAREW.

Many of the German shells fired in the recent East Coast raid failed to explode. Here are seen two 12-inch shells and two 6-inch shells which fell at Seaton Carew. The 12-inch shells are 2 ft. 8 ins. long, and demonstrate that the German ships were large ones. (Photo, Central News.)



CANADIANS IN TRAINING.

This photo of a Canadian quick firer gun section is especially interesting as showing so plainly the quick firer gun. (Photo, Central News.)



THE IRREPRESSIBLE CANADIANS

Whatever may be the weather conditions at the front the Canadians from Salisbury Plain should be able to put up with them, after the hard time they had in camp owing to the heavy rains. (Photo, Central News)



CANADIANS AT SALISBURY PLAIN

The roads at Salisbury Plain were a mass of mud, owing to the bad weather, and the heavy transports, etc., which passed over them. This photo shows the Highlanders' Baggage Team. (Photo, Central News)

## The Return of the Prodigal

I RODE into Pincher River on an August afternoon,  
The pinto's hoofs on the prairie drumming a drowsy tune,  
By the shacks and the Chinks' truck-gardens to the Athabasca saloon.

And a bunch of the boys was standing around by the old Scotch store,  
Standing and spitting and swearing by old Macallister's door—  
And the name on their lips was Britain—the word that they spoke was War.

War! . . . Do you think I waited to talk about wrong or right  
When I knew my own old country was up to the neck in a fight?  
I said, "So long!"—and I beat it—"I'm hitting the trail to-night."

I wasn't long at my packing, I hadn't much time to dress,  
And the cash I had at disposal was a ten-spot—more or less;  
So I didn't wait for my ticket; I booked by the Hobo's Express.

I rode the bumpers at night-time; I beat the ties in the day;  
Stealing a ride and bumming a ride all of the blooming way,  
And—I left the First Contingent drilling at Valcartier!

I didn't cross in a liner (I hadn't my passage by me!);  
I spotted a Liverpool cargo tramp, smelly and greasy and grimy,  
And they wanted hands for the voyage, and the old man guessed he'd try me.

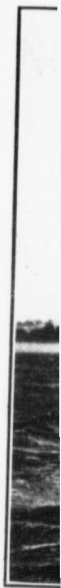
She kicked like a ballet-dancer or a range-bred broncho mare;  
She rolled till her engines rattled; she wallowed, but what did I care?  
It was "Go it, my bucking beauty, if only you take me there!"

Then came an autumn morning, grey-blue, windy and clear;  
And the fields—the little white houses—green and peaceful and dear,  
And the heart inside of me saying, "Take me, Mother, I'm here!"

"Here, for I thought you'd want me; I've brought you all that I own—  
A lean long lump of a carcass that's mostly muscle and bone,  
Six-foot-two in my stockings—weigh-in at fourteen stone.

"Here, and I hope you'll have me; take me for what I'm worth—  
A chap that's a bit of a waster, come from the ends of the earth  
To fight with the best that's in him for the dear old land of his birth!"

—From *Punch*.



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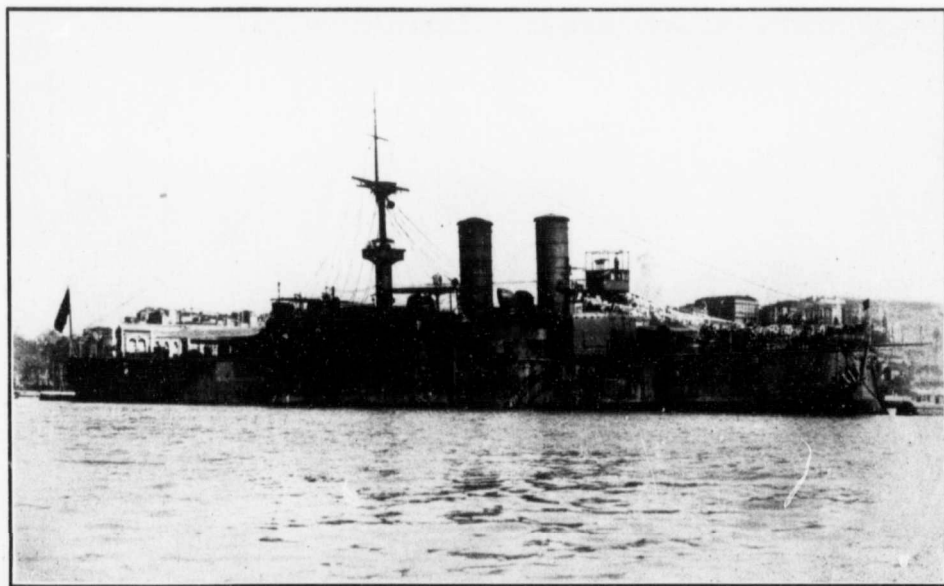
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BRITISH SUBMARINE B-11.

One of the most daring feats of the war was performed when Submarine B-11 dived under the mine field, entered the Dardanelles, and sunk the Turkish Battleship "Messudiyeh." (Photo, Central News.)



THE TURKISH BATTLESHIP "MESSUDIYEH."

This photo shows the Turkish Battleship "Messudiyeh," which was torpedoed by the British Submarine B-11. After torpedoing the "Messudiyeh," the B-11 again dived under the mine field and returned safely. (Photo, Central News.)



BACK TO THE TRENCHES.

A daily scene in England showing men who, after a few days' well earned rest, are returning to the front. Incidentally they are taking back a few good things to share with their comrades. (Photo, Topical.)



CANADIANS IN TRAINING.

A Canadian quick firer gun section, in training on Salisbury Plain, taking up a new position. (Photo, Central News.)

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## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 401.*

"In order not to serve the plans of the invaders, it is important that the Belgian Government should temporarily establish its seat in a place from which it may, in contact with our army on one side and with France and England on the other, continue to exercise, and assure the continuance of the national sovereignty. For this reason the Government is leaving Ostend to-day, with a grateful remembrance of the welcome which this city has given it."

Surely few documents ever issued by a government made such a strong yet unconscious appeal to international sympathy as this. Between the lines, couched in such brave and noble terms, was an underlying note of immense pathos and tragedy. From Brussels to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Ostend, and now driven from their native land to the soil of France, which, however hospitable, was nevertheless alien—the movements of the Belgian Government were typical of those of the Belgian people themselves. Hounded from point to point and at last compelled to seek safety in other lands, the spirit of the people yet remained unbroken. Faith, sustained by an indomitable courage, bridged the chasm between the tranquil past and the glory of the days yet to come, when, tried by fire as no nation in history has ever been tried, Belgium will rise phoenix-like from the ashes of her desolation, made noble through suffering and strong through sacrifice and service. From all her sins of the past—and what nation is entirely free from wrong?—she has been purified. Her hands, stained by the Congo horrors, are once more clean. And is it too great a tax upon one's faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness and justice to visualize in the future a greater and a better Belgium emerging from a period of repatriation and reconstruction?

Early on the 13th of October, the members of the Government, and of the various diplomatic corps embarked for Havre, where a most cordial welcome was accorded them by the French officials, and everything possible done to render their stay pleasant. King Albert remained in Belgium with his troops.

Back in Ostend conditions went from bad to worse. The story of Antwerp was repeated in even more tragic form. There, roads to other points lay open; here, the sea stretched out before the refugees. Upon the steamers, then, much depended, and like a great wave the human tide swept to the docks. The scenes were appalling, though the confusion and distress were perhaps less fearful than attended the flight from Antwerp. Thousands of refugees had already landed in England, and every effort was being made to care for those in destitution. To reach her hospitable shores became the sole desire of the thousands who now crowded the docks at Ostend.

A correspondent said:

"The plight of these refugees was pitiable in the extreme. But there were many well dressed people among them, perhaps in scarcely less pitiable state,

for in many cases their homes and all their possessions had been utterly destroyed."

Another related his experiences thus:

"When I reached the Gare Maritime at 5 a.m., there must have been five thousand people already there in long queues waiting to get on the wharf. The crowd increased in volume and at 9.30 the first boat came alongside. . . . The steamer quickly filled and moved off, the waiting crowd being apparently as big as ever. An hour later a second boat was in position and again the rush set in. . . . I saw two poor children fall and get trampled on. It was impossible to move so dense was the throng. . . . Almost all these people were fleeing for refuge—whole families with many children. . . . An Antwerp man said to me, 'There is no longer any Belgium.'"

To add to the terror and confusion, overhead a Taube aeroplane hovered, while from inland more distinctly than ever came the sound of heavy firing.

Not to Belgium alone, however, was this "reign of terror" confined. Unhappy Poland, oppressed in times of peace was now, in time of war, remorselessly ravaged. To the poor people of this region no less than to the unfortunates of Belgium, the war had brought misery and desolation, ruined homes and long and weary flights, privation and fearful hunger, disease and sudden death, and sometimes death not altogether free from torture. Of the Russians who had occupied parts of Galicia, and were now compelled to evacuate certain points, the Austrian authorities admitted that "even the Cossacks conducted themselves humanely," but of the German troops in Poland and elsewhere the same could not be said. From out of the mass of charges of inhuman conduct laid at the door of the enemy, this much of truth could be gleaned—in the eastern theatre of war the Kaiser's men were, by their conduct in this regard at least, writing a most inglorious chapter in their national history.

Into Warsaw poured crowds of refugees. From all parts of Poland they came—Poles, Lithuanians and many Jews—old men, women and little children; came footsore and weary, clasping their pitiful little bundles with the few cherished possessions they could carry away; came stunned and stupefied with the horrors they had undergone; came with "calamity" writ large on every face.

And now Warsaw itself was threatened. The storm that, as we have seen, was gathering in Silesia in the shape of a determined forward movement, was about to break. A change in Russian plans became imperative. Reports of the evacuation of certain points in Galicia in the face of this new peril were significant, and lent colour to the opinion expressed in some quarters that the German advance had as its chief objective the relieving of the pressure in Galicia—a pressure that was proving too much for the Austrian army. Yet, in the face of the threatened danger the city of Warsaw remained wonderfully calm. Not the incoming hordes of refugees, the visits of hostile airmen, nor the prevalence of disquieting rumours

*Continued on page 408*

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 407.*

could apparently shake the confidence of the inhabitants. And if their trust was based on the ability of their leaders to cope with the situation, it was, after all, well founded.

And now a strange thing happened. As the augmented forces of the enemy poured into Poland, the Russian army seemed to have practically vanished. Virtually no opposition was encountered. Even the bridges on the route of advance remained intact. To say the least of it this was very puzzling, but doubtless accepting the situation as a dispensation of that Providence their War Lord claimed as an ally, the Kaiser's legions pushed the more speedily forward. With comparative ease they occupied Lodz, Lovicz and Rawa, and the taking of Warsaw, from which point also spies and aviators reported an apparent evacuation by the Russian troops, seemed a mere matter of time.

From the three towns mentioned above, as many German armies moved forward on Warsaw; south of the Pilitza River, two more armies operated in the direction of Ivangorod. It was from this southern district that the first reports of violent fighting came through. While the northern advance continued with little opposition, a strong force of Russians entrenched at Koezenice, north of Ivangorod and on the left bank of the Vistula, gave sudden and emphatic denial to the claim of the German General Staff that "no Russians remained west of the Vistula." A new and sanguinary conflict had commenced.

Although conflicting somewhat with advices from Vienna—by now recognized as a notoriously unreliable source of news—Serbian and Montenegrin reports told of continued success against the Austrians in the neighbourhood of Serajevo, Bosnia, and along the rivers Drina, Save and Danube.

**October 14.**— Developments in the north of France and in Belgium continued to hold public interest on the 14th of October. The steady, irresistible sweep of the Kaiser's legions towards Ostend rendered imminent the occupation of that point by the enemy, and created further consternation among the refugees still seeking means of escape. The smallest craft were pressed into service, and even in rowboats attempts to reach some port of safety on the French coast were made. It was literally a choice betwixt "the devil and the deep sea" with a strong and not unnatural leaning on the part of the unfortunate victims towards the tender mercies of the sea. Bruges, in the enemy's most direct route of advance, was already occupied by a considerable German force.

Further south, along the line held by the Allies, the enemy was experiencing greater difficulty in his dash for Calais. Lille, held by a comparatively small force of French territorials, was, it is true, taken by the enemy, who, reinforced and thus established, rendered the position of the British 2nd Army Corps, in particular, more difficult. But, on the other hand, the occupation by French and British troops of the town of Ypres was a cause for much congratulation.

*Continued on page 411 (part 18).*



GERMAN RAID ON EAST COAST.

This photo shows the promenade at Scarborough. Out at sea may be seen a fleet of British destroyers. (Photo, Topical.)



# The - War - Pictorial

The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 18.



## WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE FIELD.

This artistic photo, taken at night, shows a group of British officers gathered round a camp fire in France.  
(Photo, C.N.)



"HIS BATTLES OVER AGAIN."

This photograph was taken in the Canadian Hospital in France, which is reported to be doing fine work. The patient is drawing, for the information of the nurse, a plan of the operations in which he was wounded. (Photo, C.N.)

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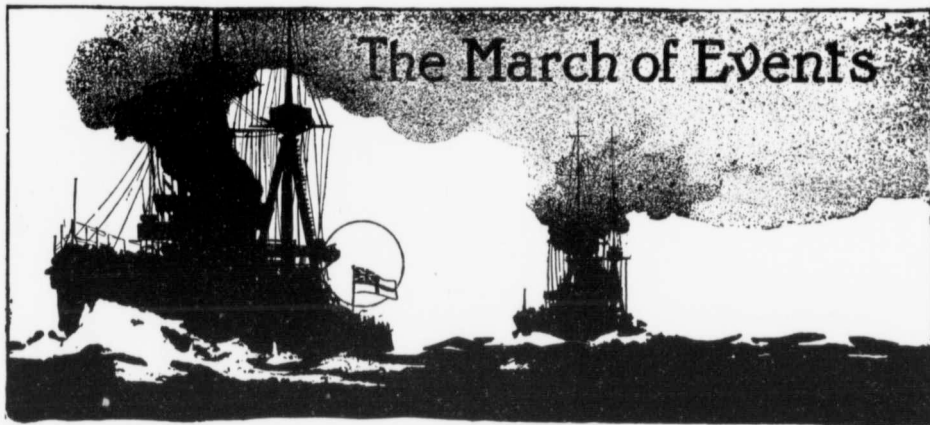
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## *A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration*

### **PART 18**

*Continued from page 408 (part 17).*

From Lille to La Bassee, however, the enemy, well entrenched, held a very strong position and persistently defied the efforts of the British and French alike to dispossess them.

In this district, south of the River Lys, the strength of the German position and forces, and the difficult nature of the country, greatly hampered offensive operations and rendered progress slow. The dikes, so numerous in this region, were the cause of much trouble, and necessitated the adoption of ingenious methods. Planks and ladders were made to serve the purpose, and, whatever the obstacle, "necessity became the mother" of some novel invention. The absence of landmarks for use in range-finding was another problem solved by the artillery only with difficulty.

As might be expected, the fighting, particularly in the many villages, was of a sanguinary nature. The enemy made effective use of every point of vantage, even placing machine guns in rooms whose windows commanded the approaches of the Allies, thus causing much havoc among the advancing troops. When it came to hand to hand struggles, however, the advantage was ever with the Franco-British forces. To the average German, cold steel was something for which he had conceived an immense distaste, and so, to his opponent, a bayonet charge was an opportunity to be welcomed.

On the whole the situation for the Allies on the 14th of October was satisfactory. Progress, however slight, was general along the extended front, and the outlook was encouraging.

**October 15.**— With the exception of premature—and therefore false—reports of the arrival of Canada's Expeditionary Force in England, no word of the progress of their

journey across the ocean to the Motherland had been given to those who so anxiously awaited news. With trying but commendable secrecy the voyage was undertaken and carried out. Under convoy of British warships, in charge of Admiral Wemyss, it was accomplished in safety. As a precautionary measure, rather than proceeding to Southampton as had been anticipated, the great fleet of transports, late on the 14th of October, sailed up the estuary towards Plymouth.

From the officers it was learned that the voyage had been pleasant and without incident. In three long columns the thirty-one transports, preceded and flanked by warships and with H.M.S. "Glory" bringing up the rear, had steamed slowly across the Atlantic. The best of health was enjoyed by the officers and men alike, and with the exception of some mortality among the horses—which was to be expected—everything was reported "most satisfactory."

To Plymouth, therefore, was given the honour of welcoming Canada's great Armada, and during the disembarkation that followed of greeting the various units as they came ashore. Early on the 15th an official welcome was given by Admiral Sir George Egerton, Major-General Penton, commander of the fortress at Plymouth, Major Baker, and by Major-General Alderson, whose appointment as commander of the Canadian contingent was so popular. But the welcome which will live in the memories of the boys themselves was less formal. Hampered by the continued secrecy of the movements of the troops, by the restrictions imposed upon them by the authorities, and somewhat dampened—as regards their attire, not their enthusiasm—by a drizzling rain, the good folk of Plymouth accorded these sons of Britain from across the sea a rousing reception, and sent them

*Continued on page 414.*





PREPARING FOR SERVICE. Several sections of the great new army are now completing their military education at the Hills. The illustration shows a company of the London Scottish drawn up preparatory to a day's drill. (Photo, C.P.)



## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 411.*

on their way to the trains, waiting to convey them to Salisbury, with a new warmth in their hearts.

Thanks to the ambitions of His Imperial Majesty William the Second, another step towards the new and remarkable unification of the British Empire, was accomplished. The Motherland and Canada, ever closely related, had found new and yet more binding ties.

The price of admiralty is a high one. Across the Atlantic in perfect safety a great fleet had just sailed—thanks to the British Navy; upon the high seas in all parts of the world the commerce of Britain and of her allies enjoyed wonderful immunity under the "world-upsetting" conditions of the hour—thanks again, in no small degree, to the British Navy. But in unwearied devotion to duty, in loss of ships and, more unhappily still, in the loss of many hundreds of brave lives, that Navy was paying the price.

On the 15th of October, H.M.S. "Hawke," of 7,350 tons, while on patrol duty with her sister ship, the Cruiser "Theseus," in the northern waters of the North Sea, fell a victim to the deadly torpedo. The "Theseus," attacked similarly by a submarine, escaped, and, obeying the orders of the Admiralty by failing to rush to the rescue of the "Hawke," possibly averted a double tragedy.

It was all over in a few minutes. The sudden shock of the explosion; the cool commands of Captain Williams and his brave fellow-officers; the admirable discipline of the men as each one went to his appointed post; the effort to save the ship, already heeling over to starboard; the order to lower the boats, rendered virtually impossible by the position of the vessel—then the struggle for life in the icy waters, with little to cling to in the way of wreckage until help could come. Just a few minutes—and of a crew of 569 officers and men, no less than 496 had found a watery grave. And some "armchair critic" sitting at home in a security made possible through such sacrifice as this asks, "Why doesn't the British Navy do something," and, perchance, begins to wonder if he is getting adequate return for the extra taxation involved.

"I want you to help me send a Christmas present from the whole nation to every sailor afloat, and every soldier at the front," was the appeal issued by Princess Mary to the people of England in the middle of October. The message continued; "On Christmas eve when, like shepherds of old, they keep their watch, doubtless their thoughts will turn to home and loved ones left behind. Perhaps, too, they will recall the days when, as children themselves, they were wont to hang up their stockings wondering what the morrow had in store.

"I am sure we will be happier on Christmas morning to feel that we have helped by sending our little token of love and sympathy—something useful or of permanent value, the making of which may be the means of providing employment in the trades adversely affected by the war."

This thoughtful appeal met with a ready response, and recalled the act of Queen Victoria during the South African War, in remembering in this way, each lad at the front on Christmas day.

Further attempts on the part of Germany to gain sympathy in the United States and elsewhere through the distortion of facts, brought a vigorous reply from the British Foreign Office. The Berlin statement asserted that, in searching the archives of the Belgian Staff at Brussels, a portfolio containing "important documents was discovered, inscribed 'English Intervention in Belgium.'" These documents, it was claimed, disclosed negotiations, dating as far back as 1906, between the Chief of the Belgian General Staff and Lieut.-Colonel Barnardiston, the British Military Attache at Brussels, and covering plans for throwing a British expeditionary force of 100,000 men into Belgium, via Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne. This plan, it was stated, was of English origin and was sanctioned by Lieut.-General Sir James M. Grierson, Chief of the British General Staff.

Further documents, the allegations stated, included a "map showing the strategical positions of the French army and demonstrating the existence of a Franco-Belgian agreement"; a report from the Belgian Minister at Berlin to his Foreign Office, dated December 23, 1911; and "a confidential communication" declaring "that the British Government, after the destruction of the German navy, would send supplies and provisions by way of Antwerp," the suggestion also being made that "a Belgian system of espionage should be organized in the Prussian Rhine land."

The British reply stated:

"The story of an alleged Anglo-Belgian agreement of 1906 . . . based on documents said to have been found at Brussels, is only a press edition of a story which has been produced in various forms and denied on several occasions. No such agreement ever existed, as Germans well know."

Admitting frankly that some "academic discussion" may have taken place at the time in question—notes of which might be in the archives at Brussels—when General Grierson, now deceased, was on the General Staff at the War Office, and Colonel, now General, Barnardiston, at present in command of the British forces before Tsing-tau, was Military Attache at Brussels—the discussion being limited to what assistance Britain might afford should Belgian neutrality be violated—the reply declared:

"It should be noted that the date mentioned—namely 1906—was the year following that when Germany had, as in 1911, adopted a threatening attitude toward France with regard to Morocco, and, in view of the apprehensions existing of an attack on France through Belgium, it was natural that possible eventualities should be discussed."

After showing the consistent attitude of Belgium in her declarations to resist the violation of her neutrality from any quarter whatever, the statement rather strikingly concluded:

"It is worthy of attention that these charges of aggressive designs on the part of other powers

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are made by Germany, who since 1906, has established an elaborate network of strategical railways, leading from the Rhine to the Belgian frontier, through a barren, thinly-populated track, deliberately constructed to permit the sudden attack on Belgium, which was carried out two months ago."

It seemed unlikely indeed that this distortion of facts on the part of Germany—however cleverly done—would avail them much. Belgium, seeing from afar the danger presented by her piratical and powerful neighbour, could hardly be blamed for discussing precautionary measures with a power pledged to protect her neutrality; while the final clause of the Foreign Office statement rather "turned the enemy's guns against himself."

The possibility of an aerial raid on England now seemed, with some suddenness, to impress itself upon the people of London. A rush for insurance covering this hazard sent rates at Lloyds up with a jump. According to locality the rates varied very considerably, ranging from about 62½¢. to \$2.50 in some districts. Higher figures applied particularly in the vicinity of Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, the Bank of England, St. Paul's Cathedral, and similar points. This novel insurance feature was covered by the following "airship clause."

"This policy is to cover risk or loss of and (or) damage to property hereby insured, directly caused by aerial craft, hostile or otherwise, including bombs and (or) missiles dropped or thrown therefrom, including risk of fire and (or) explosions directly caused thereby."

If no one else benefited by the rush for protection of this kind, the underwriters who featured it reaped a rich harvest.

News reaching London, on the 15th of October, of naval successes in various parts of the world, in the way of prizes captured, and including the sinking by the "Yarmouth," near Sumatra, of the Hamburg-American liner "Markomannia," reported to be assisting the "Emden," were flashes of brightness in the gloom occasioned by the "Hawke" disaster.

Word that Ostend had been occupied by the Germans, however much the public had been apprised of the certainty of it, was another dark feature of the day. With none to dispute their final entrance, at about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 15th a party of Uhlans clattered into the streets of Ostend. Presently came motor cars bearing German officers, including Von der Goltz, the German "Governor General of Belgium," and ere long, the rank and file following, the invaders were in complete possession of the place.

In the meantime, to the south, the violence of the fighting became more pronounced.

**October 16.**— Once again, on the 16th of October, the Allied left wing was the storm centre. From the extreme right, northwards, incidents of importance were lacking, until the region near the Belgian frontier was

reached. Here developments were rapid and fraught with large consequences. The Battle of the Aisne, or, as it has been sometimes called, and with greater accuracy, the Battle of the Four Rivers (the Scarpe, Somme, Oise and Aisne) had definitely merged into this new conflict in northern France and Belgium. In their attempted dash to the coast, and now in the face of the strong and vigorous pressure maintained by the reinforced left wing of the Allies, the enemy was reported to be rushing troops from all parts to augment his right flank. On other parts of the long battle line the struggle continued, but with a naturally decreased momentum.

The "line-up" of the allied forces, as the men in the trenches with their penchant for sporting terms would call it, was now somewhat changed.



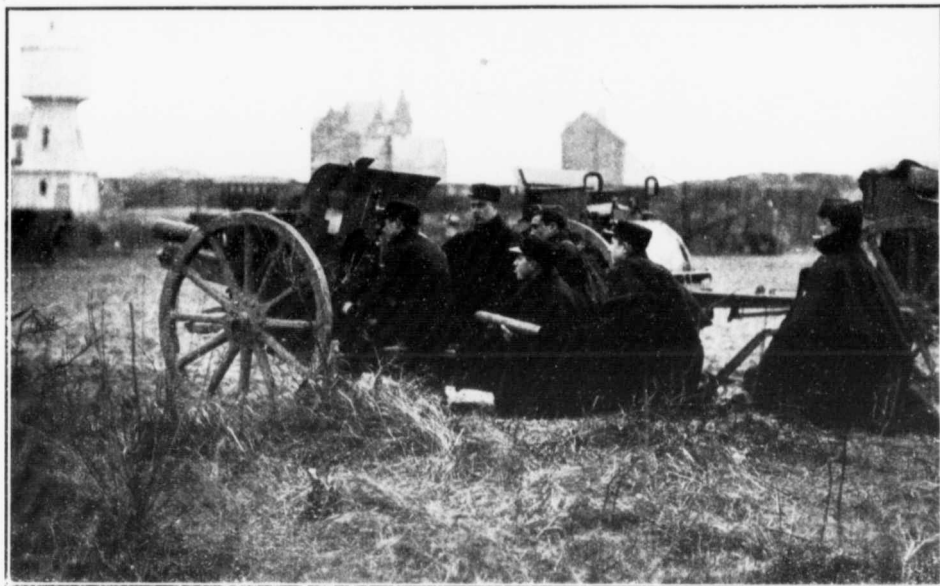
GENERAL PULTENEY.

Major-General Pulteney, C.B., has been four times mentioned in despatches. He is a Scots Guardsman and has seen much service previous to this war.

We have seen that the British 2nd and 3rd Army Corps had taken up a position north of Bethune and thus touching the French left flank. Upon Smith-Dorrien's Corps, and particularly his 3rd Division fell the brunt of the early fighting. Facing tremendous odds he not only stood his ground, but gradually won his way forward. The 3rd Corps, detraining at St. Omer, steadily pushed onward towards Armentières. Much needed support was afforded the British by French troops sent to join them.

On the 16th of October another British Army Corps took a hand in the contest—the 4th. Under the command of Sir Henry Rawlinson, this Corps,

*Continued on page 420.*



FIGHTING IN THE DUNES.

Belgian artillery in action in the sand dunes of Flanders. (Photo, C.N.)



BELGIAN ARTILLERY AMONG THE DUNES.

A Belgian gun team wheeling their weapon into a new position of attack. (Photo, C.N.)



Wounded



**THE VALIANT KING OF THE BELGIANS.**

Albert, King of the Belgians, inspecting his brave troops on the sands of a Belgian coast town. (Photo, C.N.)



**WOUNDED SOLDIERS MAKING MERRY.**

Wounded Belgian and French soldiers in barracks at Limoges. The ward is under the supervision of Madam Dion, well known in Quebec, who is seen in the centre of the photo. (Photo, J. P. H. Dion, Levis.)





WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE FIELD.  
This photo, taken "somewhere" in France, shows a detachment of British Infantry concealed in the woods. (Photo, C.N.)

This photo, taken "somewhere" in France, shows a detachment of British Infantry concealed in the woods. (Photo, C.N.)

teen

Page Four Hundred and Nineteen



BRITISH AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE ENEMY.

This photo was taken by a British rifleman when under shell fire. It enables one to realise the conditions under which our soldiers live and fight at the front. (Photo, C.N.)

THE WAR PICTORIAL

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 415.

consisting of the 7th Infantry Division, under Major-General Capper, and the 3rd Cavalry Division, led by Major-General the Hon. Julian Byng, with its base at Dunkirk, had effectively been aiding in covering the retreat of the gallant Belgian army from Antwerp. This 4th Army Corps, supported by the two divisions of French Territorials, now at his disposal, the 87th and 69th, Field Marshall French, to whom had been entrusted the fortunes of the Allies in the north, determined to use over a wide front. To bridge the gap between the Franco-British forces to the south and the Belgian army who were now able to co-operate more definitely with their Allies, to the north, was their task. It was an entirely insufficient force for the purpose, but the best available at the time. Just how hard an object lay before them it is doubtful if even Sir John French appreciated.

Thus we find the "line-up" from south to north was this. On the right were the French, then the



SOUVENIRS OF GERMAN RAID.

In this store window, in West Hartlepool, the proprietor has placed several fragments of German shells to attract attention to his window. He was offered \$150.00 for one fragment.

British 2nd and 3rd Army Corps, then the Franco-British force under Rawlinson, and finally on the left, the Belgian army, exhausted but nevertheless "full of fight." With the increasing strength of the enemy, the situation undoubtedly was critical, but from experience, the leaders knew that upon every man dependence could be unhesitatingly placed.

"We may suffer reverses, but our confidence of final victory is stronger than ever. We are beaten, perhaps, for the time being, but we are not crushed."

Such were the brave words of their King; such the dauntless spirit of the Belgian army, and of those civilians whose trying experiences and heavy burden of sorrow had not brought them to that condition of numbed and helpless resignation which rendered so many incapable of coherent reasoning. With their millions of inoffensive, industrious, peace-loving inhabitants driven to alien shores for safety, with their crops destroyed, their industries ruined,

their villages and towns mere crumbling heaps of masonry; with beautiful Brussels long knowing the iron domination of the invader, Antwerp filled with thousands of German marines and soldiers, daily demanding, with characteristic insolence, large quantities of supplies and money; and now Ostend suffering the same fate; it took sublime faith and courage to declare to the world, "We are not crushed," and to speak of final victory.

The determination to give Martiz and his fellow rebels in South Africa short shrift, became increasingly apparent as further developments took place. Word came that the Premier, General Louis Botha, was hurrying to take the field personally. Officers and men who had fought against Britain under Botha in days gone by, now rallied to the call of their old leader, this time to bear arms in defense of her Empire. Even the few waverers soon fell into line. It was a signal tribute to British policy, to the real value and beneficence of British rule. Already a preliminary success, involving the defeat of a rebel party by a force under Colonel Brits, and the capture of some eighty prisoners, was reported.

Germany was now threatened with further complications. Italy, refusing at the outset to occupy her Kaiser-appointed place in the Triple Alliance, had long been restive, and obviously uncertain whether her proper place was not, after all, in the fighting line with those seeking to remove from the world that dangerous malignant tumor—Prussian militarism. The death, on the 16th of October, of the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Marquis Antonio Di San Giuliano, a man openly rumored to have been friendly towards Germany, and of whose death it was reported the Kaiser's Ambassador said, "This is perhaps the greatest misfortune for the central empires since the war began," aroused speculation as to Italy's position. Official expressions denying any change in the country's policy failed to altogether suppress the feeling that another milestone on the road to Italy's entrance to the conflict had been passed.

Nor was this all. Rumania, in the recent death of her monarch, King Charles, at the age of 75, had had removed from her midst a distinctly pro-German influence. Like Italy, she was not without influential advocates of war against the Austro-German forces—advocates whose hands were undoubtedly strengthened by popular feeling. To strike a blow for the "deliverance" of their many fellow-countrymen in Transylvania became a general cry.

Portugal, also, was not to be overlooked. Her uneasiness for some time past seemed about to express itself in definite action. Reports from well-informed sources told of preparations for at least a partial mobilization of her troops, and stated that martial law had been declared throughout the Portugese Congo. Even more definitely than Italy or Rumania, was Portugal committing herself. And the final step would find her ranged alongside of her friend, Britain—another thorn in the Kaiser's side.

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to regret his too hasty offensive. Upon the German right flank thus weakened the Russian Ivangorod force, supported by cavalry, fell, while a similar disaster was overtaking the enemy's left. Pressed back by the weight of the Russian reinforcements, the enemy perforce had to retire, harassed by the activities of the fortress of Novo Georgievsk and cut up by the splendid Russian horsemen now appearing in disconcertingly large numbers on the scene.

If Von Hindenburg erred in his advance, his retirement in the face of such tremendous odds was a brilliant piece of strategy. None but a leader of high ability could have saved a crushing defeat. Von Hindenburg, thrown back on the defensive and compelled to withdraw for some thirty miles, was not by any means crushed. Nevertheless Warsaw was safe and Poland justifiably jubilant.

Elsewhere, in East Prussia and in Galicia, fighting of more or less severity continued, with the Russians holding strong positions, and generally assuming the offensive.

From the south, the Serbians and Montenegrins, aided at Cattaro by warships of the allied fleet, continually harassed the Austrians, and made an effective contribution to the general campaign.

Advice from Tokio told of the occupation—"for strategic reasons"—by Japanese naval detachments, of some of the principal islands of the German groups of the Ladrone, Marshall and East and West Caroline archipelagoes, thus depriving the enemy of valuable naval bases for Pacific operations. The sinking by a Japanese cruiser of the German torpedo-boat S-90 some sixty miles south of Kiau-Chau Bay, where she was discovered aground, and the capture and sinking of a German surveying ship were also announced by the Admiralty. The fate of the S-90 was particularly pleasing in view of the report that she and not a floating mine, as had at first been surmised, was responsible for the recent loss of the light Cruiser "Takachiho" when so many lives were sacrificed.

In admitting the loss of four destroyers on the 17th, the S-115, S-117, S-118 and S-119, Berlin officially stated that on the following day German warships sank the British submarine E-3 in the North Sea. The E-3 was only completed in 1913 and carried a crew of sixteen men.

**October 20.**— Flashing across land and sea, by wireless and by cable, came a strange admixture of rumour and of fact. It told of great victories in Northern France, of decisive movements made, of the foiling of the Kaiser's plans for Calais.

It made good reading at many a breakfast table, whither the ubiquitous morning paper conveyed its cheering message. It furnished "ammunition" for military "experts"; for hard-worked editorial writers; for the incurably verbose man on the street who, fancying himself in the role of a military critic, inflicted his opinions upon all who tarried at his approach.

But at best it was premature. While signs were not lacking of a turning of the tide, while the situation of the allied forces held in it much to justify optimism, yet to the keen perceptions of the commanding officers the critical side still revealed itself.

We have already seen the perils which beset the men of Sir Henry Rawlinson's command—the men of the 4th Army Corps and their French comrades. Against their lines—dangerously attenuated by reason of the distance covered and the insufficiency of their numbers—the pressure was still very great. Opposed by some four army corps, Sir Henry was confronted by no small problem.

But now another and a greater menace threatened. Entrenched along the Ypres Canal and the Yser River lay the remnant of Belgium's gallant fighting force. Physically the men were in no condition at the moment for further serious efforts, and that they should be able to afford the measure of assistance that they did is but added proof of their heroic spirit. Along the line thus held, however, as was the case further south, the enemy's pressure became ever more severe. As German reinforcements continued to pour in, the menace of a wide turning movement north of Ypres hourly became more marked.

"The troops," said Sir John French, in speaking of King Albert's men, "although in the last stage of exhaustion, gallantly maintained their positions, buoyed up with the hope of substantial British and French support. After the hard fighting it had undergone, the Belgian Army was in no condition to withstand, unsupported, such an attack; and unless some substantial resistance could be offered to this threatened turning movement, the allied flank must be turned and the Channel ports laid bare to the enemy."

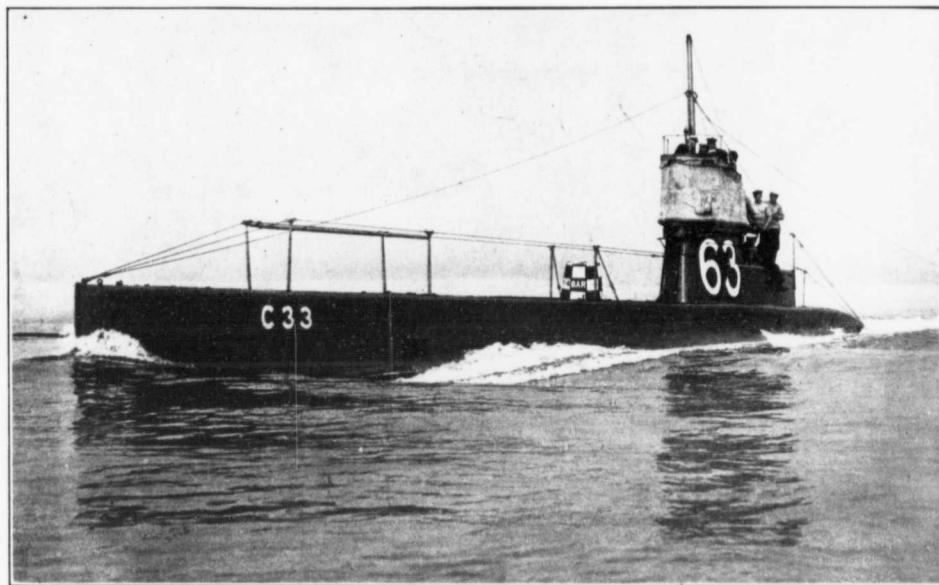
Here, then, was a serious problem. How was "substantial support" to be afforded the shattered left flank? If, south of the line held by the Belgian forces, Sir Henry Rawlinson was in need of support the situation in the north was even more urgent.

Fortunately a measure of help was at hand. Detraining at St. Omer on the 19th of October the British 1st Army Corps, under the able leadership of Sir Douglas Haig, was ready and fit, and eager for further service. It was not a large force but it meant much just at this time. Confronted with the question of the most advantageous disposition of this Corps, Sir John French was not long in arriving at a decision. And that decision was not an easy one to make. Upon it hung grave consequences. But Sir John's strategy was of a bold type. It did not await the coming of a threatened peril but went right out to meet it.

Leaving Rawlinson's thin khaki line to work out its own salvation as best it might, Sir John directed General Haig to operate north of Ypres, relieving the pressure on the Belgian army, and endeavouring to throw back the enemy towards Ghent. With Bruges as their immediate objective, the gallant 1st Corps responded to the challenge of this tremendous task, and resolutely moved forward against odds greater, perhaps, than they had

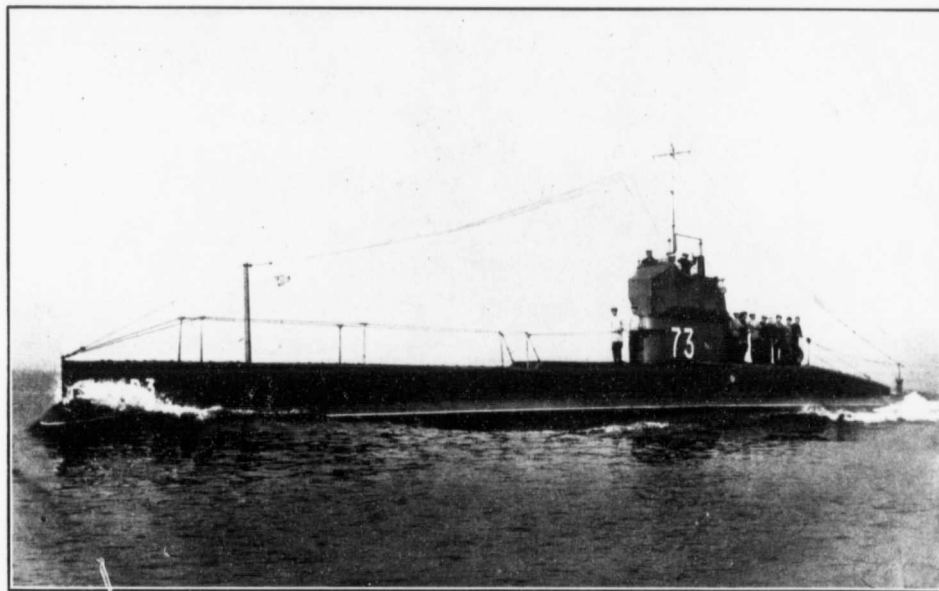
*Continued on page 439.*





THE WAR UNDER THE SEA.

Modern warfare has produced some novel methods, but undoubtedly one of the most effective destructive agencies is the submarine armed with the deadly torpedo tube. Photo shows British submarine C33. (Photo, Cribb)



THE WAR UNDER THE SEA.

The British submarines have done most daring and effective work in the war—in a strictly legitimate way. The nefarious methods of the enemy show how deadly a menace to non-combatants these underwater craft can be. The illustration shows the British craft, D3. (Photo, Cribb)

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THE RUINS OF YPRES.

Ypres suffered terribly at the hands of the Germans. When they had finished off the historic buildings they levelled the rest of the town to the ground. (*Photo, News Illustrations.*)



BOMBARDMENT OF WHITBY.

Quaint old Whitby Abbey, well known to tourists, which suffered considerably when the Germans bombarded "fortified" Whitby. (*Photo, C.N.*)



THE WORK OF GERMAN GUNNERS.

Wreckage of a house in Scarborough, which was struck by German shells. Four people were killed in this house during the bombardment. (Photo Underwood.)



BOMBARDMENT OF WEST HARTLEPOOL.

West Hartlepool suffered most severely of all the coast towns bombarded by the German high seas fleet. This photo illustrates the work of a single shell. (Photo, M.E.S.)

# AUGUST, 1914

BY JOHN MASEFIELD.

How still this quiet cornfield is to-night;  
By an intenser glow the evening falls,  
Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light:  
Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.

The windows glitter on the distant hill;  
Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the fold  
Stumble on sudden music and are still;  
The forlorn pine woods droop above the wold.

An endless quiet valley reaches out  
Past the blue hills into the evening sky;  
Over the stubble, cawing, goes a rout  
Of rooks from harvest, flagging as they fly.

So beautiful it is, I never saw  
So great a beauty on these English fields,  
Touched, by the twilight's coming, into awe,  
Ripe to the soul and rich with summer's  
yields. . . . .

These homes, this valley spread below me here,  
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen,  
Have been the heartfelt things, past-speaking dear  
To unknown generations of dead men.

Who, century after century, held these farms,  
And, looking out to watch the changing sky,  
Heard, as we hear, the rumors and alarms—  
Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh,

And knew, as we know, that the message meant  
The breaking-off of ties, and knew no more  
Death, like a miser getting in his rent,  
And no new stones laid where the trackway ends.

The harvest not yet won, the empty bin,  
The friendly horses taken from the stalls,  
The fallow on the hill not yet brought in,  
The cracks unplastered in the leaking walls,

Yet heard the news, and went discouraged home,  
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,  
With such dumb-loving of the Berkshire loam  
As breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind,

Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs  
And so, by ship to sea, and knew no more  
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,  
Nor the dear outline of the English shore,

But knew the misery of the soaking trench,  
The freezing in the rigging, the despair  
In the revolting second of the wrench  
When the blind soul is flung upon the air.

And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands  
For some idea but dimly understood  
Of an English city never built by hands,  
Which love of England prompted and made  
good. . . . .

If there be any life beyond the grave  
It must be near the men and things we love,  
Some power of quick suggestion how to save  
Touching the living soul as from above,

An influence from the Earth from those dead hearts  
So passionate once, so deep, so truly kind,  
That in the living child the spirit starts,  
Feeling companioned still, not left behind.

Surely above these fields a spirit broods,  
A sense of many watchers muttering near,  
Of the lone Downland with the forlorn woods  
Loved to the death, inestimably dear.

A muttering from beyond the veil of Death  
From long-dead men, to whom this quiet scene  
Came among blinding tears with the last breath—  
The dying soldier's vision of his queen.

All the unspoken worship of those lives,  
Spent in forgotten wars at other calls,  
Glimmers upon these fields where evening drives  
Beauty like breath, so gently darkness falls.

Darkness that makes the meadows holier still,  
The elm-trees sadden in the hedge, a sigh  
Moves in the beech-clump on the haunted hill,  
The rippling planets deepen in the sky.

And silence broods like spirit on the brae,  
A glimmering moon begins, the moonlight runs  
Over the grasses of the ancient way,  
Rutted this morning by the passing guns.

*NOTE—Mr. Masefield's poem, contributed to the "English Review," loses none of its strength in the singular absence of that bitterness of feeling which has crept into the lines of some of our best war poems. It has a beauty and a "human touch" which make it universal in its appeal.*





AN ECHO OF THE EAST COAST RAID.

These photographs show some of the havoc wrought by the German battleships. Two of the photos show that very little time was lost in commencing to repair the damage. (Photos, M.E.S.)

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## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 421.*

to withstand the enemy's assaults, but to make progress at many points on the line.

The German forces operating in Belgium seemed for the moment at least, to be at a standstill. In their recent movements in western Belgium, resulting in the fall of Antwerp, the occupation of Ostend, and the enforced removal of even the Belgian Government from their native soil, the Kaiser's troops, like a tremendous gray-green tidal wave, appeared irresistible in their onward sweep. But now the momentum seemed lost. Beyond the line running from Ostend to Thourout and thence to Roulers and Menin, they had not passed. Yet it was here that danger lay. The gap between the troops to the right of the British 4th Army Corps



A rough diagram showing the principal western theatre of war.

and the line now held by the Belgian army was, as we have seen, but scantily filled. It was the best Sir John French could do at the moment. Over a wide-spread front a thin khaki line, with two French Territorial Divisions and cavalry, faced an enemy of unknown strength, and whose present forces were, if report could be believed, about to be augmented.

"I had hoped," said Sir John French in his report touching this period, "that at this particular time there was no greater force coming from the north-east than could be held off by the combined efforts of the French and British cavalry and the Territorial troops supporting them, until the passage at Menin could be seized and the 1st Corps brought up in support."

Unfortunately the passage at Menin was not

seized. Moving forward to carry out this project Sir Henry Rawlinson, upon whom the heavy responsibilities of the situation devolved, found the enemy in greater strength than was anticipated, and the task apparently too great for the force at his command. Wisely or unwisely—let no "arm-chair" criticism be indulged in—and having in mind his badly threatened left flank, Sir Henry decided against prosecuting his purpose further.

Commenting on this, General French declared: "Sir Henry Rawlinson probably exercised a wise judgment in not committing his troops to this attack in their somewhat weakened condition, but the result was that the enemy's continued possession of the passage at Menin certainly facilitated his rapid reinforcement of his troops and thus rendered any further advance impracticable."

Further south the fighting, replete with heroism, saw considerable progress made. Still in the very "thick of things" Smith-Dorrien's gallant 2nd Army Corps was playing a distinguished part. Tremendous were the odds, fierce indeed the fire of the artillery at a range almost unprecedentedly short, fast and furious the rifle-fire, yet in the trenches of the 2nd Corps the men of the wonderful units comprising that force conducted themselves superbly, as might indeed be expected of members of regiments bearing such honourable names as the Gordon Highlanders, the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Royal Irish, the Royal Scots, the Worcesters, and Wiltshires and Middlesex, the Scottish Borderers and Dorsets, the Yorkshire Light Infantry, and many others no less worthy of note. Since the memorable scenes of Mons, experience had supplied any lack of knowledge of the best methods of fighting in this most up-to-date conflict; of determination and courage there had never been any lack. At times holding at bay forces five times superior numerically, and even under such conditions gaining ground, perhaps it is not so strange after all that the suggestion should be mooted that a fair basis of exchange of prisoners would be five Germans for one Englishman! For, in actual experience had not the test been made?

The 17th of October found the allied troops well established along the whole line, the British 2nd Corps in possession of the village of Aubers, following a brilliant bayonet charge by the 9th Infantry Brigade, and the French troops to the south progressing favourably, particularly in the neighbourhood of Arras and St. Mihiel. The most disconcerting feature was undoubtedly the rather untenable position of Sir Henry Rawlinson's command, to which no support could be offered, at least until the arrival of the British 1st Army Corps—expected by Sir John French not later than the 20th.

On the night of October 17, the Japanese Cruiser "Takachiho," apparently venturing too close to the harbour, was sunk in Kiau-Chau Bay. With few exceptions the disaster brought death to all of her complement of 284 men. Captain Ito, the commander, went down with his ship.

*Continued on page 428.*

THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 427.

**October 18.**— As the leading neutral power, the United States acquired a measure of prominence in connection with the world's greatest war, not enjoyed by other nations preserving a similar attitude of neutrality. To her, particularly, the Germans addressed themselves in their assiduous but transparent efforts to gain sympathy where none was due. And it was natural that the opinions of outstanding Americans should arouse interest in a sphere much wider than their own country.

One of the most outspoken critics was Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, whose statements, made in the course of a public address delivered the middle of October, that, "the American people will be true to its debt to England and France" and that "it is impossible for us to be neutral in our feelings and sentiment," caused considerable sensation, as did his declaration on a later occasion, when, after referring to Germany's defiance of international law as, in itself, sufficient justification for unremitting efforts to bring defeat to German arms, Dr. Eliot stated: "What German domination would mean to any that would resist it, the experience of Belgium and Northern France during the past three months amply demonstrates. The civilized world can now see where the new German morality—'be efficient, be virile, be hard, be bloody, be rulers'—would land it. To maintain that the Power which has adopted in practice that new morality, and, in accordance with its precepts, promised Austria its support against Serbia, and invaded Belgium and France in hot haste, is not the responsible author of the European war, is to throw away memory, reason and common sense in judging the human agencies in current events."

Surely a striking statement that, and doubly significant, coming from a man whose rational judgment and intellectual powers are beyond reproach.

Not less striking, and even more valuable as a complete, comprehensive and unprejudiced "summing up of the case" are the conclusions arrived at by a former Assistant Attorney General of the United States, Hon. James M. Beck, whose undoubted abilities and keenly analytical mind were given to a most thorough investigation of the facts. Taking into consideration testimony of unquestioned accuracy, and impartially and thoroughly weighing the evidence contained in the official documents of the various governments concerned, Mr. Beck, rather reluctantly, owing to his warm feelings towards the German people, concludes that upon the evidence adduced "an impartial court would not hesitate to pass the following judgment":

"1. That Germany and Austria in a time of profound peace secretly concerted together to impose their will upon Europe and upon Serbia in a matter affecting the balance of power in Europe. Whether in so doing they intended to precipitate a European war to determine the mastery of Europe is not satisfactorily estab-

lished, although their whole course of conduct suggests this as a possibility. They made war almost inevitable by (a) issuing an ultimatum that was grossly unreasonable and disproportionate to any grievance that Austria had, and (b) in giving to Serbia and Europe insufficient time to consider the rights and obligations of all interested nations.

"2. That Germany had at all times the power to compel Austria to preserve a reasonable and conciliatory course, but at no time effectively exerted that influence. On the contrary, she certainly abetted, and possibly instigated, Austria in its unreasonable course.



A rough diagram showing the Eastern theatre of war.

"3. That England, France, Italy and Russia at all times sincerely worked for peace, and for this purpose not only overlooked the original misconduct of Austria but made every reasonable concession in the hope of preserving peace.

"4. That Germany, in abruptly declaring war against Russia for failure to demobilize when the other Powers had offered to make any reasonable concession and peace parleys were still in progress, precipitated the war."

Thus did one of the foremost "legal lights" of a neutral nation—himself an admirer of the German people, sum up the case of "Germany vs. the Triple Entente."

Continued on page 431 (part 19).

# The - War - Pictorial

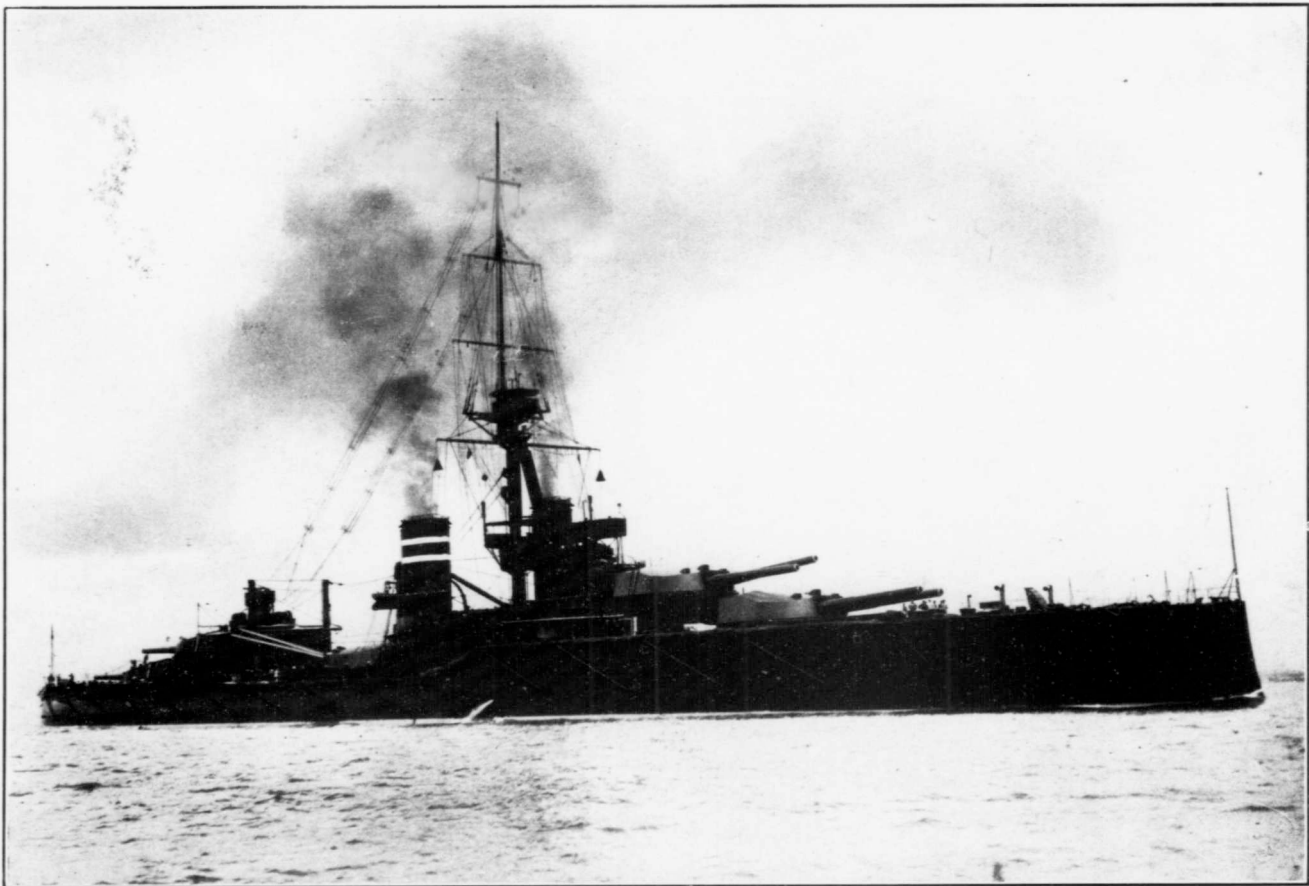
The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 19.



THE UBIQUITOUS RED CROSS.

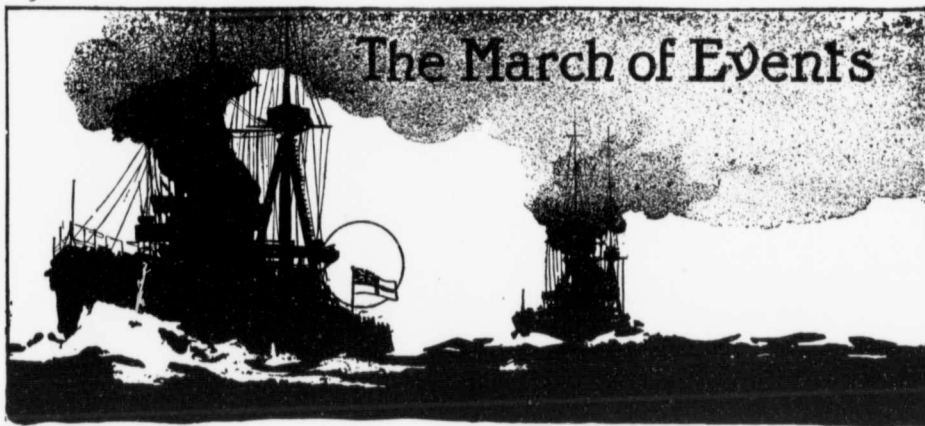
The care of the wounded is no small problem. Much aid has been furnished by the churches in throwing open their buildings for Red Cross purposes. A French doctor is here seen giving medical attention to one of the men. (Photo, C.N.)





ONE OF BRITAIN'S BULWARKS.  
H.M.S. "Conqueror" of the "Orion" Type, one of Britain's heavy fighting ships. The illustration gives an exceptionally good idea of her heavy guns. (Photo, Cribb.)

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## *A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration*

### **PART 19**

*Continued from page 428 (part 18).*

Such were the opinions of men who, distant from the seat of war, studied the known facts; perhaps, in passing, it is not out of place to here quote the words of a leading American war correspondent whose vocation led him into the very midst of the struggle. In his recent book, published under the title "With the Allies," Richard Harding Davis indulges in some characteristically vigorous statements.

"I have not seen the letter addressed by President Wilson to the American people," he declares in the opening paragraph of his preface, "calling upon them to preserve towards this war the mental attitude of neutrals. But I have seen the war. And I feel sure had President Wilson seen my war he would not have written his letter," and concludes his introduction in equally striking terms, as he states, "When a mad dog runs amuck in a village, it is the duty of every farmer to get his gun and destroy it, not to lock himself indoors, and toward the dog and the men who face him preserve a neutral mind."

Just one quotation more. It concerns Louvain. Mr. Davis was in Louvain at its worst, beholding its tragedy from a troop train it is true, but seeing too much at that, for his own peace of mind. His graphic description interprets his attitude toward the war. He sums up thus.

"At Louvain it was war upon the defenceless, war upon churches, colleges, shops of milliners and lace makers; war brought to the bedside and the fireside; against women harvesting in the fields, against children in wooden shoes at play in the streets.

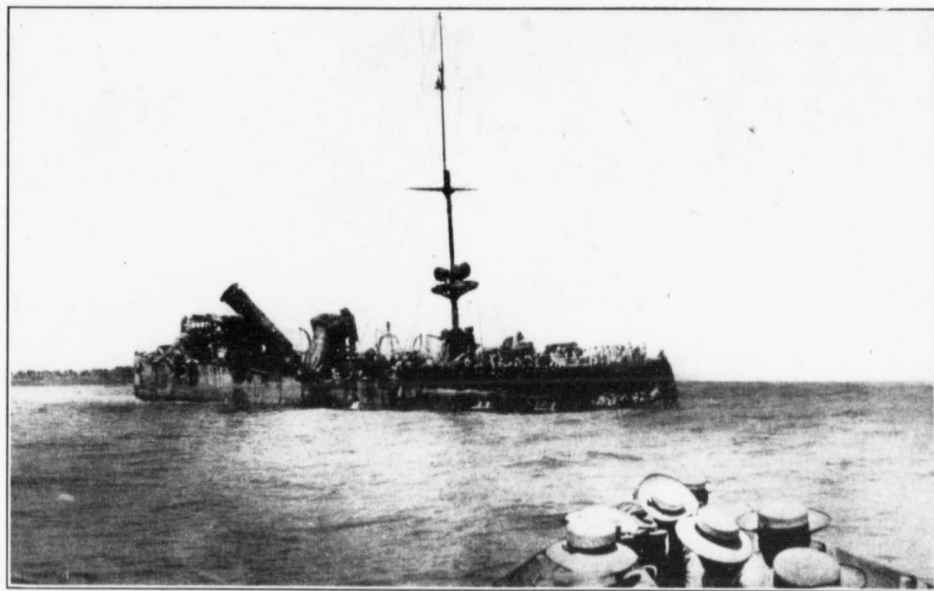
"At Louvain that night the Germans were like men after an orgy.

"There were fifty English prisoners, erect and soldierly. In the ocean of gray the little patch of khaki looked pitifully lonely but they regarded the men who had outnumbered but not defeated them, with calm, uncurious eyes. In one way I was glad to see them there. Later they will bear witness. They will tell how the enemy makes a wilderness and calls it war . . ."

Charles W. Eliot, confronted with the facts regarding German methods, declared neutrality of sentiment an impossibility; James M. Beck, investigating documentary evidence confessed with some reluctance the damning clarity of the case against Germany and her ally, Austria; Richard Harding Davis, plunged into the vortex of the European maelstrom, experiencing at first hand its appalling realities, wrote with the power of a man whose blood was set on fire with righteous anger at what his own eyes had revealed to him. And can one blame them? Can the most firm supporter of Mr. Wilson's neutrality policy venture to criticise? For would not such convictions, unexpressed, betray a lamentable weakness? A consciousness of evil makes neutrality towards the wrong impossible if one's self-respect is to be preserved.

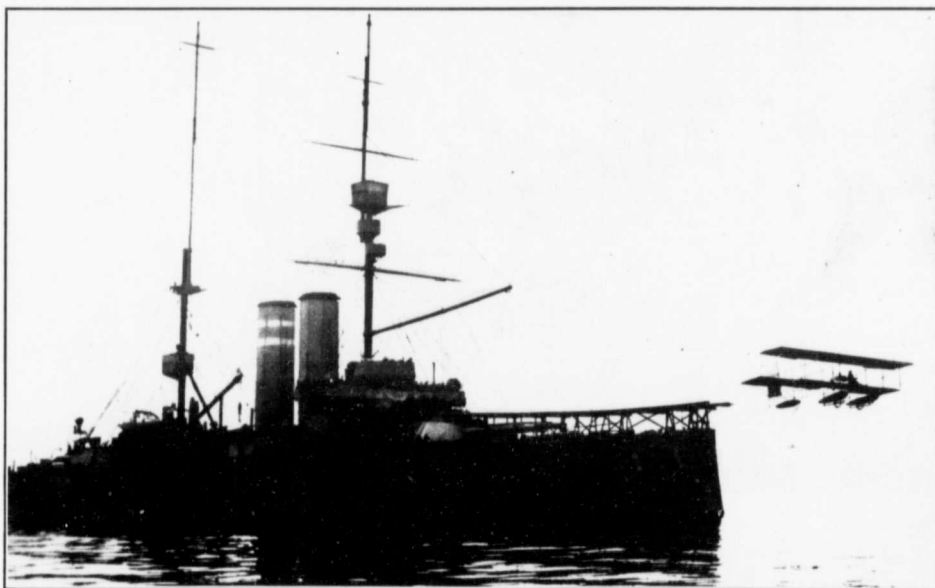
As opposed to the clumsy arguments and bids for sympathy of the German press, the clear white light of fact thus stood out, challenging the neutral peoples, not to animosity against the German people as a whole—for there the onus would not be quite fairly placed—but to take a definite stand on the side of the right against militarism, with all the term involves—at least by giving their sympathy, their moral support, and, above all, by avoidance of embarrassing in any way the Allies, through gainful desire—whatever the consequences might be.

*Continued on page 434.*



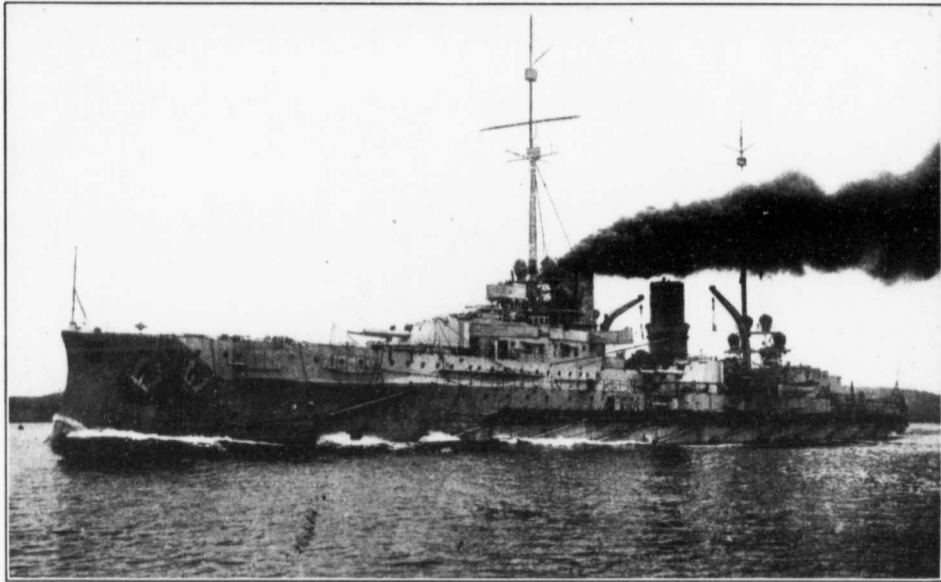
A GALLANT UNIT OF THE ENEMY'S FLEET.

The German cruiser "Emden" after an active and heroic career in Eastern waters fell a victim to the Australian cruiser "Sydney." This official photograph issued on behalf of the British Press Bureau. (Photo C.N.)



THE CUXHAVEN AIR RAID.

The recent successful air raid over Cuxhaven, carried out by British Naval airmen, is but what might be expected from a branch of the service already so distinguished. Photo shows hydro-aeroplane leaving a British battleship. (Photo C.N.)



THE GREAT NORTH SEA FIGHT.

Few incidents in the war have afforded more thrilling narratives than the recent British Naval victory. The illustration shows the famous "Bluecher", a 15,500 ton ship, which met disaster at the hands of the British seamen. (Photo, C.N.)



THE GREAT NORTH SEA FIGHT.

Survivors from the "Bluecher," rescued by the British sailors, marching through the streets of Edinburgh. Many of them wore nondescript attire, evidently loaned them by their rescuers. (Photo, C.N.)



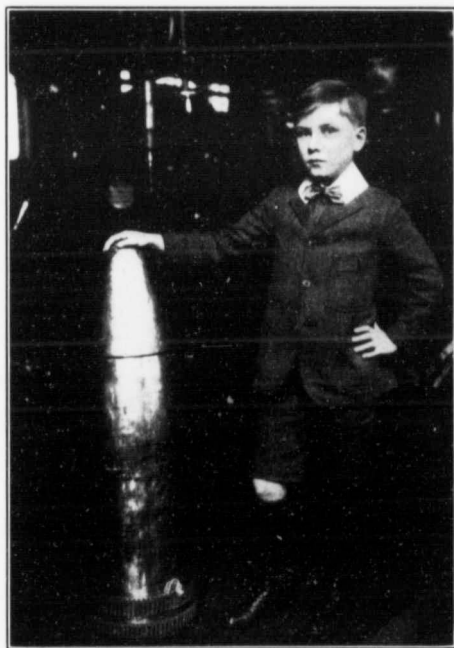
## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 431.

While at home and abroad, in neutral countries and throughout the world, the pros and cons of the conflict filled the press, and platform and even pulpit, the men on the firing line went steadily about their grim task.

Confirming the exceptional achievements of the outnumbered forces on the left wing, the British Press Bureau, on the 18th of October, announced: "The British troops have made good progress during the past few days. In the northern area the Allies have driven the enemy back more than thirty miles."

Notable progress was also indicated in the report



A TRIBUTE TO GERMAN MARKSMANSHIP.

This shell was found at Dalton Piercy, four miles distant from Hartlepool, demonstrating the quality of German marksmanship in the East Coast raid! It measures about 2 ft. 9 in. in length.

of the French War Office, telling of the repulse of a German attempt to cross the Yser, in Belgium; the reoccupation of Armentières by the allied troops; a general advance north of Arras and progress at points south of this. The situation in the centre and on the right wing remained "stationary."

And still the list of casualties grew apace. Prominent among the names in the latest "Roll of Honour" made public in London was that of Major-General Hubert Ian Wetherall Hamilton, a brave and capable officer, and in the present campaign the distinguished leader of the Third

Division, which as part of Smith-Dorrien's Corps had borne much of the brunt of the recent fighting. A brother officer writing home told how a shrapnel bullet pierced General Hamilton's temple, adding: "It was a fine death, but I know how the General would have felt to be taken before his work was done."

In his report to the Minister of War, Sir John French took occasion to speak in the highest terms of many officers, non-commissioned officers and men. Among those thus "mentioned in despatches" were the commanders of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Army Corps, Generals Sir Douglas Haig, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and William Pulteney-Pulteney. Speaking of the work of Major-Generals Allenby and Gough, the Field-Marshal said:

"The undoubted superiority which our cavalry has attained over that of the enemy has been due to the skill with which they have turned to best account the qualities inherent in the splendid troops they command."

Well merited praise was accorded to the efficient Flying Corps commander, Sir David Henderson; to General Sir Archibald Murray, the Chief-of-Staff; to Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Lowther, of the Scots Guards, former secretary to the Duke of Connaught; to Lieutenant Prince Maurice of Battenburg and to Major Prince Arthur of Connaught. Of the latter, General French stated:

"His intimate knowledge of languages has enabled me to employ him with great advantage on confidential missions of importance."

**October 19.**— To within some ten miles of Warsaw the enemy on the eastern front had advanced. Somewhat severely discomfited by the Czar's troops in the southern area towards Ivangorod, Von Hindenburg's men pressed forward successfully and in comparative ease at other points. At last the prize was as good as theirs. Warsaw was about to fall. Jubilation manifested itself in Berlin dispatches. The Grand Duke Nicholas was outgeneralled. Von Hindenburg had successfully invaded the bear's lair. Such was the story of the first days of the German offensive on Warsaw.

But what of the sequel? There came a day when, following continued cavalry encounters, a force of garrison troops disputed the way. They fought well, but it was impossible they should block the advance of the German hosts. The invaders paused long enough to impatiently sweep this final obstacle from their path.

Then the unexpected happened—although that it should be so argued some fault of judgment in the calculations of the German leader. The secret of the poor defensive was revealed; the puzzle of the bridges conveniently left for the passage of the Kaiser's men was solved at last.

By day and night, by thousands and tens of thousands, Russian troops poured into Warsaw, and were hurried out to meet the German menace. Von Hindenburg, recalling his southern forces to aid his northern army before Warsaw, soon came

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**October 17.**— As though in swift retaliation for the loss of the Cruiser "Hawke" on the previous Thursday, the British Navy, on Saturday, October 17th, struck the enemy a sudden and decisive blow. The action took place off the Dutch coast, when four German torpedo-boat destroyers crossed the path of His Majesty's Ship "Undaunted," a light cruiser in command of Captain Cecil H. Fox, of "Amphion" fame. With the "Undaunted" were four destroyers, the "Lance," "Lennox," "Legion" and "Loyal."

"When heading northward," said an officer in relating the story of the fight, "we saw the smoke of four German vessels. The captain immediately ordered us to clear for action and to chase them. With the destroyers, we steamed at full speed in pursuit of the Germans. It was an unforgettable sight. Our nerves were strained, and everybody was keen as mustard over our luck."

Evidently the enemy had no "stomach for a fight;" sighting their pursuers the destroyers turned and fled. With the advantage of superior speed the British soon began to overhaul their quarry; before long the "six-inch bow chasers" spoke with great effectiveness. Recognizing the futility of flight the German vessels turned and showed their teeth.

Within a few moments the first German destroyer, struck by a shell just below her bridge, staggered like a wounded creature, then sank beneath the waves. A lusty British cheer rang out upon the waters. But there was a side to it that roused other emotions. To quote again the officer's story:

"We actually passed over the spot where the first vessel was sunk, and for the space of a couple of seconds, as we tore through the water at a rate of over thirty knots an hour, we saw poor wretches floating about, clinging to charred and blackened debris and other wreckage. It was a pitiable sight, but we had other combatants to put out of action, and we were forced to speed along and try and forget the sight."

The enemy's fire was poor, but one of the many torpedoes launched, missed sending the "Undaunted" to her doom only by a matter of yards.

Meanwhile, the second German destroyer, her funnels, bridge and deck fittings carried away by the tremendous shell fire, was ablaze fore and aft, and in a sinking condition. Not for long did the fight continue. The accurately placed shots of the British gunners quickly disposed of the remaining two combatants. In considerably less than two hours from the actual sighting of the enemy, the German navy was the weaker by the loss of four destroyers, the S-115, S-117, S-118 and S-119, and the order was given to the victorious seamen to "save life." Of some 225 officers and men composing the crews, only a very small proportion were rescued, Berlin placing the loss of life at 193.

Built in 1902, of 413 tons displacement each, and having a length of 210 feet, the destroyers sunk represented a very material loss to the enemy. And the British public felt that the Royal Navy

had avenged the fate of their comrades on the "Hawke."

In the British Isles, and particularly in London, feeling against hostile aliens had been growing apace. Every fresh atrocity committed; every shipload of refugees arriving from unhappy Belgium; and, perhaps most incensing of all, every new discovery of espionage conducted by Germans who were still permitted to earn their bread and butter in England, added fresh fuel to the fire. By those of the better class, and, indeed, by all save the baser type, this antipathy found expression in demands that all such aliens should be interned at the concentration camps, or, at least, that employers should give preference to British workmen. There were those, however, whose intelligence could not rise above brute force—and whose feelings could only thus find expression.

On the night of October 17, anti-German riots broke out in London. Led by one hundred dock labourers, who were alleged to have been turned out of a lodging house to make room for Belgian refugees, a mob did much damage in the Deptford



"MADE IN GERMANY."

This piece of shell, picked up at West Hartlepool after the "Baby Killers" raid, was found to weigh over 40 lbs. when placed on the scales.

Borough and in Old Kent Road. A German saloon was the first to receive attention, a butcher shop displaying the Kaiser's picture came next, and by the time the police, aided by a detachment of soldiers, had quelled the disturbance, some twenty saloons, bakeries and butcher shops had been completely wrecked. Numerous arrests were made, and precautions taken to prevent a repetition of the outbreak, but threats of further riots if certain shopkeepers again opened for business must have given some uneasiness to the parties concerned.

On the continent, matters were not going as well for the Kaiser's forces as the enemy might have wished. His heavy reinforcements, his sudden dash for the coast, his sacrifice of life had availed him little.

Despite the tremendous odds against them, despite the determined onslaughts by some of the best units at the disposal of their opponents, the allied forces continued for the most part not only

Continued on page 427.



PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY.

This photo shows a number of French and British officers in German hands. An interesting point about the picture is that the officer on the extreme left of the fore rank has been identified as Col. W. E. Gordon, V.C., of the Gordon Highlanders. (Photo, C.N.)



THE MAN WHO TOOK SIDES WITH GERMANY.

The Sultan of Turkey is here seen driving along a promenade in Constantinople. The activities of the Allied Fleets in the Dardanelles are causing much consternation in the city. (Photo, C.N.)



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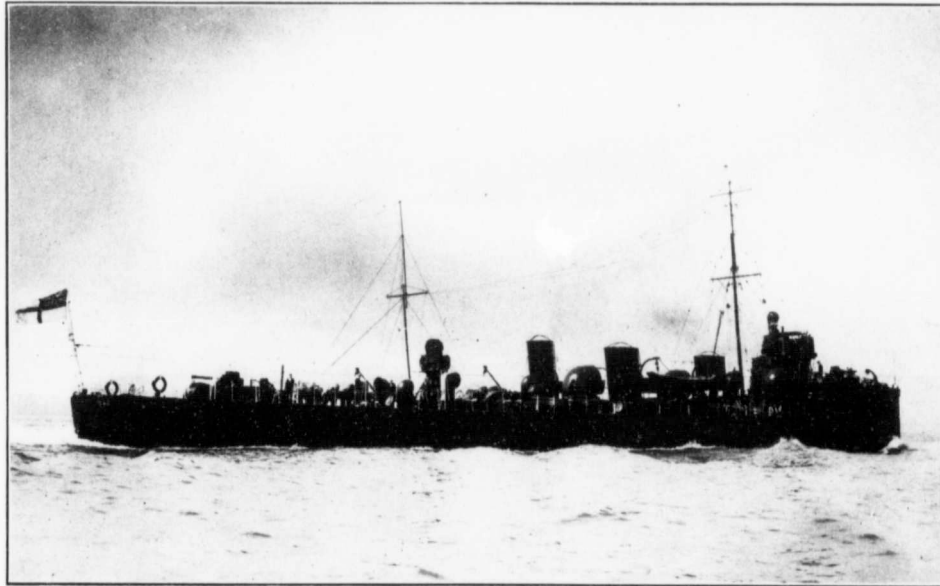


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THE BRITISH DESTROYER "BADGER."

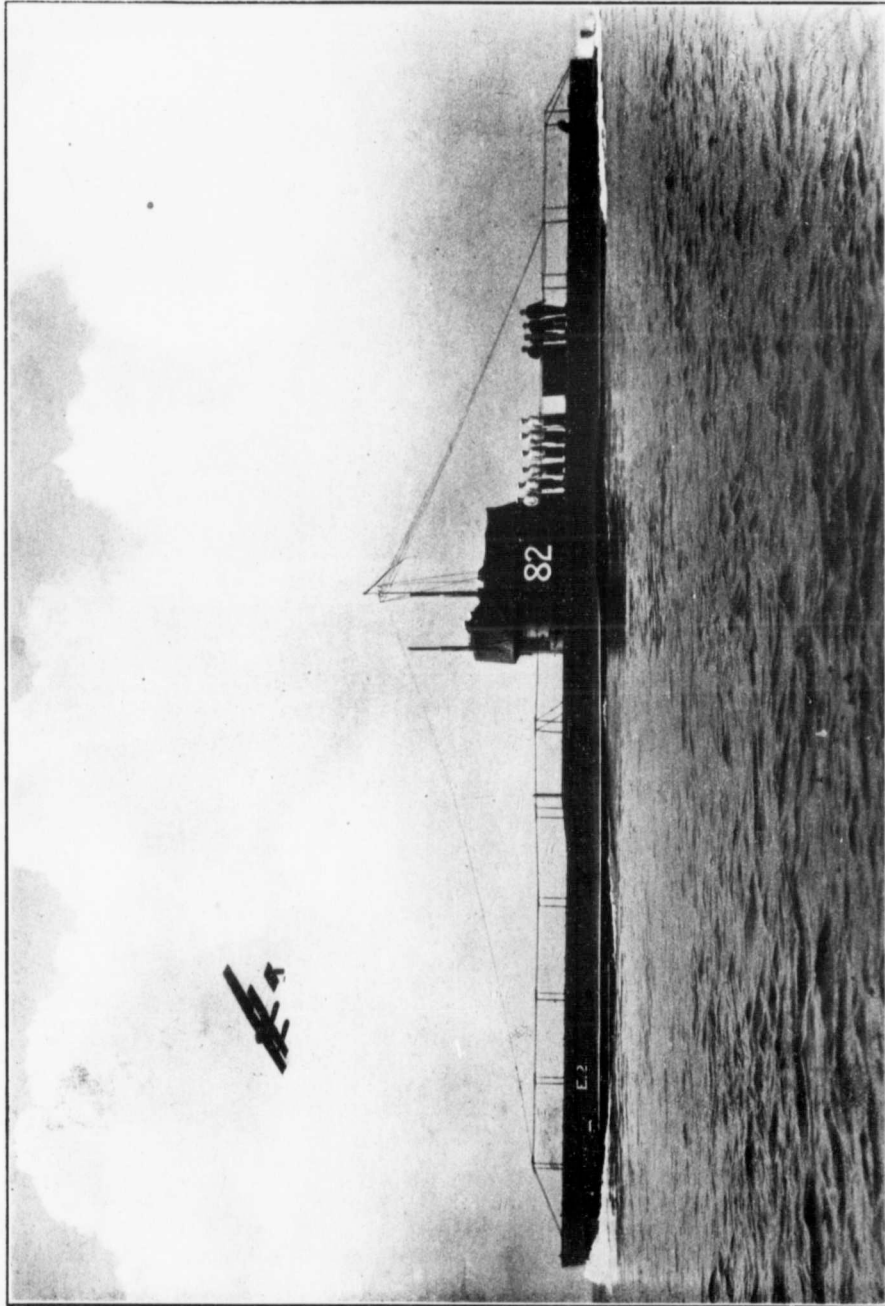
The "Badger" (Commander Chas. A. Freemantle) rammed and sank a German submarine off the Dutch coast on October 24th, 1914.



THE BRITISH DESTROYER "GHURKA."

The work of the British torpedo-boat destroyers since the commencement of the war has been most daring and effective. Illustration shows H.M.S. "Ghurka." (Photo, Cribb.)





THE DEVICES OF MODERN WARFARE. Modern science has evolved many new devices which have transformed warfare. The illustration shows the British submarine E.2 with a seaplane overhead. (Photo, Cribb)

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## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 435.*

ever yet been called upon to face. It seemed an impossible task, and so indeed it proved. Completely outnumbered, and hampered in their advance by the wretchedly poor condition of the roads, it is not to be wondered at that their progress was slight. Rather, in the opinion of General French himself, is it a matter of surprise that any advance at all was scored. But it soon became very evident that a forward movement to Bruges was, for the time being at least, quite out of the question.

With Ypres and its immediate neighbourhood, therefore, as the storm centre, the fighting generally became more violent, and to the continuous rifle and artillery duels was added a greater frequency of desperate hand to hand struggles, when the crackle of rifles and the roar of guns gave place to the silent but none the less deadly work of the bayonet.

South of Ypres, General French enjoined upon his troops a strictly defensive role, and as the grey-green columns of infantrymen, swept in assault upon the Franco-British positions, a withering fire from thousands of cool, resolute marksmen, took a heavy toll of lives. Many and repeated were the assaults of the enemy on the 20th of October. Not in the northern part of the fighting zone alone, but along the whole line, the day was marked with similar offensive moves. Stating that such attempts had everywhere been repulsed, the official French communique told of attacks "at La Bassee . . . ; to the north of Arras; at Mametz, between Peronne and Albert; at Vauquois, to the east of the Argonne; and, finally, on the heights of the Meuse and in the region of Champlon."

Little had of late been heard of developments in South Africa in connection with the Maritz uprising, but an interesting item of news came to hand on the 20th of October. Colonel Maritz' avowed intentions of "proceeding to invade the Union," and his boasting of the forces at his command seemed to be resolving themselves into mere idle threats. Advices told of the capture of three officers and seventy men of the rebel "army," and the voluntary surrender of four officers and forty more men. If report could be credited friction was also already making itself felt between the rebel Colonel and his German allies. On the whole it seemed that the unhappy Maritz was experiencing the truth of the saying that "the way of transgressors is hard."

**October 21.**—"Truth," we are told, "is stranger than fiction."

Certain it is that there is much in modern warfare to surpass the most vivid imaginings of a writer of romance. "It was a situation I would not have used in fiction," declares a well-known writer, speaking of personal experiences in the war zone.

Perhaps, as never before, the closing days of the month of October saw warfare in its most modern, most deadly, yet most horribly fascinating

character. For now to the wonders of fighting by land and sea and air, revealed in the past three months, was added the marvel of a combination of all these features—a concerted action—involving at once all branches of the service. Here, staged on the coasts of Belgium and Northern France, was drama on a huge scale. Extending inland to where a new experience of death and destruction was overtaking the Kaiser's men at the hands of the gunners of King George's Navy, the stage on which this great war drama was being enacted reached out beyond the shallower waters, in which lay the light draught monitors "Severn," "Humber" and "Mersey" making effective contribution to the discomfiture of the enemy's flank, to where the grey hulls of His Majesty's ships at times could be discerned. Here was drama indeed with tragedy as its dominant note—drama rendered all the more weird and grotesque by virtue of the uncertain weather and the frequency of obscuring fogs.

The entrance of the Navy into the great coast struggle was a feature of no small importance and interest. Even as the monitors—built for the shallow waters of Brazilian rivers and now taken over by the British Admiralty, rendered most signal assistance to the land forces along the Belgian coast, so it was the navy which contributed much to the spectacular side of the operations in these coastal waters and along the English Channel.

Telling of the effect at night of the use of the great searchlights on the channel war vessels, a correspondent, writing from the coast of France, painted a realistic word picture.

"The sight," he said, "of the lights leaping across the dead-black sea was entralling, mysterious, wonderful. For some seconds the watcher was struck blind just as after a vivid lightning flash. Then the sabre gleam would come again and again, searching the sea and sky. In one of these magic lantern peeps, the Calais boat, lumbering on late for the English coast, was picked out. Every detail of her leaped into vision."

Comparing with the strife so near at hand the quiet of those shores to which the boat, crowded with refugees, was going, he added:

"Behind lay England, with myriad coast lights and wide-eyed sentinels; behind, further still, London, all dark and gloomy; here, on this drear coast, across the narrow strip of sea, the batterings and rumblings of war—untiring, sleepless, interminable. . . ."

With the navy lending valuable co-operation in the north, with a gradual "tightening" of the allied lines at points of danger, the situation in the western theatre of war, on the 21st day of October, visibly brightened.

The absolute unreliability of statements emanating from Germany was again emphasized on the 21st of October, by the announcement of the Official Bureau in London that "the statement from German sources that there has been a rebellion in British Somaliland, and that Berbera, with all the British officials, has been taken, is entirely

*Continued on page 442.*



THE WINTER CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA.

Even when winter held the land in its vigorous grip, the fighting in the Eastern theatre of war went on. A Russian transport is here seen making its way through the snow. (Photo, C. N.)



THE WINTER CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA.

The morale and equipment of the Russian troops leaves little to be desired. Note the trim comfortable looking uniform of these Russian Artillerymen. A winter campaign holds no terror for them. (Photo, C. N.)



THE ALIEN PROBLEM IN CANADA.

The problem of caring for hostile aliens has been capably handled by the Canadian Authorities. Many are interned in concentration camps. Photo shows prisoners at the door of bunkhouse after airing their bedding. (Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren.)



THE ALIEN PROBLEM IN CANADA.

The aliens interned at the concentration camps seem on the whole quite happy and contented with their lot. Fresh air, plenty to eat, and sufficient wholesome labour to keep them fit, make the life far from unpleasant. (Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren.)



## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 439.*

without foundation. The situation in the protectorate remains unchanged since the outbreak of the war."

A report from Colombo, Ceylon, to the British Admiralty, told of further activities on the part of the notorious German cruiser "Emden." The sinking of five British merchant steamers, at a point some 150 miles southwest of Cochin, and the capture of two others were now added to her already large list of depredations.

**October 22.**— Among those whose names should rank highest on the Roll of Honour for heroic devotion and patient self-sacrifice are those of whose efforts we perhaps hear less and think less than is fitting. We speak feelingly of the heroism of our men in the trenches—and we do well; we tell of the gallantry of our cavalymen and gunners—and it is right we should; but what of the men who quietly and coolly face death day after day as unostentatiously they go about their mission of mercy; whose business it is not to aid the grim reaper in his task but to wrest from his hands the victims he would claim? And not the men alone, but the brave women who aid them in their work.

Something of what certain of the Red Cross workers underwent at this particular time when Dixmude was a storm-centre and full of wounded, illustrates this well, and is told by a correspondent who accompanied certain members of the staff of an English Hospital operating from Furnes. Doctors, nurses, stretcher-bearers, and ambulance chauffeurs—all had seen death close at hand and known his near approach. How, under Lieutenant de Broqueville, and with Lady Dorothe Feilding, who has since been decorated by King Albert with the Order of Leopold, as one of the party, a small company of workers went forth to bring in the wounded then remaining in Dixmude, reads like a romance.

"It was decided to take three ambulances and three motor cars," says the correspondent, who was himself one of the party. "We set out before noon, winding our way through the streets of Furnes . . . As we went along the road, nearer to the sound of the great guns which for the last hour or two had been firing incessantly, we passed many women and children. They were on their way to some place further from the firing. . . ."

"At a turn in the road the battle lay before us and we were in the zone of fire. Away across the fields was a line of villages, with the town of Dixmude a little to the right of us, perhaps a mile and a quarter away. From each little town smoke was rising in columns, which met at the top in a great black pall. At every moment this blackness was brightened by puffs of electrical blue, extraordinarily vivid, as shells burst in the air."

On between two lines of fire, with Belgian and German shells alike screeching over their heads and "ploughing up the fields in great pits", the

party went, presently arriving at the inferno of Dixmude.

"When I saw it for the first and last time," we are told by the correspondent, "it was a place of death and horror. The streets through which we passed were utterly deserted and wrecked from end to end, as though by an earthquake. Incandescent explosions of shell fire crashed down upon the walls which still stood. Great gashes opened in walls, which then toppled and fell."

Of the search for wounded among the ruins and in the buildings still standing; of the sufferings of these men and of the still figures of their comrades who had already passed beyond their agonies and, strangely postured, slept their last sleep in quiet unconcern amid this man-made hell-on-earth; of the square by the town hall, where there was "never a moment when shell fire was not bursting;" of the cool, quiet attitude of these Red Cross heroes, the story tells.

Then came the return journey and the startling discovery that their number was not complete. Lieutenant de Broqueville was missing. Somewhere back there where the flames were by this time leaping up in "fiendish splendour," the gallant Lieutenant remained. A search party failing to find him, the almost certain fate of the Lieutenant cast a gloom over all, as they conveyed the wounded back to Furnes. To quote again from the writer of this "true romance."

"I sat down to a supper which I had not expected to eat. . . . It seemed very strange to be sitting down to a table with cheerful faces about me, but some of the faces were not cheerful. Those of us who knew of the disappearance of de Broqueville sat silently over our soup.

"Then suddenly Lady Dorothe Feilding gave a little cry of joy, and Lieutenant de Broqueville came walking briskly forward. It seemed a miracle; it was hardly less than that. . . . He had missed us when he went down into a cellar to haul out another wounded man, forgetting that he had given us the order to start. . . . He succeeded in rescuing his wounded man, for whom he found room in a Belgian ambulance outside the town, and walked back along the road to Furnes."

Romance? What fiction can surpass such fact as this. And the correspondent writing on the following day, the 22nd of October added, "This morning they have gone again to what is left of Dixmude," concluding his story thus:

"The courage of this English field ambulance, under the Belgian Red Cross, is one of those splendid things which will shine through the devil's work of war."

Generally speaking, the battle line in the north on the 22nd of October, extended from Nieuport, where the monitors of the British Navy continued their successful bombardment of the German positions, to Dixmude, Ypres, Menin, Lille and La Basse. A certain decrease in the violence of the fighting was noted.

An official statement from Pretoria, subsequently received, stated that Lieutenant Colonel Maritz,

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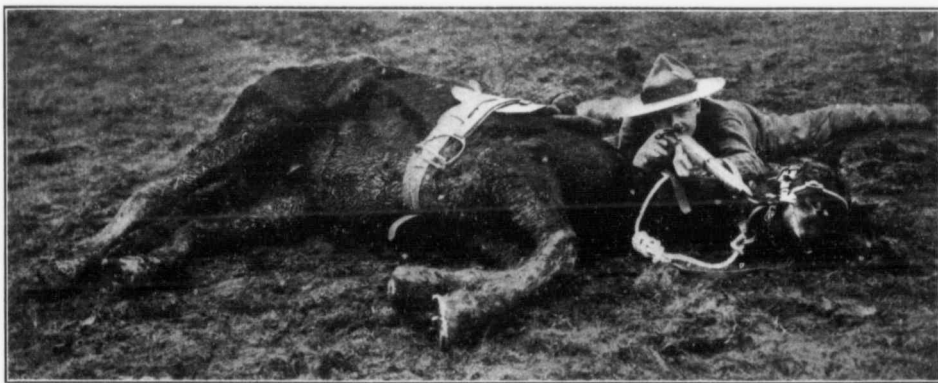
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with a force of over 1,000 men, including several hundred Germans, attacked Kiemos, Cape Province, South Africa, at five o'clock on the morning of October 22. The engagement was not heavy, and the casualties small, ten of the loyal force being wounded, and two dead being left on the field by the rebels.

Espionage in Great Britain still gave much trouble to the authorities, and the policy of interning all men of German or Austrian birth between the ages of 17 and 45, it was found necessary to more vigorously enforce. The restrictions on the movements of such aliens gave much cause for discontent in certain cases where sympathy lay altogether with the allied cause, but discrimination was practically impossible. Isolated cases of anti-German riots were still reported from various points, but these the authorities put down with a firm hand.

"The Indian forces," said Lord Crewe, Secretary of State for India, in a speech made public by the Press Bureau on the 22nd of October, "will very soon be taking their place on the firing line beside their British comrades. The enemy make it a matter of reproach that we are employing Asiatic troops in France. To that I am prepared to reply in the words of the famous sentence over the gateway of the University of Aberdeen: 'They say—what say they? Let them say.' But I will add this: It is not in our eyes a matter of reproach but a matter of pride that our Indian fellow-subjects feel themselves identified with ourselves in the present quarrel, and I fully expect that the enemy may, before the war ends, learn several not unneeded lessons from the Indian troops—lessons in chivalry, humanity, and respect for the persons and homes of the poor and the humble."

*Continued on page 446.*



TRAINING IN THE MUD AT SALISBURY PLAIN.

Horses as well as men underwent training at Salisbury. The illustration shows a Canadian of No. 1 Remount Department teaching a horse to lie down during firing. Note the muddy condition of the horse. (Photo, Topical War Service.)

## THE BUGLES

MAURICE HEWLETT

Now who are ye that cross the sea  
To the bugle's breaking key?  
Mother, we are your eldest born  
That claim to follow the sounding horn,  
Carry on! Carry on!  
For England must be free.

What is this you bring me home  
With flags to shroud them and pulsing drum?  
We bring you back your early lost;  
Bugles, give them the Last Post—  
And then, Carry on!  
Reveille is to come.

Wipe my cheeks and dry my eyes,  
For the flag still floats and flies.  
Sons I have left to hear the warning  
Flung across the eyes of morning,  
Carry on! Carry on!  
So the land replies.

Sound, bugle, and banner flaunt  
Your answer to the tyrant's taunt.  
Line the dyke and trench and dune,  
While the bugle's piercing tune,  
Clarion calling, Carry on!  
Flings him back his vaunt.



KING GEORGE V INSPECTS THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS.  
Flying in all weathers and amid ever-present dangers from the enemy, the men of the British Royal Flying Corps have won merited praise for their invaluable services. This interesting photograph shows His Majesty King George V inspecting the men of this corps. (Photo, C.N.)



## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 443.

**October 23.**— The 23rd day of October saw the tremendous struggle in the western area continuing with, if anything, increased vigour. Along the whole front, extending from the Belgian dunes on the left, to the Argonne district, and further south to the Vosges mountains, on the right, severe fighting everywhere marked the day's activities. Around La Bassee, in particular, a heavy engagement took place, resulting in a slight success for the enemy, but this was offset by a similar gain by the Allies in the neighbourhood of Armentières. So it was along virtually the whole line,—the pendulum swinging from side to side, but the desperate attempts on the part of the enemy bore with them resultant heavy losses—much heavier, indeed, than those of the forces withstanding them—and thus the "wearing out" process to which Sir John French made reference, went steadily on.

On the eastern front matters were still going well for the Russians. The German retreat from Warsaw continued, energetically followed up by the Czar's forces, into whose hands fell many prisoners and munitions of war. The enemy, however, was by no means crushed, and a determined stand or even a new offensive might shortly be expected.

The Austrians, too, on the Russian left, continued to "fight with stubbornness on the Vistula, on the San, and particularly to the south of Przemysl." Their attempt to turn the Russian flank at this point, however, was destined to fail and brought to the Austrian troops no results, save an increase of their already heavy losses.

In East Prussia little change was noted, but German reports of developments in this district gave promise of increased activity on the Russian right.

While from the very outbreak of hostilities the commerce of the Allies, thanks very largely to the efficiency of the British Navy, had continued throughout the world with little interruption, shipping had not come through altogether scatheless. Some eight or nine German cruisers were still at large, and, operating in the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans, had taken a considerable toll in ships. Chief among these was the Cruiser "Emden," with a record of having sunk or captured no less than twenty British vessels in the Indian Ocean. As a close second came the "Karlsruhe" reported to have taken or destroyed thirteen British ships in the Atlantic. As though in answer to critics who murmured at these losses and demanded stronger measures to put an end to them, the British Admiralty on the 23rd of October issued an interesting statement with reference to the matter.

"Searching for these vessels," it declared, "and working in concert under various commanders-in-chief, are upwards of seventy British, Australian, Japanese, French and Russian cruisers, not including auxiliary cruisers."

"The percentage of loss," it also stated "is much less than was reckoned on before the war. Out of four thousand British ships engaged in the foreign trade, only thirty-nine have been sunk by the enemy, or less than one per cent in all."

Out of some eight or nine thousand voyages undertaken to and from United Kingdom ports, less than five per thousand were interfered with, and these cases were largely due to "merchant vessels taking everything for granted and proceeding without precaution, as if there were no war," rather than following the instructions issued by the Admiralty.

After referring to the virtual non-existence of German oversea trade, the statement concluded:

"In these circumstances there is no occasion for anxiety and no excuse for complaint. On the contrary, the more fully the facts concerning our oversea trade and its protection by the Royal Navy are disclosed, and the more attentively they are studied, the greater will be the confidence and satisfaction with which the situation can be viewed."

A rather novel step taken by the British Government, and officially announced on the evening of the 23rd, was the prohibition of sugar importations into the United Kingdom. Sugar purchased from neutral nations might easily have been brought originally from the enemy, and as ample supplies for many months' consumption in Great Britain had been assured by the Sugar Commission, the official advice stated:

"In these circumstances the Government has decided to prohibit, for the time being, the importation of sugar, with the object of defeating the German and Austrian efforts to turn their stocks into money."

In combating German thoroughness, Britain was determined to do a "thorough job" also, and was overlooking no details which might legitimately be used against the enemy.

**October 24.**— Lord Crewe's recent statement regarding the entrance of Indian troops into the fighting in France was now verified. And gallantly did they uphold the best traditions of the Indian army. To the support of their hard-pressed English comrades came the Lahore Division, on the 24th of October, and most excellent support they rendered.

A subsequent report of Field Marshall French paid tribute to India's stalwart and hardy warriors in these words:

"Since their arrival in this country and their occupation of the line allotted to them, I have been much impressed by the initiative and resource displayed by the Indian troops. Some of the ruses they have employed to deceive the enemy have been attended with the best results, and have doubtless kept the superior forces in front of them at bay."

After declaring that the sappers had upheld their reputation for skill and resource, the General concluded:

"The general officer commanding the Indian

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Army describes the conduct and bearing of these troops in strange and new surroundings to have been highly satisfactory, and I am enabled from my own observations to fully corroborate this statement."

It was a matter of much regret to the allied troops generally, and particularly to the men of French's army who had hoped that the exchange of their trenches on the Aisne for positions near the Belgian frontier might give larger opportunities for aggressive work, that the struggle should again resolve itself in no small degree into a defensive one. But, from the very first, as we have seen, the sacrifice of the lives of their men where such sacrifice could possibly be averted, was a policy abhorrent to the allied leaders. Added to this was the undoubted strength and vigour of the enemy's attacks at many points, enforcing on the part of the allied line a strictly defensive attitude. But all the tremendous efforts of the German troops availed them but little. At virtually every point, and even in the face of overwhelmingly superior forces, our lines held—tight.

Amid sundry discomforts, to which the leaden skies and continuous downpour of rain contributed not a little, the men of Canada's Expeditionary Force had taken up the quarters assigned to them on Salisbury Plain. With their accustomed spirit of cheerfulness, the men accepted the somewhat dismal conditions philosophically, and determined not to allow their ardour to be dampened, however much their quarters and their belongings might thus be affected. But if the weather gave to them a rather cheerless welcome, not so the people. Old mother England received her sons from across the sea with open arms, and left no stone unturned to show her gratitude at Canada's expression of filial loyalty.

A pleasant feature of the week-end was the inspection of the Canadian troops by Britain's great veteran, Lord Roberts. The old soldier's keen eye saw in these thousands of stalwart men,

a force, still lacking sufficient training, but of large possibilities. Nor was he slow to express his feelings, to show his appreciation of Canada's greatest gift.

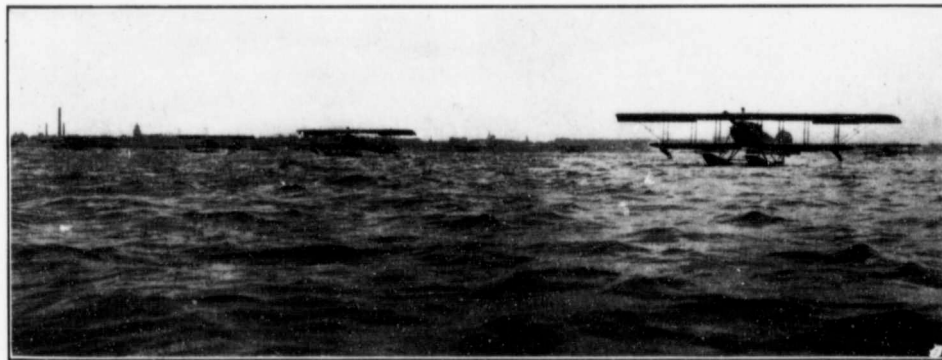
"Brother soldiers of the Canadian contingent," he said—and can we not picture the small but erect old man, with his soldierly bearing, as he addressed the men in tones of sincere feeling? "it is an intense pleasure for me to be able to give you a most hearty welcome to the Mother Country. We have arrived at a most critical moment in our history, and you have generously come to help us in our hour of need. Words fail me when I try to tell you how deeply we appreciate your action and the splendid spirit of loyalty which has prompted that action."

He spoke of the wonderfully prompt response; of the remarkable organization "in a fine camp in your own Laurentian mountains"; of the tremendous military power against which they were to fight, of the hardships and sacrifice which would attend the task of subjugating such a power, concluding:

"When the time comes for you to take your place in the field, you will find yourselves fighting side by side with the men of our regular army, who have already done great deeds and endured great hardships; with the men of our Indian Army, who have come with such devotion and eagerness to take their share in defending British interests; and with the men who, like yourselves, are coming from other self-governing Dominions to co-operate with us. I need not urge you to do your best. I know you will, for you will be fighting in the greatest of all causes—the cause of right, of justice and of liberty. May God prosper you in this great struggle."

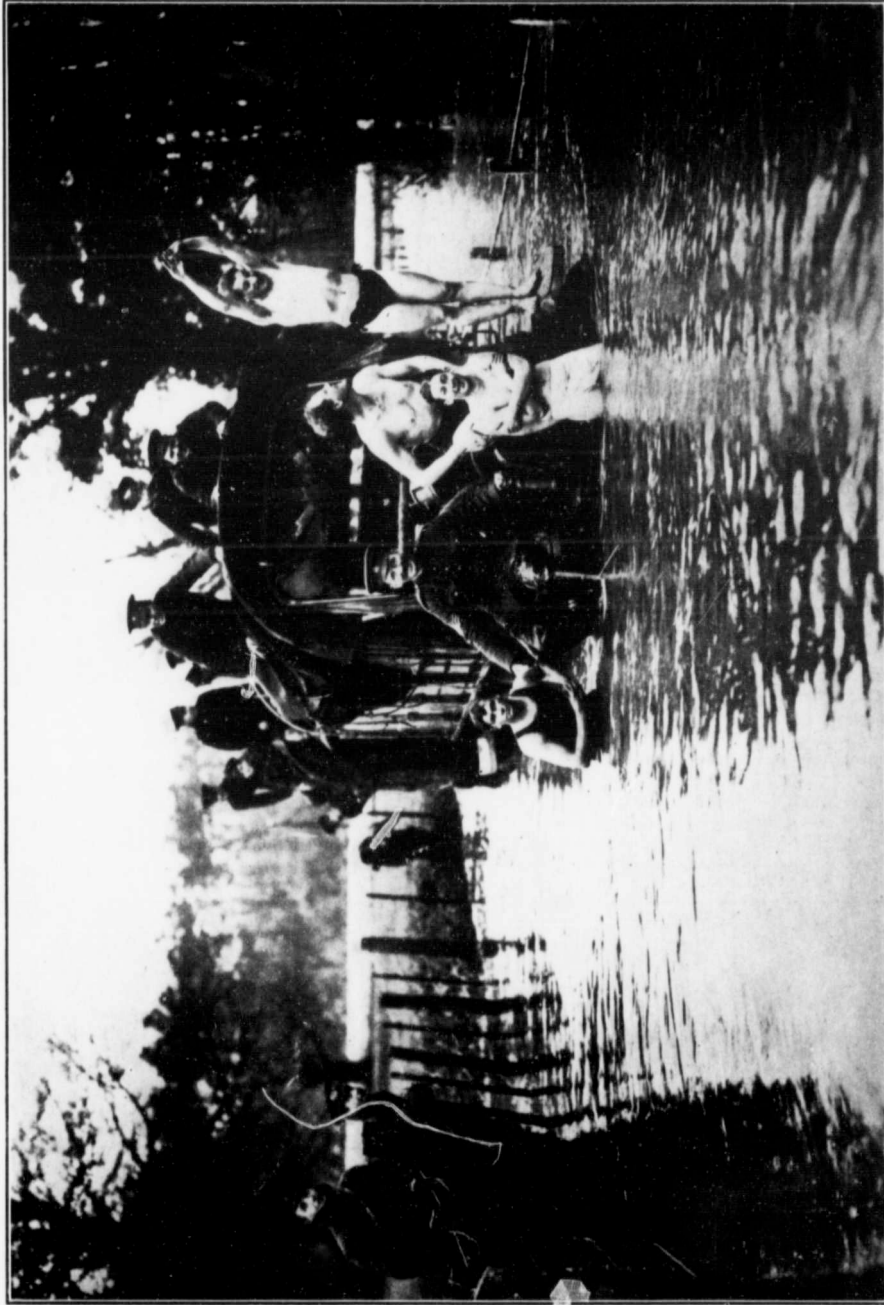
**October 25.**— Another day of undiminished violence and slaughter. To the ordinary discomforts and hazards of the campaign was added the really serious feature of continued bad weather and torrential rains. The results of occupying trenches filled with water will

*Continued on page 440.*



THE CUXHAVEN AIR RAID.

The recent spectacular and effective raid over Cuxhaven, carried out by the British airmen, has brought this branch of service into the public eye. Illustration shows British seaplanes at rest on the water. (Photo, Central Press.)



CANADIANS AND THE FLOOD. The exceptional floods prevailing at the time, however, failed to dampen their enthusiasm. The men in the picture, using their stranded motor lorry as a bathing machine, are indulging in a novel swim in the flooded roadway near Shrewton. (Photo "Topical.")

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## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 447.

be no less crippling than those of the most appalling shell-fire, and undoubtedly many a man will carry to his grave evidences of his exposure to such conditions. To no small degree also were military operations impeded in Northern France and Belgium by the heavy roads and flooded areas. Even more than the allied troops did the Germans suffer, particularly in the low country south and east of Dixmude, where report told of many drownings through the cutting of the dykes.

Some concern was felt at the report emanating from Berlin, and confirmed in Paris on the 25th of October, that bodies of the enemy had succeeded in crossing the Yser between Nieuport and Dixmude, but the definite repulse of spirited attacks at other points, the advice of certain advances to the north-west of Soissons and in the region of Craonne, and word of satisfactory progress of heavy artillery engagements on the heights of the Meuse and in the Woevre district, helped to dispel this feeling.

Unquestionably, however, the enemy was fighting admirably, and displaying an energy in the disposition of his forces and leaders, in the rushing of reinforcements to strategic points and in endeavouring to pierce the allied lines, which, however much it might savor of desperation, was clearly prophetic of the hard task which still confronted the French and British troops.

News items of interest received from London on the 25th of October included an official announcement of the sinking of a German submarine by the British destroyer "Badger," under Commander Charles Freemantle. The "Badger," proceeding at full speed ahead, rammed the submarine amidships, accomplishing her object, but somewhat damaging her own bow.

Word was also received of the unfortunate death of General Sir Charles N. H. Douglas, chief of the Imperial General Staff and a valued military leader, causing wide-spread regret.

Advices regarding the quickly mounting patriotic subscription lists in England, placed the total of the Prince of Wales National Relief Fund at \$16,930,000; the Times' Fund for sick and wounded at over \$2,500,000; Queen Mary's Fund for providing work for women at \$400,000; while Princess Mary's Christmas Gift appeal had already brought in nearly \$90,000. Other contributions of money and of comforts for the soldiers and sailors were pouring generously in.

Stating that 35,000 men from all parts of Ireland had already joined the army, Mr. John E. Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, in addressing a meeting of volunteers at Belfast, on the 25th of October, emphatically declared:

"Ireland's rights are not to be defended merely within the Irish shores. If the manhood of Ireland refused to strike a blow where real fighting was going on, the country would be covered with disgrace. Ireland would be humiliated if, after the war, it had to be admitted that the safety and liberties of Ireland had been guarded by the sacri-

fices of other men, while Irishmen remained at home and took no risks."

Mr. Redmond need have had no fear of Ireland's disgrace in this regard. As in the great wars of the past Irishmen had played a gallant part, so in these latter days, and, it is to be hoped in this last and greatest struggle, none had more promptly responded and more nobly wrought upon the battlefield than the men from the beautiful isle across the Irish sea.

Widespread regret was occasioned in Canada at the reception of news of the death in action of Major Rivers-Bulkeley, formerly equerry to his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. After an active career in the service of the Empire, including the South African campaign, when his meritorious conduct thrice brought him mention in dispatches, it thus befel that he should meet a soldier's death on the firing line.

**October 26.**— The expression of India's loyalty in her determination to play her part in the struggle, as one of the most striking of all instances of the Empire's allegiance to the British cause, was a constant source of interest, and drew forth much comment. Stating that "In all subsequent wars of Great Britain the Indian Princes and Indian army have been uniformly anxious, and have sometimes been permitted, to join . . . where no conflict with white men was involved," and citing as an instance the sending of 20,000 Indian troops to assist in the relief of the European legation during the Boxer rising in China in 1900, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, India's viceroy from 1899 to 1905, in an interview on the subject stated significantly:

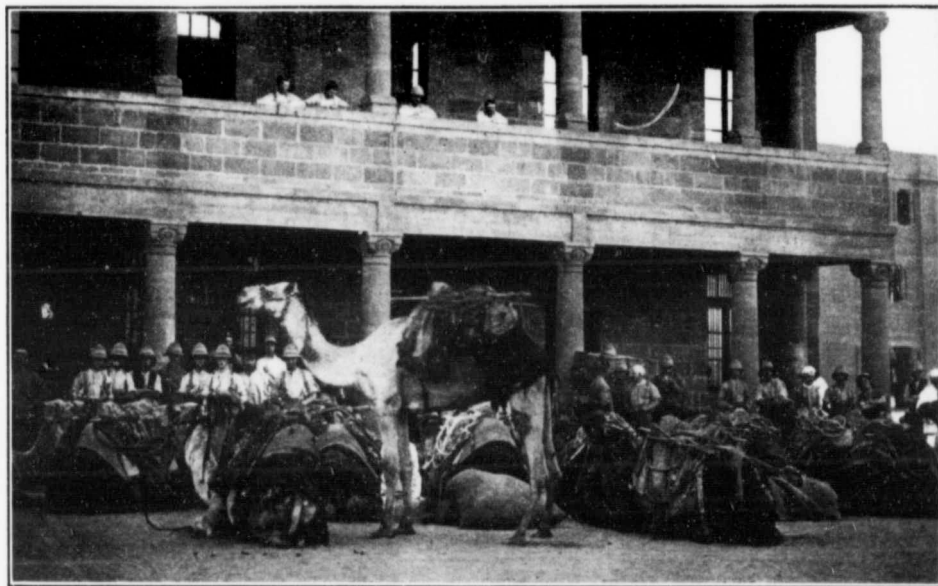
"Incidentally it may be mentioned that the conduct of the German commander and German officers of the international forces with which the Indians were employed on that occasion, was marked by a characteristic arrogance that left an impression upon the Indian troops which has never faded."

Out on the firing line India's contribution to the Empire was making itself felt. Fraternalizing readily with their comrades in arms—British, French and Belgian—and fighting with a spirit that won the admiration of "Tommy Atkins" from the first, these dusky warriors achieved instant popularity.

The 26th saw little progress on either side. The allied front now extended, roughly speaking, from Nieuport and Dixmude through the district between Roulers and Ypres, thence past Armentières and Lille, to points west of La Bassée and Lens until the neighbourhood of Arras was reached, south of which the line continued practically unchanged along the Aisne, through the Argonne and Woevre districts and into the Vosges mountains.

In the Ypres district, and to the east of that place, a strong German attack developed which, while checked, caused some re-adjustment of the position of the opposing British forces. On the allied extreme left a measure of progress was made.

Continued on page 455 (part 20.)



THE WAR IN THE EAST.

War in the east has a picturesque note lacking in our western operations. The use of camels is one feature of much interest. The illustration shows part of an Egyptian camel corps. (Photo, Central Press.)



THE TURKISH ADVANCE ON EGYPT.

The Turks, sadly misled by the German authorities, saw in this war an opportunity for their own aggrandizement. Egypt was no longer to know British domination. They are beginning to realize their error. Photo shows parade of some of the defenders of Egypt, the Herts Yeomanry and Westminster Dragoons. (Photo, Central Press.)



## A Soldier's Prayer

*A copy of the following prayer, composed by the late Lord Roberts, was presented by him to the soldiers serving under him during the South African War.*

"ALMIGHTY FATHER, I have often sinned against Thee. Oh, wash me in the precious blood of the Lamb of God. Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit, that I may lead a new life. Spare me to see again those whom I love at home, or fit me for Thy presence in peace. Strengthen us to quit ourselves like men in our right and just cause. Keep us faithful unto death, calm in danger, patient in suffering, merciful as well as brave; true to our Queen, our country, and colours. If it be Thy will, enable us to win victory for England; but, above all, grant us a better victory over temptation and sin, over life and death, that we may be more than conquerors, through Him who loved us and laid down His life for us, Jesus our Saviour, the Captain of the Army of God. Amen!"



THE YARMOUTH AIR RAID.

The recent raid on Yarmouth and other points by German airmen is another milestone on the way to the establishment of a "baby-killing" record that it will take the Fatherland centuries to live down. Note the effect of a single bomb. (Photo, C.P.)

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# The - War - Pictorial

The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 20.

Printed and published at 1510 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal, Canada, 30th April, 1915, by DODD-SIMPSON PRESS, LIMITED



A LONELY POST.

This photo, taken "somewhere in France," shows a British "Tommy" on picket duty. Note the comfortable sheepskin coat he is wearing. (Photo, C.N.)



"TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA."

Germany is unduly proud of her Zeppelin fleet and anticipates great results from its activities. Even the children are given toy "Zeppelins" as seen in this picture post card from Berlin. (Photo, C.P.)

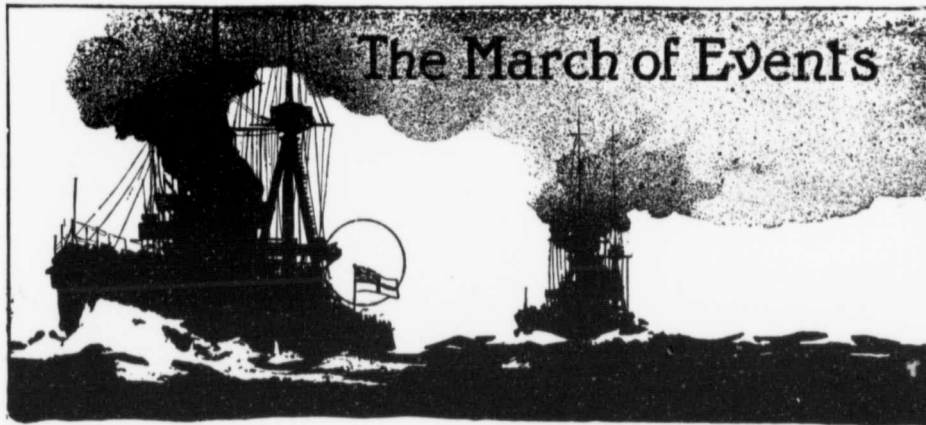
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## A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration

### PART 20

*Continued from page 449 (part 19).*

Summing up operations in Nigeria and the German Cameroons for the first period of the war, the announcement of the Press Bureau on the 26th of October showed that not alone in Europe was the war taking a heavy toll of lives. Although more or less indecisive, the engagements in these distant parts had been attended with proportionately large losses.

Success, which had so far attended the efforts of the Serbians and Montenegrins in their attack on Serajevo, the Bosnian capital of undying historic interest, now seemed to elude their united efforts. An official Serbian statement on the 26th of October admitted that, finding themselves hopelessly outnumbered, the combined Serbian-Montenegrin army had retired from its advanced positions. The enemy, however, was unable to follow up this advantage, the report declared, while heavy losses had been inflicted upon the defenders of the city.

**October 27.**— "Extra! extra! All about the Audacious sunk." Upon the street corners and on the crowded cars in the larger cities and towns the startled citizens hastily bought out the newsboys' stocks and read the headlines glaring up at them. Surely this could not be true. But amazement followed close on the heels of consternation. For the news was over two weeks old. Then it was nearly the middle of November—the story told of the stirring events of October 27. This was something new and not altogether agreeable in the way of censorship.

Nor was the news even now confirmed. The

veil of mystery drawn over the incidents which transpired off the north of Ireland on the morning of the 27th of October remained unlifted. But the reports of the disaster—the minute details of which, emanating from various sources, bore all the earmarks of truth—continued to spread, and the refusal of the British Admiralty either to confirm or deny them lent colour to the statements made.

The startling but absorbing story as it first reached the general public may be briefly summarized.

"After the Olympic left New York on October 21," said a member of the crew of the White Star liner which figured prominently in the incident, "we heard for the first time that the northeast coast of Ireland was reported to have been mined, and that certain shipping men in New York had bet long odds that the ship would not reach Greenock safely.

"All went well, however, until 10 o'clock on the morning of October 27, when we sighted Tory Island, off the Irish coast. It was a dull, cold morning, with a strong, westerly gale blowing and a very heavy sea running. At 11 o'clock we sighted two warships ahead. The larger of the two was wallowing in the trough of the sea, and so deep by the stern that the seas were washing over the quarter deck. This was the Audacious."

It was soon learned that she was in considerable distress, having apparently struck a mine, and H.M.S. "Liverpool," accompanying her, being stripped for action, was unable to render effective aid. The "Olympic" lost no time in rushing to her assistance. The rough sea made the rescue work dangerous and difficult, but brilliant seamanship won out, and the majority of the crew of the

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THE BRITISH AMBULANCE SERVICE.

The introduction of motor ambulances has not by any means "superannuated" the horse ambulance. Particularly in conveying wounded back from the actual fighting line to where smooth running motors are waiting, the old style renders splendid service. (Photo, C. N.)



WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE

The horrors of war seem to have been accepted by the peasantry of France with remarkable "sang froid". Even refugees find the constant coming and going of troops a thing of interest. (Photo, C. N.)



WOMEN'S PART IN THE WAR.

Miss Winifred Buller, the English airwoman, now on active service with the Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, is prepared to fly over the battlefield, should the ambulance break down, on the look out for wounded soldiers. (Copyright by Underwood & Underwood)



WOMEN'S PART IN THE WAR.

Members of the First Aid Nurses of the Yeomanry Corps in the North of France. They are here seen at work in the trenches. (Copyright by Underwood & Underwood)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

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"Audacious" were before long taken off in safety.

Then came the strange part of the story. An attempt by the "Olympic," it said, to save the sinking vessel by towing her to port proved futile, and she was abandoned. By now more vessels had come up, including several other warships. The rescue ships continued to stand by the wounded leviathan, but at nine o'clock that evening—precisely twelve hours from the time she was supposed to have struck the mine—"a terrific explosion



AN AWFUL WARNING!

Austria (to Rumania): "Now, be careful! Remember what I did to Serbia!"

—From Punch.

occurred on board, and the Audacious plunged stern first and in a moment had disappeared. . . . The Olympic's passengers saw the flash of the explosion and watched the mighty warrior sink."

This story was received by the public with varying shades of belief and incredulity. As time went on and no word came from the Admiralty, speculation as to the superdreadnought's fate died down, but there were many who clung to their belief that the last had not been heard of the "Audacious."

When, weeks later, reports told of the great vessel again being ready for service; of how when she appeared to be foundering, following the explosion, swift action in filling up the gaping wound—through which the sea poured in—with collision mats and sand-bags; of how she was eventually towed into Belfast and there made ready to fight again; men looked at one another and smiled knowing smiles, which by interpretation meant, "I told you so."

But only upon report could one go; for in so far as any definite word from the Admiralty went, the mystery remained unsolved. In due time, no

doubt, the inside details will find incorporation in the official announcements of the British Naval authorities, and the "Mystery of the Audacious" will be definitely and officially cleared up.

Between Nieuport and Arras the 27th brought to the enemy little but heavy losses to show for his desperate and determined efforts to pierce the Franco-British lines. While, in summing up the general situation, official statements made reference to a decrease in the violence of these attacks, to the men in the allied trenches the policy of advance at any cost seemed still to animate their opponents. Indeed, at Neuve Chapelle, for instance, subsequent authentic descriptions define the struggle that raged that day about the village as "most murderous." Here one of the few successes of the day attained by the German arms was made—but at what a cost. So terrible was the fire of our forces that men fell like flies. To face the concentrated fire of the British artillery and riflemen was little short of suicide, and an artillery officer who observed their advance declares that the Germans were obliged "to throw corpses of their own men out of their trenches as they came on, in order to obtain cover." By nightfall, aided by reinforcements, the entire village was in possession of the Germans, but bought at far too great a price.

But the casualties were not all on one side. As might be expected the "Roll of Honour" of the allied forces daily, hourly, grew in length. The Kaiser's determination to reach the French coast, that he "might be the nearer his real enemy," was staining the fields of Northern France with so large a measure of British, French, Belgian and German blood that it seemed even the Emperor's blood-lust must be more than satisfied.

No less appalling a harvest of lives was being gathered in by the great Reaper in the eastern fields. In the vast German retreat from before Warsaw, the rifle and the bayonet, the shock of charging cavalry and the devastating fire of heavy guns all conspired to bestow suffering and death upon thousands of brave men, to bring the agony of bereavement upon countless new-made widows, to add fresh weight to Europe's already over-heavy burden of woe.

Exasperated at the failure of their recent triumphant advance, the Kaiser's troops valiantly strove to stem the Russian tide, and to resume the offensive. Hand to hand street fighting at times added to the horror of the conflict, and did much to swell the casualty list. Outside of Lovitch the Russians at one point alone found and buried thirteen hundred of their fallen foes. Multiply that loss by scores and add to it the cost to the victors themselves, and something of the true significance of war begins to flash upon our vision.

If it had been decisive the thing would not have been so fearful. But the hideous fact remained that it was not. No swift onslaught, sudden victory and subsequent speedy peace here. As, in the west, day after day saw many lives laid down but little gained; so, here, the pendulum of a great life and death struggle swung from side to side. To-day, the 27th of October, along a seventy-mile

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front from Rawa south, in the forests and valleys of Poland, along the banks of rivers and in the village streets, the victorious Russians pursued a baffled foe; south, in Galicia, their advance against the Austrians continued; north, in East Prussia, fortune still smiled upon the troops of Nicholas; but to-morrow, or next week—who knew how much the situation might be changed again? So it had been since August, so it would be until some drastic move changed the whole complexion of affairs. Already, indeed, the Germans sought a foothold for a new offensive, and to speak of a decisive Russian victory was to disregard the obvious facts.

But of it all this much might be said. The tide of battle as it ebbed and flowed left in its wake a mass of human wreckage. Exhaustion must eventually come to one side or the other—but to whom? The looming Russian millions, filled with a new and fervid patriotism, renewed in body and in mind by the throwing off of the shackles of drink, gave voice to the answer, "Not to us!"

**October 28.**— Undoubtedly the item of news around which public interest gathered on the 28th of October was that which brought word of fresh trouble in South Africa. At the time when the Maritz revolt in the Cape Province had virtually been crushed in its incipient stages, a much more serious rebellion broke out, involving the Orange Free State and Western Transvaal, and confirming certain suspicions formed at the very first outbreak of the flame of revolt. At last General Christian de Wet and General Christian Frederick Beyers, two of those mentioned in Maritz' ultimatum, were shown up in their true colours. At the head of considerable bands of deluded rebels the two generals had taken their places, thus publicly avowing their disloyal intentions and branding themselves unmistakably with the unenviable title of "Traitor."

Already official advices told of rebel commandos formed and on the move; of the seizure of a town in the northern part of Orange River Colony—where certain Government officials were made prisoners; of the stopping of a train and the disarmament of loyal citizens.

Subsequent revelations have thrown interesting light on the aims and methods of these rebel leaders.

"Our purpose," wrote General de Wet in a letter dated November 5, "is to get to Maritz, and after arriving there to return immediately with Maritz to Pretoria. There, in the capital of South Africa, we shall, if God so wills it, haul down the flag and declare our independence!"

Many of the simple-minded farmers, of whom the rebel following largely consisted, were "more sinned against than sinning." In a campaign of lies more contemptible and insidious than even those launched by the authorities in Vienna and Berlin, the facts of the case were distorted and most flagrant misrepresentation made to lead the Boer farmers astray. The government would not take action, the ministers secretly favouring the revolt, the revolution would be bloodless; the time was fortuitous to establish a South African Republic—

such were the arguments dinned into the ears of the Afrikanders in the Transvaal; while, in the Orange Free State, men heard with wonder that as one man the Dutch in the Transvaal had risen, and that Botha himself was implicated, while the final appeal to the provincial patriotism of Free Staters took the form of such strange words as these:

"Who is to have the honor of being the first to hoist the republican flag? Botha and the Transvaalers are ready. Are you going to let them forestall you?"

Not for long, however, were the illusions thus held by the rank and file to last. Calling upon all loyal citizens to aid the government, and, while declaring that those who had been guilty of disobedience under the Defense Act would incur no penalties if they remained quietly at home, the official proclamation of the Government announced:

"The duty of the Government is clear. It is determined to deal with the matter with a firm hand, and is taking all necessary steps to this end. The very great majority of citizens in every province of the Union are thoroughly loyal, and detest the very idea of rebellion."

As though to "give the lie" to the base and ridiculous insinuations as to his own loyalty, but really as a result of precautionary plans long made and ready for use, General Botha was already in the field and even now, coming in touch with the men of Beyer's force in the Transvaal, had routed them completely, capturing eighty prisoners and putting the others to headlong flight.

While not disposed to make light of the revolt, Britain knew that in the hands of Botha the situation was safe, and remained undisturbed by what might well seem a matter for much alarm.

Between Lens and La Bassee, and, still further north, in the region of Ypres, the 28th saw Allied gains of some importance. Vigorous counter-attacks brought the enemy nothing but serious losses, one trench taken and held for a comparatively few minutes costing the lives of two hundred men. A night attack on the Belgian position at Dixmude, with the object of siezing by surprise the southern end of the bridge at that place, met with a similar repulse.

The day was marked by a brilliant exploit on the part of certain of our Indian troops. At Neuve Chapelle—a name long to be associated with bloody fighting—a desperate struggle ensued. Seeking to dislodge the enemy from the village, these Indian fighters conducted a splendid assault. Before their cold steel the enemy was driven virtually beyond the confines of the village, but on their emerging from the shelter of the streets, so murderous a machine-gun fire swept the Indian ranks that further progress was completely checked.

Criticism of "Uncle Sam's" attitude towards the war has not been withheld in many quarters on both sides of the belligerents. Without discussing the merits or demerits of the case this much may be said; the activities of the United States in behalf of Belgium's starving millions are worthy of much

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THE WAR IN THE NEAR EAST.

The spirit of the Serbian people in the present conflict has been admirably heroic. The war is popular and even the women are ready to lend a hand. Some are here seen aiding in hauling up the guns. (Photo, "Topical" War Service)



THE WAR IN THE NEAR EAST.

Wherever the devastating flame of war goes it carries misery and destruction, driving before it pitiable crowds of refugees. Our illustration shows the somewhat primitive flight of Turkish refugees. (Photo, C.N.)



WHAT HAPPENED AT KING'S LYNN.

A general view of the two houses in Bentinck Street where Mrs. Cazley and a boy were killed by the airmen's bombs. (Photo, C. N.)



ANOTHER SCENE AT KING'S LYNN.

Albert Street, King's Lynn, suffered much at the hands of the German air raiders. The menace of bomb-dropping is clearly shown by the effect on these houses. (Photo, C. N.)

THE MARCH OF EVENTS

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praise. A glimpse of what food meant to the people of the devastated kingdom at the end of October was given by Mr. Millard K. Shaler of the American Commission for the Relief of Belgium, whose investigations led him at this time to visit the scenes himself.

"Between Antwerp and Malines," he said, telling of his journey from Rotterdam to Brussels, via Antwerp, "the destruction of habitations in every town and hamlet was practically universal. Families were living in partly burned buildings or in improvised structures. The suffering is intense and food supplies practically do not exist."

Of the news he brought to the central committee at Brussels concerning the shipment of ten thousand tons of cereals—part of the gifts of the American people—that had just been made from England to Rotterdam, Mr. Shaler declared:

"The announcement was timely, for in many sections the inhabitants were growing restless, foreseeing certain famine. As more than thirty per cent of the Brussels population now live entirely on soup and bread, which is distributed to them daily, and on potatoes, which they receive only once per week, the fear that the bread supply would cease loomed large. On Friday and Saturday last many of the well-to-do people in Brussels had no bread. I could not buy any myself at any price, but fortunately the poor got their meagre supply through the soup kitchens."

Charity covereth a multitude of sins, and, whatever the sins of commission or omission of which the United States may be guilty in the present situation, their Belgian Relief work is something of which they may be justly proud and which, at the hands of the nations generally, merits grateful recognition.

That internal dissension was at work among the German high military authorities now became evident. For some time the rumour had been commonly accepted as correct that General von Moltke had resigned, or been dismissed, from his position as leader of the German General Staff. Berlin dispatches now gave confirmation to this news, and added that Major-General von Falkenhayn, had, for the time being at least, superseded him. While the ill-health of von Moltke was the reason assigned for the change, it was recognized that a rupture between the Kaiser and his former Chief of Staff was the underlying fact. Just what court intrigues, in connection with which the Crown Prince's name was mentioned, or disputes over the conduct of the campaign, led up to the dismissal was a matter of conjecture only, but whatever the grounds, von Moltke's illness, while not pronounced altogether a myth, was declared to be "most opportune." In many circles, however, it was felt that the change was not a desirable one, and that von Falkenhayn's lack of qualifications did not augur well for the progress of the German cause.

One of the most thrilling and extraordinary naval episodes of the war took place on the 28th of October. The story is indeed almost incredible. The scene was the harbour of Penang, an important commercial port on the western coast of the Malay peninsula, and useful as a British naval base; the principal actors the German cruiser "Emden," the Russian cruiser "Zhemtchug" and the French destroyer "Mousquet."

Early on the morning of October 28, there entered the harbour of Penang a four-funnelled cruiser, flying the British Ensign. Passing, un-



AN EAR DEFENDER FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

In this war, in which heavy guns are playing an important part, it is found that many men are incapacitated by the terrific din which causes severe mental shock, and an ingenious invention to counteract this has been adopted by the British Admiralty. It is called the Mallock Armstrong Ear Defender, and consists of a carpiece no larger than the cottonwool plugs hitherto used. It contains a diaphragm of goldbeater's skin, which, while readily responsive to ordinary volumes of sound, prevents any abnormal sound from reaching the ear. This result is brought about by a "stop" on each side of the diaphragm which limits the distance in which it can vibrate. It will thus be seen that while the ear readily receives a word of command it is protected from the noise of the discharge of a gun. The picture shows how the piece is placed in the ear. (Photo, Central Press.)

challenged, the little destroyer "Mousquet," on patrol duty outside, she steamed straight in, and headed for the inner harbour, across the channel leading to which lay the Russian cruiser "Zhemtchug." Evidently taking her for the British cruiser "Yarmouth," which had previously made similar visits, and certainly never suspecting her real nature, the "Zhemtchug" awaited her approach with unconcern. Suddenly the "Emden," thus disguised with a dummy funnel and alien flag, "spoke." At less than four hundred yards her bow guns found their mark with much effect. Soon the distance lessened, and with slightly altered course, a broadside at two hundred and fifty yards

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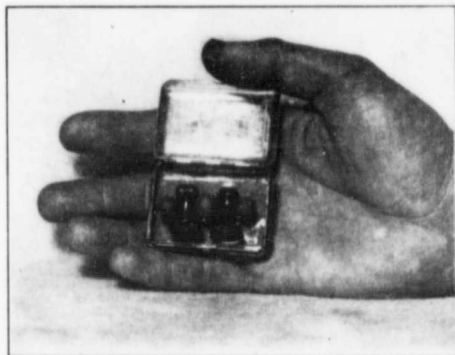
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was poured into the unfortunate Russian cruiser. The latter, taken completely by surprise, was demoralized and showed it in the inaccuracy of her fire, when presently her guns were manned.

In the inner harbour lay several French torpedo boats, which somehow failed to seize the opportunity thus presented, but the "Emden" realizing her danger, after continuing inward for some time, turned and headed out again. Passing the disabled "Zhemtchug" she again engaged her at almost point blank range.



AN EAR DEFENDER FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS  
 Photograph showing how the Mallock-Armstrong Ear Defenders are placed in a small metal box. By an arrangement of rubber holders the pieces are prevented from falling out in the event of the case being dropped.  
 (Photo, Central Press.)

"Suddenly," said an officer, relating the story, "as the two cruisers were abreast and no more than one hundred and fifty yards from one another, there was a tremendous crash. The Zhemtchug heaved up amidships, there was another detonation even louder than the first, and she sank before I could realize what had happened. All that remained was a large pillar of smoke to mark the spot where she had been. A German torpedo had found its mark, and the Emden sailed around the point without firing another shot."

Speaking of the rescue work in which he took part, he said of the unfortunate crew:

"They were indeed a terrible sight. Most of them were wounded and bleeding profusely. Practically none were wearing more than a pair of trousers, and a considerable number did not have even that . . . It was like living in a frightful nightmare. Everywhere you turned you met a groaning, greasy mass of humanity." Fortunately the majority of the crew were rescued, though only a small number came through unscathed.

Then came an incident which stamped the German captain indelibly with the title "gentleman." The little destroyer "Mousquet," seeking no doubt to make amends for her negligence in allowing the raider to enter, gave battle as she came out. Inside twenty minutes the running fight was over; rapidly the "Mousquet" sank. The sensible course for Captain von Muller to have taken then was undoubtedly to make good

his escape. Precious were the moments to him, with the French craft expected any minute. Many a man would have put to sea at once. Not so von Muller. Lowering his boats he first picked up the French survivors, then proceeded on his way.

But Penang had not heard the last of him. Stopping the little tramp steamer "Glen," outside the harbour, it is recorded still further to his credit that he used her to convey this message:

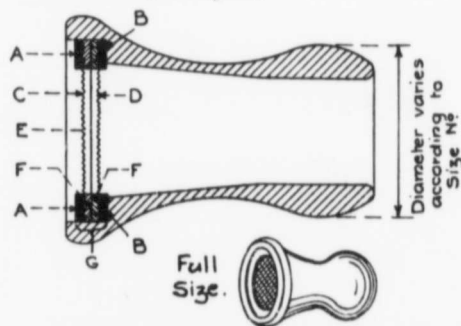
"I tried not to hit the town. If I did so I am very sorry indeed."

Perhaps the words of the English residents most fittingly suit the case. Said they, "He played the game."

October 29.— The trail of sparks from the European conflagration, carried by the strong winds of sentiment, of tradition, of ambition and of fear, had circled the globe, lighting generous flazes in many parts of earth. Yet strangely enough no general outbreak had so far taken place in Europe's most inflammable district—the Near East. Many were the sparks which fell in that direction; that they should so quickly be smothered, if not altogether extinguished, testified to the dampening influence of recent wars which had sapped the resources of men and money in the quarrelsome Balkan states.

Developments of large consequence now brought the limelight of public interest into play upon the

Section of Defender.  
 (Enlarged)



The above sectional diagram illustrates the working of the Mallock-Armstrong Ear Defender.

- A & B Washers.
- C & D Stops which limit the vibration of the sensitive diaphragm.
- E The sensitive diaphragm.
- F Washers.

whole Near Eastern situation. Within the last day or so the unsettled state of Albania had culminated in the intervention of Italian military and naval power at Avlona, and the occupation by the Greek Government of parts of Northern Epirus; to-day, the 29th of October, 1914, Turkey, goaded into action by the strong German influence in her midst, took the first definite step towards her doom.

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CHILDREN OF THE "FIGHTING KING"

A recent photograph of Prince Leopold, the youthful heir to the throne of the Belgians. Princess Marie Jose, only daughter of the King of Belgium, who is at present in England. (Photos Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.)

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The situation in Albania, while not directly concerned in the war, was not altogether without its bearing upon it. The efforts of Prince William of Wied, who had accepted the crown of Albania and sought to "aid them in the work of their national regeneration" following the recent troublous days in the Balkans, not having met with the unqualified approval of all the restless and somewhat barbarian peoples he had to rule, on the 3rd of September, 1914, he somewhat hastily took flight, sailing in an Italian yacht from the seaport of Durazzo.

"Know that from afar as from near, I will have but one thought," declared the Prince in his final proclamation, "to work for the prosperity of our noble and chivalrous Albanian fatherland. During my absence the International Commission of Control, deriving its powers from Europe, which created our country, will assume the Government."

The subsequent receipt of a report that Prince William had joined the German General Staff did not render the fleeing sovereign the more popular. Meanwhile the insurgents continued to give trouble, and the political confusion became more chaotic than before.

The end of October saw the dispatch of Italian warships to Avlona, the action being due, it was stated, "to the Government's knowledge of a scheme for starting an agitation tending to infringe the decision of the London Conference, which declared Albania neutral," and also, from strictly humanitarian motives, to establish a Sanitary Mission for the relief of the miserable conditions then prevailing.

At the same time Greece declared her intention to reoccupy Northern Epirus, "solely to restore order and security to those districts already cruelly tried by prolonged bloodshed and anarchy." Apparently recognizing the sincerity of these moves, the Great Powers manifested little concern at the developments.

But by far overshadowing all other events in the near East was the attitude of the "sick man of Europe." Turkey, the tool of Germany, took the fatal plunge.

Considering the precedents established by her ally, it is not surprising that her first act should be a violation of international law, and that the first official Turkish communique should be filled with what Petrograd politely termed "common inventions," but which might better be called "uncommon lies." The Turkish version is worthy of quotation. It said, in part:

"While, on the 27th of October, a small part of the Turkish fleet was manoeuvring in the Black Sea, the Russian fleet, which at first confined its activities to following and hindering every one of our movements, finally, on the 29th, unexpectedly began hostilities by attacking the Ottoman fleet. During the naval battle which ensued, the Turkish fleet, with the help of the Almighty, sank the mine-layer 'Pruth,' displacing 5,000 tons, and having a cargo of 700 mines; inflicted severe

damage on one of the Russian torpedo boats, and captured a collier."

Telling of the torpedoing of the Russian destroyer "Koubanietz" and the damaging of a coastguard ship, the report continued:

"The Ottoman Imperial fleet, glory be given to the Almighty, escaped injury and the battle is progressing favourably for us."

In a scathing arraignment of Turkey's act, the British Foreign Office supported the Russian declaration that the aggression lay entirely with the Turkish fleet, which bombarded Odessa and other ports with a most flagrant disregard for international conventions.

"On Thursday, October 29," the statement read, "the British Government learned with the utmost regret that Turkish ships of war had, without any declaration of war, without warning, and without provocation of any sort, made wanton attacks upon open and undefended towns, in the Black Sea, of a friendly country, thus committing an unprecedented violation of the most ordinary rules of international law, comity and usage."

Frankly exposing the lavish bribery resorted to by German military authorities to drag Turkey into the war, and showing how this had led to the invasion of Constantinople by German officers who usurped the authority of the Government, the note set forth that instances of breaches of neutrality and good faith on the part of the Ottoman Government had been steadily multiplying, in spite of the fact that "at the beginning of the war, the British Government gave definite assurances that if Turkey remained neutral her independence and integrity would be respected during the war and in times of peace"—a guarantee in which France and Russia concurred—and that the "British Government has since then, endeavoured with the greatest patience and forbearance to preserve friendly relations."

There was cause for indignation in Britain. The perfidy of the Sultan and his advisers was clearly revealed. The "Goeben" and "Breslau" incident was still unsettled. Promises to send away the German officers and crews were still awaiting fulfillment; while, far from being interned, the ships themselves were repaired, "revictualled at German expense on their return from cruises in the Black Sea," and had now put to sea under Turkish command.

Nor was this the only, or indeed the most serious, charge. Preparations for an invasion of Egypt were already under way. The Minister of War—ever pro-German in his sympathies—was busily at work. Troops were steadily moving south "preparatory to the invasion of Egypt and the Suez Canal." Bedouin Arabs, hearing the call and heeding it, had come from Akabah and from Gaza. Already on the farther side of the Sinai frontier some had appeared. "Transport," declared the statement, "has been collected and roads have been prepared up to the frontier of Egypt. Mines have been despatched to be laid in the Gulf of Akabah."

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Meanwhile German influence was seeking to use its trump card. The Kaiser's dream of a Mohammedan uprising against Great Britain must now be realized. And so notorious trouble-makers, notably Dr. Pruffer, an attaché of the German embassy at Constantinople, and the Shiek, Azizohawish, through the dissemination of inflammatory appeals, and other means, among the Mohammedans of Syria and, in all probability, India—though the evidence adduced in the latter case is not sufficiently strong to warrant positive statements—sought to incite them to take up arms in the struggle.



BOTHAS—THE LOYAL.

In his time of testing Premier Botha rang true. His vigorous action soon stamped out the recent South African rebellion.

Under these circumstances the British embassy "felt that unless immediate steps were taken to remove the causes of offence, it would be constrained to protest with renewed vigour against what it cannot but consider the partial and unneutral attitude on the part of the Imperial Ottoman Government, and must reserve to His Majesty's Government complete liberty of action."

Just how far reaching developments this crisis might precipitate was a matter of some concern. The attitude of the various Balkan states, for one

thing, was not as yet clearly defined. Of this much, however, the British people were convinced—India was loyal to the core, and her millions of Moslem subjects would not easily be deceived and seduced by the emissaries of the twin brothers in criminal intrigue, William, Emperor of Germany and Mehmed-Reshad, Sultan of Turkey.

Of the danger in Egypt, Lord Milner, a most competent authority, said:

"The Egyptians are Mohammedans, no doubt, and very pious Mohammedans, but they do not love the Turks. . . . Even the old Turkish families, who form the bulk of the aristocracy, have no particular love for Constantinople. . . . As for the bulk of the people, the peasantry, they detest the idea of Turkish rule." The danger, if any, in his opinion, was external not internal.

There seemed little doubt of the course of events. Russia, already dragged into the affair, regarded it as for the best, and certainly a stepping stone to Russian progress. "Russia," declared a leading Petrograd newspaper, "accepts the challenge thrown down by the mad hirelings of Germany, and marches to the fulfillment of her destiny with undimmed faith. Another, the *Novoe Vremya* strikingly affirmed:

"The day when the Turkish forces were handed over to the Germans was the day of the virtual death of the once glorious Ottoman Empire. The commander of the German Army and other German officers simply acted as the funeral guard."

It seemed, indeed, that Turkey was heading to her doom, and that nothing could dissuade her from her suicidal course, which threatened to bring upon her the weight not only of Russia but of Russia's allies.

Already in the eastern theatre of war, the approach of winter threatened to hamper operations. Advices told of heavy roads and a consequent impeding of transport services, due to considerable falls of snow at certain points. This adversely affected the continued offensive of the Russian forces, and halted somewhat the rapidity and effectiveness of their advance. On the other hand it gave the enemy a breathing space, and time to gather strength for greater resistance.

## October 30.—

"Then up and spake Horatius,  
The Captain of the Gate,  
'To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late,  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his Gods.'"

So, of "the brave days of old," sang Lord Macaulay. But, were the famous writer alive to-day, he would not require to seek his inspiration in ancient legends or the history of the past; he would find material closer to his hand. For this is a day of great and stirring deeds, of dramatic upheavals, of splendid sacrifices. Never as at the present time have men, with such magnificent simplicity, laid down their lives upon the altar of national duty, national honour and national de-

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fense. We read in legend and in history of great heroes of the illustrious past, whose names, inscribed in classic verse or prose, have become immortal. Yet there is scarce a day but upon our modern battlefields men, of no less heroic a mould, by their conduct write new epics on the pages of the world's history. But of them we hear too little. The colossal magnitude of the conflict tends to submerge many an act of individual gallantry. Yet enough is known of sublime deeds performed upon the battlefield to make ridiculous the plaints of those who sigh for the spirit of the "brave days of old," enough, too, to inspire our poets to greater heights than they have yet attained—deeds wrought not always when the heat of conflict has inflamed the passions and placed unreasoning impulse ahead of logical thought, but deeds of unselfish sacrifice for some comrade or the common cause, when there is time to weigh the consequences and to know that death lies in the chosen pathway. For true heroism is not found in the blind recklessness of the fool, but in the man who, appreciating to the full the dangers of a task, fights the battle in the quiet of his own soul, and, having counted the cost, goes fearlessly out to face the issue.

Would that someone might rise up equal to the task of immortalizing in verse the deathless glory of to-day's great deeds, inspired by the transforming power exercised by the strange vicissitudes through which individuals and nations are passing. For many a "waster" is finding in service self-respect; many a selfish man is finding in sacrifice the salvation of his own life from pettiness; and many a nation through suffering is realizing new and loftier ideals. May not even Germany be groping her way through a dark valley of death and disaster to a new mountain peak of civilization, to which she can only rise after having cast forever into the depths the militarism which brought her to her national disgrace?

Out of the chaos of to-day is it so hard to visualize a glorious to-morrow, when civilization, emerging from the melting-pot into which it has so rudely been thrust, shall be cast in a new and a better mould? Away with pessimism! Let our speakers, our writers, our poets, our statesmen, inspired by the achievements of to-day, catch a vision of the possibilities of the morrow, and lend all their efforts to bring about the desired end—a reconstructed civilization and an abiding peace, based upon the strong foundations of mutual trust, and a recognition of service as the highest aim for the nation as for the individual.

Few periods in the great struggle in the western area—in France and Belgium—called out higher qualities of courage and sheer dogged persistence than the closing days of October, 1914. Indeed, the last two weeks were fraught with grave danger, and despite improved conditions, consequent upon a redistribution of forces and a readjustment at certain parts of the lines, the 30th of the month saw the Kaiser's famous dash for the coast still bearing no small menace to the allied troops.

A general reconstruction of the situation is essential to a proper understanding of conditions

then obtaining. And, indeed, it is worth while reminding ourselves of the stirring events leading up to the crisis which faced our armies at that time.

We have seen how the remnant of the Belgian army, after accomplishing a remarkable resistance against forces largely superior—in point of numbers, as in equipment—withdrew in conspicuously good order from the City of Antwerp, and, by the time the overcautious Von Beseler entered the city to take them prisoners and complete his triumph, were already on their way to lend much needed support to their allies in the south. Covering the latter's dangerously exposed left flank, they occupied a line of entrenchments from Nieupoort to



BYERS—THE TRAITOR

The sacrifice of honour for ambition led the rebel General Byers to a tragic end in a South African river. (Photo, Central Press.)

Dixmude, and forgot their exhaustion in a gallant attempt to cope with the new situation in which they found themselves. And signal service did they render in holding back the threatening advance of the German legions under the Duke of Wurtemberg, upon whom the responsibility for operations on the Yser had been placed.

As a matter of fact the Duke was somewhat deceived as to the mettle of his opponents. Even with the support of some 7,000 Breton Marines—splendid fighters and hardy men of the sea, bringing to the rain-soaked, water-filled trenches at Dixmude constitutions hardened by the rigours of

Continued on page 468

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 467*

their calling as fishermen—and aided by French Territorials—men of middle age mostly, who made up in dash and spirit what they lacked in youth—and later by the 24th French Division under General Grossetti, the force of less than 60,000 men must have seemed to the Duke an easy prey. For his own well-trained troops outnumbered their antagonists almost three to one.

That the German commander should be misled was apparently quite in line with the strategy of General Foch. To the latter, a French commander whose meritorious work in Lorraine early in the war won him recognition at the hands of General Joffre, was entrusted the responsible task of coordinating the allied lines in the north-western sphere. In their desperate efforts to reach Calais—that they might be "the nearer their real enemy—England," and also, possibly, to place in the hands of their diplomats an extra lever to open up peace negotiations—a consummation devoutly to be desired, and one already vainly striven for—the Germans displayed a recklessness not altogether consistent with good generalship. "Perspiration" it is to be feared, took the place with them of "inspiration." Not content with concentrating their efforts at the one logical point, they dissipated their energies in attempting to force their way through wherever the path seemed easiest. And in this dissipation General Foch sought to

indulge them further by not too strongly reinforcing his extreme left. Thus he was successful in employing considerable numbers who otherwise might have proven an added menace elsewhere, but the strain on the Franco-Belgian troops holding the line of the Yser was heart-breaking.

The shattered Belgian army, at the cost of a further depletion of their ranks by virtually one fourth, wrought miracles. At times when defeat seemed imminent, the cry "Remember Louvain! Think of Termonde!" brought to the exhausted troops an almost superhuman power. Again and again the advancing hosts fell back in confusion. The vision of a despoiled land made one the equal

of three whose gallantry depended upon no such inspiration. Nor were their French comrades one whit less gallant.

Most opportune, too, was the entrance of the British Navy into the contest. The work of the light-draught monitors—to which reference has already been made—together with the services of H. M. S. "Venerable" and a fleet of destroyers, was of inestimable value. The accurate fire of the 12 in. naval guns on the enemy's trenches and batteries meant much to the defending forces, and to this galling bombardment the Germans made most ineffective reply.

No less discomfiting in its way was the running fire maintained by the men on the naval armoured trains, and German prisoners testified with much conviction to the hideous effect of the naval operations as a whole.

Thanks, then, to the assistance thus afforded, to the opportune relief given by Sir John French in his bold disposition of the British 1st Army Corps, but thanks most largely to the indomitable spirit of the men in the trenches themselves, Dixmude remained untaken, and the allied lines, though somewhat readjusted, continued unbroken.

As a last resort there remained one other ally—water. Already, though to no great extent, it had been called into service, to the discomfiture of the Duke of Wurtemberg's hosts and the thwarting of his plans. Should the pressure of the enemy become too great—and desperately indeed did he court victory at any cost on the 30th of October—

there remained the possibility of opening the dykes and flooding the low-lying land. As to the effectiveness of such a move—the enemy had already had some slight foretaste of that.

So we find the situation on the extreme left at the end of October still critical, though possessing features of encouragement and promise. From Nicuport to Dixmude the Belgians battled fiercely; from Dixmude south towards Ypres—where they touched shoulders with British troops—the Breton Marines, French Territorials and regulars, now, happily, reinforced near Ypres by the French 9th Army Corps, fought a good fight.

*Continued on page 471 (part 2)*



DE WET—THE TRAITOR  
General Christian De Wet who, with Byers, defied the South African authorities.  
(Photo, Central Press.)

# The - War - Pictorial

The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 21.



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

An informal picture of the Czar taken while on a hunting trip in the Crimea. The proceeds from the publication of this picture go to the Russian Red Cross Work. (Photo, Topical.)



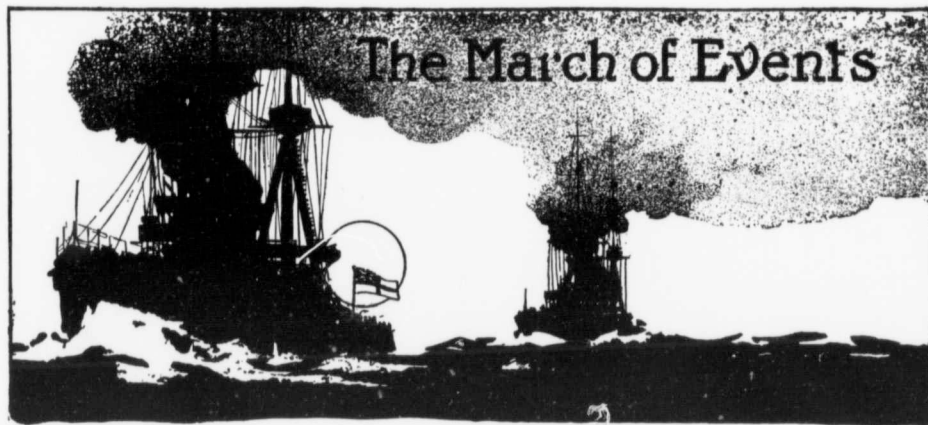
AN UNCONVENTIONAL PICTURE OF RUSSIA'S COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

An interesting "snapshot" of the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaivitch (sitting) while on a visit to the estate of Prince Yousouppoff, in the Crimea. In the illustration some fish are being put into an ornamental pool close to the house. The proceeds from the publication of this picture go to the Russian Red Cross Work. (Photo, Topical.)

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AN UNCONVENTIONAL PICTURE OF RUSSIA'S COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, while on a visit to the estate of Prince Yousouf, in the Crimea. In the illustration some fish are being put into an ornamental pool close to the house. The proceeds from the publication of this picture go to the Russian Red Cross Work (Photo, Topical.)



## A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration

### PART 21

Continued from page 468 (part 20).

While the Franco-Belgian forces were thus busily engaged in maintaining a successful argument in the extreme north, their British and French comrades on the right were no less active. Let us for a moment turn our attention to their doings, and examine the line-up of the troops operating from Bixchoote—where the lines of the Franco-Belgian forces above referred to virtually ended—to the point, not far from the famous La Bassée, where the right flank of Smith-Dorrien's command linked on to the left of the main French armies. In doing this, however, we will work from south to north, thus leading up to the point which, above all others, became the centre of one of the most crucial struggles in the history of the campaign during the closing days of October and the opening days of November.

In passing, it is but right that we should make some mention of the main French armies. The meritorious work of the soldiers of France is beyond praise. We have seen something of the achievements of the small force co-operating with the remnant of the Belgian army, but of the men composing the legions entrenched along the greater part of the tremendous western battle line too little has been said. The importance of operations in the critical areas in northern France and in Flanders naturally tended to detract interest and attention from the more southerly spheres. But the facts remain. In unwearied devotion these men had thus far borne alike the monotony of trench fighting and the fierce shock of hand to hand struggles, with a tenacity of purpose and an indomitable spirit that thwarted the most vigorous efforts of their antagonists—borne it, too, with little reward in the way of public appreciation of their

services—content in the assurance that their contribution to the success of the campaign as a whole, and to the safety of La Belle France—though not proclaimed from the housetops—was no mean one.

In the Lost Provinces, along the ridges of the famous Vosges mountains, through the Argonne and Woevre districts, and along the valley of the Aisne to where the line turned sharply in its northward extension, the splendid units of the French army formed an insuperable barrier that defied the most determined assaults of the would-be invaders of France. But the very stability of that extensive line militated against a due recognition of the defenders' services. Unostentatiously, and with little in the way of great spectacular enterprises to arouse public enthusiasm—enterprises such as a more offensive role would permit of—they performed their allotted task with a steadiness and resolve that were at once immensely effective, and furnished food for reflection for those who had given the Frenchman credit for an abundance of zeal and enthusiasm, but not for these underlying qualities of coolness and determination which were so consistently evidenced. Throughout the whole length of that unparalleled battle-front the enemy sought in vain for a gateway into the heart of France.

"Elsewhere," stated the official communications of the French War Office, referring day after day to this great front—"Elsewhere there is little change noted."

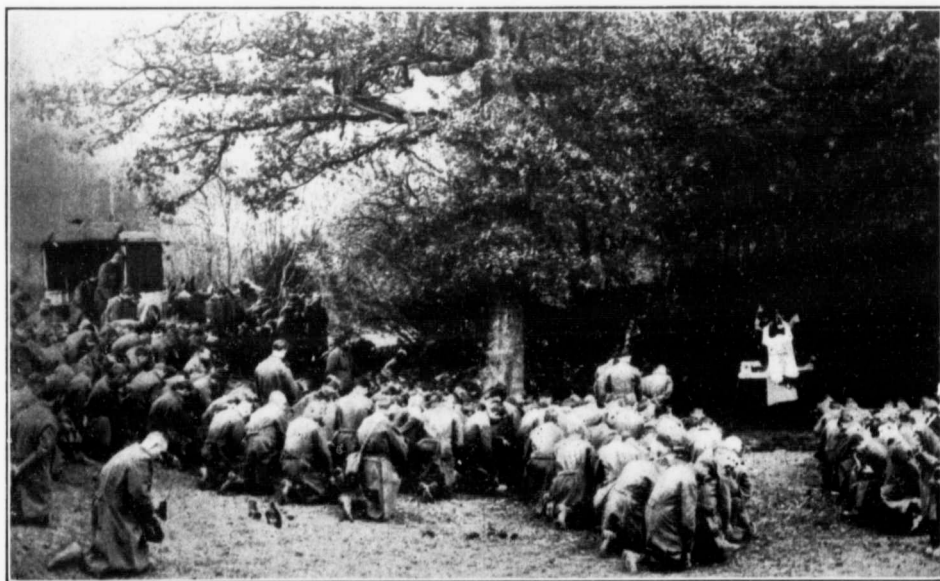
Little change indeed! Little change from the strain of constant vigil; little change from the reverberating roar of artillery, the shriek of hurtling shells, the spitting fire of rifles; little change from the everlasting ebb and flow of the tide of battle; in mountain pass, or valleys where the rivers run,

Continued on page 474.



WITH THE GALLANT FRENCH ARMY.

In the unostentatious but admirably effective performance of their tremendous duties along the western battle line, the French troops are worthy of all praise. Our illustration shows stretcher bearers, with a wounded man, passing a battery of 75's in action. (Photo, C.N.)



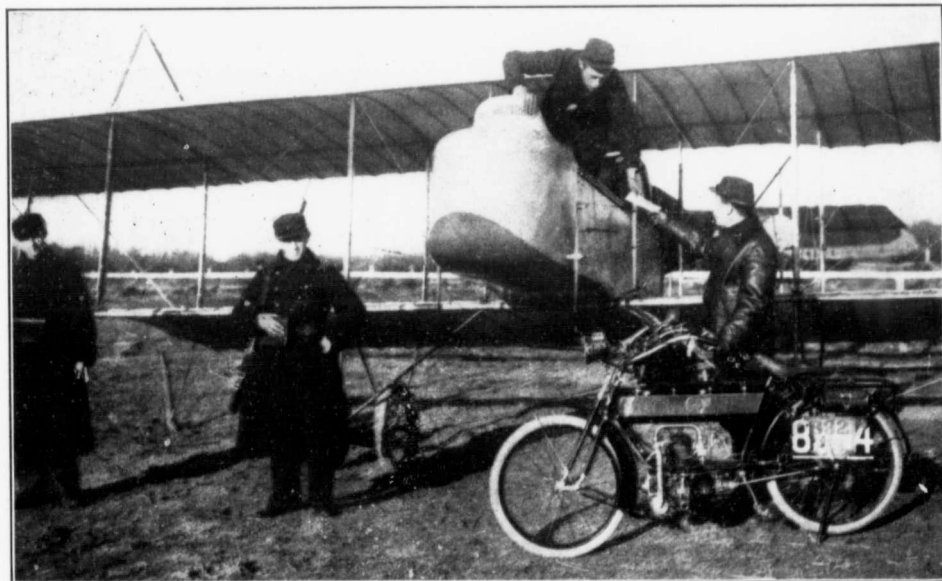
WITH THE GALLANT FRENCH ARMY.

Few war areas have furnished more romantic and desperate fighting than the Argonne district in France. With little said of it, day after day the tide of battle ebbs and flows through this difficult region. Our illustration shows the celebration of an open air mass, prior to these French soldiers again entering the conflict. (Photo, Topical War Service.)



WITH THE GALLANT FRENCH ARMY.

The "deadly 75's" have time and again proven superior to the German artillery. An observer is here seen at the dangerous work of controlling the fire of a battery of "75's". (Photo, C. N.)



WITH THE GALLANT FRENCH ARMY

In all departments the French Army has proven its quality, and indeed been an eyeopener to many who looked for a repetition of 1870—especially the Germans. Our illustration shows a cyclist despatch rider handing a despatch to a French airman. (Photo, C. N.)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 471.*

in forest glades or the rocky regions of the Argonne, out in the open fields—where the peasants, with incomprehensible but magnificent unconcern, pursued the arts of peace within the very turmoil and dangers of the war—or in the narrow confines of the village streets, amid crumbling masonry and reeking ruins; little change, too, in the constant reaping of the great harvest of death.

Overlooked perchance in the larger crises of the hour, given mere passing mention in the day's reports, the sacrifices and sufferings of these men will not be soon forgotten. History will do them justice; posterity will find in their gallant deeds an indestructible monument to the devoted patriotism and incomparable spirit of the Frenchmen of 1914.

Continuing northward we find—on the left of the French line north of Arras, and touching shoulders with the 10th French Army commanded by General Maud'huy—the famous British 2nd Army Corps, under Smith-Dorrien, maintaining a valiant struggle. Of the severe fighting which fell to the lot of the gallant 3rd Division, under General Hamilton, whose death in action at this point has already been recorded, and the 5th Division, under Sir Charles Fergusson—these two divisions comprising the 2nd Corps—we have seen something. From the 12th of October when, after occupying as a starting point the line of the Bethune-Aire Canal, they moved up to link on to the left of Maud'huy's army, the exigencies of the situation had permitted of little relaxation from the most strenuous and exacting arts of war. Immediately in their path lay the small industrial town of La Bassée—a name long to be remembered in connection with the activities in this sphere. La Bassée indeed gave every evidence of impregnability. Its topography was such as to render the place peculiarly adaptable for defensive purposes. In the canals fronting their entrenchments, and in the high ground which gave to their gunners a commanding sweep of the flat country-side for miles around, the Germans possessed advantages of which they were not slow to avail themselves.

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, recognizing the futility of a direct attack, pivoted, as we have seen, his forces on Givenchy, and sought by thrusting them through between Lille and La Bassée to outflank the enemy at the latter point. Even at that the way was not an easy one, but the incomparable audacity and skill of officers and men alike made a measure of progress possible. Indeed, to within a few miles of both Lille and La Bassée our troops advanced, but even the superb 2nd Army Corps had its physical limitations, and when heavy reinforcements from the south brought the strength of the enemy up to no less than two army corps, some four cavalry divisions, together with sharpshooting battalions and other troops, nothing remained but to fall back on the defensive. From Givenchy northward to Neuve Chapelle, Smith-Dorrien's line then extended.

To pick out particular instances of heroism on

the part of individuals or units is no easy task, but at least one accomplishment calls for special mention. It concerns the West Kents whose position on the left flank of the 2nd Corps, at Neuve Chapelle, was held with a dauntless spirit equal to anything on the pages of British history. For ten days, outnumbered four to one, meeting swift death from a constant and almost incredibly furious bombardment, in which field-guns, machine guns and howitzers played a part, it seemed that out of that zone of death none could come unhurt. So it must have seemed to the enemy, for, when apparently nothing remained but to occupy the position thus devastated, the Germans advanced. Then was the opportunity of the men of the West Kents, and they took it. Before their furious fire the advancing ranks broke, and the survivors of the gallant defenders, scrambling out of their trenches let the bayonet complete the work. When finally they retired to recuperate it was Sir Horace who spoke a fitting tribute. Said the gallant General, "There is not another battalion that has made such a name for itself as the Royal West Kents." And when we think of the conduct of the other units of his command we can appreciate just how strong was Smith-Dorrien's meed of praise.

Summing up, then, the situation at this point at the end of October, we find that, if he failed in his effort to outflank the enemy at La Bassée, the honours nevertheless rested with Sir Horace. With all their numerical superiority, their strategic base at La Bassée, their strength in artillery and other advantages, the German forces had here failed signally to score any advance on their way to the coast. And the British position, strengthened by the arrival of the Lahore and Meerut Divisions of the Indian Army—thus enabling the hard pressed Corps to partly withdraw into the reserve—was more impregnable than ever.

At no point were the enemy's efforts to be lightly regarded. North of Lille, and connected with the 2nd Army Corps by a corps of French cavalry, Pulteney's men were hard put at times to check the fierce onrush of Saxons, Prussians and Bavarians under the Crown Prince of Bavaria. This 3rd Corps, composed of General Snow's 4th Division, of Le Cateau fame, and the 6th Division, whose active service record in this campaign dated only from the Aisne, won fresh laurels at this time. We have already seen them in their sweep from St. Omer, via Hazebrouck, Ballieul and across the Lys to Armentieres. The advance was not accomplished without severe fighting, for here again the odds were much against them, but, aided by the triumphs of the French cavalry on their right and of the British horsemen on their left, they pushed forward within striking distance of Lille. Especially notable was the work of the Seaforth Highlanders, the Lancashire Fusiliers and Kings Own Regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Somerset Light Infantry. The story is one of attack and counter attack; of trenches lost before the sweep of overwhelming forces, only to be regained by the fierce bayonet charges, in which the Scots particularly excelled; of wild house to house



and hand to hand fighting in the streets of towns and villages.

There came in time the usual sequel to these gallant efforts. From the east of Lille, and along a considerable front, great masses of reinforcements poured in to aid the enemy—long grey-green columns of infantrymen, fresh and ready for the fight, to hurl back these few stubborn Britons. But the stubborn Britons refused to yield a foot of ground. Though the situation looked critical, and indeed was, and the men of Pulteney's Corps were forced back on the defensive, the line held wonderfully well. So well indeed that General Pulteney fell to planning a further extension of his sphere of operations. For, to the north, the British cavalrymen had been practicing the art of the infantryman in the trenches beyond St. Ives, and giving a good account of themselves at that. But relief at this point was badly needed and the commander of the 3rd Corps determined to contribute something to the needs of the occasion. In pursuance of this decision, therefore, on the following day, the 31st of October, he took over certain of the trenches of the 1st Cavalry Division. Considering the immense superiority of the enemy's numbers, this action, as an evidence of the calibre of the men and officers of the 3rd Corps, requires no elaboration.

From the Lost Provinces to Givenchy the main armies of France gallantly saying to their foes, "Thus far and no further shalt thou come!"—and living up to it; on their left the battered but dauntless British 2nd Army Corps, holding their own against all comers, flanked in turn by the French Cavalry under General Conneau; to the left again, Pulteney's 3rd Army Corps extending, even in the face of seemingly impossible odds, its line still further northwards towards Messines, and bringing needed relief to the British cavalrymen there engaged; from Bixschoote, north of Ypres, to the sea-coast beyond Nieuport, where the British Navy brought its marvellous gunnery to bear upon the German flank, the Franco-Belgian forces; but between Mess-

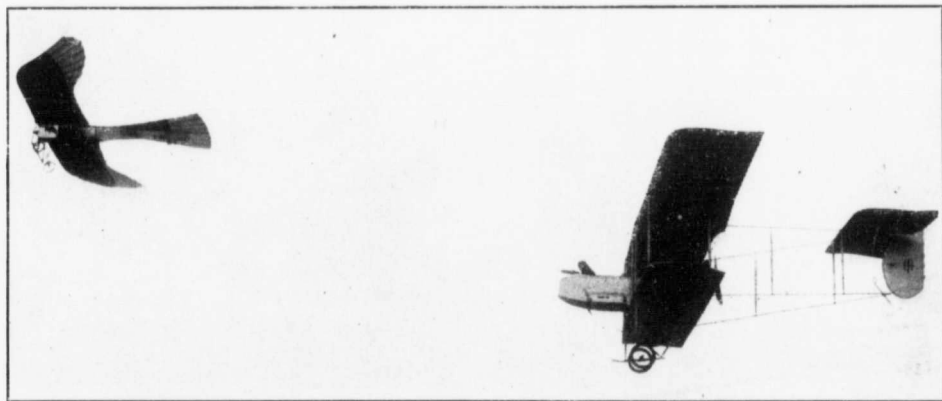
nes and Bixschoote—what? A little stretch of country, a battle line of which Ypres formed a dangerous salient—wedge-like, menacing to the enemy, but not without its weakness from the defenders' standpoint; an area of comparatively few square miles, yet around which will cluster for all time memories of some of the most thrilling and glorious achievements and episodes in the annals of British military history.

The events leading up to the superb defence of the ancient town of Ypres will be readily recalled, but of them we will do well to again remind ourselves. They virtually began with the arrival, from Ghent, on the 16th of October, of the 4th Army Corps under Sir Henry Rawlinson, and the opening of operations south of Ypres and directed against Menin. Followed a time of much stress and storm; of events fraught with far-reaching consequences—the attempt to hold a painfully attenuated line with an inconsiderable force of British and French troops; the arrival of Sir Douglas Haig's command on the 19th, at St. Omer; General French's momentous decision to throw this new force north of Ypres—thus somewhat relieving the pressure on the shattered Belgian army; the terrible strain to which this exposed the men of Rawlinson's Corps. It is said of General French that, when a certain Colonel argued the impossibility of his regiment holding out much longer, Sir John replied:

"I want only men who can do the impossible. Hold!"

Literally, that requirement was carried out. Paradoxical as it may seem, the impossible was accomplished. By all theories of warfare Sir John's strategy was an impossible one; by all methods of calculation the tasks assigned to his various units were impossible tasks. Yet the impossible strategy triumphed; the impossible tasks were performed. Perhaps the very challenge of the crises with which each day's developments

*Continued on page 478.*



FIGHT BETWEEN A GERMAN "TAUBE" AND A WAR AEROPLANE OF THE ALLIES.

A fast-flying "Taube" is here seen trying to escape from a French aeroplane, which is equipped with a machine gun. The fight took place above the battlefield of Arras. (Photo, Underwood.)



## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 475.*

were marked superinduced the powers requisite for success. "For courage mounteth with occasion," and our brave fellows were given ample occasion to plumb the depths of their heroic qualities.

One failure, however, we have noted before. The passage at Menin remained undisputed. This was unquestionably a bitter disappointment to the Field Marshall, whose apparent determination to outflank and rout the enemy north of Lille, preparatory to inaugurating a vigorous and wide-



ADMIRAL SIR CHRISTOPHER CRADDOCK.

"I am going to attack the enemy now," said he, and after a gallant fight against great odds went down with his flagship, the "Good Hope," in the waters of the South Pacific—the hero of a "glorious defeat."

spread offensive further south, was thus frustrated. For Menin was an important key to the situation. If, however, lacking by two-thirds a force commensurate with this task, Sir Henry failed in this respect, his force did memorable work before Ypres, and bravely bore the burden imposed by lack of reinforcements when those expected—the 1st Corps—were deflected north of Ypres and merely linked on to the left of the 4th, leaving to the latter the responsibility of holding the line east of Ypres, and of covering with its cavalry division, under General Julian Byng, the right flank of the advancing troops.

Rawlinson's corps soon became a mere shadow

of its former self. Byng's 3rd Cavalry Division was much weakened; the ranks of the 7th Division were sadly depleted—but the division itself won immortality.

Again the computations and calculations of military theorists and tacticians failed. The impossible was once more achieved. Along a front of some eight miles a constantly diminishing force, originally 12,000 strong, held off von Deimling's men for days, in striking proof that victory is not always on the side of numerical strength. It is credibly estimated that, with the reinforcements arriving at the last, the enemy's numbers were fifteen times as great as those the immortal 7th could boast. Even at the commencement the odds were six to one! Seldom, if ever, has so unequal a contest been staged and maintained so gallantly and so long. The furious bombardment of the British trenches was less trying to the men than the lack of sleep, for the overwhelming forces of their opponents made it possible for them to constantly harass the defenders' lines. Small indeed was the opportunity for rest—but though worn out and half-dazed with exhaustion, there was no time when a sudden alarm or attack failed to bring the lads to their feet, sufficiently awake at least to repel the enemy with vigour.

But their own ranks were thinning out, thinning out as the days and hours went by. Just what the effort cost none but those who experienced it can fully say—but the figures speak volumes. When finally relief came, of the 12,000 men who went into the trenches only 44 officers and less than 2,500 men were left! In all history, surely there is no feat of endurance to surpass this. And small wonder, too, that German prisoners professed incredulity that such small numbers could have accomplished so amazing a resistance.

Meanwhile the 1st Army Corps—consisting of the 1st and 2nd Divisions, was having its own troubles, but resolutely moving forward. The spirit of the troops was excellent. Somehow the conduct of Major H. G. Powell, of the North Lancashire Battalion, seemed to typify that spirit as did no other incident. No longer a young man, the call of active service led him to rejoin the colours, and it now befel that in the advance he should have the misfortune to sprain his foot. Nothing daunted, he led his men into action—in one hand a stick, in the other a chair. Later on he might be seen calmly sitting down on his chair directing operations, amid a tremendous hail of shot and shrapnel—only retiring under protest when a serious wound made it imperative that he should do so. That is the spirit that won for Britain a world-wide Empire; that is the spirit that now made the mere numerical superiority of the enemy remarkably ineffective.

As in the other spheres, however, there came a time when the solid masses of the enemy made further advances impracticable, and General Haig's Corps entrenched along the line from Bixschoote to Zonnebeke. But the moving of large bodies of troops from the north was sufficient evidence that Sir John's attempt to relieve the Belgian Army had not been vain. Fortunately, French reinforce-

ments gave opportunity then for the 2nd Division to move down to the relief of Rawlinson's hard-pressed 7th.

A readjustment now took place. The 4th Corps, rendered ineffective as a separate unit by the constant hammering to which it had been subjected, was merged with General Haig's Corps. From the point where the British cavalry were enduring much and maintaining a heartbreaking struggle on the flank of Pulteney's force, the merged troops were thus distributed. From the Menin Road to Zonnebeke, north-east of Ypres, the line was held by the remnant of the 7th Division, the 1st and 2nd Divisions, extending northward in the order indicated. From Ypres, where the French 9th Corps had arrived, north to the Belgian lines, French troops were entrenched.

Such were the conditions leading up to and obtaining when the crucial time—the last day of October—drew near.

It is related that one day over half a century ago, in the times when Dreadnoughts and seaplanes and submarines were undreamt of, there "came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth Sound," where lay the British fleet at anchor, and disembarked, among its passengers, a lad of 13 years—a midshipmite, straight from the famous training ship "Victory." Blessed with a degree of assurance not uncommon at his age, he scrambled aboard the flagship and accosted the first individual he chanced to meet—a "splendid figure in blue and gold." "Here my man," said the youth, handing him a letter, "give this to the Admiral." Smiling, the man in blue and gold took the missive, opened and read it. "Why, are you the Admiral," queried the boy. "Yes, I'm the Admiral. You must stay and have dinner with me," said the great man benevolently patting the boy on the head.

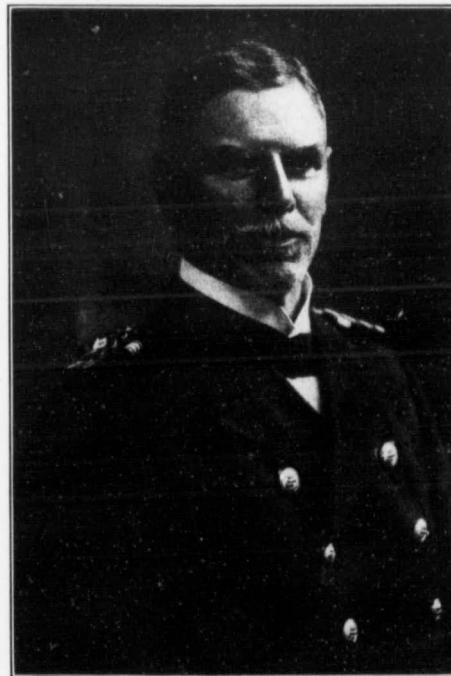
"I think," said the midshipman, "I should like to be getting on to my ship."

The boy is father of the man. The lad who took himself and his vocation so seriously became in time the man who was taken seriously in British Naval circles, and to-day Lord Fisher, who on the 30th of October, 1914, superseded Prince Louis of Battenburg as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, is recognized as the embodiment and typification of efficiency. He is not a really popular man, for his efficiency is of the cold-blooded order, yet his appointment in place of Prince Louis of Battenburg—whose Austrian birth and German connections had made his position the butt of much harsh and unwarranted criticism and led to his resignation—met with general approval. Lord Fisher's personality has been well summed up thus:

"No shaft can pierce this armour-plated man. He probably had feelings once, but he has been so long exposed to the weather that they have become indurated. The singular face, at once inscrutable and mobile, gives no key to any human emotion. The full eye, with its curiously small pupil, the wide, full-lipped mouth, drooping mercilessly at the corners, the jaw jutting out a good-humoured challenge to the world, all proclaim a man who

neither asks nor gives quarter. He laughs, he cracks jokes, he talks with voluminous geniality, but behind all these breezy externals of the seaman are his 'three R's of war'—'Ruthless, relentless, remorseless,' and his 'three H's of gunnery'—'Hit first, hit hard, keep on hitting.'"

Not a pretty character that. But when it came to handling a piratical foe who recognized no law but that of expediency, it was felt that in the interests of humanity as a whole it was well to work without gloves. And Lord Fisher seemed the man for the job.



ADMIRAL COUNT VON SPEE.

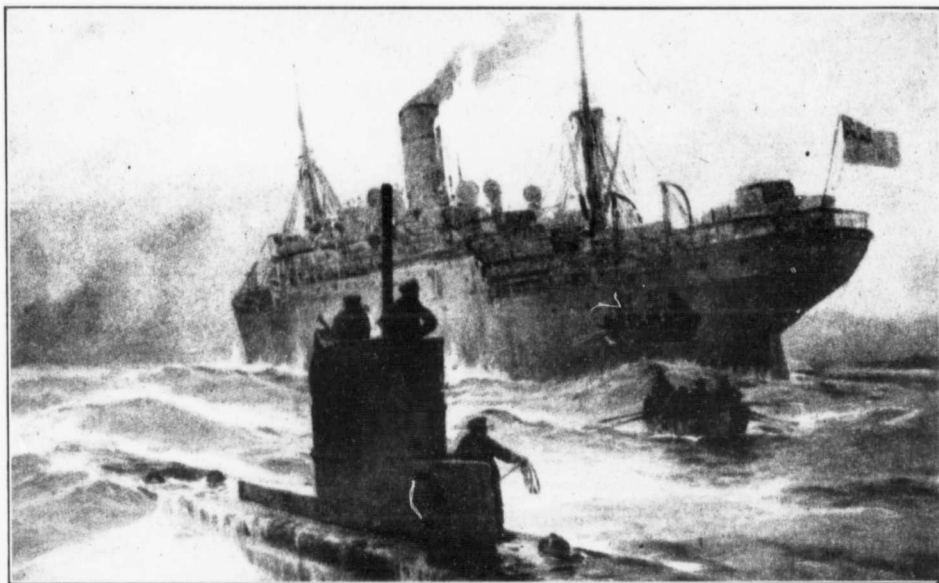
Not for long did the Count live to celebrate his triumph over Sir Christopher Craddock. *Nemesis*, in the shape of a British squadron, soon overtook him, and off the Falkland Islands he went down with his ship, the "Scharnhorst."

The work of rounding up German sea raiders continued vigorously, and on the 30th of October the Light Cruiser "Koenigsberg" was discovered by H.M.S. "Chatham," hiding in shoal water some six miles up the Rufigi River, opposite Mafia Island, German East Africa. Although unable, owing to greater draught, to reach the "Koenigsberg," H.M.S. "Chatham" bombarded both the vessel, which lay behind a thick screen of palm trees, and the entrenchments thrown up by a landing party. To insure her future harmlessness colliers were sunk in the only navigable channel so that the "Koenigsberg" was hopelessly

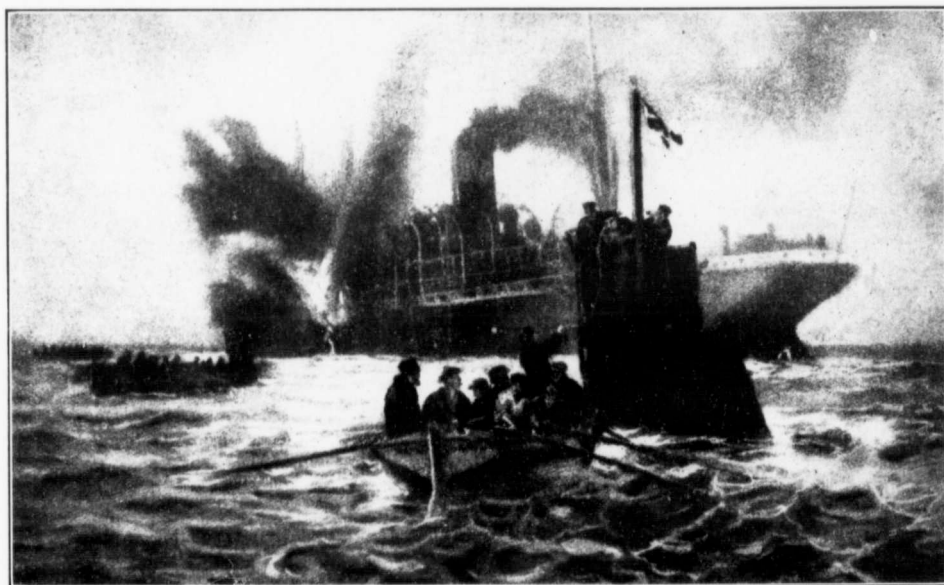
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FROM THE ENEMY'S VIEWPOINT.



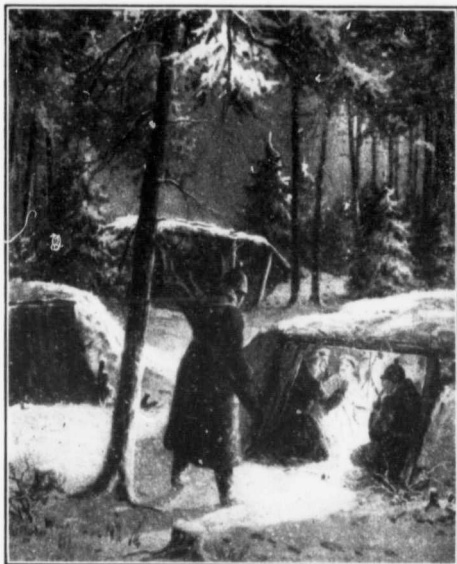
This illustration from a German paper shows an incident of January 30th, when the "Linda Blanche" of Bangor, with two other British merchantmen, were sunk by German Submarines—the crew being given ten minutes to leave the ship. The steamer was bound from Manchester to Belfast, and her crew were picked up by a trawler.



For a time the policy of giving ships' crews a chance for life was always followed. The recently announced policy does not provide for this pleasant feature. The illustration, also from a German paper, shows a merchantman, from which the crew has been taken and, strangely enough, well treated—being torpedoed. Note the explosion.

A G

FROM THE ENEMY'S VIEWPOINT.



AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

This effective little drawing from a German paper has a human touch. The soldiers on both sides have used great ingenuity in devising means of comfort.



IN THE FAMOUS VOSGES.

To the pretty mountain villages of the Vosges, war with all its horrors has come. This shows the German idea of a French barricade on a mountain road.



"DIFFICULT COUNTRY"

A German illustration showing some of the obstacles facing a detachment of Austrian Frontier Gendarmes. The difficulties of the ascent are obvious.



DANGEROUS OBSERVATION WORK

The duty of the men on the observation posts is dangerous but most valuable and necessary. This drawing from German sources, shows an enemy post in Belgium.

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 479.*

imprisoned, and the allied cruisers which had been searching for her were released for other operations.

Struck by a mine in a heavy gale, with the sea running mountains high, the British Hospital ship "Rohilla" was lost off the Yorkshire coast, near Whitby, shortly before dawn on the morning of the 30th. Captain Wilson's action in running the sinking ship ashore, according to his own testimony, alone saved the loss of all of her crew and passengers numbering over 200. She was on her way to the continent with physicians, nurses and Red Cross supplies when the disaster occurred, and only the most heroic work of the Yorkshire life-savers made possible the rescue of a large majority of those on board. All day crowds stood on the beach and watched the repeated attempts to bring the victims ashore through the boiling seas, and that these efforts proved as successful as they did is little short of a miracle.

**October 31.** — "Take Ypres by November first."

So, if we are to credit the authorities for the statement, went out an order from no less a person than William the Second himself. It is highly probable. The "at all costs" style of the order smacks of Kaiserdom. Certain it is that to the accomplishment of this end—the taking of Ypres—the men of Von Deimling's force—fresh troops sent up to relieve their exhausted comrades—brought every power of which they were capable; brought to it a desperate courage that was sadly wasted in such a cause; brought to it, too, a grim determination that death alone should check their onward sweep.

"Before the sun was high on that morning of the 31st," says a well-known correspondent in a graphic pen-picture of the great event which will live in history as one of the outstanding features of the military annals of our time, "a British aviator vol-planed down to his own line with a wing damaged by shrapnel. He dropped from his seat, pale and shaken. 'A close call?' they asked. 'It isn't that!' he said. 'It's what I've seen—three corps I tell you—against our First!' So he jerked out his story. He had seen the roads and ridges like ant-hills and ant-runs with men; he had seen new batteries going into position; he had seen, far away, the crawling grey serpents which were still more German regiments going to slaughter. 'And we're so thin up there,' he said, 'and they're so many.'

Critical indeed was the situation—more critical than was just then recognized. Already, on the previous day, the close proximity of the enemy to the British line of communications along the line of the canal from Ypres to the River Lys, bore a serious menace; to-day it seemed that the gravest fears were to be realized.

Numerically the Germans were immensely superior: against the 1st and 2nd Infantry Brigades, numbering less than 8,000 bayonets, they were able

to thrust a force of some 70,000 or more; in artillery, too, they were not lacking, and the massed guns and howitzers wrought much havoc among our men.

For a while it seemed that fortune as well as numbers favoured the enemy. Like a great tidal wave the Kaiser's legions surged irresistibly forward. All the gallantry in the world could not suffice to stem that oncoming horde. At the village of Gheluvelt, situated at about equal distances from Ypres and Menin, the pressure became overpowering, and a necessary retirement by the 1st Division left the enemy in possession of the place. Hard on the heels of this calamity came disaster after disaster. Holding out too long for safety, the Royal Scots Fusiliers were cut off and surrounded. At the moment, too, when leadership meant much, the advancing German batteries got the range of the headquarters of the 1st and 2nd Divisions and promptly dropped their shells in that direction. The result was disastrous. The Generals in charge of the two divisions were put out of action, three staff officers were killed, and two wounded.

That was Sir John French's blackest hour. At headquarters, his officers were no longer capable of direction; before him the troops, unable to maintain the unequal struggle, were losing ground—losing ground. Every man was fighting like three; every one was playing a hero's part. But the lines lacked co-ordination. Everywhere there were grave gaps. And the enemy came steadily on. The situation bore every evidence of utter hopelessness.

It is in times such as this that the true calibre of a man is tested. French did not despair. As a matter of fact he was too busy. With General Haig, of whose assistance at this time he speaks in the highest terms, the Field Marshal threw himself into the breach. He seemed to be everywhere that he was needed, encouraging, rallying, and above all directing—giving to the wonderful spirit and courage of the men the right objectives on which to expend their efforts.

The 1st Division, now commanded by General Landon of the 3rd Brigade, rallied staunchly, and, in some miraculous way, checked the opposing forces. Part of the 1st and 2nd Divisions presently combined in an offensive move on the enemy's right flank.

It was then that the Worcestershire Regiment contributed much to the salvation of the situation. The village of Gheluvelt was a "key" position of vital importance. An attempt to retake the village at all costs became imperative, and, supported by the 42nd Brigade of Royal Field Artillery—whose admirable work calls for special mention—it fell to the lot of the Worcesters to lead a bayonet charge that has seen few equals in history.

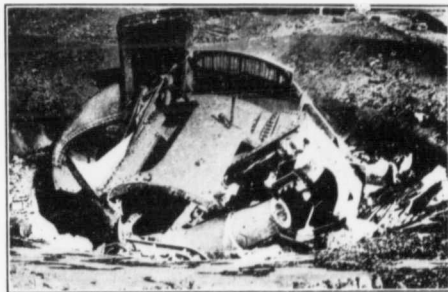
The regiment was immensely gallant. Between the wood, which lent concealment to their early movements, and the village, lay a zone of death—nine hundred yards or so across—affording to the advancing troops little or no cover; while from every point of vantage, from roofs and windows and even from the church tower, a deadly hail of leaden death poured down upon this open space.

But to the Worcesters these things mattered not at all. At a word they moved forward. It seemed that none could cross that zone of fire alive, and many there were who fell to rise no more. On every hand men saw their comrades stricken down, but coolly, resolutely, irresistibly, they swept on. The village gained, their hardest work was yet to come. In streets and houses, up narrow stairways and at every favourable point the enemy prepared to make a desperate stand. A struggle of the most fierce, most bloody, most terrible nature lay before them. But every man of the Worcesters gripped his rifle the tighter and, with bayonet fixed, went to work.

And Gheluvelt was saved. A man not given to overpraise, the commendation of Sir John French was cherished by his troops. To the Worcestershire Regiment the General could pay no higher tribute than he did.

"Nothing that any regiment ever did at Waterloo," he said, "is comparable with your achievement to-day."

It was then that the pendulum of victory swung back again in favour of the British. Ere long, the Immortal 7th Division had regained its lost ground, and before the light of that eventful Saturday



A PHOTO FROM TSING-TAU.  
A silent witness of the deadly power of the Japanese artillery. A ruined cupola, and a dismantled gun. (Photo, C. N.)

afternoon had waned the lines were once more co-ordinated, the gaps all closed, and a terribly exhausted but gloriously triumphant army were enabled to snatch a well-earned measure of rest.

And the defeated General von Deimling had perforce to report to his august sovereign the bitter news of another defeat.

While the 31st of October was thus crowded with tremendous events in the neighbourhood of Ypres, an interesting incident of the fighting south of Messines is worthy of mention. General Allenby's cavalry, operating on the right of General Haig's force, had been unable to afford the latter any support in their crucial struggle, for the simple reason that they themselves were almost overcome by exhaustion and by the overwhelming nature of the opposing forces. To their aid came a battalion of the famous London Scottish.

Referring to this an official account stated:

"It is a special event because it forms an epoch

in the military history of the British Empire, and marks the first time that a complete unit of our Territorial Army has been thrown into a fight alongside its sister units of the regular army."

Of how, under a heavy fire from machine guns, field guns and howitzers, the London Scottish moved forward and finally entrenched; of how from nine o'clock that Saturday night until two o'clock on Sunday morning the steadiness of these untried Territorials defied every advance of the enemy; of their admirable conduct during a general attack and flanking movement then attempted by the Germans—during which the Scots suffered severely—space does not permit of further elaboration. Suffice to say that their action was a fitting forerunner of the excellent work which the Territorial troops as a whole were to accomplish in the great campaign.

Incidents now lent colour to the assertion that Germany had a submarine base on the Belgian coast. The activity of their underwater craft had been steadily increasing, and on the 31st of October the old cruiser "Hermes," while returning from Dunkirk, where she had been used in connection with the Naval Branch of the Flying Corps, was torpedoed and sunk in the Straits of Dover.

"We were all sitting at breakfast," stated the ship's surgeon in relating his experience, "and the first intimation we received that anything was wrong was when the plates on the tables flew all out the wardroom and our breakfasts fell into our laps. There was no panic. Every man flew to his station in good order."

Of her complement of over 450 officers and men nearly all were saved, for the "Hermes," though badly damaged, remained afloat until the rescue work was virtually completed. Of this incident the Admiralty stated:

"The loss of the vessel is of little military significance."

Unfortunately, however, the enemy was not content with legitimate prey such as this. The recent sinking of non-combatant vessels—including the refugee ship "Amiral Ganteaume," when large numbers of innocent women and children narrowly escaped a watery grave, and some thirty persons perished—placed Germany's submarine policy in the category of rank and inhuman piracy.

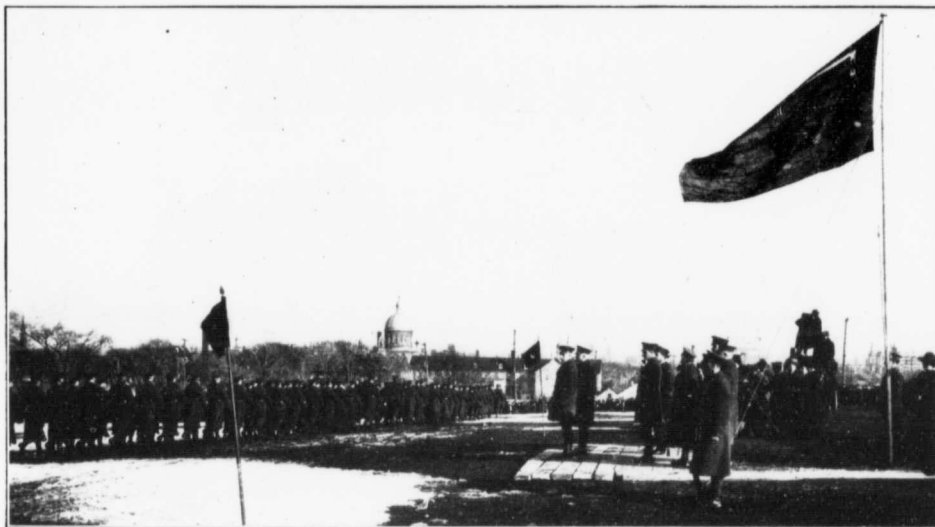
In reply to a question subsequently asked in the House, Mr. Asquith placed the British losses to the end of October at 57,000—killed, wounded and missing. Of these some 1,600 were officers. Britain was bearing her share of the terrible cost in human lives incidental to the wiping out of German militarism and the War Lord's insane ambitions.

On one of the most recent lists of deaths in action was the name of Prince Maurice of Battenburg. Three days before his death Prince Maurice wrote:

"I have so far been very lucky. I have had two shots through my cap to-day, neither of which touched me."

Continued on page 488





"CANADA TO THE FRONT"—THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL INSPECTS THE TROOPS.

A recent inspection of some of Canada's men who are eagerly training to serve their country. From top to bottom—Reserve Park, some of the boys from "Old McGill" (C.O.T.C.) and the 24th Battalion (Victoria Rifles). The Review was held on Fletcher's Field, Montreal. (Photos, Chesterfield & McLaren.)



"CANADA TO THE FRONT"—THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL INSPECTS THE TROOPS.

Two pictures showing review of the 24th Battalion, which recently left for the front. In the upper picture, Lieut.-Col. Gunn, C.O. of the 24th, is seen between H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught and Col. E. W. Wilson, O.C. No. 6 Military District. In the lower picture the central figures are—Lieut.-Col. Sir Montagu Allan, the Governor-General and Col. Stanton, A.D.C.

(Photos, Chesterfield & McLaren.)



OFF FOR THE FRONT—OUR LOYAL FRENCH-CANADIAN UNIT LEAVES.

The mobilization of the 22nd Battalion, a distinctly French-Canadian Regiment, marked a new epoch in French-Canadian life. All Canada is proud of the way the men rallied to the colours. Illustration shows the Regiment entraining at St. John's, P. Q. (Photo C. & McL.)



OFF FOR THE FRONT—ENTRAINMENT OF THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

After months of strenuous training at St. John's P.Q., the men of the 22nd Battalion, attached to Canada's Second Contingent—fit and ready—entrained for Halifax, prior to their embarkation for England. (Photo C. & McL.)

## CANADA'S Roll of Honour

1914

**Deaths**

- Oct. 1 Private William S. Hartley, 14th Battalion  
 16 Private Alexander Ogilvie, 4th Battalion  
 16 Private Aubrey R. Thompson, P.P.C.L.I.  
 20 Color-Sergt. Ernest John Lock, 9th Batt.  
 21 Gunner Percy Sawyer, Divis. Artillery Headquarters  
 24 Gunner George Read, 1st Battery  
 25 Armourer-Corp. William Ogden, 11th Batt.  
 29 Private Samuel Herbert Smith, 13th Batt.  
 Nov. 7 Private Egon Charles Ford, 10th Battalion  
 9 Gunner Walter Pendleton, Can. Heavy Battery & A.C.  
 13 Gunner Walter Burdock, Royal Can. Horse Artillery  
 16 Private Douglas Benham, 16th Battalion  
 16 Lance-Corporal Allan Arthur Cuthbertson, Royal Can. Regiment, (Bermuda)  
 19 Driver John Joseph Laroc, Can. Div. Ammunition Park  
 21 Private Warren Addison Ash, 7th Batt.  
 25 Private George Edward Reeves, 17th Batt.  
 29 Private John Ivers, No. 1 Stationary Hosp.  
 Dec. 3 Gunner Edward Hugh Mowbray Penn, Div. Ammunition Park  
 5 Private Francis John Ross, 5th Battalion  
 6 Sapper George Burnett, Divis. Engineer  
 11 Private Charles Matthews, No. 2 Can. Field Ambulance  
 12 Company Sergt.-Major James W. Guerin, P.P.C.L.I.  
 16 Private Hugh A. Peden, 16th Battalion  
 17 Private J. Davidson, 17th Battalion  
 16 Sergeant Charles Douglas William Gale, 9th Battalion  
 22 Gunner Gordon Wilson, 2nd Artillery Brig.  
 24 Private Herbert French, 1st Battalion  
 25 Private Anthony Addison, 17th Battalion  
 25 Private A. Kemp, 17th Battalion  
 26 Driver R. K. Danforth, 2nd Artillery Brig.  
 27 Private George Basil Ewens, 5th Battalion  
 28 Private George Meads, No. 11 Field Ambulance  
 31 Private Fred. Bryan Puddington, 17th Battalion
- 1915
- Jan. 1 Chaplain and Hon. Captain George Leicester Inglis, 3rd Battalion  
 1 Private James Joseph Barrett, 1st Batt.  
 1 Corporal Arthur Rice Birch, 6th Battalion  
 2 Private William Douglas Saint, 5th Batt.  
 2 Bugler John George Macdonald, 17th Battalion  
 3 Sergt. John Mackney, 3rd Artillery Brig.  
 5 Private John Wylie, 17th Battalion  
 6 Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Strange, Can. Ordnance Depot Unit  
 6 Lieutenant R. D. Briscoe, 9th Battalion

- Jan. 6 Private M. K. Smith, 5th Battalion  
 6 Private Peter Connelly, 5th Battalion  
 6 Private Charles Bingham, 10th Battalion  
 7 Private A. H. Comber, 15th Battalion  
 8 Private Charles Edward Jones, 11th Batt.

**Killed in Action.**

- Jan. 8 Lance-Corporal Norman Fry, P.P.C.L.I.  
 8 Lance-Corpl. H. G. Bellinger, P.P.C.L.I.  
 9 Capt. Denzil Onslow Cochrane Newton, P.P.C.L.I.  
 9 Private John Russell, P.P.C.L.I.

**Deaths**

- 9 Private Ernest Roper, P.P.C.L.I.  
 9 Private Percy George Palmer, 7th Batt.  
 9 Private F. W. McGuinness, 13th Battalion  
 10 Gunner J. F. Kennedy, 2nd Brig., C.F.A.  
 15 Private Henry Holmes, 1st Battalion  
 15 Private William Henry Gardner, 13th Battalion  
 16 Private Hartley Chase, 12th Battalion  
 16 Private Robert Lamb, 4th Battalion

**Killed in Action**

- 16 Private James McNish, P.P.C.L.I.  
 16 Private Norman McLeod, P.P.C.L.I.

**Deaths**

- 17 Private Thomas D. Rose, 4th Battalion  
 Jan. 22 Private Douglas Leach, P.P.C.L.I.  
 23 Private Basil Lees Inderwick, 17th Batt.  
 24 Private F. G. Heal, 16th Battalion

**Killed in Action**

- 24 Lieutenant C. H. Price, P.P.C.L.I.  
 24 Private R. C. Pepler, P.P.C.L.I.  
 25 Private John Leach, P.P.C.L.I.  
 25 Lance-Corporal J. H. Murphy, P.P.C.L.I.

**Died of Wounds**

- Jan. 25 Private Charles Harding, P.P.C.L.I.  
 25 Lance-Corporal William John Huston, P.P.C.L.I.

**Killed in Action**

- Jan. 26 Captain Frederic Fitzgerald, P.P.C.L.I.  
 26 Private J. Meiklejohn, P.P.C.L.I.  
 26 Private A. Nicholson, P.P.C.L.I.  
 26 Private Charles Crook, P.P.C.L.I.

**Accidentally Killed**

- Jan. 26 Bugler George Dean, 17th Battalion

**Deaths**

- Jan. 26 Private Charles R. MacKenzie, 15th Batt.  
 27 Private Reginald Arthur Hughes, No. 3 Can. Field Ambulance

**Killed in Action**

- Jan. 31 Private James Bleakley, P.P.C.L.I.

**Died of Wounds**

- Jan. 31 Sergeant Robert J. Mansfield, P.P.C.L.I.



## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 483.*

Constantly in the thick of the fighting, the Prince was struck by a shrapnel bullet while leading his company in an action near Ypres. His death while fighting thus bravely for Britain must have come as a reproach to those who had so recently cast slurs on the loyalty of his family, and through their agitation brought about the resignation of his father, Prince Henry, from his naval office.

Reports from the front in Belgium continued to pay tribute to King Albert—the soldier monarch. They spoke of his calm courage, his democratic comradeship with his men, his unwearied devotion to the cause, his constant rallying of his troops.

"Our towns have been burnt and our houses destroyed," he told them, "and there is mourning over the whole country, but more terrible disasters will follow if you do not free the country of the invaders. That is your imperative duty, and it is a duty you can fulfill with the assistance of our Allies."

Keenly, too, did the King feel for the sufferings and privations of his people in Belgium, where the food supply daily presented greater problems, and gaunt famine stared helpless millions in the face. Of the work of the American Commission for the Relief of Belgium he spoke most feelingly, and in a message written on the battlefield near Dunkirk, said, in part:

"It is a great comfort to me in this hour of sorrow and misfortune to feel that a great-hearted, disinterested people is directing its efforts to relieving the distress of the unoffending civil population of my country. . . . I confidently hope that the appeal of the American Commission will meet with a generous response. The whole-hearted friendship of America shown my people at this time will always be a precious memory."

At last, after a period during which little news came through from the Far East, word was received that at dawn on the 31st of October—the Birthday of the Emperor of the "Sunrise Kingdom"—a general attack on Tsing-tau was opened. The operations developed with rapidity and violence. British and Japanese warships shelled the place with much effect; aeroplanes and balloons played their part; and under cover of gun fire from land and sea British and Jap forces, including recently arrived Indian troops, advanced against the strongly entrenched positions of the enemy. Already the bombardment had wrought great confusion, and at night the surroundings were lighted up for miles by the reflections of blazing shipyards and burning buildings.

## November 1.—

"He who fights and runs away  
Will live to fight some other day"

was never a popular motto with the men of Britain, ashore or afloat. It was not popular in the days when the supremacy of British sea power

was in process of establishment; it is not popular in these latter days.

In a letter written some three weeks prior to the disaster which overtook his ship, Admiral Cradock's secretary, in expressing the opinion that wisdom decreed the maintenance of a larger squadron in the waters off the Horn, added the typically British sentiment:

"But we will fight cheerfully, whatever odds we may have to face."

There certainly seems to be room for criticism of the Admiralty's policy in this connection. Cruising in these stormy waters of the South Pacific, encountering gales and snow and ice, was a British fleet of very insignificant proportions. Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock, flying his flag in the armoured cruiser "Good Hope," of 14,100 tons, and carrying two 9.2 and sixteen 6" guns of an old pattern, had with him the "Monmouth" of still lighter build and armament, the "Glasgow," a modern light cruiser carrying 4" and 6" guns, the "Otranto," an auxiliary cruiser, and, coming to his aid, the "Canopus," a battleship of so ancient a type as to have been little use had she been within nearer reach when needed than she was. For on November 1 she was still two hundred miles from the scene of conflict.

Not far away, and directed in his movements by wireless messages from the complicated German-operated stations installed in South America by Teutonic firms, Count von Spee, in his flagship the "Scharnhorst," a modern armoured cruiser whose eight up-to-date 8.2 and six 6" guns were largely superior to the "Good Hope's" two antiquated 9.2 and smaller guns, was on the watch for his opportunity. With him he had a sister ship of the "Scharnhorst," the "Gneisenau," of similar tonnage and armament, and—joining him shortly before the battle—three modern light cruisers of a smaller type, the "Leipzig," "Nurnberg" and "Dresden." To these other advantages was added that of superior speed—a virtue of no inconsiderable importance in modern naval warfare.

On the morning of November 1, the "Glasgow," under Captain John Luce, R.N., left Coronel, on the Chilean coast, to rejoin the British squadron at an appointed rendezvous. News of the near approach of the enemy's squadron made an encounter imminent, and the Admiral's orders directing the ships to spread fanwise and search for the German fleet left no doubt as to his intention of joining action at the earliest opportunity.

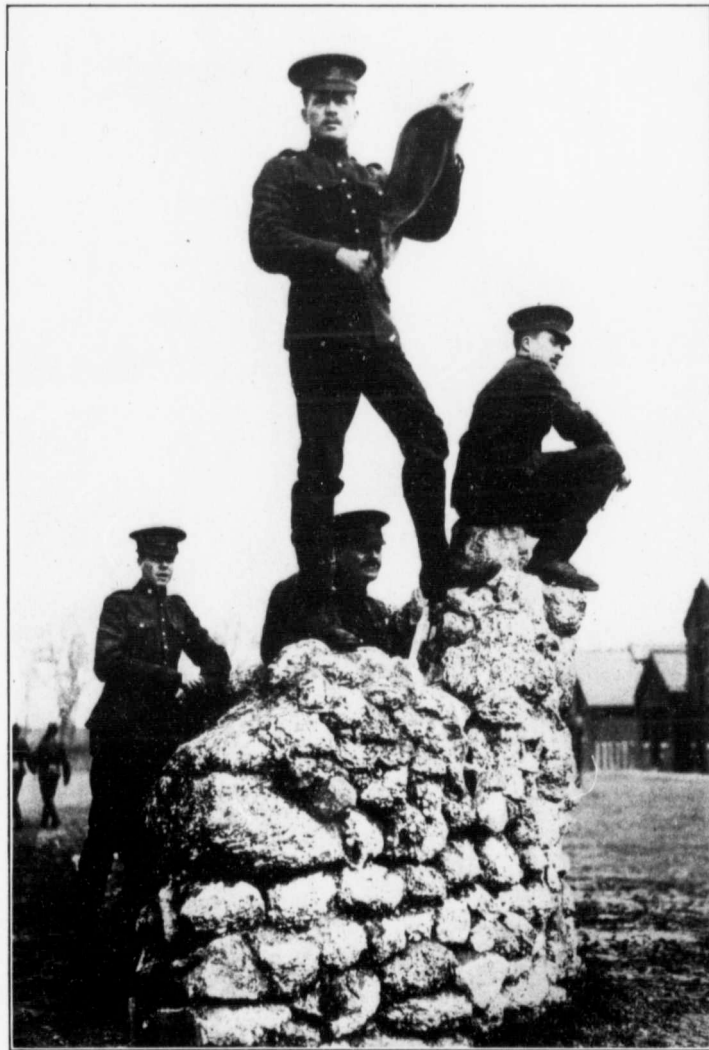
There is something fascinatingly crisp and simple about the log of the Glasgow from which we quote at this time.

"Four-twenty p.m." it says, "saw smoke; proved to be enemy ships, one small cruiser and two armoured cruisers. Glasgow reported to Admiral, ships in sight were warned, and all concentrated on Good Hope. At 5 p.m. Good Hope was sighted. 5.47 p.m., squadron formed in line-ahead in following order: Good Hope, Monmouth, Glasgow, Otranto. Enemy, who had turned south, were now in single line-ahead 12 miles off, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau leading."

*Continued on page 491 (part 22)*

# The - War - Pictorial

The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 22.



CANADIAN TROOPS IN ENGLAND.

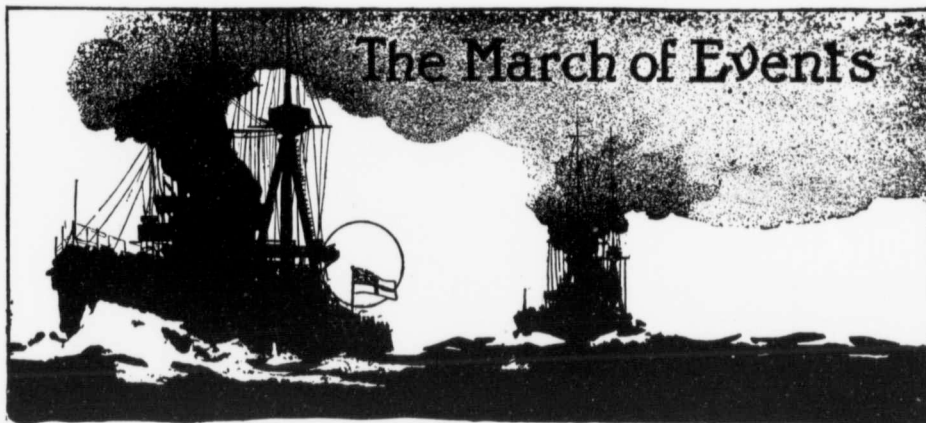
Photo shows signallers of the 2nd Canadian Contingent at practice in England. Press Bureau will not allow publication of place or name of regiment. (Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren).

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ANSWERING THE CALL.

The clumsy diplomats at Berlin visualized a disrupted Empire as a result of Britain's entrance to the war. But disillusionment soon came. Canada's answer was over 30,000 men—with more to come. Mr. Louis Keene, the well-known young artist, now serving his country at the front with the Auto-Machine Gun Brigade, went over with the great "Armada" and crystallized his impressions in a series of unique sketches. This night scene shows the vessels in battleship formation steaming across the Atlantic, with all lights extinguished except those necessary for purposes of navigation.



## *A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration*

### PART 22

*Continued from page 488 (part 21).*

Not until sunset did the Germans stop to give battle, but at 6.18 the message flashed from the British flagship, "I am going to attack enemy now."

Sir Christopher realized the disadvantages he was under; he saw before him the life and death nature of the contest—with the odds in favour of death. But he determined to make a good fight of it as behooved a British seaman. And a gallant fight he made. His last message to his squadron before the action was simple but significant.

"There is danger. Do your utmost."

By now the sun was setting behind the British ships and the advantage of light was with them. Had the range not been too great the opportunity would have meant much to our men. But our guns were too small. The sun dipped lower and presently sank below the western horizon. Then it was that the enemy saw his chance and took it, for against the afterglow of that Sunday evening Cradock's squadron stood out silhouetted, while over yonder the fading light threw the protecting mantle of night over the German cruisers.

At three minutes past seven the enemy opened fire, to which the "Good Hope," "Monmouth" and "Glasgow" were not slow in replying. The enemy made good practice, and, with the failing light, the heavy head sea—for a strong wind was blowing—and the disadvantage of their short range guns, the British seamen began to realize the unequal nature of the contest. Yet the discipline was perfect, the firing as careful as at battle practice, and even when shortly afterwards flames rose from the flagship and the "Monmouth" alike, there was no cessation to the heroic work of the

gunners. Salvo after salvo smote the stricken ships. Hopelessly outranged the British sought to close in on the enemy. But again the superior speed of the latter thwarted this object. Presently the steering gear of the "Good Hope" became unmanageable and she drifted more to eastward, her burning hull forming a splendid object for the German gunners. For her the end came soon. At 7.50 a tremendous explosion occurred about her after-funnel, and flames shot up two hundred feet in the air. "Soon after," says an eyewitness, "I could see nothing of her and she never fired again."

By this time the "Monmouth" was badly down at the bow, and was obliged to manoeuvre to place her "stern to sea." Darkness had fallen but the rising moon revealed the fact, signalled by the "Glasgow" to the "Monmouth;"

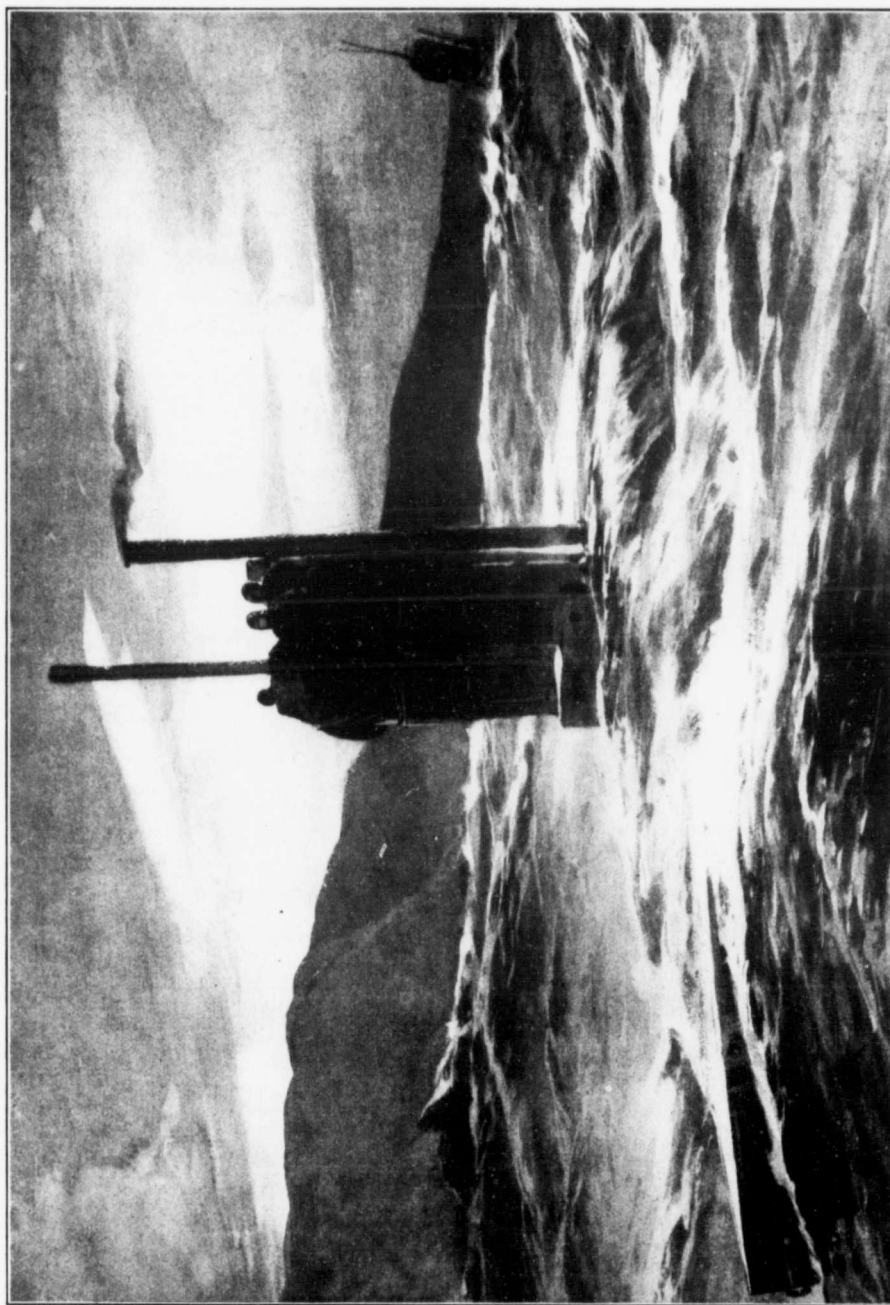
"Enemy following us."

For the "Glasgow" to remain now would have been folly. Unable to render any assistance to the stricken "Monmouth," she endeavoured to withdraw and join the "Otranto," which, out-classed, had taken no part in the battle, and the "Canopus," on her way to the scene, and thus form the nucleus of a fleet to keep some check on the victorious Germans. It was undoubtedly her proper course, though to stand by the "Monmouth" to the end would have been more to the liking of officers and crew.

Aided by the vigorous action still maintained by Captain Brandt and the crew of the "Monmouth," the "Glasgow," though damaged, made good her escape. As she went her men looking across the surging waters saw as the last of the gallant ship "flashes of gun fire and the play of searchlights."

*Continued on page 494*





THE GERMAN "BLOCKADE" OF ENGLAND.  
This drawing, from a German magazine, shows a German submarine off the coast of Ireland.



AN APPEAL FOR HELP.

A remarkable photograph of the German submarine U. 8. caught at her piratical work off Dover, and promptly put "out of business". Her crew are seen waving for assistance to the British destroyers. (Photo, C.N.)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from page 491.

Of the ultimate fate of the "Monmouth" and her crew there is no question. German inhumanity again revealed itself. The comment in a letter of a German sailor who took part in this engagement, when hundreds of seamen worthy of the best traditions of the past fought their last fight and perished like Britons, tells the tale.

"We ran over some of them and the rest we left to drown," he said.

If Sir Christopher Cradock thus met defeat and death and failed even to appreciably damage the enemy, he at least achieved a splendid defeat and died a glorious death. For the honours are not always on the side of the victors.

The alien problem in Canada had been giving the authorities some trouble, and a system of registration whereby a check could be kept on all hostile aliens in the Dominion was announced from Ottawa on the 1st of November. Under the supervision of Mr. Silas H. Carpenter, formerly chief of detectives at Montreal, an alien Bureau was authorized for the metropolis for "the registration and internment of dangerous and indigent aliens of enemy nationality," the system to be extended to other centres of foreign population, including Sydney, Ottawa, Fort William, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton, as well as one point in British Columbia, the whole to be in charge of General Sir W. D. Otter, with headquarters in Toronto.

Sunday, the 1st of November found the situation of the allied troops in France and Belgium satisfactory. In the north the Germans had experienced much loss and difficulty through the flooding of the land. To quote their own report:

"The operations in Belgium have been rendered difficult owing to inundations of the Yser and Ypres canals by the destruction of the sluices at Nieuport."

In the neighbourhood of Ypres the enemy still maintained considerable pressure though the effect of the decisive set-back on the previous day was noticeable. To the south of Ypres our lines were forced back before the weight of infantry and artillery thrust against them, though the loss was but temporary.

In the neighbourhood of Messines and Wytschaete brisk engagements marked the day, and the British cavalry and Territorials, co-operating with French troops who had arrived to their support, again demonstrated their fighting ability. The German losses were heavy, for "moving across our front they suffered very greatly from the massed fire of our horse artillery at short range, but though they fell literally in heaps they still came on with admirable determination." The final advantage rested with the Allies.

Elsewhere on the allied left wing little change was noted, but on the Aisne and in the Argonne forest violent attacks by the enemy met defeat at the hands of the French troops, while the latter, in

turn, in an offensive in the Vosges, took possession of the heights of Versines de Sainte Marie.

**November 2.**— The opening days of November saw little actual change in developments on the eastern battle-line, although the promise of readjustment of the relations of the opposing forces was not lacking.

The German retreat in Poland continued. The Russians followed in hot pursuit. Desperate as was the condition of the enemy—exhausted by constant forced marches backward through difficult country and over pathways scarcely to be dignified by the name of roads, and harassed by incessant rearguard actions—German thoroughness was nevertheless much in evidence. No stone was left unturned to impede the Russian advance. Roads were torn up, railway lines and switches destroyed, freight sheds and stations fired,



THE WHITEWASHERS.

Kaiser: "Lay it on, my worthy professors—lay it on thick! I want every drop of it."—Punch.

reservoirs and water pipes rendered useless, telegraph poles felled, wires cut and insulations spoiled, bridges damaged beyond possibility of repair, and no pains spared to hamper the onward rush of the victors. Greatly indeed did this serve the enemy's purpose and enable him to escape the annihilation that threatened. From the gates of Warsaw and Ivangorod, he was now within measurable distance of his own territory, and the possibility of a stubborn resistance hourly became more marked.

Something of what the retreat meant to the weary German soldiers, as they fled before the Czar's troops, is interestingly shown in a typical incident related by a correspondent, who speaks

highly of "the dashing Russian horsemen," as supported by light artillery, they were ever at the enemy's heels, while he strove by tremendous daily marches to fall back to more advantageous positions.

"Utterly exhausted by these great efforts," the correspondent says, "the troops stopped to rest, but hardly had they kindled their bivouac fires before the rattle of musketry put an end to their hopes. The fires were hastily extinguished with buckets of water, and the weary soldiers turned out to meet the attack of dismounted Cossacks. The retreat was continued so hastily that one of the hospitals became detached from the column to which it belonged and fell into the hands of the Russians."

While, despite all difficulties thrust in their way, the Russian troops continued to advance victoriously along the whole front in Poland, the enemy, taking advantage of the diminished offensive due to the repairs made necessary by the devastating process above referred to, and utilizing his admirable system of railways, inaugurated a movement of troops directed against the Russian right wing in East Prussia, where, at the time, the Petrograd statements were "reporting progress." Further developments in the northern area, therefore, seemed probable in the near future.

In the southern sphere, where the Kaiser's deluded tools, the Austrians, battled desperately but vainly, the advantage continued with the Czar's forces.

Once again, on the 2nd of November, the efforts of the German troops operating in the neighbourhood of Ypres drove back, by their great pressure, the lines held by the British 1st Corps supported on the left by the 9th French Corps; once again nightfall saw the Franco-British forces back in their original positions. Perhaps nothing more annoying and dispiriting to the enemy could be conceived than this tendency of the weaker allied forces to time after time rob their opponents, by gallant counter-attacks, of the hard-won fruits of their day's efforts.

To the south of Ypres the engagement was even sharper. Between that point and Armentieres the enemy endeavoured to drive in a human wedge, but the concentric fire of the French and British artillery did much to render the heavy German bombardment and advance ineffective. Messines and Wytchaete had on the previous day fallen into the enemy's hands, but a counter-attack by French troops made the latter point "disputed ground," and to-day its blazing ruins proclaimed it a "no man's land," upon which the shells of friend and foe alike fell in destructive fury.

To the south again, and particularly in the Armentieres district, hostile advances met with swift repulse, but on the extreme British right one or two points saw slight German gains, and Neuve Chapelle fell into the possession of the enemy.

In the north, where King Albert's force had so long and successfully held their ground, the enemy was now compelled at points to withdraw, abandoning his dead and wounded, while the inundation

in the Nieuport district hourly added to his discomfort and difficulty; causing, it was currently reported, the loss of certain heavy guns and field pieces in the sea of mud and water.

Lord Fisher's insistence on cold-blooded efficiency in practical naval affairs when translated into his own activities as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty did not make for smoother international relations, however much they may have been justified by circumstances, and desirable from the standpoint of the Allies.

On the evening of November 2, the British Government, in view of the fact that "mine laying under neutral flags and reconnaissance committed by trawlers, hospital ships and neutral vessels, are the ordinary features of German naval warfare," declared the entire North Sea a military area.

Following close on the heels of the Government's modification of the Declaration of London—whereby a new list of contraband articles was published, and more rigorous rules pertaining to contraband laid down, including the right to seize and condemn on the return journey neutral vessels with papers indicating neutral destination but which proceed to an enemy port, and the right to examine and seize shipments of conditional contraband if it is suspected that the ultimate destination is the enemy's country—the action of declaring the North Sea a military area seemed likely to raise serious issues with neutral nations.

In addition to this, on the previous day the British Press Bureau issued the following:

"In view of the action taken by the German forces in Belgium and France of removing as prisoners of war all persons who are liable for military service, His Majesty's Government have given instructions that all enemy reservists on board neutral vessels should be made prisoners of war."

All these moves called forth caustic comment and sharp criticism, but the clearly expressed intention of Britain to safeguard in every way the rights of neutrals when compatible with the general welfare, relieved the situation somewhat, and in many important circles, even in neutral nations, the attitude of the British Government met with approval. Fair minded men could not fail to recognize that, at the risk of merely inconveniencing neutral shipping, Britain was justified in meeting German measures which bore an immediate menace to the lives and property of innocent non-combatants—including neutrals themselves—and meant a prolongation of the world's most devastating war.

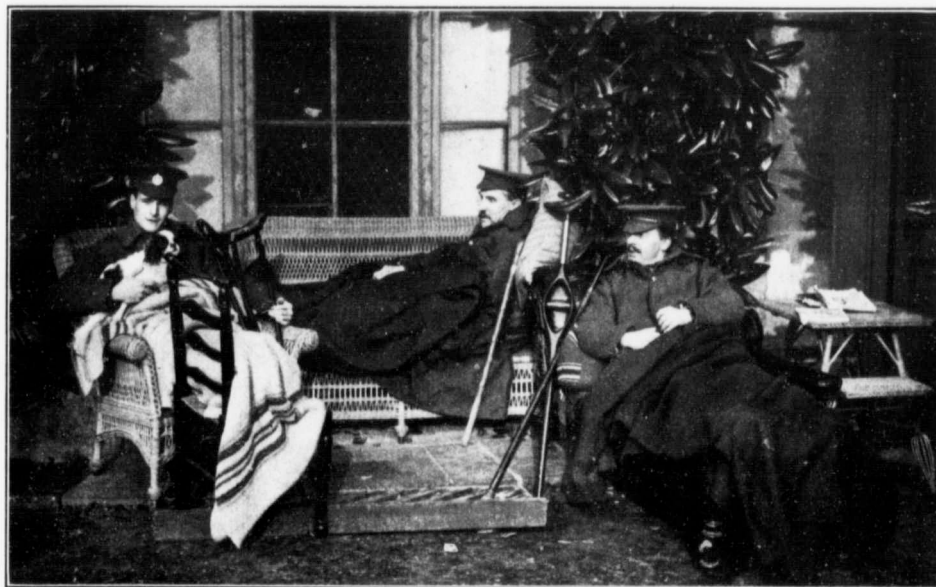
**November 3.**— A mist hung over the waters of the North Sea. The rising sun failed to lift its hazy curtain. All of which was in favour of the enemy. The good folks of Yarmouth—save those whose duties bade them be early astir—were wrapped in slumber. Suddenly across the waters came the heavy roar of guns. The windows rattled as with an earthquake and from every cottage and dwelling there

*Continued on page 498*





WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN ENGLAND.  
At Blenheim Palace—"Getting fit for the fight again". (Photo, C.P.)



WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN ENGLAND.  
At Blenheim Palace—"A sun bath." (Photo, C.P.)



WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN ENGLAND.  
At Blenheim Palace—"A Constitutional" (Photo, C. P.)



WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN ENGLAND.  
At Blenheim Palace—"Convalescent." (Photo, C. P.)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 495*

issued forth the inmates, hastily attired, to join the quickly swelling throng hurrying to the sea front.

From there little was to be seen. But the noise of the firing increased in volume.

Flying no flags, and creeping stealthily through the mist, an enemy squadron had contrived to get almost within gunshot of the coast. Unsuspected even by the fishermen at work off shore—one of whom, thinking them British, waved a gay welcome with his teapot—the cruisers suddenly hoisted the German flag and opened a heavy bombardment shorewards. The "Halcyon," a coast-guard boat engaged in patrol work was struck and one of her men wounded. She quickly reported the matter and His Majesty's navy taking a hand in the game, the enemy put discretion before valour and beat a hasty retreat, having accomplished no good end.

Until dusk fell and made further pursuit undesirable, the British vessels sought to engage the raiders, but the latter had one motto only—to get away—and they lived up to it consistently.

Unfortunately, in retiring, the rearmost German vessel threw out a number of mines in her wake, and was successful in sinking the British submarine D5, with all her crew except two officers and as many men who, chancing to be on the bridge at the time, were speedily picked up.

The Turkish question still continued to excite much interest and comment. In the face of repeated warnings from Britain, and of the "signs of the times," which should have been decipherable by the astute gentlemen in Constantinople, was Turkey to plunge to her doom, or to back down at the last moment? Already events were marching with a rapidity that seemed to portend ill for the Ottoman Empire.

From Rome came reports of the massing of Turkish troops on the Caucasus border, also at Beyrout, Jaffa, and other ports for transportation to the Sinai Peninsula, where a concentration on the Egyptian border was already under way. More interesting still—and delightfully humorous—was the statement from Berlin, now two days old, that Turkey had formally annexed Egypt. With their usual zeal in such matters Turkish bands were reported to have pitilessly plundered their Armenian subjects, and to have resorted to methods of ill-treatment of foreigners entirely consistent with their general customs. It seemed merely a matter of hours before Turkey would be definitely at war with all the powers of the entente, and even now a powerful Franco-British fleet was at the gate to Constantinople—the Dardanelles. And the results of the preliminary clashes of Russian and Turkish arms in Caucasia made unpleasant reading in the ancient city on the Bosphorus.

On the firing line in Flanders and in France the 3rd of November passed in comparative quiet. On the left bank of the Yser, between Nieupoort and Dixmude, the German retirement continued,

"inundations south of Nieupoort," it being admitted by Berlin, "preventing all operations in this part of the country. The water in places is as high as a full-grown man."

Before Ypres a welcome lull was noted; elsewhere the situation was subjected to no change.

In an order addressed by Sir John French to the British 2nd Army Corps, and dated Field Headquarters, November 3, the Field Marshal paid a splendid tribute to the British soldiers in France. He said, in part:

"Your commander-in-chief has watched with the deepest admiration and solicitude the splendid stand made by the soldiers of His Majesty the King, in their splendid efforts to maintain the forward position which they have won by gallantry and steadfastness. Its courage and endurance is beyond all praise. It is an honor to belong to such an army."

Further evidence of Britain's appreciation of Canada's splendid contributions, in common with all parts of the Empire, was contained in a Press Bureau announcement on November 3, reading:

"The Secretary of the Colonies has been informed, as an indication of their loyal duty to the Empire at this crisis, that the farmers of the various counties of the province of Ontario offer as a gift the products of their labor, including mainly oats, potatoes, apples, peas, beans, cheese, and flour, and His Majesty's Government have gratefully accepted this generous offer and informed the donors that flour, cheese, and oats will be very acceptable for the use of the troops, and the other articles will be used in the hospitals in this country."

**November 4.**—"It gives me great pleasure to take this opportunity of welcoming to the Mother Country such a fine contingent of troops from the Dominion of Canada."

It was a memorable day at Salisbury Plain—November 4, 1914—memorable for the Canadian troops as they assembled to receive the gracious welcome of their Sovereign, memorable for His Majesty as well, for seldom if ever has it been given to a monarch to review so fine a body of loyal volunteers from his Dominions beyond the seas and to receive so rousing a reception as was accorded to King George at this time.

Accompanied by Her Majesty Queen Mary, Lords Kitchener and Roberts, Hon. G. H. Perley, General Alderson and numerous staff officers, the King inspected the long lines of men, speaking to many personally, while the strains of the National Anthem and the "Maple Leaf," played by the massed bands, made a fitting accompaniment.

And when the time of departure came it was with sincere hearts that the men put their hats on their rifles and raised cheer upon cheer for this quiet, unpretentious sailor King, whose simple tastes bring him close to the heart of his people; who knows the drudgery of duty's monotonous round; who has seen with his own eyes the greater part of his far-flung Empire; who is none the less a King because he is, as someone has expressed it, "a plain, direct, straight-speaking man, taking his

office seriously, hating display and flummery, governed by a strong sense of duty, and thoroughly obedient to the constitutional traditions of the monarchy."

For a time at least it seemed that the Kaiser's offensive towards Calais had run its course. November 4 was by far the easiest day our troops in general had enjoyed for a long time. In an expenditure of ammunition of remarkable prodigality but little effect, the Germans roused the wonder of the men whose defences they sought to impair, while their infantry attacks east of Ypres were repelled without trouble. The morale of the defenders was excellent. Reinforced, rested from their late serious efforts, and inspired by the conscientiousness of a great strain nobly borne and a tremendous crisis averted, the men in the trenches before Ypres were in splendid spirits.

The French troops co-operating to the south of this point, under cover of British artillery fire, scored a slight advance, as did some Indian troops in a splendid exploit further to the right, but in general the situation remained unchanged.

A desperate encounter occurred at dusk when some of the enemy's cavalry charged a trench held by French troops. Before the latter's steady fire every horse was killed, but afoot the gallant horsemen continued the charge, the survivors meeting death "on the very parapet of the trench." Whatever else we may rightly lay to the charge of our foes we cannot include the accusation of cowardice in action.

Sunk at the entrance of Jahde Bay, near the port of Williamshaven, the enemy's armoured cruiser "Yorck" of 9,350 tons fell a victim to German mines on the 4th of November, nearly half of her complement of 616 officers and men going down with their ship.

**November 5.**— At last the die was cast. As Turkey refused to back down, even when "gentle hints" in the way of the Dardanelles bombardment and the shelling of Akbah, on the Red Sea, by a British fleet, gave warning to the Ottoman Government of their Empire's doom should they persist in their warlike course, Britain had no alternative but to formally declare war. The following proclamation appeared in "The London Gazette."

#### NOTICE

"Owing to hostile acts committed by Turkish forces under German officers, a state of war exists between Great Britain and Turkey as from to-day. Foreign Office, November 5, 1914."

A formal annexation of the Island of Cyprus was likewise made. The island was assigned by the Sultan of Turkey in 1878 to be administered by England, but now in view of the annulment of the agreements relative thereto by the outbreak of hostilities, "His Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council, has therefore ordered:

"From and after the date hereof the said island

shall be annexed to and form part of His Majesty's dominions, and the said island is annexed accordingly."

On the same day the French Government declared a state of war to exist between France and Turkey.

Reports of brigandage, pillage and murder continued to come from Ottoman territory, and internal dissension in certain quarters was hinted at. The lives of British and French subjects were in danger, and Christians generally subject to violence. In Albania chaos reigned. Every effort was made by the Turkish and German authorities to create enthusiasm for the Cause, to incite Moslem feeling, and to blind the eyes of the people to the real facts. The Turkish newspapers told of incredible German and Austrian victories, and made striking appeals to the three hundred million Moslems of earth to rise and seize their opportunity.

"Mussulmans, open your eyes!" urged one fiery editorial. "Grasp your weapons; trust to God. Forward sons of Islam. There is no longer a difference of nationality; there is no longer a difference of culture. All Mussulmans are united and have but a single wish—to destroy our foes!"



Munitions no less than men are needed to win the war, and in recognition of the work of men eligible for military service, but who are as effectively serving their country in the workshop and at the bench, the Admiralty has issued a button hole badge as shown above.

The Sultan, as was to be expected, lost no time in playing his "trump card." A holy war was proclaimed. The "Fetwa" issued called upon all Mussulmans—and even their women—capable of bearing arms, to rally against the foe.

"Throw yourself against the enemy as lions," said the Sultan in a proclamation to his army and navy, "bearing in mind that the very existence of our Empire, and of three hundred million Moslems whom I have summoned by sacred Fetwa to a supreme struggle, depend on your victory.

"The hearty wishes and prayers of three hundred million innocent and tortured faithful, whose faces are turned in ecstasy and devotion to the Lord of the universe in the mosques and the shrine of the Kaabah, are with you."

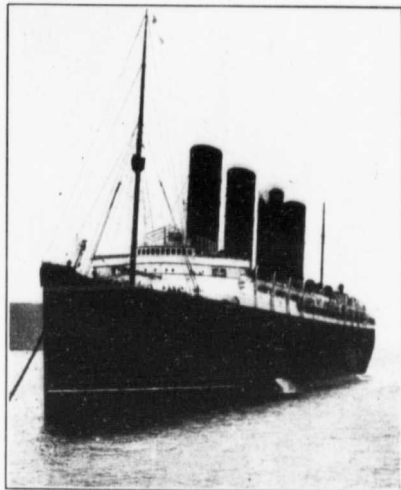
Continued on page 507 (Part 23)





"A FRIENDLY ENEMY."

The lot of the Alsatiars in the war has been an unhappy one. Forced by the Germans to fight against their convictions and sympathies, it is not to be wondered at that to be taken prisoners by the French is not altogether a hardship. The prisoner in the illustration seems quite happy—as do his two little French friends. But then, his own parents were French. (Photo, C.N.)



THE SUNKEN LINER "LUSITANIA"—(Photo, C.N.)

## "WHOLESALE MURDER."

"We also charge the officers of said submarine and the Emperor and Government of Germany, under whose orders they acted, with the crime of wholesale murder before the tribunal of the civilized world."—Extract from report of Coroner's Jury at "Lusitania" inquest held at Kinsale, Ireland.

ON SATURDAY, the first day of May, she sailed—this great ship of thirty-odd thousand tons—clearing from the Port of New York with her precious human freight of over two thousand souls.

The sailing of a transatlantic liner is always marked with a certain emotional tenseness—for there are those who can never forget the great maritime disasters of the last few years. But to-day there was reason for unusual tension.

For Germany was at war.

Strangely enough few seemed to realize just what that meant. Yet rumours of disaster were in the air. From the German Embassy there had emanated a remarkable warning—a truly unique document which appeared as an advertisement in the New York papers.

"Travellers intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage," it read, "are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or any of her allies are liable to destruction in those waters, and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk."

If this document had as its object the dissuading of passengers from sailing from New York on the "Lusitania" on the 1st of May it failed signally to accomplish its purpose. Not a single passage was cancelled.

Thousands of innocent non-combatants on board," argued everyone, and

"They would never sink a passenger vessel with thousands of innocent non-combatants on board," argued everyone, and refused to be unnerved by this "black hand" threat.

Nor did anonymous letters of warning which reached several prominent Americans awaken any serious fears.

"Bluff!" declared the recipients, and went aboard to their doom.

Thus were Von Tirpitz' assassins credited with too large a measure of humane feeling. The world had not yet plumbed the depths of German infamy.

But Germany was at war.

And nothing must stand between the Kaiser and his "divine mission."

The sequel is a matter of history now—history written vividly, indelibly on the minds of men, to be handed down through the centuries as a warning to men and nations who, through distorted ambition, through lust for possession and power may be tempted to a similar exhibition of infamy and blood-lust. It is a page that in years to come Germans will seek vainly to tear from the world's history. Far more is it a stain upon the present leaders of the German nation. And from that stain

"Not all the waters of the Rhine  
Can wash their foul hands clean."

Six days of safe voyaging. Over yonder the Irish coast was clearly visible, with Queenstown lying not far beyond and giving promise of the journey's end. It was early afternoon on Friday, the 7th of May. The sea was calm—and war seemed far away.

Then—grim tragedy.

The initial shock as the first torpedo found its mark, followed shortly by the heavier explosion; the sudden listing of the ship to starboard; the efforts to stop the vessel—rendered vain by the damage to the engines; the lowering of every available boat; the final headlong plunge beneath the waves—not twenty minutes from the first warning shock; the indescribable scene as passengers and crew were thrown struggling into the water—women, refined and delicately reared, and those of lesser social rank, men of every age and condition, frightened children and helpless babes: all these things have been recounted by those whose experience lends a wonderful vividness to their words. Of the sights at the Cunard offices, where frantic friends and relatives clamoured for definite news; of the scenes at Queenstown when the dead and living were brought ashore—of these things, too, men speak with choked voices and eyes grown suddenly misty.

Suffice to say here that through it all self-sacrifice was much in evidence, and tales of true heroism multiplied as details filtered through. In the hour of trial the finer qualities of men's natures stood out to challenge the admiration of a somewhat pessimistic, disillusioned world—to bid it once more believe in the inherent nobility of the majority of its men and women.

In the morgue at Queenstown lay the bodies of scores of victims. Here were the forms of men and women of every age and rank. Here were little children. Here, too, lay a mother—her lifeless babe clasped closely to her breast—just one of many such. . . . For nearly 1,200 men, women and children, including many babies, perished beneath the waves.

Why? Germany was at war. Germany must gain a place in the sun.

Did the German Government deny responsibility for the crime? Only as it sought to justify its awful act by lies and shuffled statements that deceived no one. But, seek justification how they might, none was to be found.

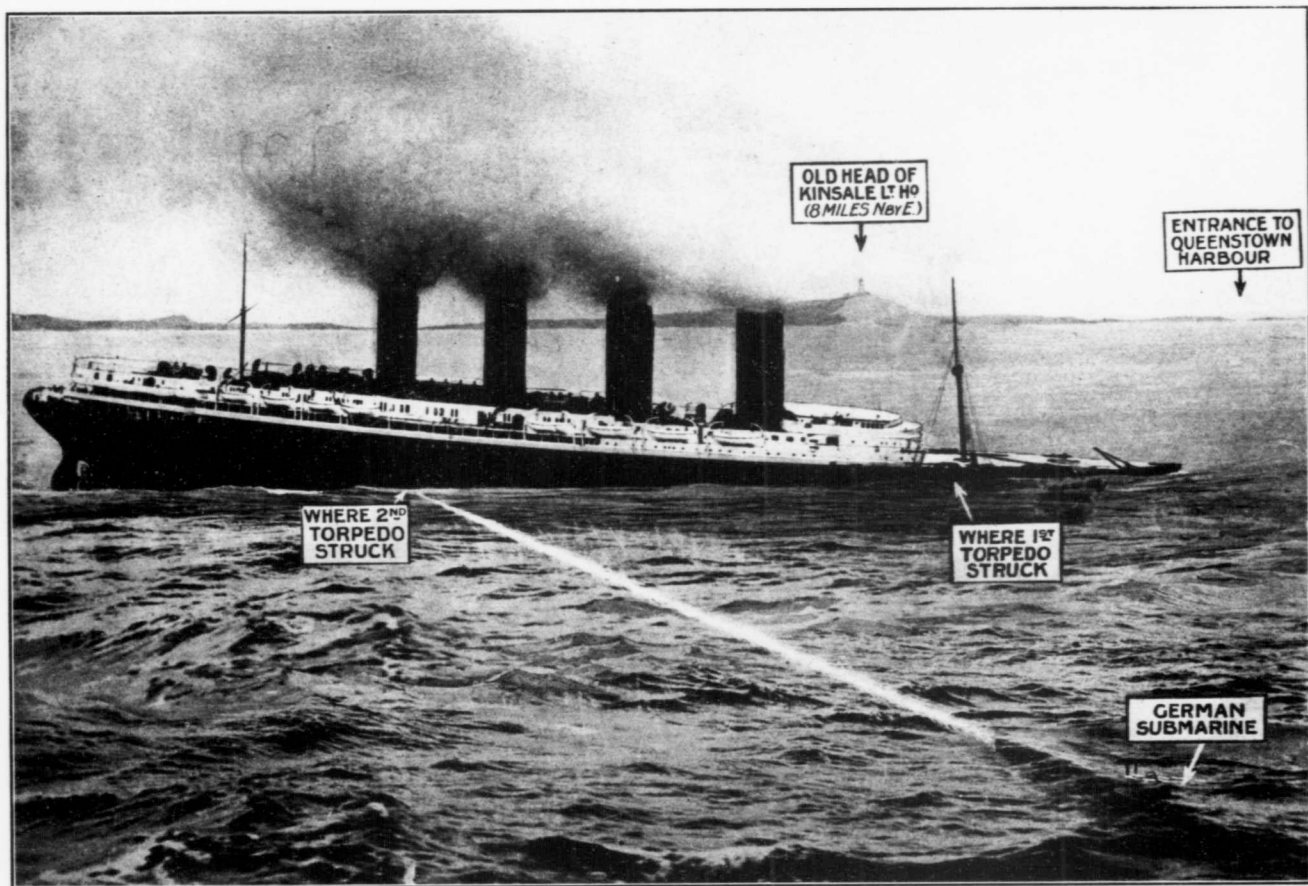
And over in Berlin—and elsewhere—there are not lacking those who still gloat over this deed of shame, thus bringing still greater odium upon their nation's head. Listen to a writer in the *Berlin Lokal Anzeiger*, as he says: "The fact that we Germans destroyed the ship must make us proud of ourselves. The "Lusitania" case will gain for us more respect than a hundred battles won on land."

Breathing still more that spirit which Britain and her allies are seeking to crush from the world is a poem printed in the German paper *Der Tag*, the literal translation of one stanza of which reads thus:

"The ship goes down with passengers and crew,  
Hurrah! a thousand German lives it will save.  
To guard one steeled grey hero we would strew  
Ten Lusitanias gladly 'neath the wave."

Most nearly approaching a feeling of pity for the victims—but savouring, we must confess, more of hypocrisy than ought else—is the comment of another sheet, declaring: "It was doubtless with a bleeding heart that the German submarine commander fired his murderous weapon." The adjective qualifying the weapon strikes a responsive note in our hearts.

Germany, you see, is at war.



## HOW THE LUSITANIA WAS SUNK.

With the aid of photographs this picture has been constructed. The position of the submarine when the torpedoes were fired is indicated on the right of the diagram. (Photo, C. N.)

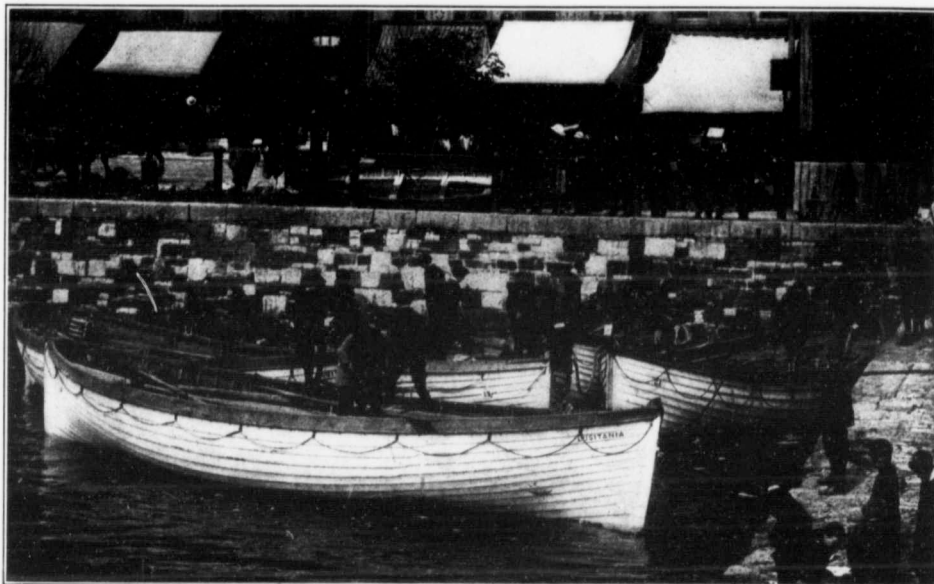
HOW THE LUSITANIA WAS SUNK.

With the aid of photographs this picture has been constructed. The position of the submarine when the torpedoes were fired is indicated on the right of the diagram. (Photo, C. N.)



CAPTAIN TURNER OF THE ILL-FATED "LUSITANIA".  
1—On the bridge before the disaster. 2.—In Queenstown-after the disaster.  
(Photos, C. N.)





THE TRAGEDY OF THE "LUSITANIA "

Five of the boats into which many survivors were crowded. Fortunately the sea was calm otherwise the loss of life would have been still greater. (Photo, C. N.)



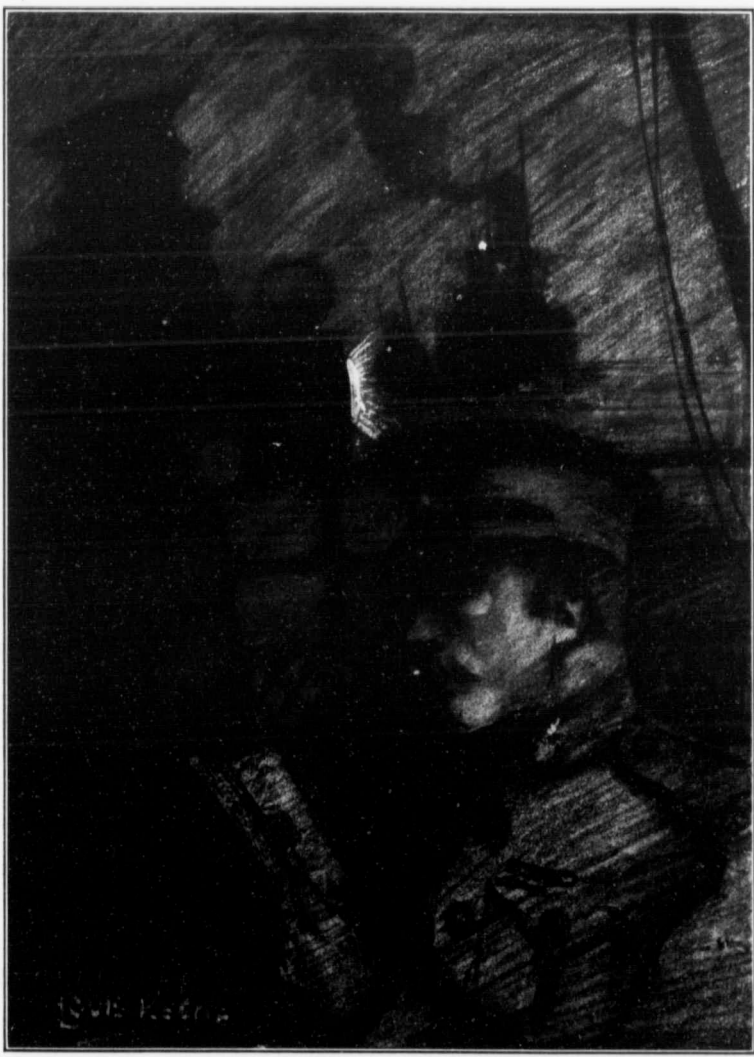
A "TRIUMPH" FOR THE KAISER.

" In the morgue at Queenstown lay the bodies of scores of victims. Here were the forms of men and women of every age and rank. Here were little children. Here, too, lay a mother—her lifeless babe clasped closely to her breast—just one of many such. . . . Why? Germany was at war ! " (Photo, C. N.)

# The - War - Pictorial

The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 23.

Printed and published at 1510 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal, Canada, 30th June 1915 by DODD-SIMPSON PRESS, LIMITED



### KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH THE WAR NEWS.

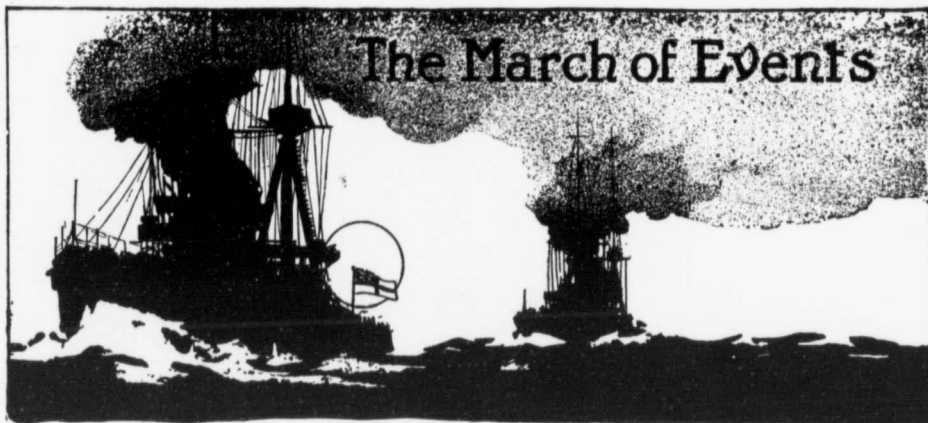
On their way across the Atlantic it was but natural that Canada's sons should be keenly interested in the latest news from the firing line. At night the news was flashed from the stern of one ship to the bridge of another by means of Morse lamps. The sketch is by Mr. Louis Keene, the clever young artist, who went over with the Auto-Machine Gun Brigade.



LOUIS KEENE

THE ARRIVAL OF CANADA'S "ARMADA" IN ENGLAND.

The long voyage is over. The news is flashed to Canada, and many a loved one says "Thank God for his safe arrival. Keep him safe and bring him back to me. God, after the war is over". The transports were lit up on arrival at Devenport, for the first time since they left Canada. This is another of Mr. Louis Keene's unique drawings.



## *A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration*

### PART 23

*Continued from page 499 (part 22)*

But it was one thing to summon, quite another to get the response; one thing to declare the wonderful devotion of the Mussulmans to the Turkish cause, quite another to explain why, with scarcely an exception, the Moslem subjects of the Powers of the entente refused to become the tools of William the Second; one thing to tell the people of the glorious victories of the Austro-German and Turkish forces, another again to explain the British successes at Akabah, the Russians pouring through the Caucasus and putting to flight the Sultan's troops, the thundering of Russian naval guns on the Black Sea and of the Franco-British fleets in the Dardanelles. Still again, it was one thing to talk of Turkey's triumph, but it was easier to see her impoverished condition and to visualize her ultimate doom.

The artillerymen held the centre of the stage in the fighting north of Arras, on the 5th of November. At no point were infantry assaults of a serious nature attempted. South of Ypres the French and British gunners concentrated a heavy fire on two villages in possession of the enemy. The results were excellent, and the German troops were compelled to seek shelter—a thing just then difficult to obtain. Particularly effective was the work of the French 7.5 centimeter field guns.

"The effect of this cannonade" declared an official observer, "could be seen to some extent, though the villages under fire were partially obscured from view by the smoke of bursting shells, and resembled craters of volcanoes, belching fire and fumes. At one place the gaunt wreck of an old church tower and the blackened remains of a

few houses around it would emerge for a moment, only to be again blotted out in a pall of smoke.

"The long and straggling villages, when they became temporarily visible, seemed to melt away and assume odd and fantastic shapes as the houses crumbled and blocks of masonry were thrown hither and thither by the blasting effect of the lyddite and melinite."

A certain readjustment of the much battered British lines was now effected. On the 5th of November Sir John French dispatched to the relief of the 7th Division before Ypres, eleven battalions of the 2nd Corps, war-worn and reduced in strength from their efforts before La Bassée, but still "full of fight." The immortal 7th were then withdrawn into the general reserve. Subsequently, to reinforce the lines east of Ypres, two more battalions were sent, together with Territorials—the London Scottish and Hertfordshire Battalions—of whose conduct Sir Douglas Haig spoke in the highest terms, and two Yeomanry Cavalry Regiments—the Somersetshire and Leicestershire—to whose invaluable services General Byng bore testimony.

Of the remainder of the long battle front—with the exception of the repulse of German attacks in the Argonne—the French War Office stated, "there is nothing of importance to report."

**November 6.**—"War," says a well-known writer, speaking out of vivid, personal experience on the continent of Europe, "war is not two great armies meeting in the clash and frenzy of battle. It is much more than that. War is a boy carried on a stretcher, looking up at God's blue sky with bewildered eyes that are soon to close; war is a woman carrying a child that has been wounded by a shell; war is spirited horses

*Continued on page 510*





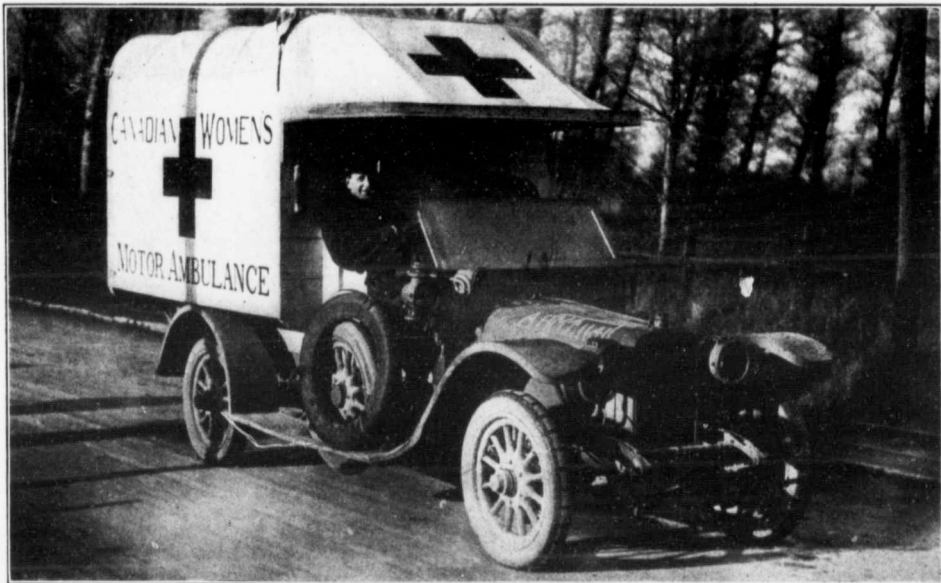
A NOVEL CONSECRATION CEREMONY.

A unique ceremony took place in London on January 24, when two motor ambulances, provided by the congregation and residents of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, were consecrated by the Vicar. (Photo, C. P.)



A NOVEL CONSECRATION CEREMONY.

Another view of the ceremony. The Vicar, Prebendary F. Leith Boyd, is seen swinging the incense. This is the first occasion on which such a ceremony has taken place in England. (Photo, C.P.)



THE EMPIRE'S RED CROSS GIFTS.

As in other things Britain's Overseas Dominions were not slow in responding to the needs of the Red Cross work. Our illustration shows a splendid gift, from the Canadian women, on duty "somewhere in France". (Photo, C.V.)



THE EMPIRE'S RED CROSS GIFTS.

The presentation to His Majesty King George by the Rajah of Gwalior of a motor ambulance unit of 41 ambulances, 4 motor cars and 12 motor lorries, was but one more testimony of India's splendid loyalty. Illustration shows the procession leaving Buckingham Palace after having been received by the King. (Photo, Topical.)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 507.*

tied in burning buildings and waiting for death; war is the flower of a race, torn, battered, hungry, bleeding, up to its knees in icy water; war is an old woman burning a candle before the Mater Dolorosa for the son she has given."

That is the lesson the world is learning—the lesson that even the first four months of war left indelibly imprinted upon the national consciousness of each warring nation.

Over yonder in Belgium the first wild panic of

resigned way, was resuming its natural course—though far removed from normality. But everywhere the burden of despair was great, and the spectre of "Famine" raised its ghastly head!

A New Yorker, whose connection with the American Relief Commission brought him into contact with conditions, stated at this time:

"Nothing that has been written could exaggerate the misery of Belgium. . . . The Belgian peasant has, in many districts, no home in which to sleep, no seed to sow, no implements with which to work, no transport to reach a market, and, finally, no heart to struggle against the impossible."

Eighty per cent of the rural populations, he declared, were women and children, adding:

"We saw them eating green vegetables, beets and apples. They had little else. There were thousands of children afraid to laugh. Like their mothers they seemed spellbound by the melancholy fascination of the ruins in which they found shelter."

And over all these poor people — with their very present trials and sufferings and threatening privations there rested a heavy shadow—the shadow of death—for already the countryside was dotted thick with graves, and out on the firing line the sacrifice was still being made—and to countless homes there were husbands and brothers, sons and lovers who would never return. This was war.

In France, Paris defied the War Lord's efforts, but the smiling countryside, the fair agricultural lands, the ancient and beautiful towns, over which the Juggernaut of War had passed, knew what the conflict meant.

Cities once flourishing and prosperous, humming with industry, now lay in crumbling, smoking ruins. Farm houses, surrounded by once well-tilled fields—the very embodiment of honest labour, thrift and humble contentment, lay shattered and devastated, the fields criss-crossed with deserted trenches, the ground at points littered with broken rifles, scattered cartridge cases, abandoned equipment and



LIEUT.-COL. JOHN A. GUNN, Officer Commanding  
24th BATTALION (VICTORIA RIFLES) C. E. F.

fleeing refugees was over; upon the homes—yes, and the lives—of the rich and poor alike, the ruthless hand of the invader had accomplished his most terrible works of devastation and indignity, yet the iron grip was still unloosened—and for centuries the imprint would remain.

At Louvain, some efforts at restoration were under way, but the place "presented the ghastly spectacle of a dead city, buried under ruins, slowly coming to life again." At other points, equally famous and eternally suggestive of German infamy, the civil life of the population, in a mechanical,

the unsavory carcasses of horses which still remained—mute evidence, but eloquent, of the surging tide of desperate conflict. Northern France had suffered most, but wherever this tide of battle had flowed inevitably there was stamped, upon towns and countryside alike, war's own distinctive trademark of misery and desolation. And again over all hung heavily the shadow of death, and the brave women of France found in the wonderful fire of patriotism a sustaining power, but nothing to dull the real anguish of their fearful losses. This was war.

And so the story ran. Along the eastern front, throughout the world, wherever the strife was carried, death and desolation went hand in hand, and in many a land, as in the British Isles, though the scar of war was not so plainly revealed, its mark was to be found on countless mourning hearts. This was war—merely four months or so of war.

**November 7.—**

"If the enemy wants Tsing-tau he must come and take it," the German Governor of Kiau-Chau had said. The enemy wanted it. He came and took it. On the 7th day of November, Tsing-tau surrendered unconditionally to the victorious Imperial Japanese forces and their British allies. Seventy-five days had elapsed since Japan's declaration of war, some seven weeks since serious siege operations were begun. Since the latter part of September, when a small number of British troops, including Colonials, under Major-General Barnardiston, joined the Japanese land forces and moved within striking distance of Tsing-tau, the lot of the beleaguered capital had been a hard one. From the sea an allied fleet maintained a heavy and effective bombardment, to which the land batteries, despite the bad weather, lent admirable assistance. By the end of October the leading defences had been virtually reduced, and the bombardment of the town itself made matters for the defenders still more trying.

At last the time for a general assault arrived, and on the night of November 6, General Yoshini Yamada led a brilliant assault against the main defences. With a recklessness reminiscent of the Russo-Japanese war, the troops threw themselves against the enemy's positions, and successfully paved the way for a general advance.

To the German Emperor, the governor, Meyer Waldeck, later sent a message, reading:

"After exhausting all efforts, the fortress which was stormed was broken through in the centre and fell. The fortress and town were badly damaged



MAJOR C. H. HILL, Second in Command  
24th BATTALION (VICTORIA RIFLES) C. E. F.

by the fire from the howitzers and a strong bombardment from the sea.

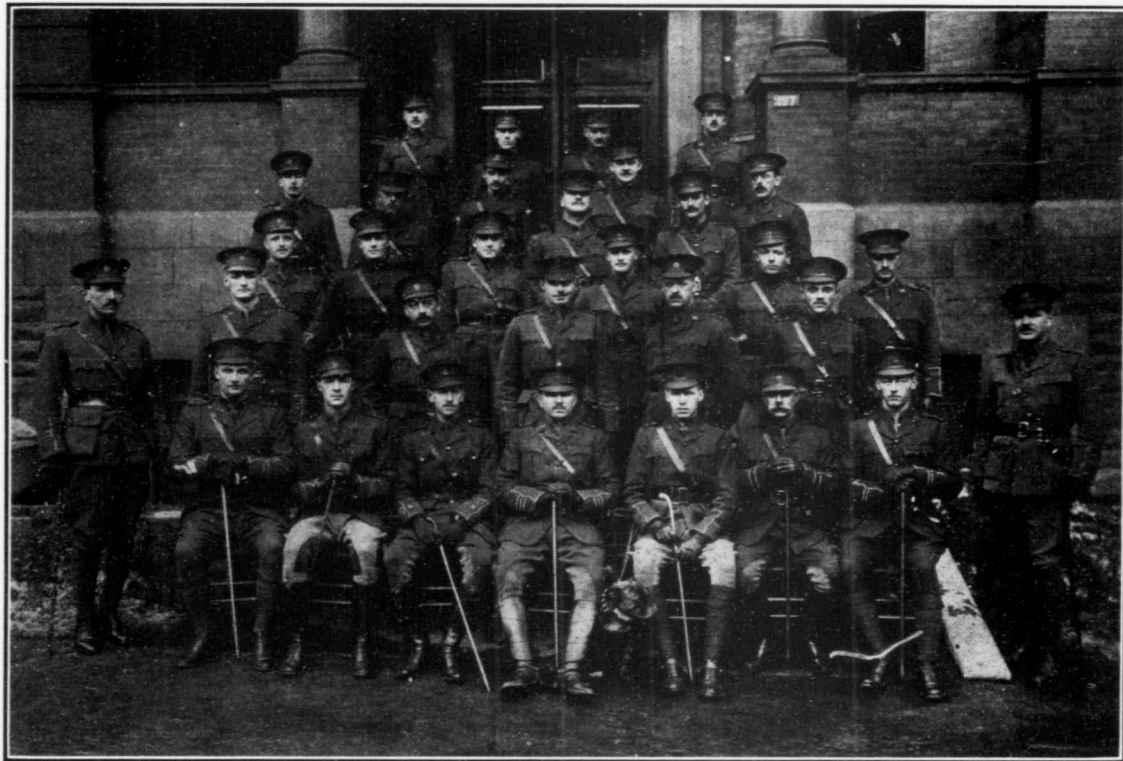
"Our artillery was completely overcome. The losses have not yet been ascertained, but in view of the heavy fire are less than we expected."

The loss of life, indeed, on both sides was comparatively small. The Japanese, despite one or two isolated allegations to the contrary—which the Government at Tokio took occasion to refute—behaved in a most praiseworthy manner, and their treatment of the twenty-three hundred prisoners

*Continued on page 514*



## OFFICERS, 24th BATTALION (VICTORIA RIFLES) C. E. F.



TOP ROW (Left to right)—Lieut. S. W. Watson, Lieut. B. H. T. MacKenzie, Lieut. G. R. Robertson, Captain J. S. Jenkins, M.O. SECOND ROW—Lieut. A. L. Walker, Lieut. H. G. Wolsley, Lieut. H. G. Davidson, Lieut. H. W. Fisher, Captain C. F. Furlong, Lieut. I. R. McNaughton, Lieut. H. B. Campbell. THIRD ROW—Lieut. P. L. Hall, Lieut. C. G. Greenshields, Lieut. R. H. B. Buchanan, Lieut. W. D. Chambers, Lieut. R. K. Robertson, Lieut. D. H. Beckett. FOURTH ROW—Lieut. W. R. Hastings, Lieut. B. C. Languege, Lieut. H. D. Kingstone, Lieut. I. S. G. Morrison, Lieut. A. L. S. Mills. FIFTH ROW—Captain C. B. Parr, Captain A. H. A. Murphy, Captain E. O. McMurtry, Major C. H. Hill, Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Gunn, Mascot "Squidge", Lieut. C. F. Ritchie, Asst. Adjt., Captain C. King-Mason, Captain J. A. Ross, Lieut. V. E. Duclou.

(Photo used by permission of Lt. Col. J. A. Gunn.)

24th BATTALION (VICTORIA RIFLES) C. E. F.



REGIMENTAL SIGNALLERS.

TOP ROW (Left to right)—Pte. W. Grant, L.-Cpl. A. Beck, Pte. L. Ferguson, Cpl. A. Durman, Pte. F. Killeen, Pte. K. Struthers, Pte. W. J. Dwyer. SECOND ROW—Pte. R. Keyes, Cpl. N. W. Robins, Pte. C. J. Diver, L.-Cpl. A. S. Tracey, L.-Cpl. R. T. Somers, Pte. R. Grant, Pte. La A. Bushe. THIRD ROW—Pte. E. Cole, Pte. J. MacDougall, Pte. L. Smith, Pte. L. LeBoutillier, Pte. J. R. Cockfield, Pte. E. Struthers. FOURTH ROW—Pte. W. Ashworth, Sergt. W. T. Ridd, Capt. E. J. Thom, D. A. D. S. Lieut. H. G. Walsley. FIFTH ROW—Pte. J. F. Bushe, Pte. A. Gillespie, Pte. E. Keating.

(Photo used by permission of Lt. Col. J. A. Gunn.)

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 511*

and the civil population left nothing to be desired. It was subsequently discovered that on the surrender of the fortress an Austrian Light Cruiser, the "Kaiserin Elizabeth," five German gunboats, one destroyer and one mine-layer were sunk by explosion.

As was to be expected the early capitulation of the German stronghold was the signal for much rejoicing in the "Sunrise Kingdom." The streets



Rev. ALLAN P. SHATFORD, Honorary Captain and Chaplain  
24th BATTALION C. E. F.

of Tokio were filled with cheering crowds—by day flags flew from the houses, by night lantern processions and festivities celebrated the great victory. Britain's popularity was tremendously enhanced, and to this feeling the following message gave expression:

"The Emperor deeply appreciates the brilliant deeds of the British army and navy which, co-operating with the Japanese, fought bravely and achieved the object of the war."

But in the loss of this strong foothold in the East, on developing which it is estimated some

twenty millions of German money had been spent, the enemy was characteristically bitter and "full of threats."

In the words of the Berlin "Lokal Anzeiger:"

"Germans will never forget the heroic fighting at Kiau-Chau and those who defended the colony. Never shall we forget the brutal violence of the yellow robbers nor England, who instigated them. We know that we cannot settle our account with Japan at present; for years she will enjoy her booty. Our mills will grind slowly, but even if years should pass before the right moment comes at last, then a shout of joy will resound through Germany. Woe to you, Nippon!"

After the lull in the fighting during the last day or two on the western battle front, the 7th of October witnessed a recrudescence of activity. Massed bodies of the enemy threatened our positions on the Menin road but with no ultimate gain, while at other points to the south furious fighting resulted in Allied gains, and along practically the whole line a heavy cannonade progressed throughout the day.

Evidences of increased activity had of late been noted in the long front south of Arras, and, despite the foggy weather, an important elevation on the west side of the Argonne was taken by the French troops as a successful culmination to weeks of fighting with this object in view.

**November 8.**—"Throughout the recent fighting," said an official statement, "Sunday has proved a day of activity, and the 8th of November was no exception to the rule."

Again Ypres was the chief objective, for while, south of the River Lys, unsuccessful assaults were attempted by the enemy, it was along the Menin road once more that the sharpest engagement took place. Commencing at 2.30 in the afternoon, the Germans succeeded in dislodging certain of the defenders, only to be thrown back as usual with heavy losses. The town of Ypres itself, already sadly battered, was beginning to show still more the effects of the German fire. The gunners seemed to have got the range nicely and were bombarding the historic old town in a spirit of apparently wanton destruction.

A foothold to the north-east of Soissons on the plateau of Vregny—although in itself a distinct gain—alone marked the day's report from the main French armies.

In the eastern theatre of war success still lay with the Russian arms.

An attempt on the part of the enemy to bring up reinforcements from the centre and inaugurate a serious offensive in the north, in East Prussia, had failed, and the Grand Duke Nicholas was thrusting his troops successfully forward into German territory, thus defeating the enemy's object of diverting pressure from the Poland area.

In the latter district the Kaiser's forces had so far failed signally to resume the offensive, or even to check their flight, which had now brought them

across the Warthe and within easy reach of German soil. But it seemed that a too hasty Russian advance might not at this time be the best of strategy.

Against the Russian army along the San River the Austrians were unable to make any appreciable stand, and along the whole Galician front the situation was overwhelmingly in favour of the Czar's forces.

Meanwhile in a series of sanguinary but picturesque engagements of a more or less minor nature, the Russian troops among the mountain passes of the Caucasus had met and defeated Turkish bands. In Turkish Armenia, not far from Erzerum, fierce fighting was officially reported, on November 8, to have resulted decisively in favour of the Russians.

Petrograd official statements also advised the shelling by a cruiser of the "Breslau" type of Pote, a town in Transcaucasia on the Black Sea, and the bombardment in turn by the Russian navy, of the Turkish port of Sanguidak, when four enemy transports, with large quantities of supplies, were sunk.

The British operations against Turkey were also well under way.

Akabah, on the Red Sea, as we have seen, had been shelled even prior to the formal declaration of war. The cruiser "Minerva" proceeding thence to investigate a report alleging that mines had been sent there for laying in the Gulf of Akabah and possibly in the Red Sea, found the place occupied by a few troops whose German officers refused to negotiate.

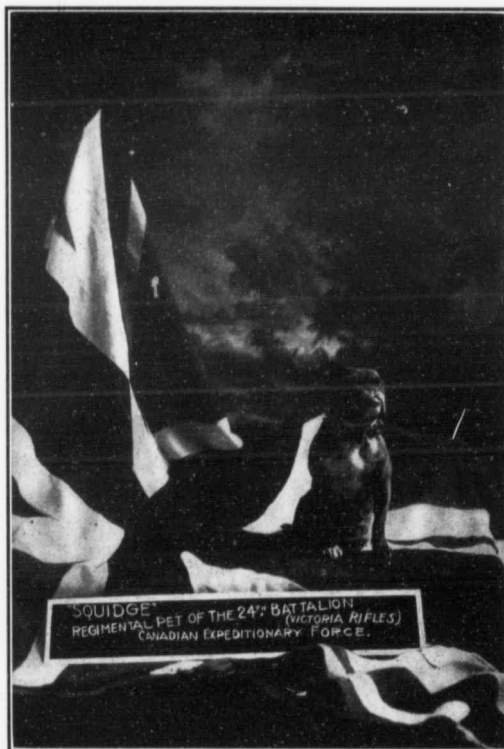
One course lay open to the Captain, and he took it. The "Minerva" opened fire on the Fort, the Post Office and the Government Buildings. Subsequently a landing party, on reconnoitering towards Wadi-el-Ithm, found merely a few armed men, who fled precipitously at their approach. The sailors then returned to the town and posted proclamations assuring the frightened and fleeing inhabitants of safety.

Now, on the 8th of November, an Admiralty announcement told of the successful occupation of Fao, on the Persian Gulf, at the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab, conducted by an expeditionary force from India. This action was supported by a force of marines with a maxim-gun, by a boat from the "Ocean," and by the armed launch "Sirdar," and covered by His Majesty's ship "Odin." The enemy attempted a resistance, but an hour's engagement resulted in the occupation of the town by the combined military and naval forces.

An official report from Admiral Moore, commandant of the American Naval Base at Pearl Island, Honolulu, stating that the German cruiser "Geier" was at last definitely interned there, eliminated another source of anxiety from the minds of merchant skippers navigating the waters of the Pacific.

**November 9.**— Early morning at the Cocos Keeling Islands. Another day, with its somewhat monotonous round of duties, faced the staff of the Direction Island wireless and cable station. Life was necessarily somewhat dull and unvaried in these isolated coral atolls, far off in the Indian Ocean, five hundred miles or more south-west of Java, with their few white inhabitants and meagre Malay population.

Even the great war brought to them little interest—though of late a rumour that the cable company feared a German raid for the purpose of destroying the wireless and cable connection



THE REGIMENTAL MASCOT, "SQUIDGE"  
24th BATTALION C. E. F.

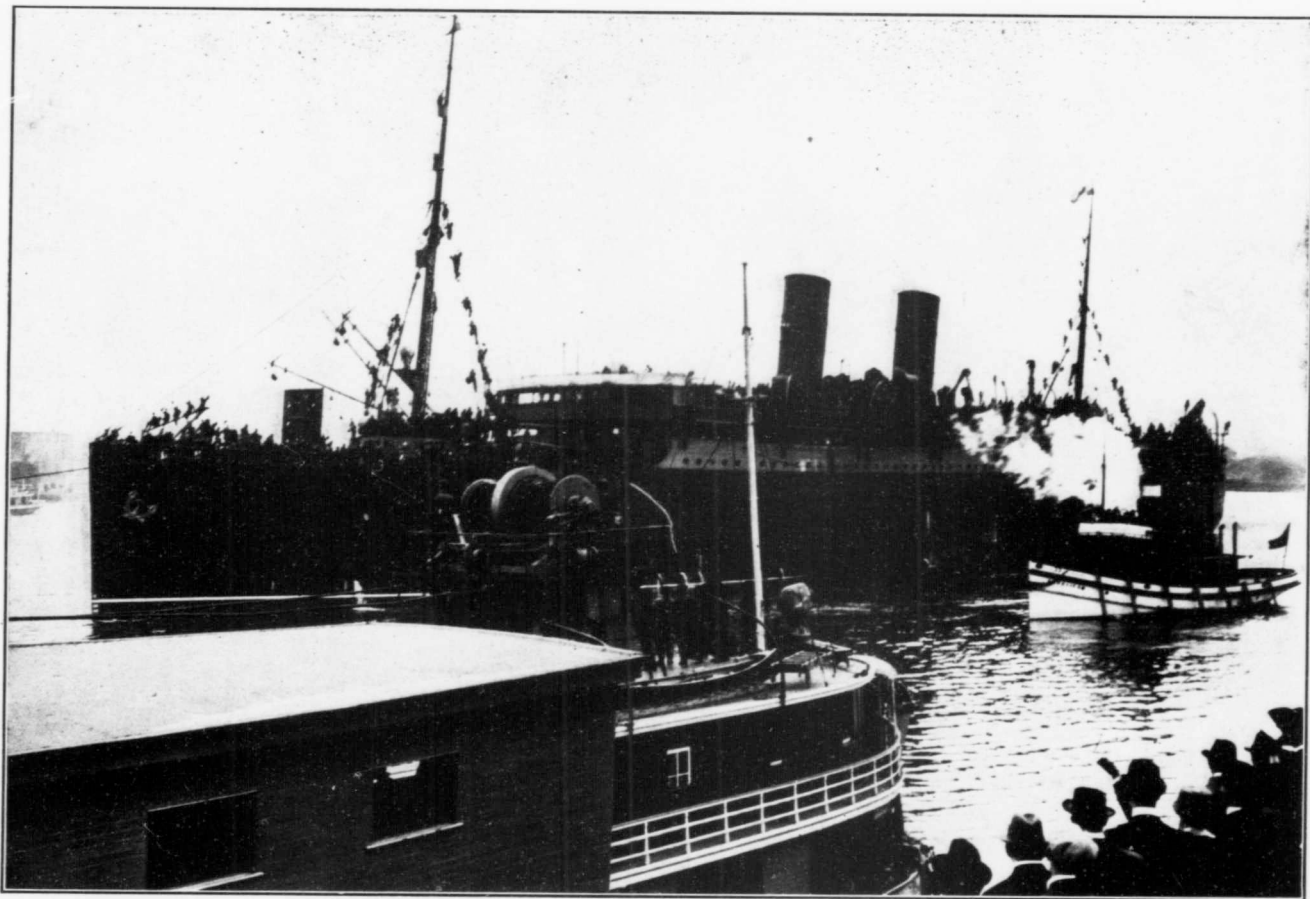
between Singapore, Australia and South Africa, introduced a little zest and excitement into life.

But to-day, Monday, November 9, there was to be a real break in the monotony of their existence.

At six a. m. there arrived at the entrance of the lagoon a strange cruiser whose very appearance provoked suspicion. For one thing she flew no flag. Obviously, too, she was rigged with a dummy funnel—transforming her into a four-funnelled craft. Standing-off some distance from shore—for the approach was dangerous for any

Continued on page 518





CANADA'S ANSWER TO YPRES; RUSHING MORE TROOPS TO THE FRONT.  
Photo shows C. P. R. liner Matagama, commandeered when on her maiden voyage to Montreal, leaving that port on May 6th, filled with troops and nurses. (Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren)

## "LUSITANIA"

Who that can strike a blow  
 Now will refrain?  
 Who with the right to go  
 Now will remain?  
 Never was blood so spilt  
 Under God's vault,  
 Shame and eternal guilt  
 Now if you halt.

Who that has prayed for peace  
 Now will forgive?  
 Who can have any ease  
 Now while they live?  
 Into their land we'll break,  
 Onward we'll thrust,  
 Yea, for our children's sake  
 Beat them to dust.

"Wait, in a little time,"  
 (Mark how they live)  
 "Men will forget this crime,  
 "Soon will forgive;  
 "England will heed our plea;  
 "When the war ends  
 "We shall shake hands and be  
 "Traders and friends."

Look, on a crimson tide  
 Drifts the great host,  
 Mother and babe collide,  
 Ghost upon ghost;  
 See how they make, those tears,  
 Pillars of spray,  
 Never in all God's years  
 Dying away.

Who that can strike a blow  
 Now will refrain?  
 Who with the right to go  
 Now will remain?  
 Ah, to be young again!  
 Ah, to be strong!  
 One, one with England's men  
 Marching along!

Rise like a fire and go  
 Fierce to this strife,  
 On, give them blow for blow,  
 Life against life;  
 Theirs to be infamous  
 Dust of the sod,  
 Yours to be glorious  
 Victors of God.

HAROLD BEGBIE:—  
 in "London Chronicle."

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 515*

but small boats—the cruiser sent ashore a party of forty men, with three officers. Four machine guns in addition to rifles proclaimed their coming other than peaceable.

There was now no question as to the nature of the visitors and the object of the visit. But coolly the wireless operator stuck to his post and sent out an urgent call for assistance.

Resistance being out of the question, the landing party went to work unmolested, but, deceived by false cables installed in anticipation of such an event, failed to entirely cut off communication.

Fortunately help was near at hand. Not a hundred miles from the Cocos Islands the Australian Expeditionary Force was being convoyed by warships, among them the Australian ships "Melbourne" and "Sydney." To the latter fell the honour of answering the call for help. And the news that the raider was none other than the notorious "Emden" lent zest to the chase, and heartened the stokers in their valiant efforts to keep up a full head of steam. At all events the "Sydney" made a record run, averaging something like twenty-six knots, and two hours later the look-out reported to Captain John Glossop:

"Land ahead."

Ten minutes later, at 9.15, came the announcement:

"Cruiser off the starboard bow."

Cleared ready for action, and having the twofold advantage of range and speed, the "Sydney" was a most unwelcome arrival, but Captain von Muller—like the gallant sailor he was, and unlike many of his fellow seamen of the German navy—went into the fight like a man. Indeed, it was he who got in the first shot, as, heading straight for his antagonist, he sought to keep within range—a strategy which Captain Glossop, with his advantage of speed, was presently able to thwart.

In the meanwhile the "Emden's" fire was disconcertingly accurate.

"One shot," declared a signaller who was on the bridge of the British cruiser at the time, "carried away the port signal halyards, cut through the range-finder—about six inches thick of brass—blew off the range-taker's leg, cut a rail off . . . then burst."

It was in this early part of the engagement that the "Sydney's" casualties occurred. Four men were killed and sixteen wounded. Then, having taken up a position which rendered the 4.1 in. guns of the enemy ineffective, the men of the "Sydney" made good practice with their 6 in. guns.

The narrative of the signaller to whom reference has been made, gives a graphic description of the result.

"At 10.40 a.m.," he states, "the Emden's foremost funnel fell over—pushed by one of our shells I presume. At 10.20 an explosion occurred owing to our lyddite finding its way to the boiler room. This caused a fire, which started by her mainmast and flashed aft to the stern. At 10.34 the Emden's foremast got hit in the control top and the foot of

the mast at the same time, blowing the control top clean overboard and causing the mast to topple over the side. At 10.41 the second funnel followed the first. At 10.53 the fore-bridge was blown away. At 11.8 the third funnel was blown over. At 11.5 the Emden altered course for the land. Her speed had decreased and we could all see she was sinking fast. At 11.11 she grounded and at 11.15 a.m. we 'ceased fire.'"

A collier accompanying the cruiser claimed the attention of the victor for the next few minutes and proved to be the "Buresk," a Britisher recently captured; then the "Sydney" returned to the doomed "Emden" which, though beached and apparently helpless, still flew the German ensign from her main-mast head.

"Do you surrender?" signalled Captain Glossop.

No answer.

"Have you received signal?"

Still no reply. Once again—so runs the tale—the former signal was made; "Do you surrender?"

Again no response.

"Open fire," ordered the Captain of the "Sydney."

For some minutes a stream of shells poured into the stranded hulk. Then a white flag appeared, while from the masthead the German ensign came fluttering down. The "Emden's" career was over. No more would she set fire to the oil tanks of Madras, or boldly thrust her nose into Penang harbour; no more would she—with the courteous manner for which she was famous—remove the crews of merchantmen and send their vessels to the bottom of the Indian Ocean. But amid the fervent rejoicings at the removal of this menace from the high seas, was a tinge of regret at the destruction of a foe so chivalrous as she had been in all her operations.

Of the raider's crew less than one hundred and fifty were rescued uninjured, Captain von Muller and Prince Franz Joseph of Hohenzollern being among the number; while no less than one hundred and nineteen met death in this final engagement. The landing party of forty-three officers and men—left on the shore—commandeered a local craft of small size and put to sea.

Captain von Muller and his officers were treated with every mark of respect and courtesy, and, at the express direction of the British Admiralty, allowed to retain their swords, while all honours of war were accorded to the survivors of the crew.

To His Majesty's Australian Ship "Sydney," Mr. Churchill sent the following message:

"Warmest congratulations on the brilliant entry of the Australian Navy into the war, and the signal service rendered to the Allied cause and to peaceful commerce by the destruction of the Emden."

Ashore and afloat the lads from Australia were playing a notable part.

Seldom, if ever, has the splendid pageant of the Lord Mayor's Show in London been invested with greater interest and significance than that held on the 9th day of November, 1914. For the lack of some of the usual spectacular features was more

than offset by the wonderful military display, and by the presence of bodies of overseas troops—not as mere visitors, but as an integral part of Britain's forces—soon to fight for King and country on the battlefields of France.

Prominent among these were the Loys from the "land of the Maple" and, as the strains of "O Canada" sounded in the streets of old London the tremendous crowd voiced their appreciation with tumultuous cheers and shouts of:

"Well done, Canada."

Among the Canadian troops thus represented were members of the Strathcona Horse, the 5th Royal Highlanders of Montreal, and the famous



FIELD-MARSHALL PAUL VON HINDENBURG  
Commander of the German Armies in the East

Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, representing some of Canada's finest soldiers from coast to coast. Other favourites with the crowd were the Newfoundland and New Zealand contingents, and the London Scottish.

It was a memorable day all through and it was followed by a memorable evening, for at the Guildhall Banquet that night the outstanding men of the hour told of the great struggle, and of Britain's part in it—speaking with a straightforward simplicity and directness that carried conviction.

The gathering was a brilliant one. In contrast with the splendid habiliments of the ambassadorial

representatives and diplomats of many nations, the trim khaki uniforms of the military officers—including Lord Kitchener—lent an impressive note to the scene. In the face of the conditions of the hour this splendid assemblage, with its notable representation from the Overseas Dominions, took on a new and a deeper significance. For back of all the eloquence and oratory to-night there was action that lent weight to the spoken words.

Mr. Asquith's speech, in response to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers" dealt largely with the war. He spoke of the spirit of co-operation essential at this time and which the situation had engendered; he treated at some length the recent entrance of Turkey into the war—prophesying good from this evil; he gave credit to those whose efforts had placed the country's finances on so sound a footing as they, happily, were; and referred amid cheers to the encouragement of the general situation.

"There is certainly nothing," he declared, "in the warfare of this hundred days to damp our hope, to depress our confidence or impair our resolve. Our enemies tried in turn three separate objectives, namely, Paris, Warsaw and Calais. From each in turn they retired balked, frustrated by the invincible steadfastness of the Allies. But this is not enough. We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure more than all she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secure against the menace of aggression; until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed on an unassailable foundation; until the military domination of Prussia is fully and finally destroyed.

"That is a great task, worthy of a great nation. It means for its accomplishment that every man among us, old or young, rich or poor, busy or leisured, learned or simple, should give what he has and do what he can."

Mr. Balfour proposed "Our Allies" in an eloquent speech, in which he paid tribute to the accomplishments of the great armies fighting for a common cause; M. Paul Cambon, the French ambassador, referred to the ideals which were at stake and the criminality of the authors of the terrible conflict; while Mr. Churchill eulogized the British Navy, declaring that:

"In spite of the losses of ships, not of the highest importance, and of men, irreparable, the navy is stronger at every point of service than it was on the day the war broke out. It is stronger most particularly in those branches of naval service which modern experience has shown to exercise the most powerful influence."

But perhaps the utterances which held the attention most closely were those of Britain's iron man, "K. of K."

Lord Kitchener took occasion to pay tribute to the prowess of Territorials and regulars alike, of our Indian troops and of "the glorious French army" under "General Joffre, who is not only a great leader but a great man." Nor did he overlook the achievements of the Russians under the brilliant leadership of the Grand Duke Nicholas;

*Continued on page 524*



FROM THE ENEMY'S VIEWPOINT



A CHARGE BY HUNGARIAN HUSSARS.

A German drawing supposed to represent an exploit of Hungarian Hussars. Russian Cossacks having captured munitions from an Austrian artillery train are in turn being dispersed by a sudden attack.



A LITTLE "PICTORIAL FICTION".

The flight of the routed Serbians—as imagined by a German artist—based on an orderly retreat. As a matter of fact the Austrian army has little to brag about in connection with its campaign against plucky Serbia.

FROM THE ENEMY'S VIEWPOINT



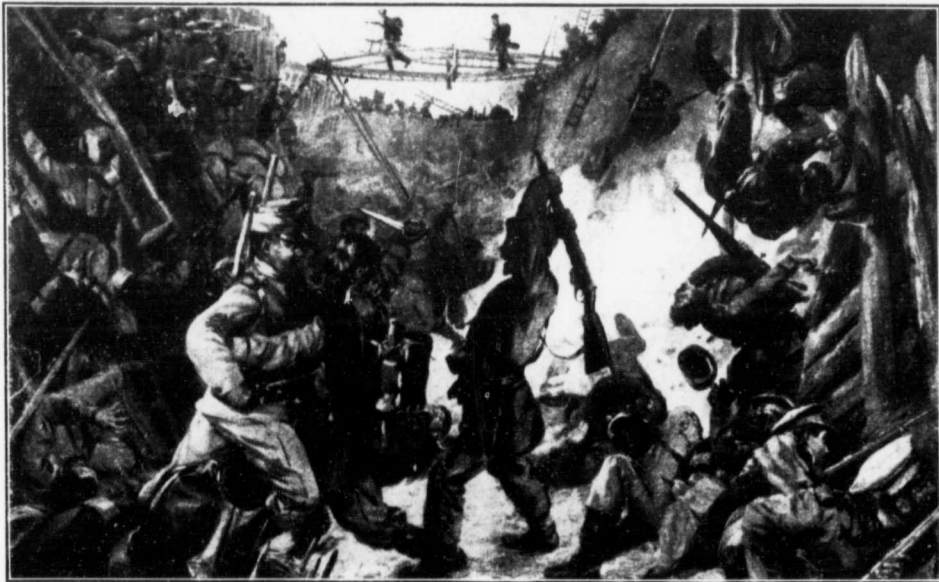
THE KAISER IN THE TRENCHES.

This illustration published in a German paper represents the Emperor chatting affably with an artilleryman.



AN ECHO OF THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

The German artist here depicts enemy sharpshooters—mounted on skis—at work in the Vosges mountains.



A STRUGGLE IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PRZEMSYL.

Desperate indeed has been the fighting around the great Galician fortress of Przemyśl. Its loss to the Russians and subsequent recapture in the recent series of heavy engagements brought heavy losses to both sides. This illustration from a German paper is the enemy's idea of a struggle in one of the trenches.



CANADA'S SECOND CONTINGENT IN ENGLAND.

Our illustration shows some of the men marching through an English Village. Press Bureau will not permit mention of place or name of regiment. (Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren.)



CANADA'S SECOND CONTINGENT IN ENGLAND.

Another photo showing some of the new arrivals from the Dominion paraded on English soil. Press Bureau will not permit mention of place or name of regiment. (Photo, Chesterfield & McLaren.)

## CANADA'S Roll of Honour

**1915**  
**DEATHS**  
 Jan. 17—Pte. W. Goodyear, 13th Batt.  
 19—Armourer Sgt. Major G. S. Wunsch, 11th Batt.  
 20—Pte. William Henry Phillips, Royal Canadian Dragoons.  
 20—Pte. A. H. Morris, 7th Batt.  
 23—Pte. J. K. Chandler, 14th Batt.  
 29—Cpl. Arthur Sydney Randall, 14th Batt.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Feb. 2—Co.-Sgt.-Major Henry George Leslie Smith, P.P.C.L.I.

**DEATHS**  
 Feb. 2—Gunner C. Crisp, 2nd Brigade C.F.A.  
 3—Capt. Henry Cooke, 10th Batt.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Feb. 3—Sgt. Frank S. Brown, P.P.C.L.I.  
 4—Pte. Guy Dwyer, P.P.C.L.I.  
 4—Pte. Charles Hudson, P.P.C.L.I.

**DEATHS**  
 Feb. 4—Pte. George Chittleburgh, 14th Batt.  
 7—Quartermaster and Hon. Lt. Ferguson Nathan Black, 9th Batt.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Feb. 7—Pte. Henry Ed. Waller, P.P.C.L.I.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Feb. 10—Pte. H. Palmer, P.P.C.L.I.  
 10—Pte. A. G. Clayton, P.P.C.L.I.

**DEATHS**  
 Feb. 10—Gunner George Rupert Hunter, 3rd Artillery Brigade.  
 11—L.-Cpl. Thomas Gerrard, 5th Batt.  
 13—Gunner William John Bell, 3rd Brigade C.F.A.

**KILLED**  
 Feb. 13—Pte. F. H. Norris, 4th Batt.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Feb. 14—Cpl. George McDonald, P.P.C.L.I.

**DEATHS**  
 Feb. 14—Pte. Henry C. England, 7th Batt.  
 15—Pte. Thomas E. Trull, 3rd Batt.  
 16—Pte. R. L. Phillips, 15th Batt.  
 16—Driver Donald Graham, 2nd Artillery Brigade C.F.A.  
 16—Pte. Lawrence B. Wakeham, 17th Batt.  
 16—Pte. George Henfrey, 2nd Batt.

**ACCIDENTALLY KILLED**  
 Feb. 16—Cpl. John Thomas McMaster, 1st Batt.  
 16—Pte. Richard Thomas Cardew, 2nd Batt.

**ACCIDENTALLY DROWNED**  
 Feb. 16—Pte. Alfred Ellis, Can. Vet. Corps.

**DEATHS**  
 Feb. 17—Co.-Sgt.-Major John Robert Keith, P.P.C.L.I.  
 18—Pte. John W. Penfold, 13th Batt.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Feb. 18—Pte. John Murdock, P.P.C.L.I.  
 19—Pte. A. F. Cameron, P.P.C.L.I.

**DEATHS**  
 Feb. 19—Driver Norman Lawless, 2nd Field Co. Divis. Eng.  
 20—Pte. B. H. McCreedy, 1st Batt.  
 20—Pte. George T. Bell, Royal Can. Dragoons.  
 20—Cpl. E. L. Davey Thomas, P.P.C.L.I.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Feb. 20—Bugler Edward Callan, 1st Batt.

**DEATH**  
 Feb. 21—Pte. George Golding, 12th Batt.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Feb. 24—Pte. George Wm. Eadle, 13th Batt.  
 24—Pte. A. P. Peattie, Divis. Cyclist Company.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Feb. 25—Pte. Wilson Davis, 10th Batt.  
 26—Lieut. Duncan Peter Bell-Irving, 2nd Field Co. C.E.  
 26—Lieut. Herbert Beaumont Boggs, 7th Batt.  
 26—Pte. Thomas Sutton, 7th Batt.  
 27—Sgt. Frederick Anthony Knights, 10th Batt.  
 27—Co.-Sgt.-Major Charles Lloyd, P.P.C.L.I.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Feb. 27—L.-Cpl. Rowland A. Willis, 5th Batt.  
 27—Pte. Albert Ernest Clapp, 7th Batt.  
 27—Pte. James McLaughlin, P.P.C.L.I.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Feb. 27—Cpl. Donald Cecil Fruen, P.P.C.L.I.  
 27—L.-Cpl. George Arthur Batchelor, P.P.C.L.I.  
 28—Pte. Arthur Sandford Davis, P.P.C.L.I.  
 28—Pte. G. Page, P.P.C.L.I.  
 28—Pte. Archibald Albrow, P.P.C.L.I.  
 28—Pte. John Dursley, P.P.C.L.I.  
 28—Pte. Christopher H. Dawson, P.P.C.L.I.  
 28—Pte. Owen Parry, P.P.C.L.I.  
 28—Pte. David Logan, P.P.C.L.I.  
 28—Pte. F. Ferland, 15th Batt.  
 28—Pte. James Tate, P.P.C.L.I.  
 28—Cpl. Donald Ross, P.P.C.L.I.

**DEATH**  
 Feb. 28—Pte. Herbert G. Travis, 5th Batt.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Mar. 1—Pte. William Connor, P.P.C.L.I.  
 1—Pte. George Morrison, P.P.C.L.I.

**DEATH**  
 Mar. 1—Sgt. A. R. Duggan, 1st Heavy Battery

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Mar. 1—Sgt. George J. Bruggess, P.P.C.L.I.  
 1—Pte. J. Steven, P.P.C.L.I.  
 1—Pte. John Waters, P.P.C.L.I.  
 1—Pte. C. Holmes, 1st Batt.  
 2—Pte. Alexander Skinner, 1st Batt.  
 2—Cpl. T. Newman, 2nd Batt.  
 2—Pte. F. Bremner, 2nd Batt.  
 2—Pte. W. A. C. Mackay, 2nd Batt.  
 2—Pte. G. Earls, 2nd Batt.  
 2—Pte. R. R. Herman, 2nd Batt.  
 2—Pte. George Craig, 2nd Batt.  
 2—Pte. John Brisebois, 2nd Batt.  
 2—L.-Cpl. Peter Nelson, 1st Batt.

**DEATH**  
 Mar. 2—Sgt. Alfred Thomas Underhill, 12th Batt.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Mar. 2—Pte. Arthur Raush Wherry, 1st Batt.

**ACCIDENTALLY KILLED**  
 Mar. 2—Gunner H. A. Paddon, 2nd Field Artillery Brigade.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Mar. 3—Pte. Thomas Monahan, 8th Batt.  
 4—Pte. Charles Lapointe, 14th Batt.  
 4—Pte. Edward E. Hovey, 14th Batt.  
 4—Pte. H. P. Bridge, 1st Batt.  
 4—Pte. C. Smith, 1st Batt.  
 5—Pte. J. Hollingworth, 1st Batt.  
 5—Pte. James Thomas Corcoran, 1st Batt.  
 5—Pte. James Innes, 16th Batt.  
 5—Pte. Duncan Patterson, 16th Batt.  
 5—Pte. Stephen Ritchie, 16th Batt.  
 5—Pte. A. Willey, P.P.C.L.I.  
 5—Pte. John Bell, P.P.C.L.I.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Mar. 4—Pte. Ralph Campbell Munger, 7th Batt.  
 5—Pte. J. G. Reekie, 13th Batt.

**DEATH**  
 Mar. 5—Pte. James Thomas Leatherby, P.P.C.L.I.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Mar. 6—Cpl. S. W. Burns, P.P.C.L.I.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Mar. 6—Sgt. H. Connor, P.P.C.L.I.  
 6—Pte. J. Comrie, 3rd Batt.  
 7—Pte. Duncan James MacDonnell, 16th Batt.  
 7—Pte. John A. McConnachie, 13th Bn.  
 7—Pte. John Brighland, 13th Batt.  
 7—Pte. G. E. Townsend, 13th Batt.  
 7—Pte. A. T. Knights, 13th Batt.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Mar. 7—Pte. J. Fowler, 13th Batt.  
 8—Pte. George Fuller, P.P.C.L.I.

**DEATHS**  
 Mar. 8—Pte. Walter J. Smith, 16th Batt.  
 8—Gunner H. E. F. Jackson, Divis. Ammun. Column.  
 8—Pte. Gerald Stewart Patterson, 4th Batt.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Mar. 8—Pte. G. W. Shea, 3rd Batt.  
 8—Pte. Lester Walter Bowman, 3rd Bn.  
 8—Pte. James Walter Croft, 3rd Batt.  
 8—Pte. Stanley Robert McCombe, 7th Batt.  
 8—Pte. Reingold Oberg, 7th Batt.  
 8—Pte. K. Spencer, 13th Batt.  
 9—Pte. Herbert Vaughan Naylor, 8th Batt.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Mar. 9—Pte. H. P. Adshead, 10th Batt.

**DEATH**  
 Mar. 10—Pte. William Arnold, 32nd Batt.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Mar. 10—Pte. Leonard Key, P.P.C.L.I.  
 10—Pte. Walter Barugh, 8th Batt.  
 10—Sgt. Thomas Moore, 14th Batt.  
 10—Pte. Charles E. Hunt, 14th Batt.  
 10—Major Percy Rigby, 7th Batt.  
 10—Pte. George Duncan, P.P.C.L.I.  
 10—Pte. William Lloyd, 1st Batt.  
 11—Pte. Ivor C. Plaskett, 1st Batt.  
 11—Pte. George Henry Lowe, 1st Batt.

**DEATH**  
 Mar. 11—Major G. M. Higinbotham, 3rd Bn

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Mar. 11—Cpl. A. Muir, P.P.C.L.I.  
 12—Pte. Charles Maltby Molt, 14th Bn.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Mar. 12—Pte. Hall Proven, 5th Batt.  
 13—Pte. Thomas Henry Beams, 5th Bn.  
 13—L.-Cpl. Charles E. Horner, P.P.C.L.I.  
 13—Pte. David Geekie, P.P.C.L.I.  
 13—Pte. Murdock J. Munroe, P.P.C.L.I.  
 13—Pte. Ame Smith, P.P.C.L.I.  
 12—Pte. J. M. Jackson, 1st Batt.  
 13—Pte. William Harry Edwards, 1st Bn.  
 13—Pte. Alfred Pearson, 2nd Batt.

**DEATH**  
 Mar. 13—Bombardier Leslie Johnson, 6th Field Artillery Brigade.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Mar. 14—Pte. Clement Dyrall Chevalier Cream 16th Batt.  
 14—Pte. Robert Burns, 16th Batt.  
 14—Sgt. William White, 8th Batt.  
 14—Pte. Alex. Hunter, 16th Batt.

**KILLED**  
 Mar. 14—Pte. Kenneth N. McDonald, 13th Batt.  
 14—Pte. Reuben Halifax, 13th Batt.  
 15—Pte. Chauncey Kealey, 13th Batt.

**KILLED IN ACTION**  
 Mar. 15—Lieut. Donald Cameron, P.P.C.L.I.

**DIED OF WOUNDS**  
 Mar. 15—Pte. John Alfred Marriott, 3rd Batt.



## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from Page 519*

the "splendid deeds of the gallant Belgian army"; or the conduct of the Japanese at Tsing-tau.

He declared himself satisfied with the response for men, though admitting that he would "want more men, and still more, until the enemy is crushed."

After referring to the severe but inevitable losses so far sustained, and paying a high tribute to Field-Marshal Sir John French, Lord Kitchener concluded:

"Though our thoughts are constantly directed towards the troops at the front and the great tasks they have on hand, it is well to remember that the enemy will have to reckon with the forces of the great Dominion, the vanguard of which we have already welcomed in this country in the very fine body of men forming the contingents from Canada and Newfoundland, while from Australia, New Zealand and other parts are coming in quick succession, soldiers to fight for the Imperial cause. And besides all these, there are training in this country over a million and a quarter men eagerly waiting for a call to bear their part in the great struggle.

"As each soldier takes his place in the field he will stand forward to do his duty and, in doing that duty, will maintain the credit of the British army which, I submit, has never stood higher than it does to-day."

And the brilliant gathering cheered—not because it was a fine climax to the speech, not because the great Lord Kitchener was the speaker, but because his words conjured up in the imagination a vision of the firing line, of the men there, of what they had accomplished and at what a cost.

**November 10.**— After a day on which the storm of conflict was less violent, the clouds again gathered thick and dark, on the 10th of November. In the north, Dixmude fell into the hands of the enemy. A heavy cannonade in the morning was the prelude to an assault that was as gallant as it was effective. Yet the object of this great effort seemed hardly worthy of it.

"They have taken a pitiful ruin," declared a correspondent, "many streets of skeleton houses, filled with burnt-out ashes; a town hall with gaping holes in its rooms, the archway of which thrusts up from the wreck of pillars like a gaunt rib; and a litter of broken glass, bricks and decomposed bodies."

Nevertheless, the Germans seemed satisfied with the strategic success of their move, and the loss of the town was unquestionably disconcerting to the Allies.

Of other parts of the front the French war office tersely stated: "There is nothing to report." But a movement directed once more against the stubbornly-held lines before Ypres, was under way—conducted with a secrecy and dispatch that boded well for its success.

In the meanwhile all along the line the steadiness of the allied troops seemed equal to every occasion.

To the British forces, through Sir John French, His Majesty King George sent the following message:

"The splendid pluck, spirit and endurance shown by my troops in the desperate fighting which has continued so many days, against vastly superior forces, fills me with admiration. I am confident of the final result of their noble efforts under your able command."

In voicing the gratitude and pride of the army at the receipt of this message, General French took occasion to assure the King of "our unalterable determination to uphold the highest traditions of your Majesty's army, and carry the campaign through to a victorious conclusion."

Items of interest from the United Kingdom on the 10th told of a new pension plan for the benefit of dependents of soldiers and sailors; a new method to stimulate recruiting by a direct house to house appeal; and, not the least novel, the authorization by Lord Kitchener of a "Bantam's Battalion," to be formed at Birkenhead, in order that men between five feet and five feet three inches might have an opportunity of serving their King and Country on the battlefield.

"Present! Fire!"

Eight rifles spoke, and Karl Hans Lody, the famous German spy, fell dead. The first execution in the precincts of the historic Tower of London for centuries had been carried out.

Posing as an American citizen, and travelling in Europe on an American passport, Lody—former German naval lieutenant and more recently a tourist agent in the United States—was a self-confessed spy.

The story of how, under the name of Inglis, he secured information in the British Isles and communicated it to Berlin, the tale of his discovery and arrest, and subsequent trial, confession and sentence by court-martial, is a dramatic one and created no small sensation in London.

The condemned man met death calmly.

"May my life be judged worthy to be a humble sacrifice on the altar of the Fatherland," he wrote to his sister at the last, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "The death of a hero on the battlefield is perhaps more beautiful, but that has not been my lot. I die here in a hostile land, silent, unknown. Yet the consciousness that I die in the service of my country makes death easier. My judges were gentlemen, and I shall die as an officer not as a spy."

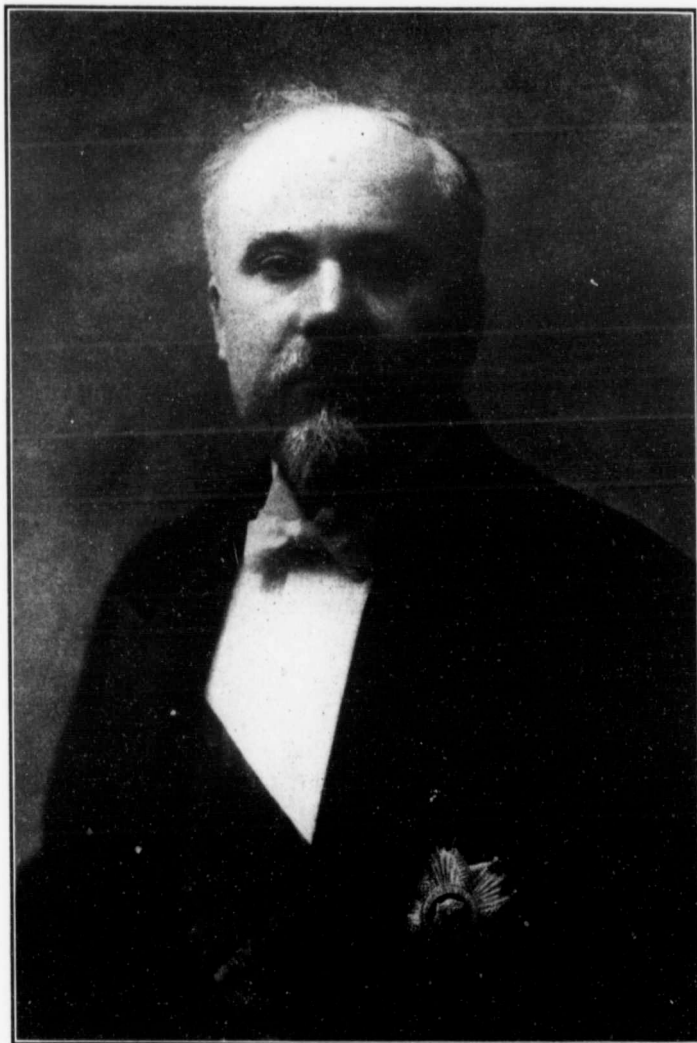
One more deluded victim sacrificed on the altar of Teutonic ambitions!

**November 11.**— The morning of Wednesday, the 11th of November, dawned to the accompaniment of a heavy and continuous bombardment directed against the British trenches north and south of the Menin road. For two or three hours a most furious fire was maintained. Clearly it presaged a new infantry attack in force. And this was not long in developing.

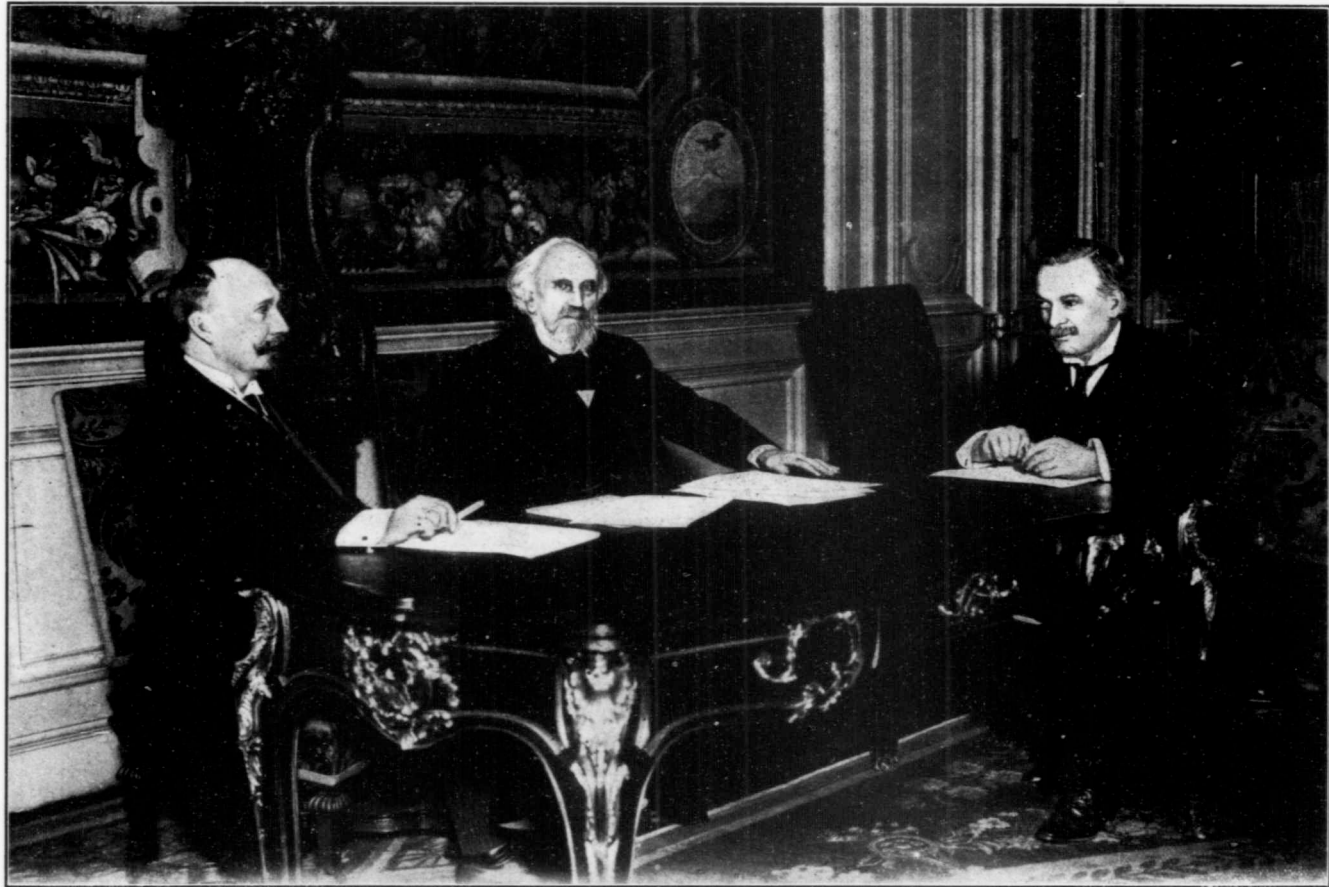
*Continued on page 527 (Part 24)*

# The - War - Pictorial

The Leading Pictorial Souvenir of the Great War. Part 24.

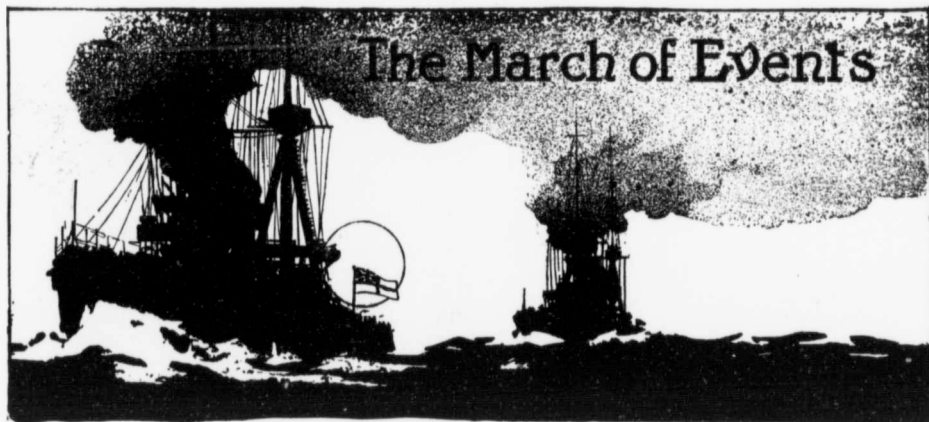


M. RAYMOND POINCARE.  
President of the French Republic.



FINANCE MINISTERS OF ALLIES MEET IN PARIS.

This photo was taken at the Meeting of the Ministers of Finance of France, Russia and England, in the Cabinet of the French Minister of Finance (M. Ribot) at Paris. The French Minister is seen in the centre, with the Russian Minister on his left, and Mr. Lloyd-George on his right. (Photo, Wyndham, Paris.)



## A Retrospective Summary of the Great International Conflagration

### PART 24

*Continued from page 524 (Part 23)*

Nor was it attempted by the 27th, the 15th and parts of the 13th Bavarian Corps and 2nd German Corps, whose futile efforts of the past ten days had brought almost annihilation.

The Emperor was determined this time to gain his ends. The road to Calais must be opened.

And so, from the neighbourhood of Arras, there were moved up to the Ypres district—with much speed and secrecy—the 1st and 4th Brigades of the "flower of the German army"—the Kaiser's famous Prussian Guards. Though others had failed, they would redeem the situation. Traditions lay back of these Guardsmen—traditions that proclaimed their determination to die rather than give ground, traditions based, too, on a reputation gained at Gravelotte in 1870, when Emperor William I. wrote, after the battle: "My Guard has found its grave in front of St. Privat."

These were the men hurled by order of the Kaiser against the elite of an army not without its traditions also. It was a clash of the finest product of militarism and the finest product of free institutions and voluntary choice—and militarism went down before freedom. It is ever so. It ever will be so. The sweet, free air of British liberty is in no small measure the secret of the nation's greatness. Drinking it in men grow to the true stature of manhood. Its life-giving breath enters into the composition of heroic spirits.

Not that the Prussian Guardsmen lacked courage. In a wonderful human wave they surged against our lines across the valley. On front and flank the British fire swept men from their feet. Artillery, machine guns, rifles, mowed them down like grain before the reaper. And still they came on.

With marvellous resolution and admirable intrepidity they advanced, and, now the tide of furious conflict reached the British trenches, and by sheer momentum went crashing through the lines. The fighting became desperate and confused. Everywhere the shock of mortal combat at close range was felt.

"They penetrated some distance into the woods behind our trenches," we are told by the official "Eyewitness," "but were counter-attacked again, enfiladed by machine guns and driven back to their line of trenches."

In this operation the British Household Cavalry played an heroic part. Through the broken lines of their comrades, through the Irish Guards, the London Scottish and other regiments, they drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet, until the shattered Guards—unable to withstand the terrible onslaught of the grim, determined, charging Britishers—forgetful of tradition broke and fled.

But back there in the woods some seven hundred of their comrades lay dead.

Co-incident with this assault, and forming part of the general movement, serious attacks to the north and immediately to the south were undertaken—though not by the Guards. The accurate and effective artillery fire frustrated the southern attempt, but the tremendous pressure on the French to the north drove back the defenders, endangering the British extreme left. The loss was temporary, however. Gallantly the French troops rallied and made a speedy recovery of the lost ground.

The losses on both sides were heavy, but in one camp was jubilation; in the other heavy gloom.

For the superiority of the British "Tommy" had

*Continued on page 530*





FROM THE EASTERN WAR AREA.

The Austrian army in their operations against Serbia has not had everything its own way. Our illustration shows abandoned cannon and a dead gunner on the lines of a great Austrian retreat. (Photo, C. N.)



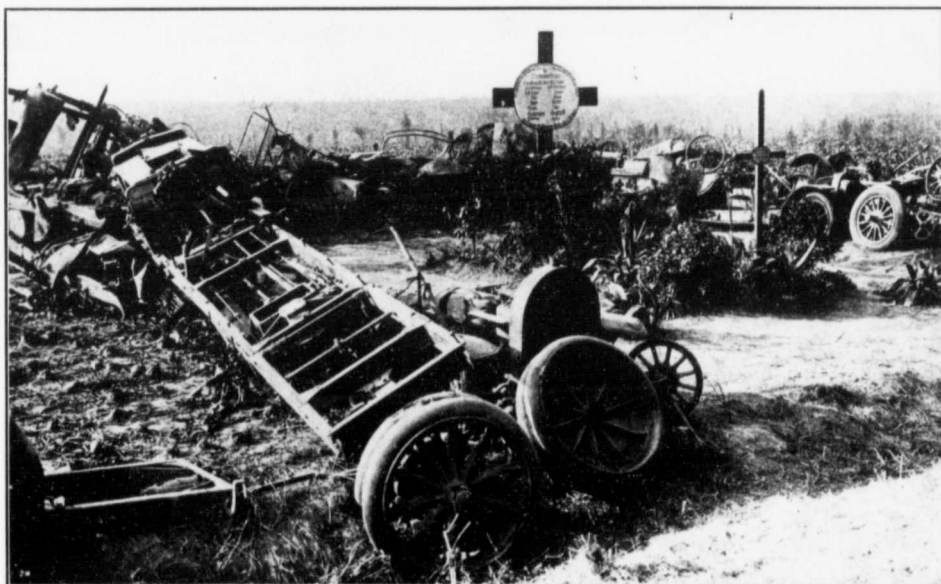
THROWING OUT A CAVALRY SCREEN.

With the development of the aerial fleet, cavalry can no longer claim to be "the eyes of the army"; nevertheless there are times when they are most useful. Large reconnoitering forces are pushed well ahead of the main body, proceeding in scattered formation and by drawing the fire of the enemy locating the latter's position. In dry weather a cavalry advance is quickly revealed by the clouds of dust. (Photo, C. N.)



THE GERMAN CAMPAIGN AGAINST RUSSIA.

Lodz has been the storm centre of much heavy fighting in the eastern arena. The illustration shows German troops passing through a nearby village. (Photo, Topical.)



WRECKED MOTORS MARK THE SPOT.

A German motor-lorry column having been destroyed by a French column, the graves of the fallen were inclosed with a parapet formed from the remains of the motor lorries. (Photo, C. N.)

THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Continued from Page 527

once more been demonstrated; before his incomparable spirit, the Prussian Guards, shattered and defeated, had shown their heels. And the road to Calais was safe.

Over in London the opening of Parliament if it lacked something of its usual colour and grandeur, was no less striking with khaki as its dominant tone and war its chief note. But, through it all—the cheering crowds that lined the streets, the Speech from the Throne, the addresses of the party leaders—there was clearly evidenced a sincere and gratifying enthusiasm, and an optimism consistent with the encouraging outlook. However long might be the struggle—and no sudden victory was anticipated—there was an unswerving determination to “see this thing through,” and an unshakable faith in the ultimate complete triumph of the Allied Cause.

Lying at anchor some two miles off Deal, the little torpedo-gunboat “Niger,” employed in semi-combatant duties, fell a victim to a German submarine. At the sound of the explosion, men and women rushed to the sea front, and dozens of rescue boats set out for the unfortunate craft, then shrouded in a heavy pall of black smoke. The wind was high, the sea rough, and no small danger attended the rescue work. But British seamanship prevailed, and by the time the “Niger” settled slowly, and finally sank, the task was practically completed. Two men were severely, two slightly injured, but, happily, no loss of life was reported.

November 12.— The “spy peril” in Great Britain was still the source of much uneasiness. Indeed, the unrest in this connection was daily increasing. Reports of espionage came from all quarters. Some were obviously ridiculous; others bore the unmistakable evidences of well-founded suspicion. From private sources, from public men, from the press, urgent appeals were made for more drastic action. It even invaded the House, where, on the 12th of November, Mr. William Joynson-Hicks declared that there was a German in London keeping in touch with a German statesman and the firm of Krupp; moreover, that the two sons of the London Agent of that firm were sworn in as special constables. “These men,” said Mr. Joynson-Hicks, “may be estimable, but they would be better under lock and key.” Signalling to enemy submarines, and furnishing Berlin with charts of the mined area by some method—a matter proven by the recent raid of a German squadron within almost gunshot of Yarmouth—were other charges laid at the door of the alien population.

Replying to Mr. Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, Mr. Reginald McKenna, stated that every effort was being made to prevent injustice being done to any person, but that his department was acting in this matter under the direction of the military authorities.

Meanwhile reports continued to flow in from all parts. A foreign-owned factory, near Woolwich, according to a leading paper, was nothing more nor less than a “terrifically strong fortification, which dominates some of the most vital points in London” affording at the same time special facilities for airship landings and signalling work. Others declared that letters conveying information to the enemy had been seized, sentries mysteriously shot, coast signalling indulged in, and carrier pigeons used to convey messages, the London Daily Mail asserting that, recently, near Cromer,

“In the early morning a military patrol saw two pigeons fly from the upper window of a house standing in an isolated position a short way back

**NOTHING is to be written on this side except the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be erased. If anything else is added the post card will be destroyed.**

*I am quite well.*

~~*I have been admitted into hospital*~~

{ ~~*sick*~~ } ~~*and am going on well.*~~  
{ ~~*wounded*~~ } ~~*and hope to be discharged so...*~~

~~*I am being sent down to the base.*~~

*I have received your* { *letter dated 25.2.15*  
*telegram „* \_\_\_\_\_  
*parcel „* \_\_\_\_\_

*Letter follows at first opportunity.*

~~*I have received no letter from you*~~

{ ~~*totally.*~~  
~~*for a long time.*~~

Signature } P. M. P. Meiklejohn  
only.

Date *4.3.15*

[Postage must be prepaid on any letter or post card addressed to the sender of this card.]

(34996) W.L.W3497-293 1,000m. 1/15 M.R.Co., Ltd.

A FIELD POSTCARD.

The above is a reproduction of a postcard received from one of the lads at the front.

from the cliff. The birds circled around and then flew off over the North Sea and were quickly lost to sight. The house was surrounded and, there being no one to admit the authorities, an entrance was forced. The occupants, like the pigeons, had flown.”

From the very first some most absurd cases of “spy fever” were discovered, in which suspicions were not only groundless but laughable. Nevertheless, it was more and more being recognized

that "the spy peril" was no meaningless phrase, and that all the efforts of the military authorities had failed to suppress it.

A general lull in the fighting in Flanders marked the 12th of November, following the desperate struggle of the previous day. But from the extreme north came the cheering word that, sprayed by shrapnel, Dixmude had not been to the enemy's liking, and a measure of evacuation had been effected, the Germans retiring beyond the limits of the town.

**November 13.**— Matters in South Africa were steadily favouring the loyalists. From time to time word of encounters between rebel commandoes and Government forces came through, including news of the defeat of a force of Germans and Boer rebels at Zandfontein, near the southern border of German South-west Africa, on the 8th of November; a clash on the same day between Beyer's Transvaal force and a body under General Lammen on the Vet River, south-east of Bloemhof, ending in the dispersion of the rebels; and now, on the 13th, detailed advices of a success achieved by General Botha against General de Wet in the Orange River Colony.

From Inburg, General Botha, in co-operation with General Lukin, and Colonels Brits and Brand, moved against De Wet, whose force was understood to consist of 2,000 rebels. The troops manoeuvred to surround the latter, but Colonel Brand and General Lukin failing to reach their objective in time, this operation was unsuccessful, and it fell to the Premier to take separate action.

The results were decisive. Coming upon the rebels near Winburg the Union forces inflicted a heavy defeat, two hundred and fifty prisoners, two laagers with motor cars and one hundred wagons, falling into their hands. Pursuit of the fleeing rebels was ended only by the exhaustion of the loyalist's horses.

Botha's entry to Winburg brought release to numerous prisoners taken by De Wet, including the chief magistrate of the place.

An announcement from Ottawa gave official details of arrangements for the Second Canadian Contingent. It stated that the total strength of the second force to be sent from Canada would be 15,272 officers and men, 4,765 horses, 58 guns and 16 machine guns, made up as follows:

Infantry—Two brigades of four battalions each, 8,654 men, 494 horses and 16 machine guns.

Artillery—Nine field batteries and one heavy battery, 3,379 men, 3,117 horses and 58 guns.

Engineers—Two field companies, 474 men and 160 horses.

Cyclist unit—200 men.

Signal company—171 men and 80 horses.

Divisional train—Four companies of Army Service Corps, 451 men and 378 horses.

Medical Service—Three field ambulances, 726 men and 178 horses.

Besides these, provision was made for line-of-communication units as follows:

Divisional ammunition park, 464 men; divisional supply column, 265 men; reserve park, 289 men and 358 horses; field bakery, 92 men; field butchery, 20 men; railway supply detachment, 61 men; depot units of supply, 26 men.

Already mobilization was well under way. Canada was responding with enthusiasm to the Empire's call, and the recruiting depots were busily at work.

It was recognized that, unlike the first contingent, this second force would not reach the Motherland in a body, nor all see the front at the same time. With the men of the first great army once on the firing line, there would be constant need of "feeders"—of drafts to replace those finding place on the Honour Roll. These drafts the Second Contingent must supply, and so on through successive contingents.

And there seemed little doubt of the Dominion furnishing her share of the Empire's fighting forces. The men of Canada were one with their fellow Britons in their determination to "see the thing through."

Word from London told of the introduction into the House of Commons of a supplementary estimate providing for another million men required by the British Government during the year ending March 31, thus bringing the total army—exclusive of Territorials—up to 2,186,400 officers and men.

Friday, the 13th, on the firing line in northern France and Belgium, was cold and windy and wet. To the men on both sides conditions were trying, but the plight of the enemy was the worst, for the strong wind blew the driving rain steadily in their faces. The Ypres salient again experienced a bombardment, the desultory shelling of the morning gradually swelling into a terrific fire, closely following which came an attack in force, repulsed fortunately, but with heavy losses to both sides. Ypres itself was suffering more and more from the bombardment.

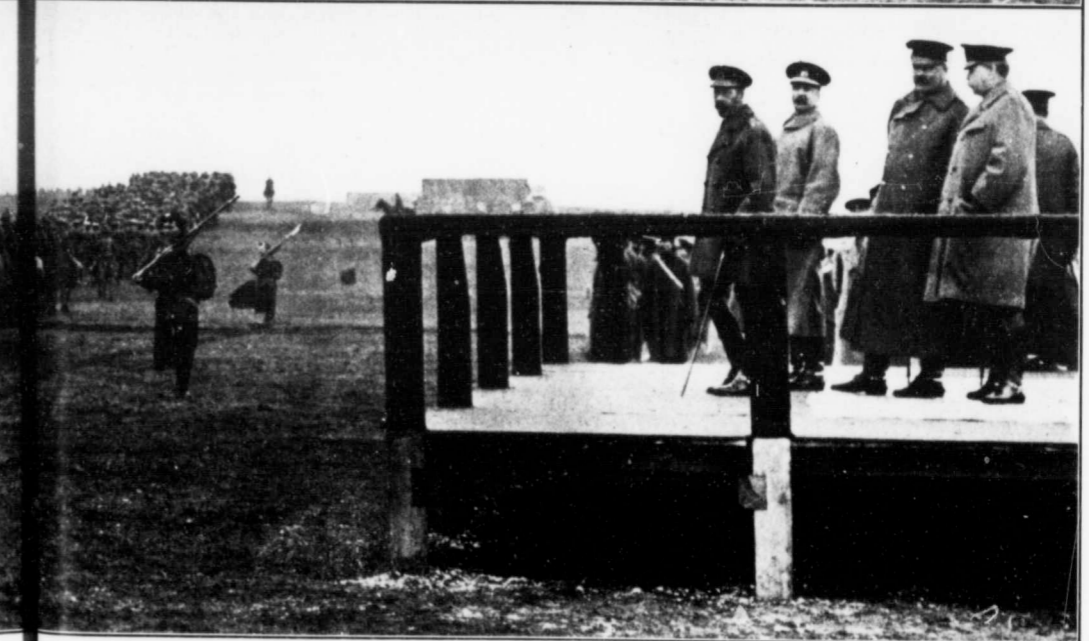
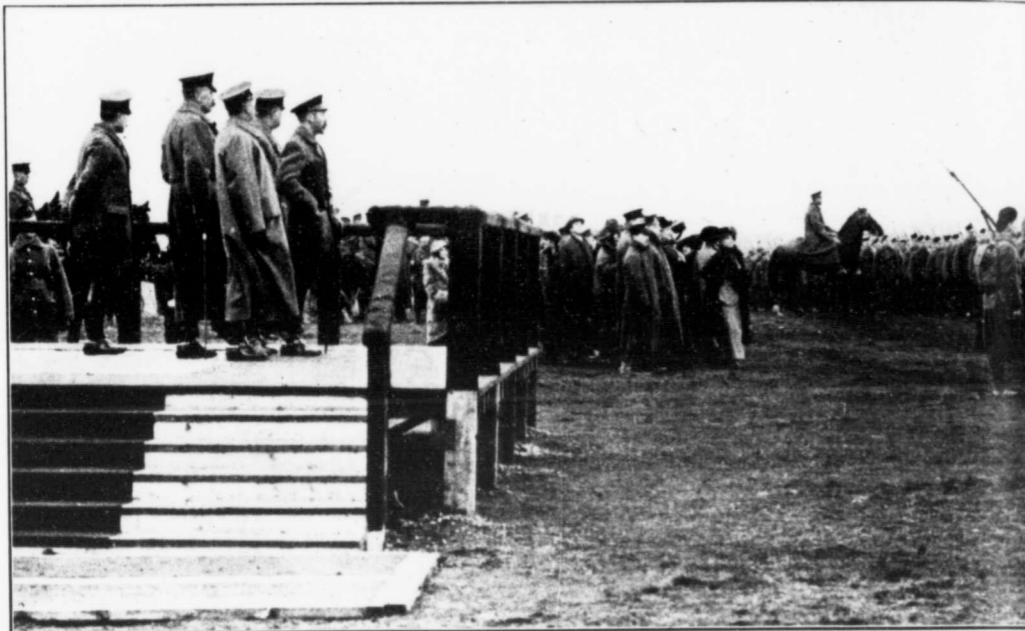
Elsewhere the 13th brought failure to the enemy, and at points on the allied front a measure of offensive action was successfully attempted.

**November 14.**— A cold, raw November day, with intervals when the rain came plashing down to make its contribution to the ubiquitous mixture of mud and water that already rendered trench life a thing not altogether to be desired. Such was Saturday, the 14th, in the Flanders district. The weather of late had indeed been monotonously cold, dreary and wet.

No less monotonous was the daily programme of the enemy opposite Ypres. The early bombardment, under the influence of which the town itself was assuming the likeness of a ruin; then the infantry attack in force, the partial penetration of the allied lines, and, finally, the British counter-attack, when the bayonet drove the enemy back whence he came. This was the almost invariable occurrence, and the story of November 14 was no exception to the rule.

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H. M. KING GEORGE AND LORD KILGER INSPECTING CANADIAN TROOPS.  
These fine photos taken at Salisbury Plains show some of the troops being inspected. In the upper picture Colonel Leckie is seen leading the formation. (Photo C. N.)

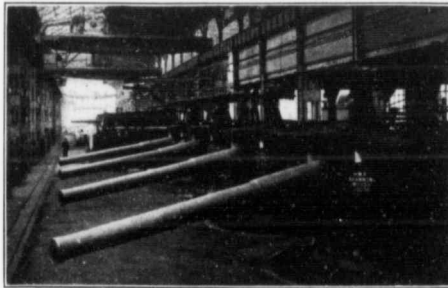
## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 531*

To the south of Ypres the French troops scored an advance near Wytschaete, under cover of a heavy artillery fire, and successfully held the ground gained.

Still further on the right, Armentieres and Bethune were given considerable attention by the German gunners—and to the effect of the fire deserted streets and crumbling masonry bore witness.

In the east the tide of battle still ebbed and flowed. In the northern area a new Russian inundation threatened East Prussia. For a week now the fighting had been constant. Gradually the wave of the Russian advance swept the enemy back. Johannsburg was occupied, and along a front, roughly speaking, from Soldau to Lyck a series of sanguinary struggles were under way. Desperately the enemy contended for every foot of ground, and in the network of lakes and swamps in the Mazurian lake district had occupied every strategic point, and in the dry gaps through which



WHERE BRITAIN PREPARES FOR THE FIGHT.  
View of Gun-Mounting Department in one of the Great Naval Construction Works

the enemy must pass had placed heavy artillery against which the human tidal wave must surely sweep in vain.

But the Czar's troops were no mean adversaries. Professor Pares, the British Government's representative with the Russian field headquarters, bore interesting testimony on this point. Of the various branches of the service he said:

"The Russian field guns and howitzers are served with remarkable precision and alertness and meet with great success. The complete confidence of the Russian infantry in the effectiveness of the Russian artillery is a striking and general feature.

"The infantry are always training in bayonet work, which the enemy often avoids. The Russian cavalry has shown great dash and has been handled with speed and skill."

The Germans in East Prussia had, as usual, the advantage in the way of communications, and even underground telephones were found to exist.

Nevertheless, the Czar's men pressed steadily forward, and Berlin advices reflected the uneasi-

ness with which the situation was regarded.

In Poland, however, the high water mark of Russian victory seemed to have been reached for the present, and the German rear-guard threatened to become an advance guard. Yet the effect of the German debacle was evident. In Southern Poland a more advantageous line-up with the forces in Galicia had been accomplished by the victors, and the pressure on the Austrian army which had been somewhat relieved during the recent advance on Warsaw, was applied with new vigour.

"The siege of Przemysl," said an official Petrograd statement, "which was suspended during the period in which the Austro-German armies were on the offensive, has been re-established."

Tarnow, Jaslo and Krosno had fallen into the hands of the Russians, and Cracow was seriously menaced. And the Austrian official reports, departing for the moment from their usual brand of purely fictional statements, admitted that the situation was not as bright as might be wished.

Serbia was another "thorn in the flesh" to Austria. Supported by Montenegrin troops the Serbians had proven far from "easy picking" for the Austrian hosts, and a recent attempt on the part of the Dual Monarchy, to inflict a decisive and crushing blow on her small but plucky neighbour was admitted by Vienna to be still unsuccessful. On the side of the defending forces, too, storms of snow and rain proved welcome allies, rendering the roads impassable for the transportation of the enemy's artillery.

Following the lead of their allies, the Turks were busily engaged in falsifying reports in order to deceive their own people and gullible foreigners. The Russians—who in reality were progressing in the neighbourhood of Ezerum—were declared to have retreated to their second line of defence in the Caucasus, suffering great losses, while Turkish troops had crossed the Egyptian border, occupied Sheingar and Fort El Arish, and captured four British field guns with other material.

Of this statement, the British Press Bureau remarked:

"It appears to consist of false information deliberately spread abroad in Constantinople under German instructions."

**November 15.**— Death now robbed Britain of one of her most honoured sons. To few has it been given—either among those of like vocation or one less stern—to inspire such universal feelings of respect and admiration as did Lord Roberts of Kandahar, the people's "Bobs." Yes, more even than respect and admiration—for "this little red-faced man" was also well-beloved.

And now the hero of many campaigns was dead. Late last night the end had come, and to-day, the 15th of November, the sad news was known to all the world. It had flashed across to England from France, whence he had gone—ignoring protests that his burden of eighty-two years was too heavy

to carry on such a mission—to see for himself the British at the front, and, more than all, to inspect the famous Indian troops.

A rough Channel passage failed to impair his vigour. He went through with his programme; he inspected the British bases; he talked with the leaders, and

“ . . . before his eye grew dim  
He had seen the faces of the sons  
Whose sires had served with him.”

What feelings must have stirred within the old warrior's breast at the sound of guns, at the familiar sights which met his eye; how his eye must have kindled with a proud light, and his mind been carried back in reminiscent thought to the stirring days of the long ago, as he gazed upon the ranks of the loyal Indian troops.

And then—a sudden chill; a quickly rising temperature; a hurried consultation of the doctors; and at eight o'clock on Saturday night the final passing of the great soldier.

To quote again from the well-known words of Kipling's immortal tribute:

“He passed in the very battle smoke  
Of the war that he had descried;  
Three hundred miles of cannon spoke  
When the master-gunner died.”

And so Britain and Britain's Empire mourned. And to-day, Sunday, the 15th, men spoke and felt as though a personal friend had gone, and in the churches congregations, standing, with saddened hearts paid tribute to the nation's illustrious dead, as the sub-lime strains of the “Dead March in Saul” reminded them of this sudden passing of Britain's ideal soldier across the Great Divide.

On the firing line the 15th of November saw the enemy repulsed at all points. This, too, in spite of fierce attempts to cross the Yser Canal between Dixmude and Bixchoote, and to take the town of Ypres farther south. In the north the submerged area had been extended by fresh inundations, and from three miles above Bixchoote to Dixmude itself the water formed an additional barrier in the path of the German advance. And from Bixchoote south, the living wall about the Ypres salient again protected that key position.

**November 16.**— “Then none were for the party, and all were for the state” was true of the members of the British House at this time. Engulfed in a great wave of patriotism, party politics had sunk from sight. Isolated cases of partizan spirit there might be, but they were the exception, and any outburst of this character brought sudden odium upon the head of its unhappy instigator.

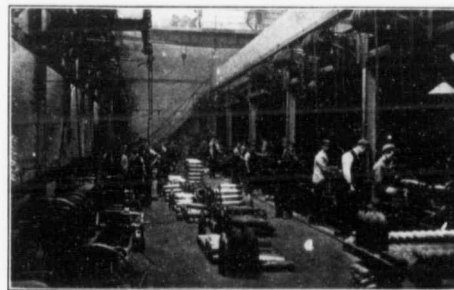
Some interesting items came before the House on the 16th of November. Chief among these was the passing, without a single dissenting vote, of authorizations for an extra credit of \$1,125,000,000, and for an additional million men. Mr. Asquith stated that nearly a million and a quarter were already under arms, and that, up to the previous Saturday, Britain's daily expenditure in connection

with the war was between \$4,500,000 and \$5,000,000, a figure in which the future would naturally see an increase rather than any diminution. Of the new credit the bulk would go to army and navy expenditures; but loans, without interest until the end of the war, of some \$50,000,000 to the Belgian Government and \$10,000,000 to Serbia, were proposed.

To this project of financially aiding Britain's allies the members gave enthusiastic support. Mr. Timothy Healy, the Irish Nationalist, declared that the money should be given, not loaned—a sentiment endorsed by Mr. John Hodge, a Labour member, with the suggestion: “Later on we can collect it from the German Emperor!”

On the 16th Britain heard, with enthusiasm, that at last the Prince of Wales was to have his desire for active service gratified, and was even now on his way to join Sir John French's staff at the front.

**November 17.**— The weather in Flanders continued cold, but oddly enough the promises of the fine frosty mornings were rarely fulfilled, for they were usually



WHERE BRITAIN PREPARES FOR THE FIGHT  
The Projectile Department in one of Britain's Great Naval Construction Works

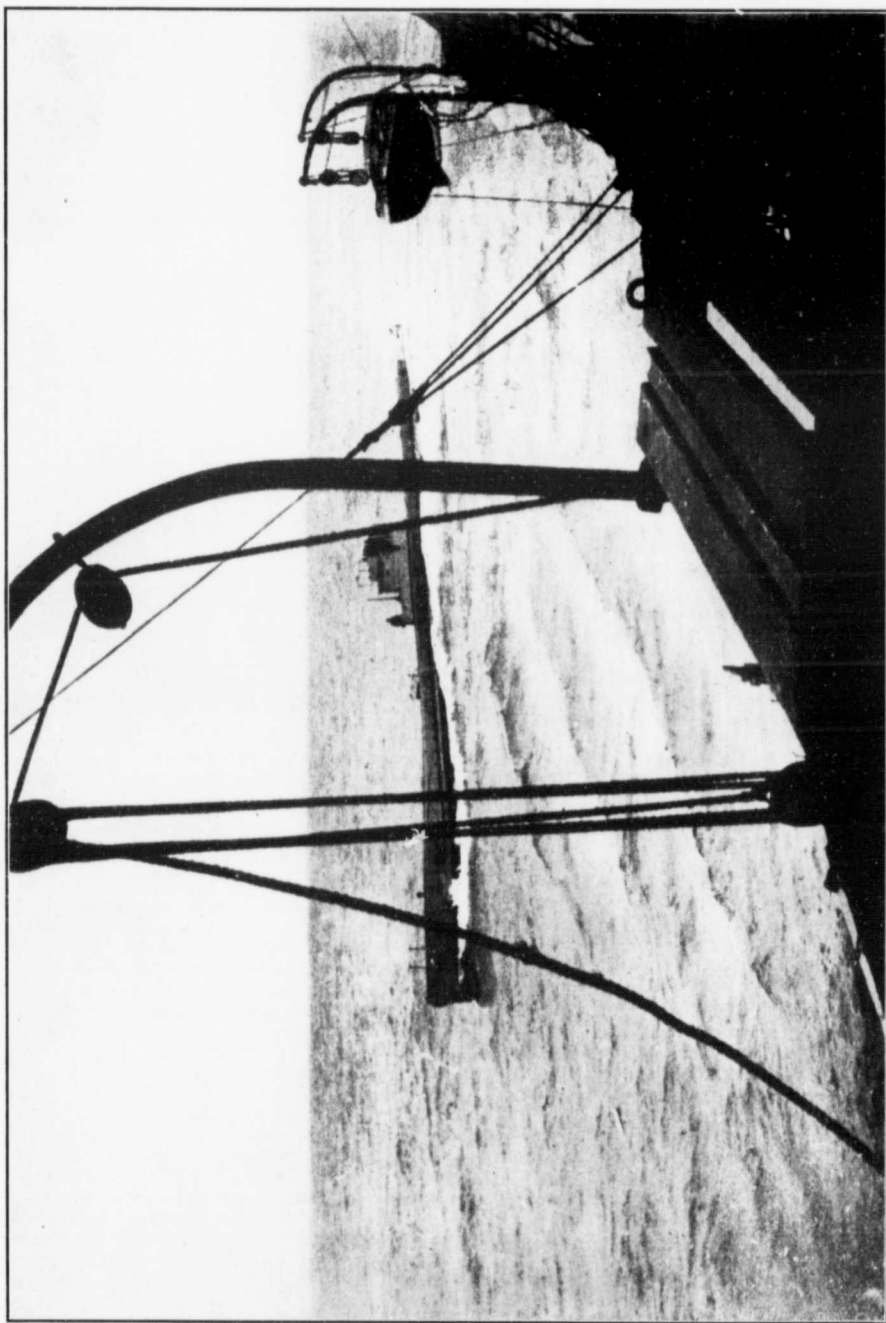
followed by heavy rains.

After a day of comparative quiet, severe losses again attended the enemy's renewed assaults against Ypres. Thrice the Germans attempted attacks in force; thrice were they repulsed.

At one p.m. a massed infantry advance put them in possession of trenches from which heavy shell fire had driven the British troops, but when they assayed to press their advantage, the bayonet drove them back five hundred yards beyond the ground they gained.

A second attempt was nearly successful. Advancing obliquely across the British front and suffering terribly from machine-guns and rifle fire, the Kaiser's men came on. The operation was pressed most vigorously. Death, it was credibly estimated, claimed twelve hundred of their number. But still they came. Men fell like wheat before the reaper. The bodies of the slain lay thick upon the field. And still they came. And now they were within five yards of the defenders' trenches. From all along the line rifles and machine guns

Continued on page 537



THE TORPEDOING OF THE BRITISH STEAMER "HEADLANDS."  
This photograph was taken by Captain H. Lugg, the master of the British Steamer "Headlands," two minutes before his ship was torpedoed off Scilly Islands. The crew of the German Submarine U29 are seen mustered about the conning tower, while the Captain is standing by himself on the left. They are coolly watching the crew of the doomed ship making their hasty preparations to leave the vessel. (Photo, C.N.)



## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

*Continued from page 535*

spoke—at point blank range. The effect may be imagined. A deadly hail swept the enemy's ranks, and at last, before its withering blast, they broke and fled.

At three o'clock that afternoon a third attack was formed, but lack of confidence—born of experience—and the effective work of the British artillery, conspired successfully to defeat the enemy's designs.

"On the whole," said the official observer's report, subsequently issued, "it was a most successful day for our arms."

While the British were thus brilliantly maintaining their positions, their French comrades were performing no less valorous deeds.

Especially notable, on the 17th of November, was the success at Tracy-le-Val, a village in the region between the Oise and Aisne, which for some days had been in the hands of the French. Now, however, the enemy sought to wrest it from them. Preceded by the fire of a howitzer battery, a sudden attack was delivered at 11 a.m. From the north two battalions fell upon the defenders, and before the sheer weight of the advance, the latter had perforce to retire. In triumph the enemy pushed forward, occupied the public square and sweeping on past the village church fell upon the French rear and captured a mitrailleuse.

But their triumph was short lived. Piqued by the loss of their gun, and angered, it is alleged, by the desecration of the village cemetery by German trench-diggers, the French troops swept back in a splendid resurgence. A body of Algerian troops, in a brilliant charge, carried all before them and outside the limits of the place the enemy's flight continued.

There are few phases of war more terrible than street fighting, and the village streets at this time were filled with the wounded and the dead. Around that once quiet, peaceful village and its little church the tide of battle, for a brief space, had ebbed and flowed, leaving its scars, its mass of human wreckage. Yonder in the public square and right up to the portals of the church itself were dead and dying men. And side by side lay friend and foe alike, touched into sudden immobility by the finger of Death.

**November 18.**— The 18th of November brought little news from either front. In the West the day passed in comparative quiet. From the Eastern war zone, however, came word of engagements of more or less importance. In Poland an advance guard encounter presaged a new German offensive against Warsaw. It seemed that once more a desperate attempt to take the Russian city was in contemplation. In East Prussia, however, on the Gumbinnen-Angersburg front, and in the Mazurian Lake district, progress was reported by Petrograd, and this, in conjunction with favourable news from the Carpathian passes, helped to offset the somewhat disquieting outlook in Poland.

**November 19.**— Among the tombs of Britain's most illustrious dead they laid him away—this sterling warrior, whose small body housed so great and noble a character with its many lofty qualities—qualities of courage, of unswerving integrity, of devoted patriotism, of kindly courtesy, combined with an ability all the more admirable because masked behind so modest a nature. To the company of those honoured in death by interment beneath the great Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London—to the list in which the names of Nelson and Wellington and Wolsley are to be found, it is fitting that there should be added the name of Roberts—the people's "Bobs."

The day of the funeral—the 19th of November—was cold and rainy, yet the chill drizzle fell upon dense crowds who minded not the wet if they might but see the funeral cortege, and by uncovered heads, and more sincerely, by moist eyes, pay tribute as the flag-draped casket passed.

As the procession neared the Cathedral the strains of the Dead March mingled with the boom of guns. Inside the ancient building a great crowd—including His Majesty King George and many men of note—awaited its coming. Outside huge masses stood, unable to secure admission to the edifice. And when the service—beautiful with a pathetic beauty that left few dry-eyed—was over, and the trumpeters of the Royal Artillery had sounded the "Last Post," thousands of the humbler mourners outside entered the crypt—where the body of the late soldier was laid out for public view—to take a last look at their beloved "Bobs."

For some time rumours of trouble had come to the ears of the authorities in charge of the Alien Detention Camp at Douglas, Isle of Man. On the 19th of November it came suddenly to a head.

Some twenty-six hundred prisoners, according to the evidence subsequently adduced at the coroner's inquest, were in the dining-room just after mid-day. Suddenly there was the crash of breaking glass as a chair crashed through a window. As at a pre-arranged signal a riot broke out. The guards found themselves assailed on every hand by cups and saucers, chairs, plates and tables. In the confusion which followed several prisoners made a dash for liberty. The efforts of the guards availed little. A volley fired in the air failed in its object of subduing the rioters. Seeing his comrade in peril from a chair brandished by a rioter, one of the Guards raised his rifle and fired. Then a second volley rang out—this time into the struggling ranks—and four prisoners fell dead or dying. Twelve others suffered severe wounds, necessitating removal to the hospital. But the riot was quelled.

Only one prisoner escaped and he, having mounted to the roof, fell through a skylight and dashed his brains out on the stone floor beneath.

The most serious feature of the outbreak was the effect on German opinion. Considerable anger was evidenced at the death of the five rioters, and even the report sent to Berlin by Mr. Chandler Hale, of the American Legation, supporting the Coroner's verdict of justification for the act, did not altogether

*Continued on page 539*



A "KHAKE ROMANCE"

When his departure for England en route for the front interfered with the plans for his wedding, Lieutenant Edmiston of the Alberta Dragoons made arrangements to hold the ceremony in the Old Country, and at Netheravon, Salisbury, the marriage duly took place. Illustration shows the couple after the ceremony. (Photo, Underwood.)



CANADA'S GIFTS BRING HAPPINESS TO MANY.

Greatly indeed was the help given by the people of Canada appreciated. Some of London's poor are here seen profiting by the gifts of foodstuffs. (Photo, Topical.)

**THE MARCH OF EVENTS**

*Continued from page 537*

allay an uneasiness as to the possibility of reprisals against British prisoners in the enemy's camps.

And now on the battlefields both East and West began the long weary winter campaign. Modern science has brought to warfare some alleviations, but in endurance the soldiers of to-day require a larger reserve than their fellows of the past. In by-gone days men fought when climatic conditions were favourable. With winter came a practical cessation of hostilities. Only when the warmth of spring broke up the grip of snow and ice did men fare forth once more to do combat.

But to-day war holds no such surcease for the soldier. Alike must he bear the fervid heat of midsummer and the rigors of the winter days. His powers of endurance must be equal to the trials of those days when the scorching rays of the sun beat down in pitiless strength and the wind on his face is

as the breath from a blast furnace; when flies and vermin breed in their loathsome millions; and the quickly decomposing bodies of the slain poison the air and bring death and disease to their surviving fellow men. His endurance must carry him, too, through the chilling rains and winds of autumn, and the more biting blasts of winter.

So to the men on the battlefields of Europe came Winter—heralded by its early snows, its storms of blinding sleet, and in the trenches men worked oft-times in icy water up to their knees and more.

But the never-ending struggle went on.

In the West the long days and weeks and months of weary trench fighting—without decisive gain or loss on either side—was on.

In the East the mighty hosts of Slav and Teuton, still locked in a life and death grip, swung like a pendulum, to and fro, gaining little but losing much of the world's most sacred treasure—human life.

The winter campaign had begun.

*Continued on page 543 (part 25)*

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**FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT**

Lord God of Hosts, Whose mighty hand  
 Dominion holds on sea and land,  
 In Peace and War Thy Will we see  
 Shaping the larger liberty.  
 Nations may rise and nations fall,  
 Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

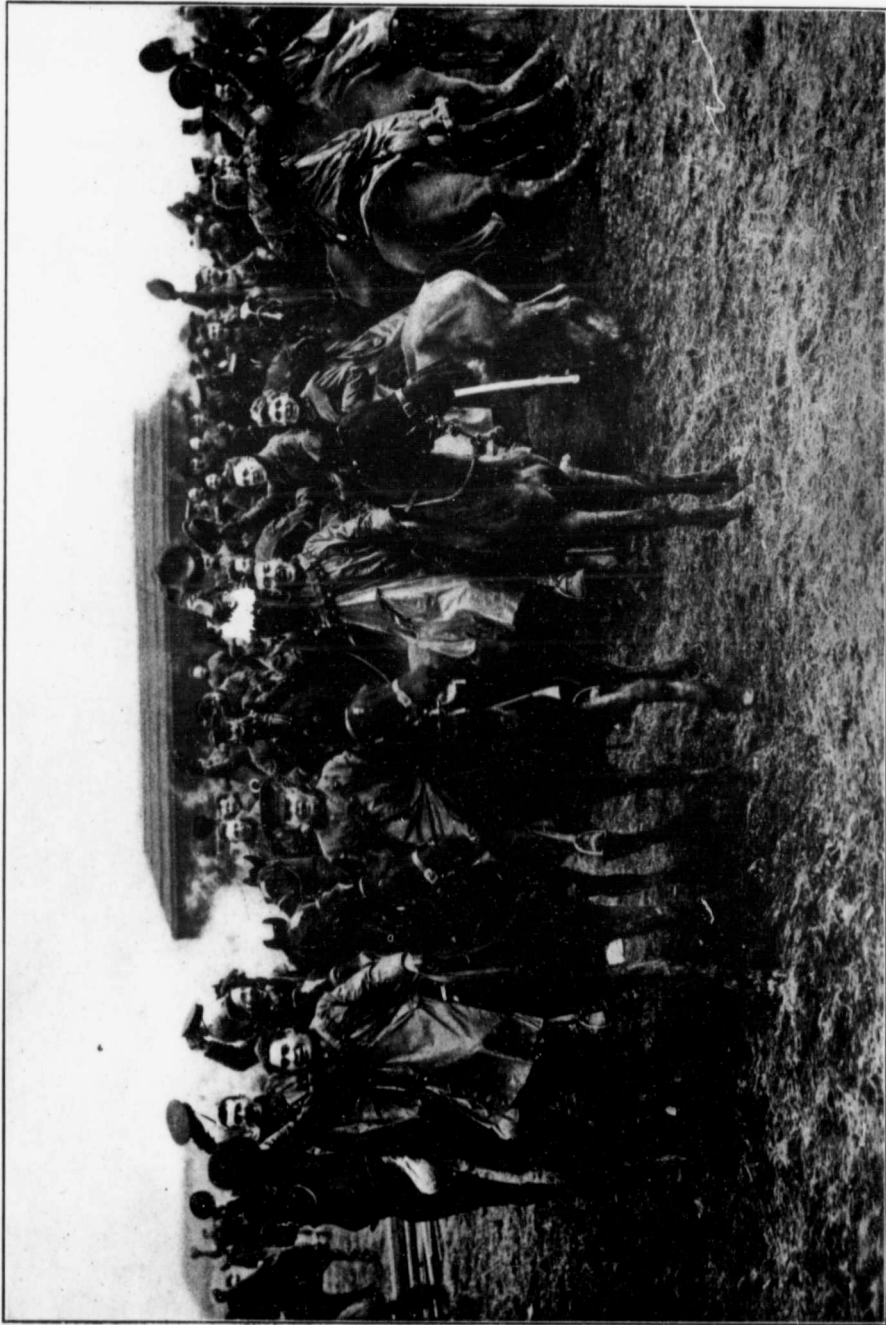
When Death flies swift on wave and field,  
 Be Thou a sure defence and shield!  
 Console and succour those who fall,  
 And help and hearten each and all;  
 O, hear a people's prayers for those  
 Who fearless face their country's foes.

For those who minister and heal,  
 And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—  
 Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,  
 And guard them from disease and death,  
 And in Thine own good time, Lord, send  
 Thy Peace on earth till Time shall end.

For those who weak and broken lie,  
 In weariness and agony—  
 Great Healer, to their beds of pain  
 Come, touch, and make them whole again;  
 O, hear a people's prayers and bless  
 Thy servants in their hour of stress.

For those to whom the call shall come  
 We pray Thy tender welcome home;  
 The toil, the bitterness, all past,  
 We trust them to Thy love at last;  
 O, hear a people's prayers for all  
 Who, nobly striving, nobly fall.

JOHN OXENHAM.



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE KING"  
A memorable scene as Canada's mounted troops gave loud expression to their loyal sentiments on the occasion of a visit from His Majesty King George. (Photo, C. N.)