

OVER THE TOP: CANADA AT COURCELETTE

Contributed Exclusively to the Whig by A.M.I.

It was seven o'clock on the evening of the 14th September, 1918, and the bricks of Albert presented an animated appearance as the might of Canada assembled there prepared to move up the famous Albert-Bapaume road to their positions near Pozieres, ready for the attack next morning. The afternoon had been spent in stowing away kits and all unnecessary impediments in the Q.M. stores and the men, their fingers trembling with suppressed excitement, buckled the belts of the equipment, and stood around in groups waiting the order to move. Dusk was falling, but the sky was lit up with the flashes of the guns which thundered their message to the Hun up there under that terrible hall of steel.

"Heinie is sure getting it hot," was the oft repeated remark which spread from mouth to mouth as, in small parties, the men from Canada started off up the line. Through the town of Albert they went, passing underneath the statue of the Virgin, which hung at an angle of 90 degrees from the church steeple, and on into the open. Steadily forward they went, through the remnants of the village of La Boisselle, and by the mammoth mine explosion which heralded the opening of the British offensive on that memorable 1st of July. To the left lay the ruins of Villiers, to the right a few heaps of stone showed where Coltalmanson once stood, and the road, built by British labor battalions since the advance, led through

a stretch of blackened, battered tree-stumps, all that was left of Contalmaison Wood. These were names to conjure with in those days, for there the new British armies had routed the proud Prussian Guards, the flower of the German military machine. On both sides lay masses of artillery, their guns working as fast as the gunners could handle the shells. Row after row and vessel without stop the guns, ranging from the quick-firing eighteen-pounder to the redoubtable fifteen-inch howitzer. And every gun was hurling forth its messengers of death into the enemy lines. Was it to be wondered at, then, that these parties of infantry were filled with confidence at this exhibition of Britain's might? It seemed to them that nothing could live, that no fortifications could stand against that storm of shells. So they passed on to their positions, feeling that their task on the morrow would be an easy one.

Night had fallen and the stars were twinkling when they reached a broad valley behind Pozieres, and there they halted to rest until the time came for them to get into their jumping-off positions. They lay down on the ground, but few of them slept. All were thinking of the task ahead of them, and wondering what the day would bring. But not a man flinched. There may have been a few nervous spirits amongst them, but every one fought his fears and thought only of the victory which was to be theirs tomorrow.

At three o'clock on the morning of the fifteenth the assaulting battalions began to move into their allotted places. Ration parties, and parties carrying bombs and ammunition were passing up and down. But in an hour the attacking troops had reached the front line, and prepared to get into their jumping-off posts, which consisted of irregular lines of shell holes. Just then a German bombing party attacked a section of the line and a short but fierce encounter took place. The Hun party was completely wiped out, for it was imperative that none of them should return to warn their comrades of the impending attack. So the men of a Kingston battalion passed on over the top of this bomb-fight and took up their positions.

Then came a weary wait until the appointed time. The minutes seemed like hours and the strain grew more and more tense as the moments passed. At 4.25 the barrage started. Words cannot describe the infernal din of that shell shower. Thousands of guns, on a wide frontage, roared and boomed in a thunderous roll. The booming of the quick-firers could be heard as they sent out their shells at a rate of twenty-five to thirty a minute. And just ahead the Hun trenches were one mass of flame and smoke. After five minutes of this signal came and out of the network of

trenches and shell-holes came the men of Canada, pressing forward in the wake of the artillery barrage. The first German line was passed without any one knowing for it was, now or more, the shells had completely obliterated it. And now the men began to fall, some to rise no more. A few enemy batteries still were in action, but they were firing blindly and wildly, and only a few of their shells took effect. But machines were chattering and the air seemed alive with rifle bullets. From hundreds of unseen positions snipers were firing and the line of attackers thinned perceptibly. The second and third German lines were passed with but little resistance. Here and there an isolated party of Germans fired until the khaki line was right on top of them. Then down went their rifles and up they went the Hunks. And as soon as the khaki line had passed the prisoners began to stream backwards towards captivity and safety.

The trenches passed, the Kingstons passed on towards their final objective, a sugar refinery at the cross roads near Pozieres. But there a slight check was met. From a dozen loopholes in its walls came streams of machine bullets and the gallant lads attacking it dropped like flies. To attempt a front attack meant suicide so the survivors took cover in the shell holes against their wind. Most of their officers were gone, but the N.C.O.'s took charge admirably. Then, out of the smoke and the mist behind them came a strange apparition. It was a huge tank, crawling along over trenches and through shell-holes, spitting fire as it went. Machine guns on either side, and from machine guns in front. The Canadians looked on in amazement as the H.M. "Creme de Menthe" waddled past them, and steered straight for the sugar refinery. The machine guns from within ceased their firing as the monster charged. For a moment it seemed to lean against the stone wall, then the stonework crumpled up like cardboard and the first of the "tanks" passed inside. Then up jumped the infantry and swept forward in an irresistible rush to their objective. A few Germans put up a stiff fight with bombs but they were soon overpowered, and the position completely captured. In the dusk of the evening were found two hundred thoroughly frightened Hunns who were immediately sent back as prisoners. The captors advanced a few hundred yards more, and then began the work of consolidation. The first objective had been captured in record time.

All day the work of consolidation went on. The engineers and pioneers dug new trenches and repaired the old German lines. French mortar batteries came forward to renew the "strafing" of the Hunns, and new batteries galloped forward to take up advanced positions near the new line. Ration and ammunition parties went to and fro all day carrying much needed supplies to the survivors of the attack, attacking waves, who held on desperately to the new trenches. And back behind the lines all was feverish activity. A second advance was being organized, and at four in the afternoon the units taking part in it started off. This time the forsook the trenches and went by the overland route. The scene as they spread out into long lines, fifty yards between each, and advanced through the barrage will never be forgotten by those who saw it. Here and there a party would be hidden in a cloud of smoke as a shell burst in their midst. Now and again a man would pitch forward on his face and lie still as a bullet found its billet, but still the lines went on unflinchingly. Once again the artillery storm broke loose, and the enemy's trenches and the village of Courcellette were smothered in smoke and flame.

Then the signal came, and over went the attacking waves. A French Canadian Battalion led the way, and, accompanied by two of their most strenuous tanks they dashed into the village. From house to house they went, cleaning out machine gun nests and bombing posts, and rounding up swarms of prisoners. Behind them came New Brunswick's battalion, which passed through the village and swept on to a quarry, three hundred yards beyond. Then they stopped to dig in, to prepare for the inevitable counter-attacks, and to clean out little nests of the Hunns which still caused trouble. And the signalers flashed back the message, "The Hunns are here." Courcellette was won, and a new page added to the glorious annals of Canada's history.

CHILL STARTS COLD
WAS SICK FOUR WEEKS
Just able to Crawl About
Mr. Vernon T. Hawkes, Curryville, N.B., writes: "Last spring I was taken very ill with a severe cold, got wet and it started with a chill. I was sick four weeks and was just able to crawl about. People all said I had inflammation of the lungs, and I think I did. I told a friend to get me two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and before the first one was taken my cold and cough were broken up, and the second did its work completely. I am raising a family and I find that it is a good medicine for the children. There is no remedy that will cure stubborn colds or coughs, the kind that won't let go, like Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It allays the inflammation, soothes the irritation, heals the diseased mucous lining of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and rids the system completely of all the effects of lingering coughs and colds. There are so many spurious "Pine" preparations on the market that you should see you get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it.

The First Matches.
The new regulations in the United Kingdom as to matches have drawn from one writer in the Manchester Guardian a delightful reminiscence, handed down by a relative, of how the match first came to an English village, nearly a hundred years ago. He tells of how the village parson, desiring to keep in touch with the great world, went up to London every year by coach. As the result of one trip he brought back a box of matches. One, and one only, was struck on the evening of his return, and about his own household the wonder. Next day invitations were dispatched to the elite of the parish to drink tea at the parsonage on a certain date. It was carefully timed so that just at the right moment the candles would have to be lighted, and, of course, the matches were used. The excitement of the guests passed all expectation. The village, next day, was all agog at the news, and, in order to satisfy the curiosity of the parishioners, a series of parties had to be given so that nobody with the least social pretensions should be left out.

The Military Salute.
The military salute, which some of our soldiers and sailors are occasionally accused of omitting, had a curious origin, if tradition is to be believed, says the London Chronicle. It is said that it originated in the days of the tournament, at which a queen of beauty was chosen to preside. The knights and their esquires and all who took part in the tourney, on presenting themselves before the Queen lifted each one a hand level with the brows as though dazzled by the light of her presence. A scribe thought out compliment this, and though its significance is now forgotten, the natural dignity of the gesture has preserved it as an everyday mark of recognition of a superior in rank.

Told In Twilight

Mrs. R. S. Waldron, Miss Lettice Tandy and Miss Atkinson, Bireh were hostesses at the curling tea on Wednesday afternoon, when some of the guests included: Mrs. R. J. Carson, Mrs. Elmer Davis, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Frank Phillips, Miss Ashby, Mrs. Truesdell, Mrs. G. F. Emory, Mrs. H. F. Mooers, Mrs. Cartwright, Miss Cartwright, Miss Wilhelmina Gordon and Miss A. Fowler.

Mrs. J. H. Birkett, Bagot street, entertained informally at the tea hour on Thursday in honor of Miss Madele Wilson, New York.

The Tuesday evening Bridge Club will resume its meetings next week, when Mrs. P. G. C. Campbell will be hostess.

Mrs. Charles E. Taylor, Johnson street, was hostess at the Bridge Club on Thursday evening.

Mrs. J. C. Parrott, Odessa, will be at Home January 9th and 19th, from 2 until 5.

Sir Robert and Lady Borden, spending a fortnight in Virginia, are expected back in the capital on January.

The children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Mrs. John Squires, Newburgh, to the number of twenty-seven, partook of the hospitality of the old lady on Christmas day.

Dr. and Mrs. Myers, Rochester, N.Y., spent the holidays with her daughter, Daisy Wilhelmina, Napanee, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hall.

Rosa C. Paul arrived from Prince Albert, Sask., after an absence of over sixteen years, to spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Paul, Tamworth.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Darry and the Misses Lois and Mary spent New Year's day in Kingston with friends. Mrs. J. H. Madden and Maurice Madden, of Napanee, spent a couple of days in Toronto this week.

Mrs. J. D. Ellis and children, enjoying the holidays in Montreal, will return home on Monday.

Mrs. James Farley, Newburgh, spent a few days with her son, Raymond Farley, Kingston.

Miss Mary Nesbitt, Toronto, spent the Christmas holidays with her sister, Mrs. Raymond Farley, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Craig spent yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Craig, Barrie street, on their way from Cape Vincent to Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Sackett were also guests of Mr. and Mrs. Craig.

Capt. A. G. MacLellan left for Ottawa to-day.

The Skating Club meets to-night for the first time this season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Crooks, Paris, spent New Year's with Major and Mrs. Howard Taylor, Union street.

Miss Flora Rees has returned from Gananoque to resume her work at Queen's Hospital.

Miss Madele Wilson, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. H. Birkett, Bagot street, left to-day for New York.

Probs: Fair and cold today and on Sunday.

TO-NIGHT AT STEACY'S

Store Open Till 9.30.



FRENCH MODEL CORSETS—84 pairs French coutil corsets with re-enforced fronts, four strong garters and aluminum steels throughout—in all sizes from 19 to 30. Splendid value today at \$1.50 a pair. **Tonight 95c**

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LADIES' WOOL SPENSERS—60 only Shetland wool spensers, in colors rose, paddy, beaver, tan and black. Sold right in town at \$2.25. **Tonight \$1.48**

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Had a Good Trip. The members of Queen's hockey team, playing in New York and Boston, are home and they are very much pleased over their trip. The loss of the game in New York was of the hard luck variety. The rink the local boys were playing in is very large and they could not make things go the way they desired. However, they put up a game fight as the close score of 2 to 2 would indicate.

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Keys Wanted
Customers holding keys for the cabinet of silver are asked to return these at once to be fitted, so the cabinet can be awarded to the holder of the lucky key, and keys must be taken to the main store.

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