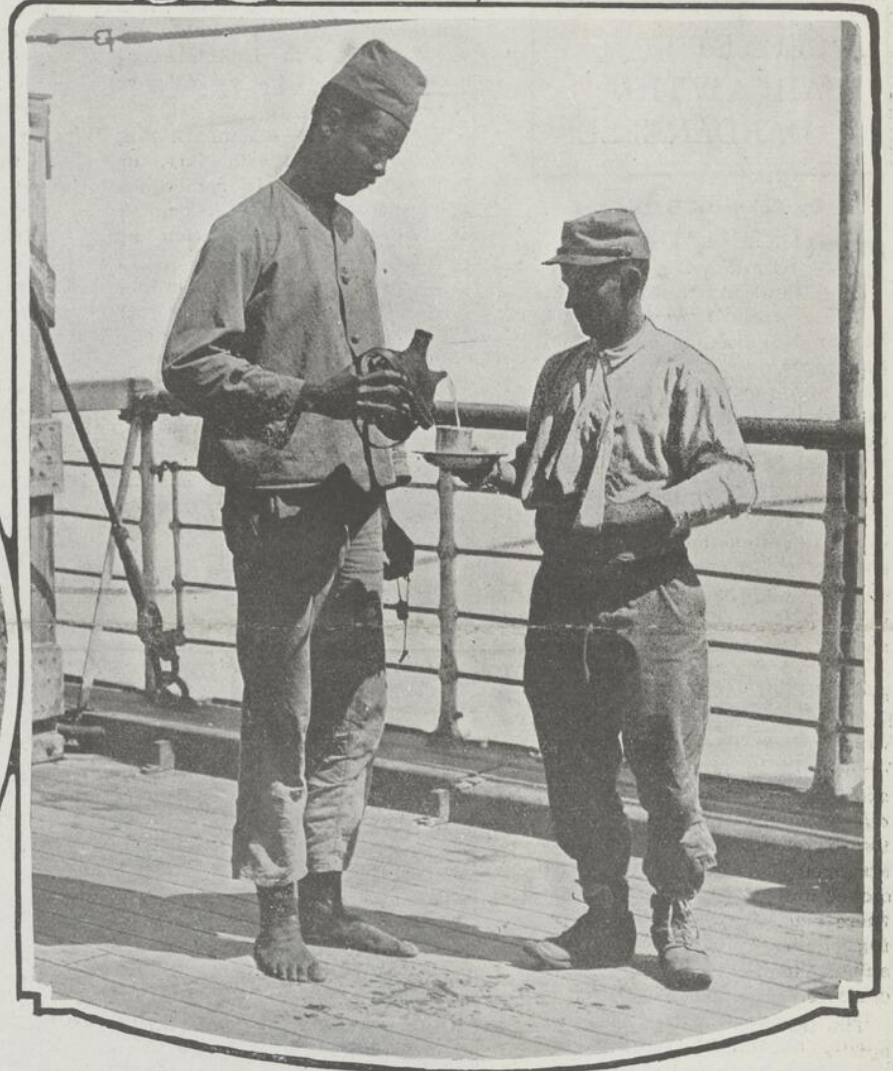


Attempt of Allied Armies to Force Dardanelles Will Go On Record as One of the Greatest Military Ventures in History



WAR INCIDENTS FROM THE DARDANELLES.—One of the many occupations to which Turkish prisoners at Mudros are put.

INCIDENTS DE LA GUERRE AUX DARDANELLES.—L'une des multiples occupations auxquelles sont astreints les prisonniers turcs a Mudros.



WAR INCIDENTS FROM THE DARDANELLES.—A Senegalese giving a wounded friend a drink.

INCIDENTS DE LA GUERRE AUX DARDANELLES.—Un Senegalais donnant a boire a un camarade blesse.

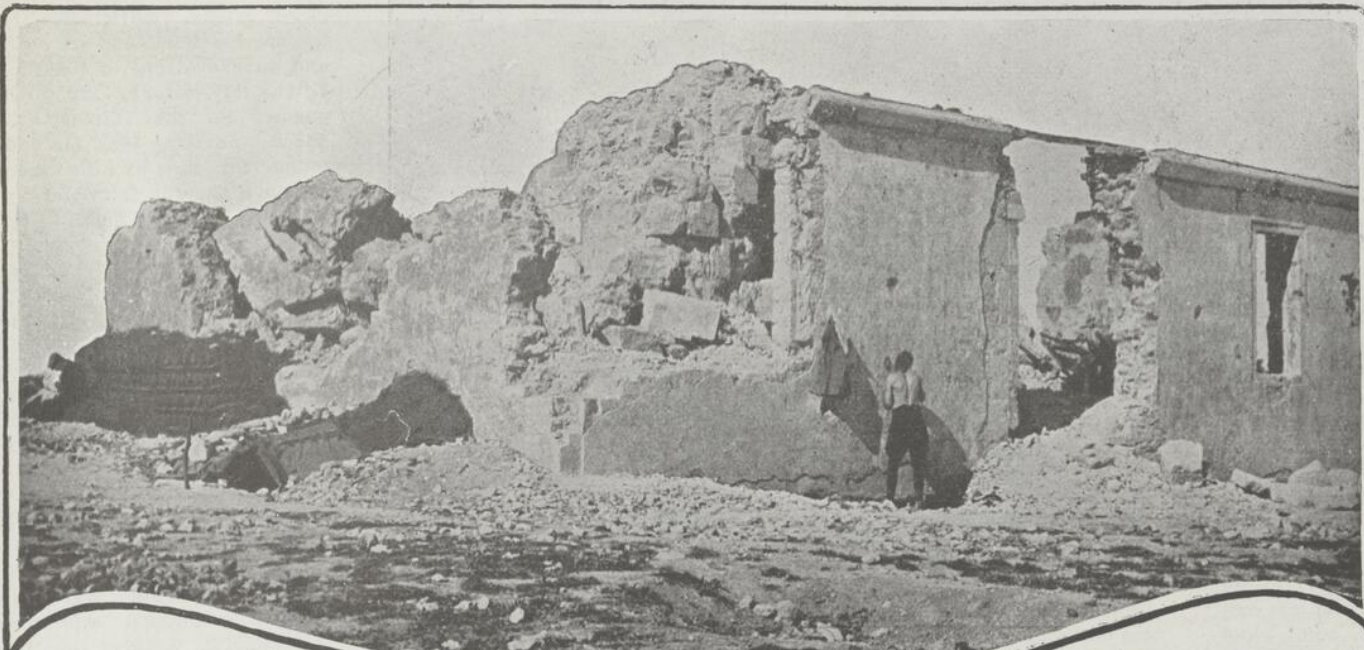


WAR INCIDENTS FROM THE DARDANELLES.—A British Tommy warming up his dinner at a rest camp.

INCIDENTS DE LA GUERRE AUX DARDANELLES.—Un Tommy anglais faisant rechauffer son diner a un camp de repos.

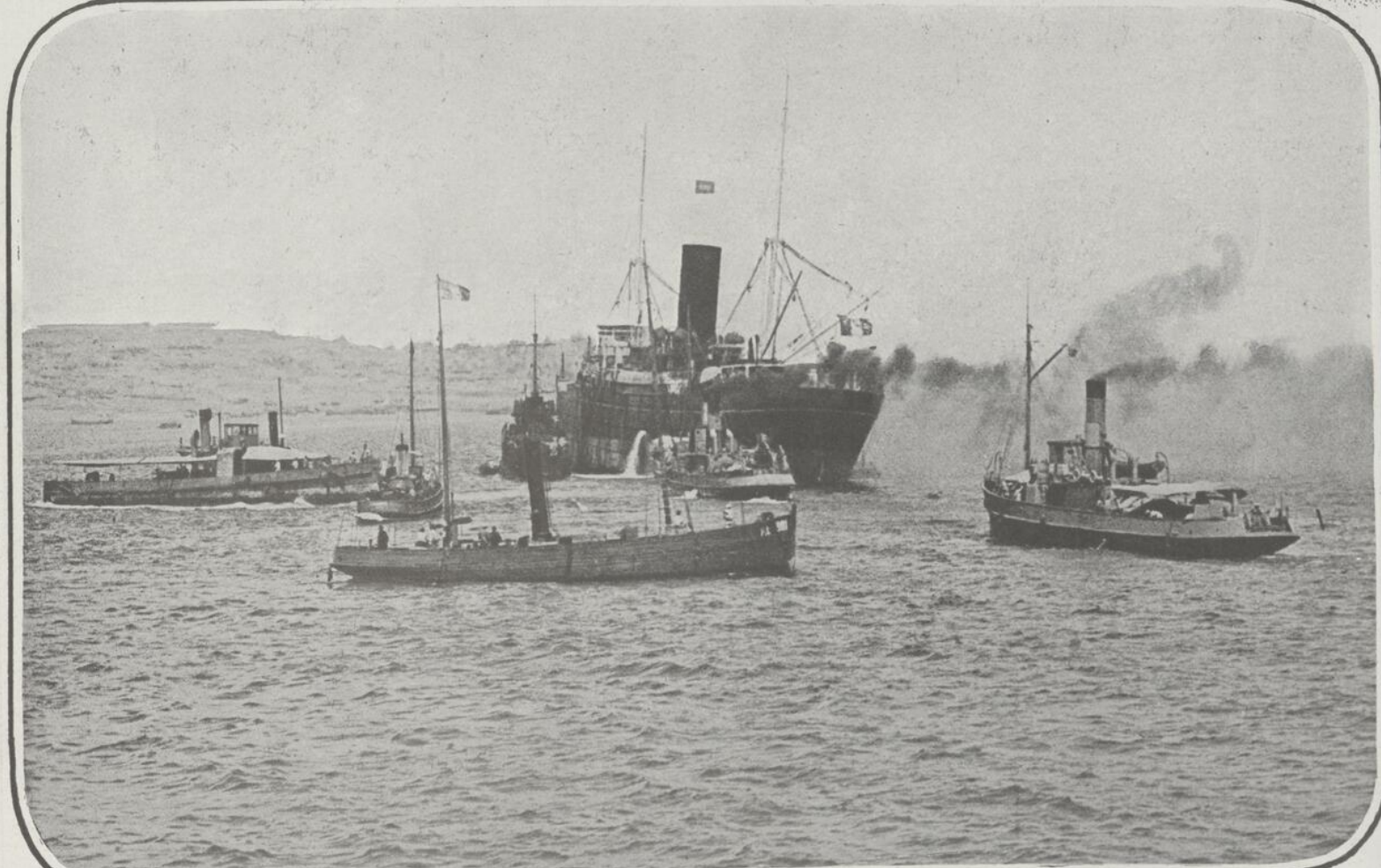
WAR INCIDENTS FROM THE DARDANELLES.—Turkish troops having their wounds dressed by their captors after battle.

INCIDENTS DE LA GUERRE AUX DARDANELLES.—Les prisonniers blesses turcs sont panses par leurs vainqueurs apres la bataille.



WAR INCIDENTS FROM THE DARDANELLES.—All that is left of Cape Helles lighthouse. This structure was destroyed by the heavy guns of the Allied Fleet.

INCIDENTS DE LA GUERRE AUX DARDANELLES.—Tout ce qui restes du phare du Cap Helles. Ce batiment fut detruit par les lourds canons de la flotte allies.



WAR INCIDENTS FROM THE DARDANELLES.—Small craft steaming towards a French troopship that has suffered severe damage from Turkish shells.

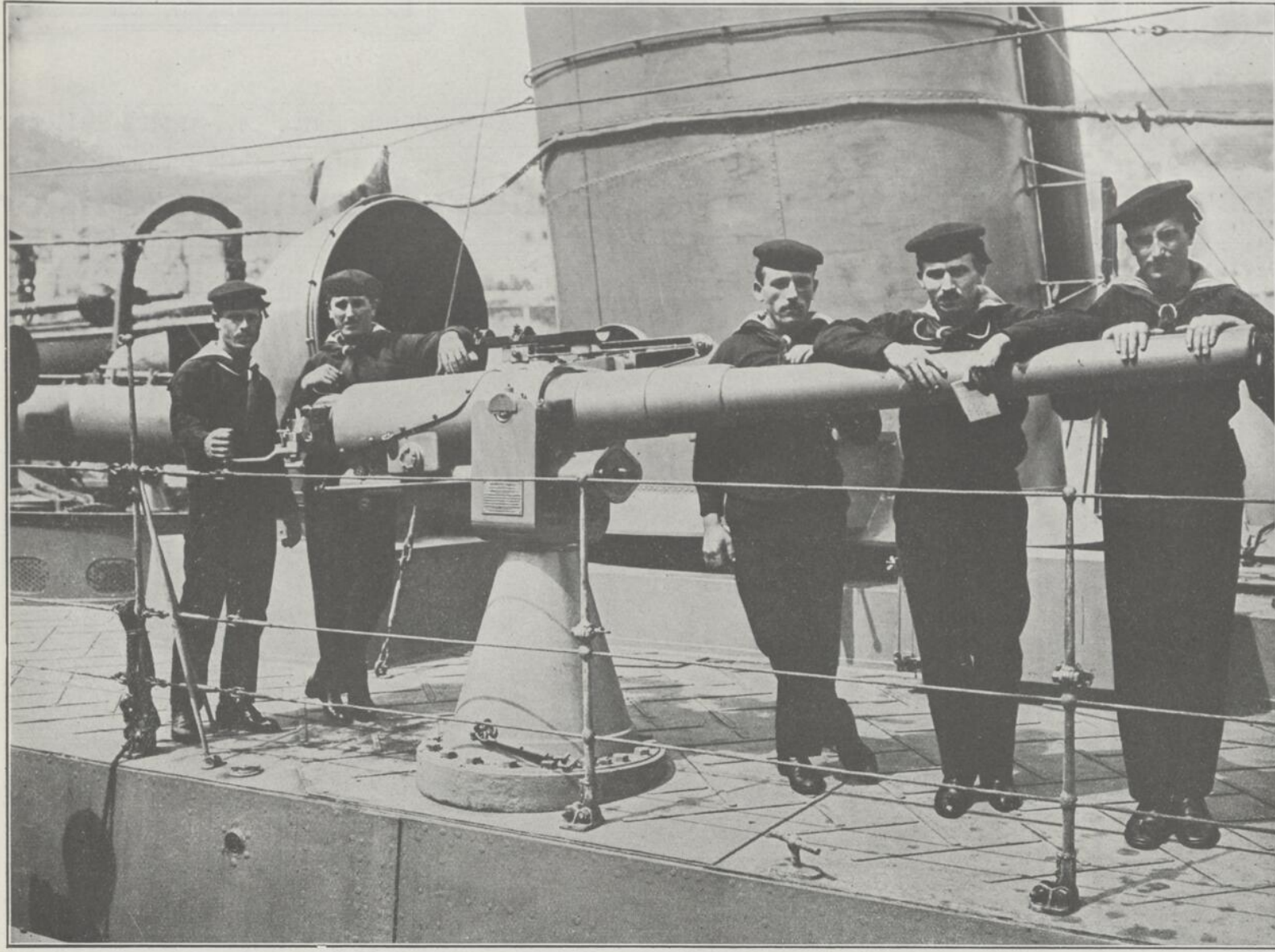
INCIDENTS DE LA GUERRE AUX DARDANELLES.—Petit vaisseau a vapeur se dirigeant vers un transport francais serieusement avarie par les obus turcs.



WAR INCIDENTS FROM THE DARDANELLES.—French Senegalese wounded arriving at Bonn, Algeria, after a strenuous campaign in Gallipoli.

INCIDENTS DE LA GUERRE AUX DARDANELLES.—Senegalais francais blesse arrivant a Bonn, Algerie, apres une rude campagne en Gallipoli.

Unique Pictures From the War Zones of Europe Caught by the Cameras of The Standard's Photographers at the Front



PICTURES FROM THE WAR ZONES OF EUROPE.—Italian marines on board a torpedo boat destroyer bound for the Dardanelles.

ILLUSTRATIONS DES ZONES DE LA GUERRE DE L'EUROPE.—Marins italiens a bord d'un contre-torpilleur en route pour les Dardanelles.

A SECRET SAIL AT THE DARDANELLES

By Ashmead Bartlett.

THE recent arrival at the Dardanelles of the promised reinforcements from England enabled Sir Ian Hamilton to undertake a flanking movement on a grand scale for the purpose of forcing the Turks to abandon their positions.

The plans of the Commander-in-Chief were kept a profound secret, and no one outside of certain officers on the General Staff and the corps commanders had any real knowledge of his intentions until after the expedition sailed.

There was general rejoicing among the troops when it became known that the hour for action had at last arrived. The work of embarking proceeded without a stop. Dense masses of fully equipped infantry, each carrying two days' rations and tin dishes strapped on their knapsacks, moved down to the quay and were there embarked while the covering parties, which were to go ashore first, were taken to two cruisers.

The troops seemed in excellent spirits and full of fight. One was struck by their business-like look and the high state of efficiency which had been reached. The men did not have the physique of the Dominion soldiers, but they were trained to the hour and were as hard as nails.

As the sun went down on the calm waters reflected a stirring spectacle. Every warship, destroyer, and transport was crowded with soldiers packed like sardines on the decks. Behind lay a forest of deserted tents, the last home that thousands of those in the bay will ever know.

All lights on board the ships

were extinguished at sunset, and this heterogeneous collection of weird craft lay in absolute darkness throughout the early hours of the night.

The point of disembarkation was the little Anafarta Bay, or Suvla Bay as it is sometimes known, roughly four miles north of the Australian position at Anzac.

The country at this point is terrible. The hills are an awful jumble, with no regular formation, but broken up into valleys, dongas, ravines, and partly bare sandstone and partly covered with dense scrub. In places

there are sheer precipices over which it is impossible to climb, and down which a false step may send you sliding several hundreds of feet.

It was about 9.30 when the first of the ships conveying troops made for the rendezvous, which is only fourteen miles away from Imbros. Throughout the night the remainder of the transports, trawlers, and destroyers followed in prearranged order. It was a pitch-black night, and at about 2 a.m. the first of the lighters put in towards the shore. Three beaches had been selected—A beach on the north shore of the

bay and B and C on the southern spit.

It was decided to abandon the landing at A beach, and the brigade were put ashore farther out, near the end of the northern spit where a battalion had already landed and advancing along Kizildar ridge gained some three miles of front, where they entrenched and held their ground all day.

Simultaneously with this movement a division began to disembark at B and C landings on the southern spit. In their immediate front was a small hill known as Lala Baba, which the enemy



PICTURES FROM THE WAR ZONES OF EUROPE.—Russian Red Cross soldiers acting as Good Samaritans to a couple of wounded Germans.

ILLUSTRATIONS DES ZONES DE LA GUERRE DE L'EUROPE.—Soldats de la Croix Rouge russe faisant l'oeuvre de bons samaritains aupres d'un couple d'allemands blesses.



PICTURES FROM THE WAR ZONES OF EUROPE.—The entrance to a post of observation in the Allied lines in Flanders.

ILLUSTRATIONS DES ZONES DE LA GUERRE DE L'EUROPE.—L'entree d'un poste d'observation sur les lignes des allies dans les Flandres.

held. There was a short, sharp fight before it was rushed at the point of the bayonet, and afterwards groups of Turkish snipers in the low scrub on the right of the salt lake caused some casualties.

At dawn both divisions were firmly established ashore, holding both spits of the bay and the low, narrow neck running across the front of the salt lake. As soon as it was daylight the Turkish artillery began to shell the neck and the landing places. As far as I could gather, they had two batteries in action and their fire was accurate, but, as usual, the shrapnel was high and caused but few casualties, while the common shell, bursting in the soft sand, also did but little damage.

The precision with which this mass of men was put ashore was most remarkable. While these operations were in progress we could hear very heavy firing, at about 4 a.m., on the Anzac position, showing that the Australians and a division were also advancing. It was of the utmost importance to open up a sufficiently wide front without loss of time for the development of a corps in its advance against the Anafarta hills. This operation was splendidly carried out. Battalion after battalion was moved across the narrow causeway fronting the salt lake under a heavy shell fire, the men never wavering. Our cruisers furiously bombarded the enemy's positions but were unable to locate them and silence their fire. A field battery and mountain battery were got ashore at dawn and placed in position on

Lala Baba, where they rendered effective support to our infantry advance.

One division, after passing the causeway, wheeled to the right to face the Anafarta ridge and found themselves in broken woody ground, where their advance was temporarily checked, and at the same time another brigade of the same division moved along the narrow spit south of the lake. These movements lasted throughout the morning.

At 11 a.m. a Taube came over and tried to drop bombs on the ships, but fortunately missed them all. Throughout the afternoon there was no forward movement until 5 p.m., but reinforcements were continually being pushed ashore to strengthen the advanced brigades. At 4 p.m. the sky became overcast, a wind sprang up, which at one time threatened to interfere seriously with the landing, and when we had a violent downpour of rain. This lasted twenty minutes and cooled the air to the great advantage of our thirsty infantry ashore, who had no water except what they carried in their bottles.

At five o'clock the division again advanced. They swept inland under a very heavy shell and rifle fire in long lines, keeping their formations beautifully as if on parade. In vain the Turkish gunners tried to check the advance. Through clouds of



PICTURES FROM THE WAR ZONES OF EUROPE.—An emergency transport making its way to the Russian front in Poland.

ILLUSTRATIONS DES ZONES DE LA GUERRE DE L'EUROPE.—Transport d'urgence se rendant au front russe en Pologne.



PICTURES FROM THE WAR ZONES OF EUROPE.—Tired Belgian warriors enjoying a brief respite from the din of battle in Flanders.

ILLUSTRATIONS DES ZONES DE LA GUERRE DE L'EUROPE.—Guerriers allemands fatigues jouissant d'un peu de repos loin du tumulte de la bataille dans les Flandres.

smoke and dust thrown up from the bursting shells they swept right across the back of the salt lake, wheeling half right, and finally up with the infantry who had advanced on the southern side. A long continuous firing line was thus formed in front of the Anafarta hills, which in the gathering darkness swept up the

lower slopes, disappearing in the scrub and gloom.

But before darkness had fallen two battalions of the brigade had captured the advanced position of Yighir Burnu and firmly established themselves in front of the main ridge. This ended the day's fighting. A most successful landing had been made.

The Allied troops afterwards deployed on a big front and penetrated some three miles inland. This movement took the Turks by surprise. As their reserves had not come up, it was successful. It did not alter the main position of the Turks, however, which remained intact.

FOOTLIGHTS IN THE FIRING LINE

The following delightful account of a music-hall performance given by the Motor Transport section of the Expeditionary Force to amuse the men in the trenches, was written by an English corporal.

ONCE it occurs to you that high explosives cost more than ten a penny, and that even the Germans cannot prolong a bombardment for ever, you will understand that there always must come a time when the last gun of the latest effort finally gives matters up for the time being. And it was during such a lull that an orderly sergeant came to inquire, "Who is going to the theatre to-night?"

First we caught our breath and then the motor-wagon. A right merry crowd defied the ruts and stones to spill us until such time as the car—an empty ammunition motor-lorry—could get us to the place where, ostrich-like, the theatre hid itself and its secrets and gave evidence of itself only by the tail—a long, long waiting queue. So that diplomacy, a friend, and 1fr. 50c. (1s. 3d.) found for me by the merest chance a place in fairyland.

Oh! ye unhappy men of England who do not know what it means to men who have seen neither lights nor heard music for eternal ages to find a fully-equipped music-hall in sound of the guns, footlights, costumes, drop-scenes, illuminations, and a full orchestra, with conductor in evening dress. Can you picture it, dream it, conjure the thought of it? There was nothing wanting, no hitch, nothing "left to the imagination." Performances not one-half as good nightly pass muster in the London music-halls. For the production represented three months work of the Motor Transport, the men who drive the cars with "supplies," the handiest, hardest, most energetic, and most practical men in France.

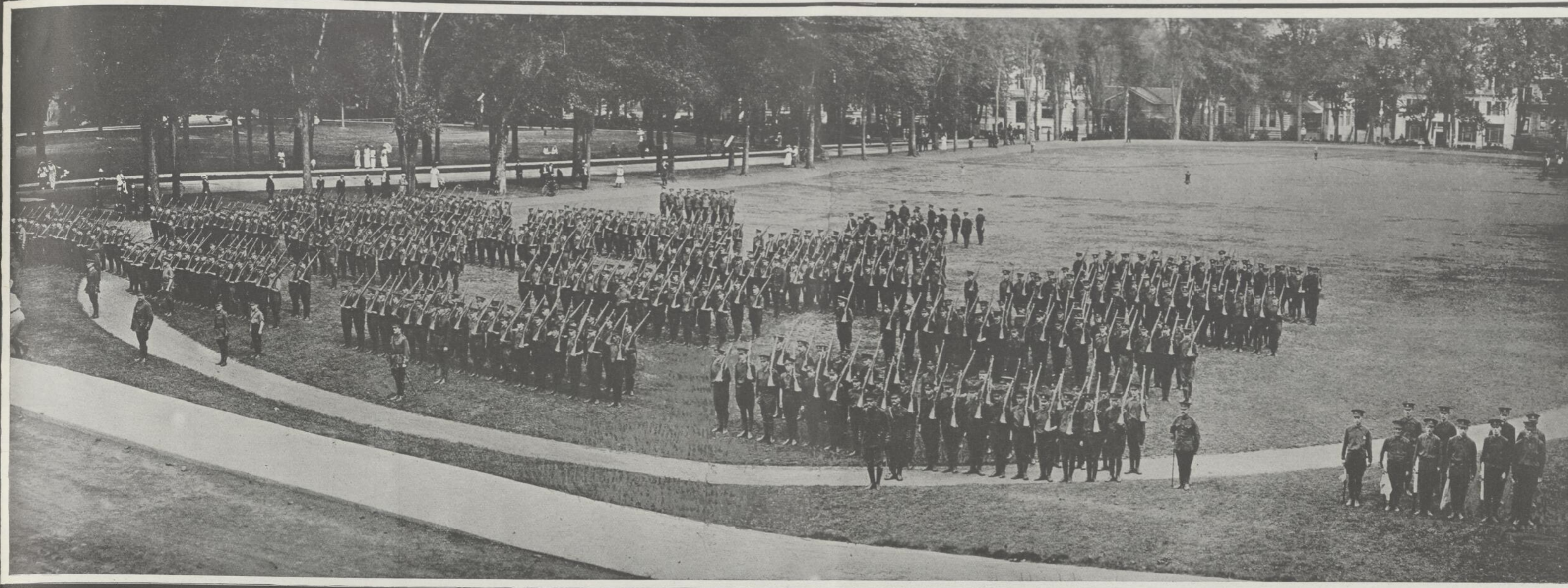
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PICTURES FROM THE WAR ZONES OF EUROPE.—An interesting incident in the campaign in Flanders showing a party of Turks leaving a village near the French lines.

ILLUSTRATIONS DES ZONES DE LA GUERRE DE L'EUROPE.—Intéressant incident de la campagne des Flandres, montrant un parti de Turcs quittant un village pres de la frontière de la France.

Canadians Who Are Ready to Defend Their Country From Invasion and Uphold Britain's Prestige on the Firing Line



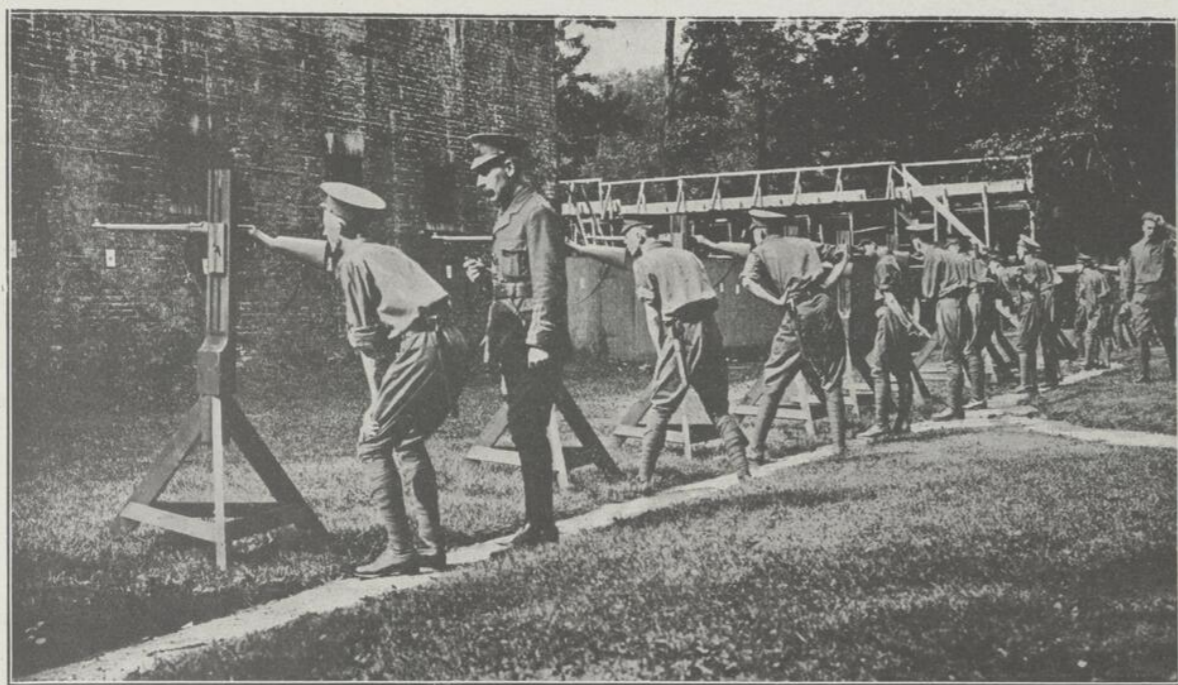
PATRIOTIC CANADIANS WHO ARE READY TO DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY.—The officers and men of the McGill C.O.T.C. photographed on the McGill Campus, Montreal, shortly before their recent inspection by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. This Battalion is made up of 1,200 business and professional men, Col. Robt. Starke being in command. During the past few months they have undergone a thorough training in military tactics, and they are now ready to defend their country in case an emergency should arise requiring their services.

PATRIOTES CANADIENS PRETS A DEFENDRE LEUR PATRIE.—Officiers et soldats du McGill C.O.T.C., photographies au camp du McGill, Montreal, peu avant leur recente inspection par Son Altesse Royale le duc de Connaught. Ce bataillon se compose de 1,200 hommes d'affaires ou appartenant a des professions liberales sous le commandement du colonel Robert Starke. Durant les quelques derniers mois, ils ont suivi un cours de strategie militaire, et ils sont maintenant en etat de defendre leur pays, si leurs services etaient requis dans un cas d'urgence.

(Continued from Page 2.)

There must have been quite fifteen hundred officers and men in the place, while there was a pleasant murmur of expectation and a faint scent of oranges in their midst.

Thirty mouth-organs and a full orchestra came into play with the rise of the curtain, and they gave us new-old, well-remembered songs like "When Irish eyes are smiling," "Come, sing to me," "My Home in Dixie," "Can't you hear the steamer?" The men hummed and beat time at first and then they sang, and now they got warmed and shouted the chorus tunes with an ear-to-ear smile of delight, and the performance had "made good." Not that there was ever the slightest doubt of that—simply that just at that moment the men realised that here was not a concert for which one had to make excuses, and "as good as one can expect out here" kind of performance, but the real thing. "It's extra!" cried a delighted Hussar. And it was.



PATRIOTIC CANADIANS WHO ARE READY TO DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY.—The men of the McGill C.O.T.C. receiving elementary training in rifle shooting.

PATRIOTES CANADIENS PRETS A DEFENDRE LEUR PATRIE.—Les membres du McGill C.O.T.C. recevant l'entrainement preliminaire pour le tir a la carabine.

But the undoubted gem of the evening was a reproduction of Harry Tate's "Motoring," with a real cardboard "heavy father," the lunatic son and chauffeur, the village idiot small boy, and the rest. This included local colour in the form of a car-inspection by a (pseudo-) officer of the Motor Transport, a capital jest, gently evolved under the noses of the very officers who would in the morning carry out real inspections of the cars of those very nummers themselves.

The performance ended with a glorious revue, just one long, rollicking absurdity, a live "skit" on the whole war: its conditions, its life and death interests, men's hopes and fears, and impossible dooms for the Germans, the Crown Prince in particular. Consider the old tune that goes to "Oh, what a happy land is England" giving inevitably "Oh, what a happy band of soldiers!" and think of the field for topical allusion and drollery. Any old soldier will tell you what a "Crown and Anchor"



PREPARING CANADIAN SOLDIERS FOR THE FIRING LINE.—The officers of the 8th Royal Mounted Rifles from a photograph taken at Barriefield Camp.

SOLDATS CANADIENS SE PREPARANT A ALLER SUR LA LIGNE DE FEU.—Officiers du 8eme bataillon de Carabiniers Royaux a Cheval, d'apres une photographie prise a Barriefield.



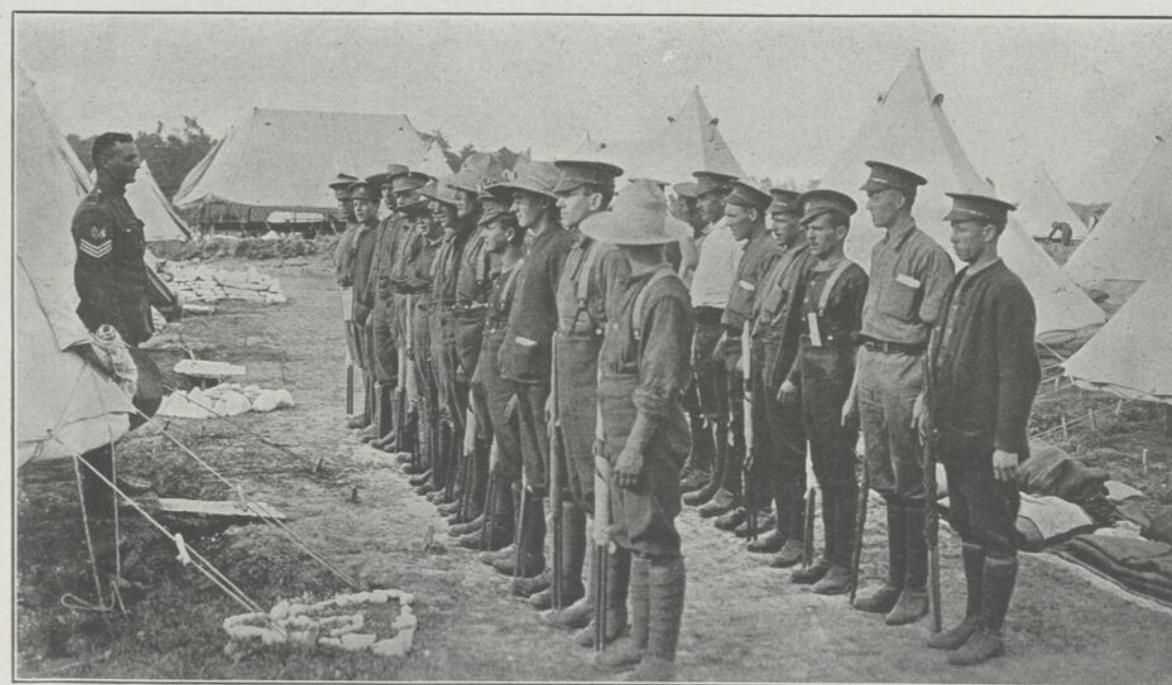
PREPARING CANADIAN SOLDIERS FOR THE FIRING LINE.—A lesson in trench-making at Barriefield from Lieut. Stethem (in helmet) who was twice wounded at the front.

SOLDATS CANADIENS SE PREPARANT A ALLER SUR LA LIGNE DE FEU.—Le lieutenant Stethem (portant la casquette), qui a ete blessé deux fois au front, enseignant comment construire des tranchées a Barriefield.

The items included four comedians in popular songs and imitations of well-known "stars" in the music-halls at home, and never did the stars themselves draw such enthusiastic support. The "house" simply rose at them, and would have encored every turn a dozen times at least. A French interpreter played a violin solo which brought down the house, first well-known airs like the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Elgar's "Salut d'Amour," and "La Saltimbanque," with sweet plaintive notes of dreamy tunefulness—to our khaki boys straight from the lines the roads, and the rest camps!

Then it was "Little grey home in the west" that hushed the house to silence; and "Here comes the galloping major," a "Ragtime Christening" and "Ragtime Navy" that set it rocking with sheer joy.

You see there is no point in taking your emotions by halves when you feel—as did most of the men in these serried rows of pink faces and mud-stained tunics—that you may not have many more emotions at all, that this may be one's very last night out; and when one knows that the laughing boys here will not and cannot all go safe home. Wherefore the house "plumped" for vigorous approval.



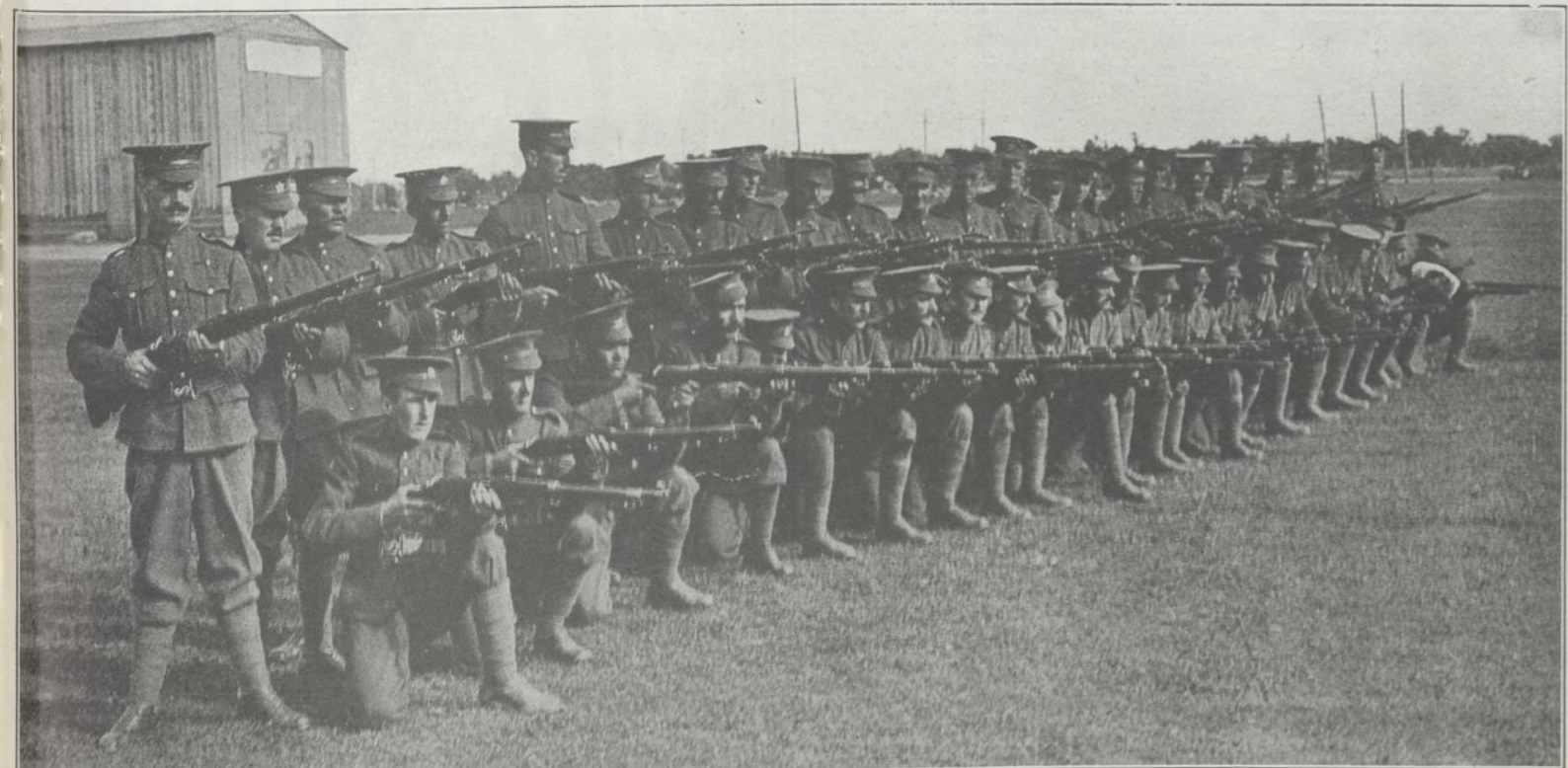
PREPARING CANADIAN SOLDIERS FOR THE FIRING LINE.—Instructing the signallers of the 39th Battalion at Barriefield Camp.

SOLDATS CANADIENS SE PREPARANT A ALLER SUR LA LIGNE DE FEU.—Les signaleurs du 39eme bataillon suivant un cours d'instructions au camp de Barriefield.

board is, a form of more or less strenuous gaming with dicebox and marked squares. Well, the entire company went to a corner of the stage, produced a "Crown and Anchor" board, and began to play because one of them was "singing a rotten song" and they "didn't want to waste time."

"They've done it grand," said my Hussar. "Extra," nodded his mate. "Is there a war on?" said somebody else. "Must be, of course, but you wouldn't think so."

And then "The King," and out into the night—as into Piccadilly-circus or the Haymarket. Brilliantly lit motor-cars awaited officers in a long line. There were the same hurrying step of a disappearing crowd, the self-same shouts, cat calls, and whistles. "Taxi up," cries somebody and the joke spread. It was "Taxi up" and "Late extra" all along the crowded village street, until one found one's ammunition wagon and trundled away over the bumps and ruts—I was going to say home.



PREPARING CANADIAN SOLDIERS FOR THE FIRING LINE.—The special Company of the 59th Battalion which may be sent to the front at any moment.

SOLDATS CANADIENS SE PREPARANT A ALLER SUR LA LIGNE DE FEU.—La compagnie speciale du 59eme bataillon qui peut etre envoyee au front a tout moment.



PATRIOTIC CANADIANS WHO ARE READY TO DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY.—The members of the McGill C.O.T.C. practising the attack in close order formation during the recent field manoeuvres at Montreal.

PATRIOTES CANADIENS PRETS A DEFENDRE LEUR PATRIE.—Les membres du McGill C.O.T.C., pratiquant l'attaque en lignes serrees durant les recentes manoeuvres de campagne a Montreal.



THE HEART OF LONDON, RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY GERMAN ZEPPELINS.—Trafalgar Square as seen from The Standard's London offices on Cockspur street. In the vicinity of this Square much damage was done to property by the German air raid of Sept 9. The Square is surrounded by many notable buildings and contains many memorials to Britain's mighty dead. The above picture shows (left to right) the National Gallery, General Gordon's statue, Church of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, Morley's Family Hotel, the Nelson Memorial; the Golden Cross Hotel (immortalized by Dickens in "David Copperfield") entrance to the Strand, and Charing Cross Station Hotel.

LE COEUR DE LONDRES QUI A ETE BOMBARDE RECENTMENT PAR LES ZEPPELINS ALLEMANDS.—Le Square Trafalgar, tel que vu des bureaux du Standard a Londres, rue Cockspur. Dans le voisinage de ce square, le raid allemand du 9 septembre a fait beaucoup de degats. Cette place est entouree de nombreux edifices remarquables et contient plusieurs monuments commemoratifs a la memoire des hommes illustres de la Grande Bretagne. Cette illustration montre (de gauche a droite) la galerie Nationale, la statue du general Gordon l'Eglise de St-Martin-in-the-Fields, le Morgan's Family Hotel, le Monument Nelson, le Golden Cross Hotel, (immortalise par Dickens dans "David Copperfield")



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AT THE PLAYHOUSES.—Scene from "The Rule of Three"—next week's offering of His Majesty's Players at His Majesty's theatre.

The officer's will ran: "Being without family, I leave the whole of my fortune to Paul— farmer. I desire thus to show my gratitude to him for having for many years listened patiently and with every air of interest to the story I used to tell of how I lost my right arm in the war of 1870.

"I pray and trust that he will be spared to return to his village after the war, and may only request to him is to come occasionally to my tomb and there relate some of his own war experiences."

A GOOD LISTENER PAID.

A French soldier fighting in the Argonne has just been informed that he has inherited \$40,000 from a retired Army Officer of eccentric habits who lived in the same village as the soldier.

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AT THE PLAYHOUSES—Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, the distinguished actress who will be seen as "Tribby" in the play of that name at the Princess theatre next week.

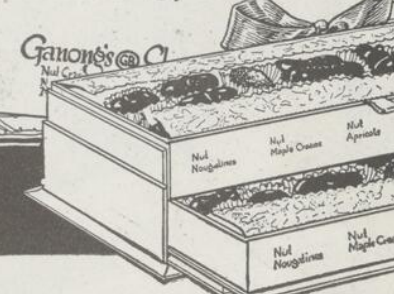
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