

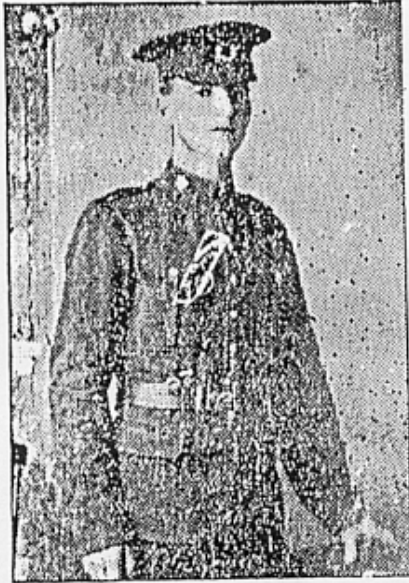
HOW A SHETLAND HERO DIED.

(Contributed).

It is inspiring to think how nobly our islanders have responded to the call for the defence of our country in this terrible crisis through which we are passing. Particularly do we admire the patriotism of the many sons of the "Old Rock" who had migrated to our colonial possessions and who have voluntarily given up their prospects in order to do their bit in the great struggle in which we are engaged. Our hearts bleed to think of the toil, the hardships, the discomfort, and the perils in which our noble men are placed, the men whose duty lies in the danger zone; but who can measure the unheard-of anguish, the longing and the waiting, the hoping against hope, of wives and mothers, sisters and loved ones at home?

The writer visited such a home the other day—the home of the mother of Private James Irving, whose picture I herewith send you. Here, in the old days, I found the bright smiling face, the cheery laugh, and the happy, joyous mood. There had all given place to sorrow and sadness as the result of a prolonged season of anxious waiting.

Private Irving and his two brothers, William and Frank, the only sons of Mr and Mrs William Irving, Gletness, and grandsons of the late James Pottinger, pastor of the Congregational Church at Nesting, had settled down in Canada some years before the outbreak of the war. As soon as it was known in the Dominion that the homeland needed help, our Canadian brethren loyally rallied round the flag, and James Irving sailed to France with the first Expeditionary Force from Canada.



PRIVATE JAMES IRVINE.

He remained on active service at the front for a considerable time, and last of all he was reported missing. Oh, that sad, that terrible word, "missing!" What it means to a mother! Well, the first and only reliable information regarding the fate of Irving was found in the book written by Sir Max Aitken, M.P., entitled "Canada in Flanders." The author of this work, after describing the heroic deeds of Canadian troops, says:—

"Now we come to the story of Private Irving, one of General Turner's subordinate staff, who went out to do as brave a deed as a man might endeavour, but never returned. Irving had been up for forty-eight hours helping to feed the wounded as they were brought in to Brigade Headquarters, which had been turned into a temporary dressing station, when he heard that a huge poplar tree had fallen across the road and was holding up the ambulance wagons. Though utterly weary, he at once offered to go out and cut the tree in pieces and drag it from the path at the tail of an ambulance wagon.

"Irving set forth with the ambulance wagon, but, on hearing the place of which he was in search, left it, and went forward on foot along the road, which was being swept by heavy artillery fire and a cross rifle fire. And then, even as, axe in hand, he tramped up this road, with shells bursting all around him and bullets whistling past him, he disappeared as com-