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Feb 2, 1915

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Dec 19, 1914, 11, 11, 11

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HEARN & COMPANY

St. John's, Newfoundland.

LATE IN DAY TO WATCH SPIES

English Waiter Tells of His Observations of Germans on British Coast

"Spies! What is the use of looking for spies now! All we can watch for are signallers. The spies' work is done. The Germans know every inch of the coast from the Hebrides to the North, and have known it for years."

The speaker was a waiter—one of the old school—who had worked all his life in this one town on the East Coast where I happened to be.

He was a quiet man, this waiter; never said two words where one would do.

"Spying," he said, "has been going on for years and years all over the East Coast, and we have done little to stop it."

"All the hotels in this town have been full of German waiters, who have had all their spare time to make plans or take photographs without any hindrance."

Welcoming the Enemy.

"Every summer we have been flooded with German officers 'on holiday.' They have not been disguised as commercial travellers; they have come openly as German officers, been welcomed as such, and the whole coast has been before them to do what they liked with."

"German families with very enterprising daughters have been regular visitors. Every daughter carried a camera or a sketch-book. Sometimes they would be accompanied by German officers."

"Often, too, a party of German would hire a boat and go far out to sea, presumably to fish, but really to take soundings. They never took a local boatman with them on these excursions; the German naval officers in the party could do what was necessary. They made no secret that they were German naval officers. They not only took soundings of the sea, marked the direction and strength of the currents, made charts of the channels, but took photographs of the land from the sea."

Nobody's Business.

"I know some Germans, because all my working colleagues were Germans; and as I waited on these people at table I got a very fair idea of what they had been doing. Everybody else had a good idea, too, but it was nobody's business to interfere, and the obvious answer to any complaint was that they were just ordinary visitors making sketches and taking photographs for their own amusement. But it does amuse me to hear the talk about spies now."

"One of my waiters, who was a German, suddenly blossomed into a wealthy man. He now owns houses, and is still residing at an East Coast resort."

"I got more money than he, and I was always a careful man, but I never could buy houses."

"We are a very funny people, we English, but the talk about spies now does amuse me."

EARLY PASSING OF VERY POPULAR BRITISH LEADER

Mr. Percy Hillingworth, M.P., Chief Government Whip and Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, died last week from typhoid fever at the age of 45.

Mr. Hillingworth—who had represented the Shipley Division of Yorkshire since 1906—was created a Privy Councillor a few days ago on what turns out to have been his death-bed.

His death will be received with the utmost regret in political circles, not only at Westminster, but in all parts of the country, the late member having enjoyed a personal popularity which was not confined to one party.

He had held the position of Chief Liberal Whip since 1912, when he took over the duties from the then Master of Elibank. He unsuccessfully contested Shipley in 1900. He had been Parliamentary Secretary to the Secretary for Ireland—Mr. Birrell—and at the time of his death was chairman of the Yorkshire Liberal Federation. At the last two elections he was unopposed. In January, 1910, however, his majority over Mr. Hewins, the Liberal Unionist candidate, was 3,775.

Mr. Hillingworth leaves a widow and several children.

A few seasons ago Mr. Hillingworth's country residence was demolished by fire, and he and his family escaped from the building owing to a warning given by a retriever dog.

In his earlier years the late M.P. was a noted Rugby player.

LOOK OUT NOW!
Everybody's doing it now? Doing what? Why, reading **The Mail and Advocate** of course, it's surely the house paper now! Without doubt the most widely circulated in the country.

NARROW SHAVE OF SUBMARINE

Got Stuck While Raiding Enemy Harbor But Miraculously Escaped

A graphic story of the hairbreadth escape of a French submarine has been forwarded to the 'Petite Gironde' by one of the crew who was on board at the time.

He says:—
"We left port and on the following morning at three o'clock we were within two miles of one of the enemy's ports."

"At 7.30 a.m., on drawing near to the dam protecting the harbour, we caught sight of several battleships, but we could not think of torpedoing them as the dam afforded them protection."

"The next moment, however, these and several other destroyers passed within a short distance of our craft, and in order to make our aim more accurate we drew near to them, but suddenly our submarine was caught. We could neither go forward nor astern, as the rudder was held tightly by steel cables. We were drawn upwards almost to the surface. Then the enemy's torpedoes came speeding towards us, and seemed to shave our hull. It was a miracle that we were not struck. The shells were disturbing the water all around us."

"We realised that we were done for, and we patiently awaited the explosion which would deliver us from this cruel suspense."

"Death," continued the writer, "seemed inexorably slow in coming to my comrades and myself. Meanwhile we did not give up all attempts to escape. We weighed our vessel and all pressed together on the steering wheel."

"Abruptly the cable gave way and we dived at full speed to a depth of sixteen yards."

"We then attempted to get away. Finally, two hours later we were completely free of our pursuers. We, however, only rose to the surface in the evening, after being submerged for twelve hours. Subsequently we sighted another of the enemy's ships and had to dive again."

HOW "BLUCHER" WENT DOWN

Shells Came Thick and Fast, a Continual Explosion—Bursting Shells Create a Storm—Whirls Men About Like Straws

London, Feb. 8.—The following story of the destruction of the German battle-cruiser Blucher by Admiral Beatty's squadron is gathered from narratives of the survivors now prisoners in Britain:

"When the British warships had found the exact range, shells came thick and fast, with a horrible droning hum. Our electric plant was soon destroyed and the ship was plunged into a darkness that could be felt."

"Down below decks there was horror and confusion, mingled with gasping shouts and moans as the shells plunged through the decks. It was only later, when the range was shortened, that their trajectory flattened and they tore holes in the ship's sides and raked the deck."

"At first the shells came dropping from the sky, penetrating the decks and bored their way even to the stoke-hole. The coal in the bunkers was set on fire, and as the bunkers were half-empty, the fire burned fiercely."

"In the engine-room one shell licked up the oil and sprayed it around in flames of blue and green, scarring the victims and blazing where it fell. At first the shells came dropping in compartments where some of the men had taken refuge, but the shells sought them out, and death had a rich harvest."

"The terrific air-pressure resulting from an explosion in a confined space left a deep impression on the minds of the men of the Blucher. The air, expanding through every opening, forced its way through every weak spot, and all loose and insecure fittings were transformed into moving instruments of destruction."

Bodies Were Whirled About
"Open doors banged close, iron doors bent outward like tin plates, and through a trap-door, a shell burst near him. He was exactly half-way through the trap door when it closed on him with a terrific snap."

"In one engine room, where high velocity engines for ventilating and forced draughts were at work, men were picked up by that terrible air pressure of the exploding shell like a whirled drift at a street corner and tossed to a terrible death amidst the machinery. There were other hor-

FRENCH PRINCE TO JOIN ALLIES

Prince Ferdinand Gives Himself and His Belongings To Liberty's Cause

Prince Ferdinand of France, Duke of Montpensier and only brother of the Duke of Orleans, pretender to the crown of France, is on his way from the Orient to serve with the British fleet in the North Sea or on the Mediterranean. By the laws of France, as a prince of a former reigning house of France, he is barred from her army or navy.

"I was very sick in Japan," said the prince, "and have been taking my time convalescing en route to England. I spent a few days in the Maine woods, near Farmington. It is untrue that I went to the Maine woods to locate a wireless telegraph station. I did not even try to get any big game."

Prince Ferdinand is a commander in the Spanish navy and has taken part in several wars against the Moors. He was wounded in one campaign and invalided in another. He holds the Order of Marie Christine, bestowed for feats of heroism under fire.

The duke's mother, the Countess of Paris, is a Spanish Infanta, and her father, the Duke of Montpensier, whose title and fortune the present duke inherited, was an infante of Spain. The duke is heir to the rights of his brother, the pretender.

The prince is about six feet three inches tall and is of slight build. He has placed his large steam yacht, Me-long, equipped with a powerful wireless apparatus, at the disposal of France or England, and has given two airships and all of his automobiles to General Joffre, who uses the prince's racing motor in visiting various points of the 300-mile line of defence in France.

"It is more than appalling below deck, it was more than appalling above. The Bleucher was under concentrated fire from so many British ships that there was one continuous explosion on her decks. The ship heeled over as the broadsides struck her, then righted herself, rocking like a cradle. The gun crews were so destroyed that stokers had to be requisitioned to carry ammunition. Men who lay flat or safety on decks presented only a tangled mass of bodies and scrapiron."

End Came Very Suddenly
"In one case only one man was left alive. Two men continued to serve their gun and fired it as the ship listed, adapting the elevation to the new situation, yet through it all some never despaired; others from the beginning gave themselves up as lost."

"The end came so suddenly that few had time to anticipate their plight or realize it when it came."

"The Blucher had run her course and was lagging lame, with her steering gear gone, and was beginning slowly to circle. It was seen that she was doomed."

"The bell that rang the men to prayers on Sunda was tolled. Those able assembled on deck, helping their wounded comrades. Some had to creep out through shot holes. They gathered in groups on deck, awaiting the end."

"Cheers were given for the Blucher and three more for the Kaiser, the 'Wacht Am Rhein' was sung and permission given to leave the ship, but some had already gone."

"The British ships were now silent, but their torpedoes had done deadly work. A cruiser and some destroyers were at hand to rescue the survivors and wounded."

"The Blucher settled down, then suddenly turned over and disappeared in a whirl of water."

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