

The Last Man to See Lord Kitchener.

SURVIVORS' SPECIAL NARRATIVES.

Waiting Calmly, He Went Down With Ship.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)
How Lord Kitchener died was described to me by Leading Seaman Rogers, a survivor from H.M.S. Hampshire, whose home is at Hertford.

"Of those who left the ship and have survived," said Rogers, "I was the one who saw Lord Kitchener last. He went down with the ship. He did not leave her."

"I saw Capt. Savill help his boat's crew to get out the boats, but that was some time the captain was calling to Lord Kitchener to come to the boat, but owing to the noise made by the wind and sea Lord Kitchener could not hear him, I think."

"When the explosion occurred Lord Kitchener walked calmly from the captain's cabin, went up the ladder, and on to the quarter deck. There I saw him walking quite collectedly, talking to two of the officers. All three were wearing khaki and had no overcoats on. In fact, they were dressed as they were when they came on board. Lord Kitchener calmly watched the preparations for abandoning the ship, which were going on in quite a steady and orderly way."

"The crew just went to their stations and obeyed orders, and did their best to get out the boats, but that was impossible. Owing to the rough weather no boats could be lowered. Those that were got out were smashed up at once. No boats left the ship. What the people on shore thought to be boats leaving were the rafts. Men did get into the boats as these lay in their cradles, thinking that as the ship went under them the boats would float. But the ship sank by the head, and when she went she turned a somersault forward, carrying down with her all the boats and those in them."

"I do not think Lord Kitchener got into a boat. When I sprang to a raft he was still on the starboard side of the quarter deck talking with his officers. From the little time that elapsed between my leaving the ship and her sinking I feel certain that Lord Kitchener went down with her and was on the deck at the time she sank. Of the civilian members of his suite I saw nothing."

Dying on the Raft.

"I got away on one of the rafts, and we had a terrible five hours in the water. It was so rough that the seas beat down on us, and many were killed by the buffeting. Many others died from the piercing cold. I was quite numb, and an overpowering desire to sleep came upon us. To keep this away we thumped each other on the back. For the man who went to sleep never woke again. When the men died it was just as though they were falling asleep. One man stood upright for five hours on the raft with dead lying all round him, and one man died in my arms."

"As we got near the shore the situation grew worse. The wind was blowing on shore, and the fury of the sea dashed our raft against the rocks with tremendous force. Many were killed in this way, and one raft was twice overturned. I don't quite know how I got ashore, for all feeling had gone out of me. We were very kindly treated by the people who picked us up. They said it was the worst storm they had for years."

"Although I do not really know what happened, my belief is that the Hampshire struck a mine which exploded under her fore part. It could not have been a submarine in such weather, and an internal explosion in one of her magazines would have ripped her apart. It was hard luck coming to such an end after going through the battle of Jutland unscathed. We led the Iron Duke into action and sank a German light cruiser and two submarines, but did not have a single casualty ourselves."

although big shells fairly rained into the water all round us."

Another Survivor.

First-class Petty Officer Wesson, the first man to scramble ashore from one of the rafts, said:

"At 5 p.m. on Monday, June 5, we embarked Lord Kitchener and his staff on a special mission, but we did not know where we were going. The weather was very rough—so rough that the two destroyers escorting us were sent back. About 8 p.m., while the watch below were standing by their hammocks ready to turn in, an explosion occurred. I was on the mess deck at the time. When the explosion happened all lights went out and a terrible draught sweeping along the deck blew the men's hats off. We did not know what had happened, so we walked aft to the only hatch that was not battened down owing to the weather."

"While I was waiting with others on the half-deck an officer came with Lord Kitchener from the captain's cabin. The officer called out, 'Make way for Lord Kitchener!' and the men opened out for Lord Kitchener to pass. His lordship went on deck and I did not see him any more after that."

"I went on deck and helped to clear away the hatches. As these were opened the men swarmed up them in hundreds from the mess deck. I saw all the crew were at their stations for abandoning ship, so I went to No. 1 raft and remained there until the water came up to the ridge rope. The ship went down forward and sank in about a quarter of an hour. Three circular rafts were launched. I picked up some men who had been wounded by the explosion, and put them on the grating in the bottom of the raft. Then I launched the raft upon which there were about forty men, including the wounded. We paddled clear of the ship and when we had got about fifty yards from her she turned and went right over. Some men were in the boats waiting for the water to lift them up, but when the ship turned over she took all those down in her vortex."

"The galley upset while being lowered and the whaler broke in two as she was being launched. It was impossible to launch both properly as the derrick would not work in consequence of the water in the ship having cut off the electric current. I saw men jumping from the quarter-deck as the ship turned over."

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"The place where the ship sank was about three miles from the shore, and but for the awful weather the whole crew would probably have been saved. The seas were terrible. They overran us and swamped the raft. It was bitter. We suffered greatly from it, as some of the men were only half clothed, and were thoroughly exhausted when we reached shore. As the raft grounded I jumped off and waited until the next sea took me farther in. Then somehow I scrambled to the top of the cliff."

Scramble up Rock Cliffs.
"When I tried to stand up on reaching the top of the cliff my feet would not support me and I fell again. Seeing a house in the distance I crawled to it and tried to wake up the occupants. After shouting for about ten minutes I got an answer. When the people came to me I tried to explain to them what had happened, but could not. They took me in and put me in bed with hot-water bottles, but me in bed with hot-water bottles. Meanwhile I had managed to make them understand something about my companions, and rescue parties of the crofters living round about got ropes and went to the cliffs and saved all they could."

Other survivors tell similarly harrowing tales of their experiences. They say that many men perished from cold and exposure in the awful seas as the rafts were drifting shorewards. Many others were killed by being dashed against the rocks, which were precipitous and jagged. They estimate that where the raft landed the rocks were over 60 feet high, and all efforts to steer into a safer landing place proved futile. All the survivors were badly bruised and had their hands torn by scrambling up the rocky cliffs.

They speak highly of the kindness shown them by the Orkney people. Thanks to the admirable care with which they have been treated in the naval hospitals all the survivors are now sufficiently recovered to go to their homes for a period of rest.—Daily Mail.

Address to Rev. Capt. Nangle.

At the O'Donel Wing of the B. I. S. Hall last night the Rev. Fr. Nangle, who leaves with the 1st Newfoundland Regiment as Chaplain, having received his appointment from the British Government, was presented with a purse of gold, accompanied by an illuminated address. The former was the gift of a host of friends and well-wishers of the popular young Priest, while the latter is a beautiful piece of art work prepared by Sister Mary Gerard, of the St. Clare's Home. Hon. J. D. Ryan made the presentation and also read the address. The Rev. Captain Nangle made a suitable reply. Speeches testifying to the many sterling qualities of the beloved Priest were made by Rev. E. O'Brien, Rev. Bro. Kennedy and Rev. Bro. M. C. Ryan.

The singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem, with cheers for Rev. Fr. Nangle brought the affair to a close. Following is a copy of the address:—

Dear Rev. Father,—We meet you to-night, not in a spirit of sadness which would usually pervade an atmosphere where farewells are said, but rather in a spirit of pride and joy.

In ordinary circumstances your parting with us would have begotten a sense of bereavement as does the departure of a Catholic Priest from the midst of a flock that loved him and whom he loved.

In the present extraordinary circumstances of war, your going is not a real separation, for you go to those whom we cannot separate from our dear boys fighting for our homes, who with our consent battle on the gruesome fields of combat. You go too, as one who will console not only the noble soldier lad with the solace of spiritual and manly encouragement, but also their parents and friends who anxiously are passing through the baleful grief of suffering and woe. For some time we have heard of your high resolve to go to the front and bring the sacramental benefits of Holy Religion to the dead and dying—and we regretted that your hope was deferred, owing to the difficulty of supplying your place in the Archdiocese. Now, however, the realization has come—our good Archbishop has given you his consent, and his blessing, and amongst the glories which will assuredly cover his Episcopate none will be greater than that he should allow the Catholic part of the Nrd. Regiment the services of him whom they love, revere and admire. Since the first enlistment you have shown a keen interest in our brave co-religionists in the regiment, and if their slogan in the 'immortal offensive has been push on with it before—inspired by your presence and led by your example of daring—the slogan shall have an added effect. We know you go to keep up the best traditions of the Catholic Priest, we feel that to succour those that are dying, you will consider your own life as nothing, and we are convinced that no chaplain on the field will have done his duty better than our own Father Tom. We say farewell—a glad farewell—we are proud of your undertaking and we applaud your noble spirit of patriotism and priesthood. As a little pledge of reverent esteem, kindly accept this purse. May you come back again, and until then God-speed and God bless you.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, THERAPION No. 1, THERAPION No. 2, THERAPION No. 3. CURE FOR ALL THE GREAT DISEASES OF THE AGE. THERAPION No. 1. CURE FOR ALL THE GREAT DISEASES OF THE AGE. THERAPION No. 2. CURE FOR ALL THE GREAT DISEASES OF THE AGE. THERAPION No. 3. CURE FOR ALL THE GREAT DISEASES OF THE AGE.

A good soap is made of a cupful of suet and a quart of milk for 20 minutes. Season with a dash of onion, salt, pepper and butter.

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Welch's Grape Juice

The Drink that makes Prohibition possible.

Method of Serving:
(1) Just as it comes out of the bottle—with ice.
(2) For a "long" drink add plain soda water and a little sweetening.



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St. John Ambulance Reports.

The following reports were received yesterday by Mr. D. M. Baird, Hon. Secy of the St. John Ambulance Society:—

- Lieut. C. Rendell, progressing.
449—Private Roberts' condition very satisfactory.
1107—Private Aylward, sprained knee and ankle; favourable.
Following all Gunshot Wounds, 748—Sergt. J. McKinlay, flesh wound in back and left shoulder; satisfactorily.
Lieut. W. M. Greene, doing well.
Lieut. W. V. Warren, left leg fractured; progress fair.
259—Private Somerton, right leg fractured; progress fair.
1206—Private Gray, slight gunshot wound in leg; doing well.
64—Private Lamson, slight gunshot wound in leg; doing well.
340—Sergt. Gerald Byrne, slight gunshot wound in back; doing well.
522—Corporal A. M. Pratt, right leg fractured; progress fair.
1208—Private Slaney, slight gunshot wound in right arm; doing well.
785—Private Guesne, slight gunshot wound in leg; progress good.
1584—Pte. Gouge, gunshot wound in foot; progress satisfactory.
14—Sergt. Langmead, gunshot wound in chest; doing very well.
709—Private Bastow, head and eye; satisfactory.
1409—Private N. S. Fraser, not seriously; doing well.
420—Pte. Crotty, progressing very favourably.
132—Sergt. Garland, progressing, up and about, still weak.
113—Private Jackman, wounded in head, face and thigh; progressing favourably.

A Royal Visit to Canada

(From the Manchester Guardian)

The appointment of the Duke of Devonshire to be Governor General of Canada is, I believe, the preliminary to His Majesty's resolution to make a tour of the Dominions as soon after the war as may be feasible. He had intended visiting Canada during the Duke of Cornwall's tenure of office, but the hostilities of course put this out of the question. The Duchess of Devonshire is not only Mistress of the robes to the Queen, but is perhaps more intimately her friend than even Lady Llanington. The Queen will certainly accompany the King, who will probably take the opportunity of getting some big game shooting. Both the Duke and the Duchess of Devonshire (who already knows Canada) are anticipating their sojourn there with enthusiasm. The Duchess is an admirable hostess. The Canadians will doubtless see in the Duke Mr. Stephen Laycock's incredible idea of an English lord come true.

War on a Gigantic Scale.

The human mind staggers and reels as it attempts to grasp and apply the figures now coming from the battle-fields of Europe. Only the other day it was announced that England had four million men under arms. Yesterday came the news from German sources that the Russian infantry now actually on the field of battle on the eastern front numbers 2,740,000 men. The statement comes from London that the German losses since the war began, based on German figures, exceed three million men. The war bulletin from Petrograd last night declared that General Erusloff's army up to July 10 had taken prisoner 5,600 officers and 265,000 men. Fifty-three years ago the high-water mark on battlefields in the United States was reached at Gettysburg, when the Union army numbered 88,000 men and the confederate army 73,000 men, and the losses in three days' fighting on both sides killed, wounded and missing aggregated 43,449 men. The German losses in the war thus far about three million men exceed by more than 200,000 the total strength of the Northern armies engaged in the civil war from 1861 to 1865.

MISTER SHOPKEEPER: Is your name among the list of up-to-date firms who sell WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE, printed elsewhere in this issue? If not, why not?—July 15, 17, 19

Gray in Shorthand.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin)
"Efficiency has been getting the laugh of late, because its engineers claimed too much for it."
The speaker was Dr. Harris Dulles Rhodes, the efficiency expert of Denver.
"Yes," he continued, "the average efficiency engineer bragged as stupidly about efficiency as the correspondence school principal who said: 'We are told, and credibly told, that it took Gray seven years to write his famous poem, 'The Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' Yet if Gray had been an adept in our system of stenography he could have written the piece in seven minutes. Every graduate student of ours can write the poem in that length of time. It's one of our tests."

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VOLUNTEER FALLS BENEATH CARRIAGE.—A volunteers under the influence of strong drink, while passing the cab stand opposite the Court House yesterday afternoon fell between the front wheel and the shaft of Mr. Matt. Kelly's victoria but was quickly hooked out by a passer-by. Had the horse, which is a high-spirited animal, taken fright a serious accident would have occurred.

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