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### True Spy Stories.

Captain Ferdinand Tuoby is one of the brilliant young men of Fleet Street, whose knowledge of languages and experience on a great London daily newspaper proved an admirable equipment for service in the Secret Intelligence Corps. He served at one time or another on all the Fronts as well as in neutral States.

The story he tells in his book "The Secret Corps," Murray, 7s. 6d., of the amazing development of espionage during the war behind the battle lines and in the great cities provides much more exciting reading than the work of some of the most skilled writers of Secret Service fiction, and Captain Tuoby is a vivacious storyteller. Here is a story which is typical of the risks taken by some of our young Intelligence officers.

#### Captain Schmidt.

One day we learnt that there was a German officer in the sector opposite named "Schmidt." Dressed as a German officer, with a German postcard he had taken off a recent prisoner, a British spy picked his way in the night across No Man's Land and lowered himself into the German front-line trench.

"Wer da!" challenged a sleepy voice. The young Englishman confronted the German sentry, then rasped out in guttural Prussian, almost before the "da" of the "Wer da?" had died away: "Ich bin der Hauptmann Schmidt." (I'm looking for Captain Schmidt.) The sentry drew himself to attention, noting the rank and foot artillery badge of his interlocutor. "He is down at battalion headquarters, Herr Lieutenant." "Good." Then, casually, handing the sentry the postcard he had taken off the prisoner, the intruder observed "Here's a postcard for someone in your battalion. It came to me by mistake. . . good night. . . by the way" (and here the young Englishman turned sharply and severely on the now thoroughly cowed and duped sentry). "What's the password?"

#### "Schnapps!"

The sentry, completely on the defensive, blurted it out. "Schnapps!" That was how a brave and resourceful young Englishman got a German sector password one muddy, rainy, impenetrable night in Northern France. For the next two hours he wandered round the German lines. "Wer da?"

would challenge a voice out of the night. "Schnapps," would respond the spy. And so it continued up trenches, down duck-boards, at dumps and heaps of mine spoils, at battery positions and headquarters. . . all over the area involved. Towards dawn the young officer's mission, of necessity, drew to a close, and back he wandered to the British lines still saying, "Schnapps," when challenged, and still noting all he saw about him.

#### The Cook and the Ritz.

"A prisoner of war," says the author, "is necessarily a cowed and fallen mortal, a man hiding his true self, and so one never knew if the complete absence of any hatred of England among these men was false or fact. Some had lived long in England. On the Somme the Canadians captured a cook formerly at the Ritz. He was kept very 'hush hush' for three whole weeks in the Corps examining cage. He cooked so well. Bully beef came up to table served in a dozen different ways and tasting like Tournedos Rossini. Whenever the local A.F.M. in charge of the cage asked why this one prisoner was being kept on, the Intelligence officer would reply: "Hush! He's beginning to talk at last."

#### The Camouflaged Officer.

One of the most entertaining stories in the book is that about the English officer who, disguised as a wounded German, was put in the bed next to that of a real wounded German. "He had his head shaved in the approved Teuton style and his arm and leg all bandaged up and in splints. And so the two were left next to one another through the night. The real German moaned; the camouflaged German followed suit. The real German asked, 'Sind Sie Deutscher?' The camouflaged German replied: 'Yawohl, Bin auch offizier!' The camouflaged German didn't encourage conversation; he was morose and taciturn. . . but when German met German in hospital, both officers, and when no one was looking or listening, fraternization was bound to come sooner or later. It did. And before the genuine German had dozed off to sleep, the good work of 'pumping' him, by indirect suggestion, had got well under way. The morose promised well. Alas! that was to be the end of a perfect stunt. At 8 a.m. Sister came along. Unfortunately she was in the 'know' as to the true identity of the 'German' in splints, and when, with consummate artistry, the latter began moaning and making grimaces, as arm and leg were 'reset'. Sister couldn't support things any longer and broke into uncontrollable mirth and—the 'cat was out of the bag.'"

#### A Canadian Fake.

Captain Tuoby says that we frequently misled the Germans by carrying out "fake" conversations with a view to these purposely being overheard.

"Thus, a party of Canadians, with strongly distinctive accents, were separated from their Corps in the line in front of Amiens, and taken up to Ypres." There they were located in the front line opposite a point where it was known a German listening set existed, and were told to discuss the forthcoming attack to be carried out at the point—Ypres—by the Canadian Corps. One man in particular was told to say: 'Hell! as if we Canadians hadn't done enough down South. Carting us up here for another—attack at Ypres—about time the Imperials did something!'

"Which conversation was duly overheard and, as we afterwards learned, swallowed up wildly by the German General Staff, who thought the whole Canadian Corps had been transferred up to Ypres. They learnt differently a day or two later when Sir Arthur Currie crashed through on August 8th at Villers-Bretonneux in front of Amiens."

#### The Great Haversack Spoof.

But the best story of all is how we deceived the Germans and the Turks about the attack at Beersheba which they were led to believe would be made Gaza. A British haversack was discovered by a Turkish patrol in No Man's Land, and shortly the enemy learnt that the English had sent out a wireless message saying that every effort was to be made that night to recover it. The haversack was brought to Captain Schiller, the head of the enemy's Intelligence service, and he felt certain that the notes of Allenby's

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conferences for the past month which it contained were faked. Then:—

"Gott in Himmel! What have we got here?" And Schiller read:—

"Dear M—Sorry we must delay our little shoot as I'm running down to Cairo for a few days' rest. Back November 4—Yours, E. ALLENBY."

Schiller looks slowly from the letter to the calendar and from the calendar to the letter. The British offensive was expected for October 28th, and here was the British Commander-in-Chief going away on leave! "Donnerwetter!" proclaims the German, "if this isn't becoming—Yes, what is it?" (this to a junior officer just entered). "English prisoners taken at El Tagger say they were warned this afternoon about the loss of a haversack. If anyone found it he was not on any account to open it but was to send it direct to headquarters." Schiller doesn't answer, as this further evidence of authenticity seems to him. Eagerly, almost feverishly, he returns to the wallet and takes out its remaining contents—a photograph, the photograph of a woman written across in endearing terms, and a letter.

Little Hands and Little Feet. Schiller reads the letter avidly, on and on. It tells of the birth of a first-born, of little hands and little

feet. . . it rambles on in that tender language which only a young mother can make her own. The letter is crinkled and has been clearly read and re-read a hundred times. . . it is a letter in a million. Its loss could only be accidental. So reasons Schiller. Division that had been hastily moved into reserve at Beersheba was as hastily moved back to Gaza. On October 28th we attacked the weakened Turkish position at Beersheba and, as all the world knows, carried all before us. . . And the letter concerning the first-born—the letter that saved hundreds, possibly thousands, of British lives, and went far to giving us Jerusalem, and ultimately a whole country? Has the little hospital nurse at El Arish, with the girlish handwriting, forgotten all about it?—John o'London's Weekly.

(By Kind Permission of Lieut. Col. Commanding.) — C. C. C. Dance, C. C. C. Hall, on Wednesday, July 28. C. C. C. Band in attendance. Tickets: Double, \$1.50; Gent's Single, \$1.20; Ladies, 80c. Dancing at 9.30. jly27,28

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