

## THOUSANDS OF LITTLE BABIES ORPHANED BY THE CONFUSION OF THE FLIGHT FROM ANTWERP

Separated From Parents and Friends During the Rush Into Holland For Refuge

HOSPITABLE DUTCH CARE FOR THEM ALL

Some Are Adopted, Some in Public Institutions, But all are Given the Heartiest of Big-hearted Welcomes

AMSTERDAM, Nov. 2.—The tidal wave of war has carried a thousand homeless babies on its crest and east them on the hospitable shores of Holland!

Little, weeping, starving mites, lost to their frenzied parents, in the rushing avalanche of refugees, their plight form the most poignant protest against the cruel game of torture, death and devastation that holds all Europe in its mighty grasp. Surely many of them will never see their mothers again!

### Orphaned by Confusion.

Orphaned by confusion—not death—these little innocents, blameless for conditions that have wrecked their lives right at the start they are being adopted by the kindly mothers of Holland. Nearly every home in Amsterdam houses Belgian children.

Frightened out of the very knowledge of their own names identification seems impossible and the little ones can only cry silently and wonder what the gain and glory may be in this great game their elders call war.

### Many Unclaimed.

Just now a young married Dutch woman has been telling me, with tears in her eyes, of the unclaimed babies in Amsterdam and other towns, and I suggested, half jokingly, that she should adopt one.

"I have offered to do so," she said, "but there are not enough to go round. We would all take one."

And this is the spirit in which Holland is working for the refugees.

The Amsterdam Telegraaf is opening columns free to refugees who wish to advertise for relatives from whom they have been separated.

### Advertising Them.

The first notice appears on behalf of a baby girl five weeks old, and asks in her name—though she can give no name, poor wondering, woful, little mite—if anyone will claim her. There follows a description of her appearance and clothes.

I have just been up to the central station, where trainloads of refugees are arriving from overcrowded, under staffed but everwilling Rosendaal.

Good friends across the border take them and hurry them off with their pathetic little bundles to shelter in the bourse and in diamond cutting factories which are standing idle thro' the war, to private homes thrown open to the homeless, and to hotels that take them in for the most trivial sums if they offer to pay and for nothing if they have no money.

### Chance Reunion.

In one coach a woman suddenly threw up her arms, uttered a cry, and waved her hand to a group on another coach. She was too overcome to speak, but on the other car a man heard her cry, looked across, and then burst into tears. They were husband and wife, and had seen nothing of one another since they left Antwerp.

The soldiers stopped the cars helped husband and wife down, and then quietly turned their backs while the now happy couple embraced and kissed and laughed and cried.

### Smiles 'Mid Tears.

As in all tragedy there are occasional smiles among tears. A man from the Antwerp gas works arrived here still clutching the shovel he was using when the moment came for flight; and another man who brought from his home only a motely collection of kitchen pots and pans is wondering what to do with them. But he refuses to be parted from his treasure.

A little girl of seven arrived all alone by train. She is too tired and frightened to give her name or any information that will help to trace her family.

But running through all the sorrow I keep finding the unwearied kindness of the Dutch. A nation is helping a nation.

### Nothing Wonderful.

Here is one typical case. A porter employed at a hotel—a man who is keeping five children on a small wage—has taken into his home a little Belgian girl who has become separated from her father and mother in their flight. He is a big stolid Dutchman, but tears stood in his eyes when I asked him about the little one, and he refused to believe that he is doing anything specially praiseworthy.

"When one has already five to feed

one hardly notices another little mouth," he said simply.

### Lost Each Other.

What is so infinitely pathetic in this flight from Antwerp is that so many families have, it might be said, mislaid their relatives. All over Flanders are to be found notices chalked on the wall to the effect that "the family Dupont is at Middleburg" or that "Jeanne and Marie await their parents in the hangar near the station."

It is ironically humorous to see woe-stricken people arriving here in motor cars, only to be compelled to sleep the night on wherever they can find shelter.

### Methodical Bombardment.

"The final bombardment of the city started about midday," one refugee tells me "and they never stopped firing until the city surrendered next morning. The firing was methodical. They seemed to take the city section by section, as if they were marking it off on a map."

"Late at night I went to cheer up a friend who had gone to the cellar of his house for safety. It was fortunate for me that I went, for while I was away a shell dropped on my house and I found it in my bedroom when I returned. I wanted to bring it with me for a souvenir, but it was too heavy to carry to Holland."

### Terrible Walk.

"Oh, that terrible walk, it was worse than being in the city. The roads were crowded with poor people hurrying away that it was as quick to walk as to ride in a carriage. There were little babies crying with hunger and cold. There were old, old women who could hardly walk."

"Somehow their friends helped them along. I saw one old lady sitting very still and white in a carriage which could not move for the people. Some tried to give her port wine, but I could see that she could not swallow. Only her teeth clenched on the glass. She was dying."

"Then I passed a banker I knew—a man of great wealth. He was trudging along, alone, and he was pushing a little hand cart filled with his more precious property. But few carried anything at all. They had left everything behind."

## TO THE PUBLIC

I want you to know what Mr. Stearnman's Ointment does for me after sixteen months' suffering with sore nose after three doctors treating me. The last one ordered me to hospital to have my nose opened, but thanks to this Ointment I got clear of the surgeon's knife. I recommend it for all sores. I cannot praise it enough for what it has done for me.

MRS. JAMES BAILEY,  
24 Hutchings St.

His Excellency, the Governor, has kindly consented to open the C.L.B. Sale at three o'clock on Wednesday next, in the Armory. Admission 20 and 10 cents.

## Rosanno Docks

S. S. Rosanno, which arrived Wednesday with her propeller damaged went on dock yesterday. The job will be finished by the end of next week.

## Magistrate's Levee

A 37-year-old fisherman was charged with the larceny of a barrel of pork, the property of George Neal, some months ago. He was convicted but sentence was suspended.

Two drunks were ordered to take the pledge.

Will Samuel Pritchett kindly send us his address. We cannot send his paper until we know where he is.

The Norwegian steamer Alden arrived at Bell Island today to load ore or Swansea. One of her crew is a German.

The express is due at 3 p.m.

S.S. Cairnton sails from Lewisport on the 20th with pit props.

## DEATHS

ROBERTS—At noon today after a protracted illness A. Roberts, aged 60 years. Funeral at 2.30 p.m. Sunday, from his late residence 240 Hamilton Avenue.

TAYLOR—This morning at 7 o'clock after a lingering illness, Elizabeth, relict of the late Capt. Wm. Taylor, aged 72 years. Funeral Sunday at 2.30, from 24 Monroe Street. Friends please attend without further notice.

## OBITUARY

Mrs. William O'Donnell.

Mrs. William O'Donnell, Logy Bay, died at her residence last evening, after a brief illness.

She leaves a husband and seven children and a large circle of friends. Undertaker Carnell proceeded there this morning with a coffin. The funeral takes place to-morrow afternoon, starting from Logy Bay at 1 p.m.

Interment is at Mount Carmel Cemetery.

Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor.

There passed peacefully away this morning at 7 o'clock after a lingering illness, Elizabeth Taylor, wife of the late Captain William Taylor, of Port-de-Grave, aged 72 years. She leaves two daughters, and one brother to mourn their sad loss.

Funeral will take place on Sunday at 2.30 from her son-in-law's residence, 24 Monroe Street.

Richard Hann.

There passed peacefully away at Harbor Buffet on Oct. 24th, Richard Hann, a splendid type of our toilers of the deep. He had been ill for some time of the dread disease consumption and was in his 69th year.

He leaves an aged widow and five daughters to mourn their loss.

His funeral was attended by the S. U. F. of which he was a member and also a large number of friends.

A. Roberts.

The grim reaper—Death—claimed another well-known and highly respected citizen at noon today, when Mr. A. Roberts passed peacefully into Rest, at his residence 240 Hamilton Avenue.

For seven months he has been a sufferer and during that period was under the care of the best of the city's physicians, who although constant in their attendance thought from the first that from the nature of his ailment a cure could not be made.

Two days ago he lapsed into unconsciousness and remained so until near the end, excepting at brief periods, when he recovered sufficiently to recognize the members of his family.

"Death touched him gently and he slept."

To him, "beyond the veil" had no terrors, and the transition was a welcomed release from pain and suffering.

Mr. Roberts was born on the South-side sixty years ago, and lived in St. John's all his life. Formerly, he was in the employ of the Newfoundland Railway Company, but for the last score of years was with the Newfoundland Tug Co., and during that time often left his home at all hours of the night to render aid to some storm-tossed mariner on the coast.

His life was well lived, and though he did not reach the allotted span, he always endeavored to adhere to the Golden Rule, and used his influence for good.

He was well-known and a highly respected member of the Sons of England, and his demise will be regretted by his many friends.

He leaves a wife, three daughters, Mrs. G. Haye, Mrs. Reg. Dowden, and Miss Nellie Roberts, two sons, Jackson and Allen, and to them we extend sympathy.

The funeral will take place at 2.30 p.m. Saturday.

Capt. William Rodgers.

It is with very sincere regret that we record of the death of the late Capt. William Rodgers, which occurred on Friday, the 30th inst., at his residence, Catalina.

For the last six months, the captain, who was in his fifty-second year, had been suffering from an insidious malady, which resisted all that medical science could devise either for its cure or alleviation, and his friends have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing the ablest procurable in the Colony was, but without avail, requisitioned on his behalf, for as indicated above, the spirit winged its immortal flight, with the result that five daughters, one of whom is married and resides in Canada, are bereft of a fond father's fostering care and protection and now bemoan their irreparable loss.

The interment took place in St. Peter's Cemetery upon Sunday afternoon. The cortege was preceded by the L.O.A. with brass band, who assembled in considerable force, and the remains borne upon the hearse, were followed by large numbers of relatives and friends, all testifying to the universal respect in which the late brother was held, and who filled the large and capacious sacred edifice to overflowing, several hundreds being gathered together for the occasion.

The burial office, interspersed by hymns, was conducted by the Rev. G. S. Chamberlain, the venerable incumbent, who, in an eloquent and affecting address, founded upon Rev. vii. c., 13, 14 vs., and which was listened to with rapt attention by the immense congregation, dwelt upon the teaching of the day's festival (All Saints) and touchingly referred to the life

## TO THE EDITOR

### Paymaster Outrage

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir.—Your editorial under date 4th inst. in reference to the alleged appointment of one Mr. Timewell and two assistants in connection with our "Volunteers," has caused quite a commotion in different parts of the city, and more especially in the clubs where the "trio" are to a certain extent known. If these appointments are true, it is the greatest outrage that has ever been perpetrated on an already over-burdened people.

As far as can be ascertained, Mr. Timewell drifted into this country about two and a half years ago as an office assistant in the firm of G. N. Read, Son and Watson, Chartered Accountants. He is not a C.A. as you may be led to believe, but simply a clerk working under the jurisdiction of H. R. Brookes, Resident Manager. Apparently however Mr. Timewell has not been dilatory in getting into the good graces of the social "clique," now so dominant in the city. Surely, Mr. Editor, it cannot be said that out of our 500 Volunteers, two or three efficient clerks could not be found to do the clerical work necessary whilst our boys are maintaining their part as "defenders of the Empire."

It is simply another case of the "imported element" taking the cream, whilst so many of our Volunteers are not only anxious, but thoroughly capable and efficient of doing the same work for a minimum wage.

As the charge has not yet been dealt with by the Government, and that possibly a full denial is forthcoming by the proper authorities, it may not be wise to fasten the charge too soon, but your editorial has prompted me to "speak up" on behalf of our own boys, who most certainly should have been given the first chance to look after the financial and other aspects of the First Newfoundland Regiment.

Some of the powers were not at all pleased when Mr. Timewell was appointed Paymaster, as he was unknown amongst us, but it is known that he came from "London town," which was apparently the sole reason for this unjustified appointment.

Who ever has been responsible for this latest outrage, certainly has not acted wisely, and the authorities should rescind the appointment at the earliest possible moment.

—NEWFOUNDLANDER.

St. John's, Nfld., Nov. 6, '14.

## WEDDING BELLS

Sparkes-Lewis.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Diamond, 105 Cottage Street, Chelsea Mass., was the scene of a very pretty wedding when their niece Miss Gertrude May Sparkes, daughter of Thos. Sparkes, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, was united in the bonds of matrimony, to Mr. Heber Lewis, of Lower Island Cove.

The bride was prettily gowned in white silk crepe de chene with a silk overdress, caught up with orange bows and pearls. She wore a wreath and veil and carried a large bouquet of bridal roses.

The bridesmaid was Miss Bella Reid, who was attired in white silk with net trimmings.

The groom was supported by Mr. B. Hutchings, of Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. A. L. Howe performed the ceremony.

The bride's cousin, Robert Drummond, played Lohengrin's Wedding March.

The groom's present to the bride was a gold bracelet, and to the bridesmaid a gold pendant and to the groomsmen gold cuff links.

After the ceremony a large number of guests were served with refreshments. The presents received were many and costly.

## SHIPPING

Prospero arrived at Bonavista at 9 and left at 9.40.

Portia arrived at Pussthrough at 8.55 a.m. and left at 9.20.

S.S. Sable Island arrived at 1.15 today.

Fogota arrived at Change Islands at 7 a.m. and left at 9.15.

of the departed, particularly as a citizen, parent and churchman, the late brother being the Incumbent's churchwarden.

At the conclusion of the church service the procession reformed and wended its way to the cemetery, which upon being reached, all that was mortal of our brother departed was committed to Mother Earth, beside the remains of his late wife, by whom he was predeceased a few years ago, where we left him at rest, awaiting the resurrection morn.

# BOYS' OVERCOATS AND REEFERS.

Time now to be thinking of Warm Coats for the Boys. We are well stocked in both Overcoats and Reefers, Made up in the most desirable styles.

**Overcoats to fit Boys**  
from 3 to 6 years, **3.00 to 5.50**  
" 8 to 17 years, **4.50 to 7.30**

**Reefers to fit Boys**  
from 3 to 12 years, **3.00 to 5.20**



**Ayre & Sons**  
LIMITED

## Great Melo-drama At Nickel Theatre

A lengthy programme of high-class pictures has been arranged for the Nickel Theatre this evening.

The great story by the Vitagraph artists entitled "The Master of the Mine" will be presented. It is a melodramatic social production that is certainly a "gripper." It deals with two families whose selfish fathers induce their children to marry.

One parent has a beautiful daughter and the other has a son whom he is anxious to place in high society. The picture is well worth seeing and the acting is superb.

"San Francisco and her environs" is a charming travalgue. "Dynamite, the New Farm Hand" is an educational presentation which will prove attractive to the young and old.

There are three different comedies, viz:—"The Race" by the Keystone Co. "Catch of the Season" by the Lubin Co., with Harry Myers in the star role, and the old fun-maker John Bunny appears with the Vitagraph artists in "The Golf Game and the Bonnet."

Arthur C. Huskins will repeat the popular ballad "When I dream of Old Erin" to-night. Last night he made a great hit in it, and was thunderously applauded. To-morrow there will be the usual bumper matinee for the little ones. Monday there will be another great Vitagraph feature in two reels—"The Lost Millionaire."

Inter-Collegiate Footer Saturday

On Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock a combined team from the Methodist and Bishop Field Colleges will play this year's champions, the St. Bon's, on St. George's Field.

The full proceeds will be in aid of the Patriotic Fund and general admission will be 10 cents.

The line-up will be: St. Bon's—W. Brown, goal; C. Fox, M. Kennedy, backs; J. Doubordieu, J. W. McGrath, J. Burke, halves; A. Kelly, J. Devine, W. Callahan, D. K. Keegan, forwards.

M.C.B.F.C.—Parsons, goal; L. Curtis, E. Butler, backs; Halfyard, M. Stick, H. Mews, halves; W. Forbes, R. LeMessurier, C. Hunt, E. Jerret, G. Trappell forwards.

Earl of Devon left Coachman's Cove at 10 a.m. yesterday.

## AN UNWELCOME ROYAL GUEST

Crown Prince Was a Self Invited Guest at Chateau

Comte Chandon de Briailles entertained quite involuntarily a princely guest at his chateau at Epernay during the German occupation of that town.

One morning a motor car, guarded by Uhlans, drove up into the court of honor of the chateau. It was a veritable kitchen on wheels.

As soon as it stopped the chauffeur and the mechanic leapt down, and in a twinkling of an eye metamorphosed themselves into spotlessly-aproned chefs.

Thus accoutred, they went to the chateau kitchens, which they requisitioned, placing armed sentinels at the doors. Next they searched the cellars, selecting their wines with considerable skill.

They had a knowledge of the vintage years. The meat cooked and the table set, two of the Uhlans also went through a quick-change act, and became footmen, glorious in red plush knee-breeches and with stockings.

These preparations were hardly complete when a young officer drove up in a second car, and clanked into the chateau. It was the Kaiser's son, Prince August Wilhelm, who had invited himself to dine.

C.C.C. BAND DANCE.—The new Two-Step, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," will be rendered at the C.C. C. Band Dance on Monday next, Nov. 9th.—nov6,11

TREACHEROUS ACT OF GERMAN

Shot Officer After Pretending to Surrender

Private George H. Parker, 1st Royal Berks Regiment, writing to his parents at Stevenon, Berks, says:

The first one of my company to get shot was the major in charge. A German officer hailed him in French. This happened at night, and as our officer advanced towards him he was deliberately shot with a revolver.

The Germans are like savages; they kill everybody, civilians and all.

## BRITISH GOT BIT OF SURPRISE

But Welcomed Foe Warmly With "Pea-shooters"

Driver G. Clark, of the Royal Field Artillery, in a letter to his mother in Bristol, says:

"At one place we had a surprise attack. We were just getting ready for some food, when all of a sudden shells started bursting around us."

"I can tell you, it was a case of being up and doing. Dixies and tea-cans were flung one side, our tea-soil, fires put out, and the order given to stand to our guns and horses; everyone to prepare for action."

Still, we were not to be caught napping. Our boys only close one eye when we get a chance of a sleep, so you can tell we were wide awake to the fact that it was a case of do or die.

"Our gallant boys, the Guards, held them at bay until our death-dealing pea-shooters put them to flight; nevertheless, the Germans made a strong resistance during the night, and it was only after a hard struggle that we managed to be victorious. We lost very few killed, and the wounded were not seriously hurt."

"I myself was rather fortunate, managing to escape with a very slight mark on the cheek and a small wound in the leg; am very glad to say it was not more serious, and am now quite well and fit."

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