

The Kaiser's Spy.

...of a German Secret Service Agent—Record of Crime. (From the London Express.) Captain Horst von der Goltz's "My Adventures as a German Secret Service Agent," published by Cassell, 6s. net, is an astounding catalogue of the sheer inhumanity into which the German nation has been led by its lust for world domination. Von der Goltz is the spy who was named in this country with a false American passport made out in the name of Bridgeman H. Taylor. His real identity was discovered by the capture of papers from Captain Papen. He then confessed to the commandant of the ship in America, and plots to blow up the Wellfleet Canal and even to invade Canada with the aid of German warships. Von der Goltz was sent to America, where he gave evidence against many of his fellow conspirators and was allowed to write the full story of his career.

Secrets of Ten Years.

Many stories of his remarkable adventures have already been reproduced in the "Daily Express" from columns of the American newspapers in which they first appeared. The connected narrative, however, should be read by every one, for if there is any doubt who originated the war Captain von der Goltz disposes of it for ever. The German Government authorities, for whom he worked in secret for ten years, are shown to have been parties to any and every crime which it was hoped might strengthen Germany's world position before the war and so help towards victory once war had begun. He exposes the intrigue and treachery which Berlin did not hesitate to employ in its efforts—fortunately unsuccessful—to set friendly nations against America and Japan, and America against Mexico, at each other's throats. Murder, assassination, robbery, dynamite, the deliberate fomenting of revolutions—each and all of these things were unhesitatingly committed by Germany's secret agents in America, with the approval in many cases by the authorities.

The Kaiser's personal knowledge of his secret agents' criminal proceedings is proved by the fact that in the early days of the war von der Goltz was summoned back to Germany to make a special report on the American situation to the All-High Command. Von der Goltz had been discussing the position with the head of the Intelligence Department in Berlin.

"Your information is of great interest, Captain von der Goltz," he said, "I shall ask you to return here at five o'clock this evening. Wear your heaviest underclothing. You are going to see the Emperor."

"For the life of me I could not see any connection between his last remarks. The major must have intended my perplexity, for he smiled as he continued:—

"You are going to travel by Zeppelin," he explained. "It will be very quiet."

"That night I drove my motor to the point on the outskirts of the city, where a Zeppelin was moored. It was one of those which had formerly been fitted up for passenger service and was now used when quick transportation of a small number of men was necessary. There were several officers of the General Staff whose immediate presence at Coblenz, where the Emperor had stationed himself, was needed; and since speed was essential we were to travel in this way.

The miles lying between Berlin and Coblenz seemed so many rods to me as I sat in the saloon of the great ship, resting and talking to my fellow passengers. One would have thought that we had been travelling a few moments when suddenly we loomed below us in the moonlight the twin fortresses of Ehren-



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ground attack that has in it nothing of humanity or honour. I think of Germany, a country of quiet, peaceful folk as I once knew it, bearing no malice, going cheerfully about their work, seeking their destiny with a will that has nothing in it of conquest. And I think of Germany embattled, ruled by a group of iron men who seek only their own ambitions as a goal—who have brought upon the country and the world this three years' tyranny of hate."

Tales of the V. C.

(By Lieut. J. P. Lloyd.) This is the true tale of how two British airmen and two German fought a duel and what came of it. On the afternoon of the 7th of November, 1915, 2nd Lieutenant Gilbert Inshall and 1st Air Mechanic Thomas Donald, a gunner, were on patrol in a "Vickers Fighter," near Achleit, Sport was not long in coming their way. At about 2.30 p.m., Donald, from his little cockpit in front, sighted an "Aviatik" some 1,000 feet higher up, making southward across the lines. He shouted back the glad news to his pilot, who at once put up the Vickers' nose, and began to climb steadily after the German. That, however, evidently had other thoughts that day, and kept on his way.

The German was the faster machine, and the Vickers fell further and further behind. It seemed as if their quarry must escape. He was too far away for effective machine-gun fire, but Donald potted away at him with a rifle in the hope that a lucky shot might reach its mark. This steady sniping annoyed the German, and he turned to give battle. The Vickers at once banked and flew westward towards Achleit, followed by the Aviatik.

As they crossed the town, 2nd Lieut. Inshall turned sharply, and before the German could recover from his surprise, bullets were whistling all round him. He fled hastily before the storm, but he still had a card to play. A few minutes' flight to the northward, near the village of Hennele, a certain rocket battery had his lair, there it waited for any adventurous Briton who should come that way.

Turned Too Late.

Just short of the battery the German turned; but he was too late. As he came round, he was caught by a gust of bullets from the Vickers, which was now but 150 yards away. His engine stopped, and the Aviatik spun over and over like an autumn leaf, then glided steeply down to earth 6,000 feet below. Inshall opened his throttle wide and shot down in pursuit, and Donald fired another drum into him, before he could fatten out. With the roar of the Vickers in his ears, the German had not the leisure to choose a landing place, and came down heavily, but safely, in a ploughed field.

The pilot and observer scrambled out with their machine gun and made off across the furrows. When they had gone a little distance, they stopped and opened fire—but not for long. The Vickers swooped down upon them. With bullets spurting up the ground all round them, they fled for their lives to the shelter of a clump of trees on the other side of the field. The two Germans being disposed of, it now only remained to destroy their machine. An incendiary bomb dropped from 300 feet pitched alongside the fuselage, and the Aviatik was soon a roaring furnace.

But 300 feet is not a healthy height at which to fly over an enemy country. So Inshall turned for home, climbing as he flew. He had to run the gauntlet of every devilry that an airman dreads. Shells burst above and below and on every side; bullets whistled through the planes and between the struts. The Vickers rocked dangerously, but kept the air, and Donald fired three drums into the German trenches as they passed them. Just at that moment, when safely seemed assured, the engine stopped. There was nothing for it but to glide down, and the Vickers came to rest near a small wood 500 yards behind the French trenches. It had hardly landed before the first German shell arrived.

All the afternoon the Germans shelled it, but their marksmanship was poor, and it escaped further damage. When night fell, with the aid of some French soldiers, the Vickers was dragged into the shelter of the wood. By this time a breakdown party had arrived from the aerodrome, and the machine was repaired during the night.

At daybreak the gallant pair took the air once more, and after a final derisive swoop along the German

trenches, turned for home. For his share in this adventurous enterprise, 2nd Lieut. Inshall won the Victoria Cross, while his companion was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

A Prisoner in Germany.

But ten days before his honor was gazetted, Inshall found himself a prisoner in Germany. For eighteen months he was in captivity, and the way in which the Germans treat a brave enemy is well shown by a letter which his father received from him at the end of May, 1917. Mr. Inshall, in the course of a letter to the "Times," said: "My son wrote to me from Crefeld on April the 28th, to say that he had just been removed to a cell, approximately 6 feet by 9 feet in size, with a small window with an apparatus to shut out all light, but which, at the time he wrote, had not been brought into use. One hour's in a 'Vickers Fighter,' near Achleit, on all sides was the only exercise allowed him. He was sentenced to solitary confinement for 20 days, with the door of the cell unlocked, to be followed by 5 months with the door kept locked.

Seven other British officers were undergoing the same sentence and 2nd Lieutenant Inshall had been instructed to tell his father that this was a reprisal for supposed similar treatment to German officers in England. The accusation had in it not a shadow of truth.

"These details of German barbarism had not long been published and the feeling of indignation they aroused was still strong when the good news came that 2nd Lieut. Inshall had escaped and was on his way to London. A few weeks later he received his Victoria Cross from the hands of the King.

For Four Years

BRITAIN AND FRANCE VALIANTLY HAVE KEPT CLEAR THAT MAIN ARTERY OF WAR—THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

Crossing the English Channel, from Dover to Calais, has been a weary and dreary passage for the traveller ever since travel began. The narrow passage is exposed to cross and choppy seas, and he who crosses in times of peace must not expect much peace to his stomach. How it is in wartime, as told by a British officer, is recounted by Mordaunt Hall in his new book, "Some Naval Yarns," published by George H. Doran Company, as below.

"Four days," said I to myself. "Not very long in which to get a real taste of the world war on land." However, the morning after I had received leave I departed from London in an automobile and as we sped through the country there seemed, at first, to be little to remind us that England was at war—except, perhaps, the many busy persons on all farms and fields. Finally we came across a mobile air station, on which were two airplanes with folded wings. It was something which made you think.

In a South Coast port, however, there was military activity everywhere. On the waters, far out from the harbor, which one imagines as denuded of craft, I saw dozens of ships. There were large and small tramps, mine sweepers, and trawlers. There was a dread one of them might disappear through a mine or torpedo any instant.

Thousands of soldiers were at the dock waiting to embark on ships for France. A couple of thousand of them belonged to the Scotch Labor Battalion, ready for work with pick and shovel. Their speech was almost like a foreign language as they "Jock'd" and "Donald'd," joked and sang when they swung aboard the vessel in single file.

There was no waving of handkerchiefs and no shouting good-byes when the black-and-tan craft was ready to leave. The skipper was on the bridge. He looked down at an officer on shore, nodded his head, and the other returned the nod. Hawkers were instantly slipped, and the steamer skipped away from the British port on the minute, and soon met her escort—destroyers, out of sight not long since, now ready for their job. These slender speedsters of the sea never stop; so everything must be done according to schedule. Four of the destroyers surrounded us as we ploughed through the water.

Every One Straps on a Life Belt.

From the bridge came the order for every soul on board to put on a life belt, and our friends from Scotland hastened aft to obtain the equipment, scurrying and bustling about the cabin for the best belts, and you were fascinated by the sight. Half way across the straits we met the opposite number vessel to ours. She had an escort of three warships, so that for a flash there were seven destroyers on the breast of that water. But it was not for long. A swish, and they were nearer England and we were nearer France, they getting some of our smoke and we some of theirs. Steamers go into the French port stern first, and I soon found myself treading French soil. Our Scotch laborers were hurried off the vessel, and they vanished with extraordinary quickness; and this also reminds me that no sooner was our steamer safe in the harbor than the warships slipped off to England, and all you could see in a few minutes

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was a wreath of water and smoke as they raced homeward.

The skipper of the passenger craft has seen exciting times. While I stood on the bridge with him and his first officer he told me of a night he won't easily forget. He was running the Queen, and going over empty, having smuggled aboard a staff officer who had missed the other vessel. It was darkening, and the Queen was about four miles off the British coast when this skipper saw dark hulls, blanching lines, and flaming funnels, all showing terrific speed. First he took the strange craft to be new French destroyers; but they hailed him in English, and, of course, for an instant he thought they were British warships, when suddenly it dawned on him. "By God, they're Germans," he ejaculated to the staff officer; "nip into the cabin and get those clothes off and into an oilskin as fast as you like."

The army man got it done just in time, for an officer and two men from one of the German destroyers sprang aboard the Queen after the enemy warship had bumped the passenger craft. The German demanded the captain's papers, and was told that everything had been thrown overboard.

"Your Papers or Oh Goes Your Head." "Get those papers or I'll blow your head off," said the German. Below

the captain moved his hand to his hip pocket to get a key. The German started and put the muzzle of his revolver close to the Britisher's head. As the captain was unlocking a drawer the German again became suspicious and warned the skipper. The Briton told the German to get the papers himself, and finally the useless document relating to the Queen was taken from the drawer. It was snatched up and pocketed by the German officer. Meanwhile his men had fixed bombs in vital parts aboard the passenger craft, and the order was given to abandon ship.

Just before the bang came and the Queen sank, the German decided that he wanted to take the skipper with him. Fortunately the captain had been missed in their tremulous excitement. However, the Germans could not wait, and they had to go away without the skipper. It was an experience no man would forget; and the British of it that this same man, who had a pretty good chance of spending many months in a German prison camp, is still guiding vessels flying our flag from France to England and back to France.

NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their REAL NAMES, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The editor refuses to accept any matter unless this rule is adhered to.

"The Morning Post."

We were recently shown a copy of "The Morning Post," William J. Ward, Editor and Proprietor, dated Saturday, November 18, 1848 (70 years old), in which the result of the election for St. John's East was given. The poll was: O'Brien, 1901; Kent, 1895; Parsons, 1777; Douglas, 1566; Nugent, 875. O'Brien, Kent and Parsons were elected.

The price of this paper was 2d. (4c.) for 4 small pages such as could now be printed on about two pages of "The Evening Telegram."

Should there be any other old issues of early Newfoundland papers available, we would deem it a pleasure and privilege to examine them.

The Opera.

Those who saw the dress rehearsal of Pandora last evening were simply charmed with the performance. The young people seem to revel in their parts. The effective stage setting, the bright Grecian costumes, and the cheery music all went to make up a most delightful entertainment.

We would advise all who can to attend, as it is not often we have the opportunity of witnessing such performances.

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