

STORY OF BOY HERO

(Special Correspondence.)
It has not been my good fortune to come across a finer display of courage, endurance, and calm suffering.

These words are the testimony of a commander of a British destroyer referring to a boy hero whom he picked up at sea.

Life to-day with heroes and heroism such as the boy hero whom he picked up at sea.

He has been returned to the bosom of his family, a temporary if not a permanent cripple. To a correspondent of this newspaper Maurice gave the account of his experience.

In May this year he opened the book of a career at sea. What he did in actual physique he made up in grit and courage. He had sign on as a butcher's boy on one of the cargo liners and had but a few days in which to dream the dreams of a healthy British boy, when the devil infesting the seas' cast him and suffering upon him which will be a lifelong memory.

The ship had taken leave of the boy but a day before, and the weather being fine and the sea calm everything favored a pleasant initiation into the life of the sons of the sea.

About five o'clock in the evening, Ireland was lying some 500 miles astern, and whilst officers and stewards were scanning the horizon for the land, Lister, his friend, Matthew Robinson, and chief butcher were chatting three decks down. The butcher had just finished his gunnery course, and the boys were chaffing him about his seamanship.

Was Chaos and Confusion.
There was not a care in the world when they were. Suddenly there was a terrible crash, and all became chaos and confusion; the sea devil had fired his harpoon—the vessel had been torn amidships.

Dazed, with left ankle broken, the boy knocked out, wounds and bruises, with water swirling round him, Lister lay unconscious as the death that was creeping upon him.

He awoke as though from some terrible nightmare with water almost up to his neck. It took him some seconds to appreciate the realism of his plight. He had no idea of his wounds and injuries until he tried to mount the steps leading to an alley-way.

Here he was, crippled and without assistance, on a ship rapidly resigning itself to its doom.

With almost superhuman and unmanly power with which a frenzied man becomes possessed, he hoisted himself up the steps. On reaching the top he heard a voice call out, "Boy, that's that!" He then saw a head smothered in blood, apart above the water that had filled the apartment.

Lister returned down the steps he had with difficulty climbed, and managed, how he cannot say, to get his companion to the top.

Robinson had both his legs broken, a big hole blown in his hip, and his face and head cut.

There were still two decks to make before they could be assisted, even assuming anyone was left on board. Neither could use his legs, and matters were worsened by the fact that the explosion had blown away a partition connected with the stairway, tearing out the floor and leaving a treacherous space to be crossed.

Robinson was now screaming out from the dreadful pain he was suffering, and kept swooning which made the task of Lister none the easier.

Fortunately Lister retained his presence of mind, and noticing two loose deck boards, he placed them across from the butcher's "shop" to the bulkhead. The boards together made a bridge about six or eight inches broad.

But neither could walk. Lister could scramble across, but what of his companion? Sitting astride the planks that led to whatever hope there was Lister pulled his companion on to his shoulders, and moving like an acrobat along a gymnastium "dickie," he got him to the set of stairs.

Moving from step to step on his knees, Lister would pull, over the same distance, Robinson, who by now had become demented and delirious.

On reaching the top of the stairs, Lister called out to some stokers who were scurrying along the deck, and assistance came. Most of the crew had gone, all the boats but two having been lowered.

No. 7 starboard, "was the boat assigned in the drills to Lister, but as he crawled along the deck to that position he found it, too, had gone. As he was about to scramble over the side of the ship he was seen by an officer, who picked him up and put him on to a rope running down the ship's side, and down this he slid into a boat below.

When he got safely into the boat he realized for the first time the pain he was suffering, and for twenty-four hours he suffered silently before making known the extent of his injuries.

Seven lifeboats formed a line, being fastened together by a rope. The ship's doctor was in the first boat, with the captain and others. When Lister's condition was made known he was immediately attended to.

Nine Days and Nights.
For nine days and nights six of them being very wet, the gallant little fleet made for shore. The survivors were rationed to one biscuit and a cup of water a day.

Two of the men in Lister's boat went mad through drinking sea water, but eventually they were composed and cured. Valiantly the men took their turn at the oars when there was no wind for sail, hungry and exhausted though they were.

For three days the lifeboats hung together, but on the fourth morning, to add to their misery, those in Lister's boat found they had cut adrift from the fleet during the night, and were alone at sunrise without a boat or a ship being in sight.

Cold and beside themselves with hunger, the twenty-one men and four officers struggled on until, as night slowly began to draw her curtain over the rays of the sun to the exclusion of the hope daylight was expected to bring a voice, as though a call from heaven cried out "Ship!"

Starved and distressed men rose to look. Imaginary ships had been a plague for days, and minds were cruel in their tricks of deception. But these were ships. The officers immediately sent out distress calls from their flash lamps, and in a very short time a British destroyer was tearing its way through a choppy sea to save them.

The destroyer was one of a convoy, and when all safe aboard, Lister was put to bed in the chief engineer's cabin, where he remained until carried in an ambulance to the Birkenhead hospital.

There he heard from those who attended to his wants that the fleet they had cut adrift from had safely reached Ireland, and that in a convent there his comrade Robinson had died from lockjaw.

"This was my first trip," he told me, "and it was Robinson's first also; he was only a year my senior. They say I had burns, but I do not know where I got them.

"As for the Albert medal I am told I am going to be presented with, I know nothing, only what I have seen in the papers. After my arrival in Liverpool an officer asked me about what had happened, and when I told him he said he would report to the admiralty on the matter."—Vancouver Daily Sun.

Another Infant Phenomenon.
Little Edith Gruenberg, of Philadelphia, who at the early age of eight months mimicked the call of the quail so naturally that she deceived the bird herself is out with a rival.

This week Mrs. John Johnstone, of Rathgonan House, Ardsagh, writes to inform us that her daughter Olga, at the age of 9 months could drive a horse and use the whip to make it go on. At one and one-half years she could sing the chorus "Come back to Erin" in perfect tune.

"At one year and nine months," Mrs. Johnstone says, "she could hum all the gramophone records that we had from the greatest artists. She is 2 years 2 months now and can waltz. She is passionately fond of music, has the gramophone always working, and can work it herself without assistance. She is a Twilight Sleep baby, and, thank God, enjoys the best of health."

Plague May Follow Peace.

One quarter of the twenty million inhabitants of the Turkish Empire have died since the beginning of the war. A million have been killed or massacred, and the other four have died of hunger or disease.

All through the history of the human race, pestilence has followed on war, and plague on famine. With half Europe starving, it would seem that the world is ripe for a visitation of cholera or Black Death, which would turn whole countries into deserts.

Plague was first brought to England by the Crusaders. In 1466 more people died in England of pestilence than had been killed in all the fighting with France in the fifteen preceding years. After the famine in India in 1804, deaths from plague rose to 46,000 a week.

These are only two examples out of scores that might be quoted, and if there is one thing more certain than another it is that all through the world's history more people have died from the results of war than from war itself.

Yet take courage. A famous doctor says that we have little to fear. In the Boer War, he said, we had 25,000 cases of typhoid. During this war—with thirty times the forces we then employed—we have had only a few hundred.

Medical science has advanced by leaps and bounds, and by the process of inoculation can control all the worst epidemic diseases. He thinks it probable that in Russia and Turkey, and to a smaller extent in Austria, typhus will claim many victims, but he is not afraid for England. Influenza, he believes, is the worst that we shall suffer.

Sporting Events.

DEMPSEY KNOCKED OUT SMITH.
Buffalo, N.Y., Dec. 30.—Jack Dempsey, of Utah, knocked out Gunboat Smith, of New York, in the second round of a scheduled ten round bout here to-night. Dempsey weighed 190 pounds, Smith 175.

Dempsey scored nine knock downs in the brief bout. He floored Smith with a left jab in the first minute of fighting. Smith took the count and was apparently dazed when he recovered his feet. He tried to cover, but after a few seconds of boxing Dempsey knocked him down again. Throughout the rest of the round Smith tried unsuccessfully to parry the blows, which repeatedly sent him to the floor.

At the opening of the second round Smith attempted to take the offensive. Dempsey sidestepped his punches and rushed, knocking Smith down again. As the New York man came to a right swing caught him on the head and he went to the floor for the final count.

Previous to the bout to-night the two men had fought two four-round, no-decision contests in California.

McGovern Dies From Injuries.
Boston, Dec. 31.—Terry McGovern, of Philadelphia, was taken to a hospital after he had been knocked out by Young Britt, of New Bedford, in the sixth round of a scheduled twelve round bout here last night. McGovern's head struck the floor and he lay unconscious for 15 minutes.

His skull was fractured. McGovern known in private life as Frank D. Leo, died at the City Hospital to-day. Britt was arrested.

Zhyzsko Won At Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—Waldok Zhyzsko defeated Steve Savage in two straight falls in a wrestling match to-night. The first fall was obtained in 54 minutes 32 seconds; the second in 34 minutes. Both were the result of the toe hold.

Places Without Plagues.

Where Influenza is Unknown.
Men who work in blast furnaces are singularly free from influenza. The reason is said to be that, to see, unless it is the tremendous sweating they get. On the other hand they are exposed to frightful draughts.

That the people who work in the salt districts in Cheshire should be fairly safe from flu is not so strange, seeing that doctors all recommend us to gargle freely with salt and water, as a preventive against the disease.

As a matter of fact, the salt districts are always safe places in times of epidemic disease. Indeed, the only complaints of all prevalent around Newcastle and Drottwich are sore throats caused by excess of salt in the air, and—sometimes—sofe eyes.

Influenza, as we know, is just as bad or worse in the tropics than in our own uncertain climate. It has been raging in India, and is travelling up through South Africa, past the Zambesi.

South Africa can, however, boast of freedom from one of the worst of diseases. So far as known, a case of hydrophobia has never been known in the whole of Africa south of the Sahara, and that although it is common enough in Morocco, Algiers and Egypt. Tuberculosis also, the horrible white scourge, is very rare in South Africa.

The little island of St. Kilda is one of the healthiest of all the British Isles. It is only when the supply ship arrives there, as it does two or three times in the summer, that anything happens. Then the whole population catch cold, and are ill for about four days.

FASHIONS AND FADS.

Coin spots are fashionable on frocks and blouses.

Blue cretonne on black velvet hats is always charming.

Many of the new evening blouses have bloused bodices.

Flesh pink, mauve and fado green are all favorite colors.

The great rage at present is for beads on evening gowns.

The pointed bodice is often seen on dresses of black velvet.

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MILLEY'S

Schwab Stories.

"Charlie" Schwab, the director-general of the great American shipbuilding "hustle," has greatly gratified himself with the men in the yards with his breezy yarns. One of his stories related to "Jack the cowboy," who met some English friends in America. When they went away they said to him, "Mind you come to see us when you come to England." Jack didn't expect to go to England then, but it happened that some years later he went over with Buffalo Bill.

So he went to call on his great English friends, and they asked him to dinner. He was given a noble duchess of the realm to take in, and Jack didn't feel too happy about it. However, he landed her safely at the table, and then he thought he ought to say something. He didn't quite know what, so he turned to the duchess and said, "Madam, I don't know what one ought to say to a duchess, but, by God, you look good to me."

This story was received with a roar of laughter, and when it had subsided a little Schwab would say, "Boys, I'm like Jack, by God, you look good to me."

Schwab on another occasion told the story of the man who was dismissed from the shipyard. "This man got slack and slack in his work. So at last his foreman dismissed him, but the man turned up on the following morning. 'I thought I dismissed you,' said the foreman. 'I know you did,' the man replied, 'But don't you

do it again; my wife gave me hell for it."

"Now that's what Mr. Jones, your manager, will give me if I go on talking," said Schwab. "Risk it," several voices in the crowd suggested. "That's all very well," says Schwab, "but my wife won't like it. When I asked her for a slogan for the shipyards the other day, she said, 'Less talking and more caulking'."

Schwab is full of patriotism, and, of course, he tells stories preaching loyalty. He tells the story of the yellow dog. When he was travelling frequently between his works at Bethlehem and his home at New York he noticed that at a wayside station a great yellow dog invariably came out and barked at the train. "What does he want?" Schwab asked the conductor. "I don't know," said the conductor. "But what I would like to know is what the dog thinks he would do with the train if he got it?"

"The United States," Schwab added, "is like that great splendid steel train speeding smoothly on its course and no yellow cur of a barking Kaiser could have more effect on it than the yellow dog had on the train."—Exchange.

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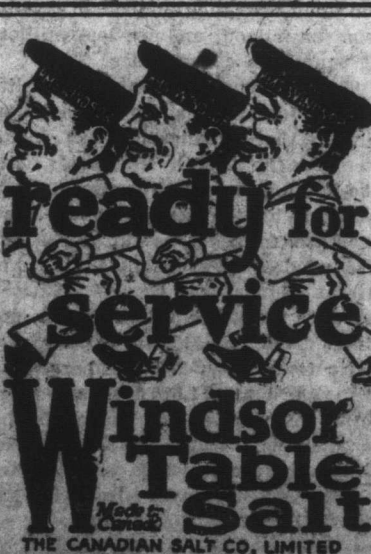
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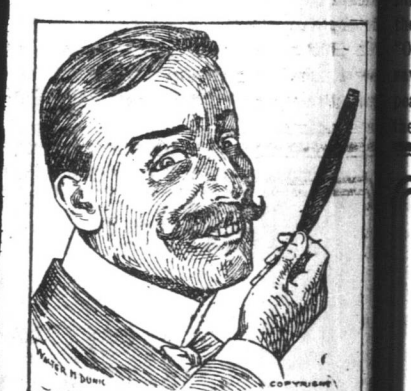
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