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under, St. John's, N.F.

Christmas.

ORGANS Gramophones.

HUTTON. Music Shop.

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Ware.

Coffee Boilers, Milk Kettles, 1, 2, 3, 4 qts. The Dish, Dinner Plates, Mugs, Dippers, Chambers, Sink Brainers, Funnels.

Ware.

AND DINNER BOILERS.

BURNERS & CHIMNEYS, ALUMINUM PAINT,

USTON'S, North Street.

The "Erik's" Last Moments.

Bomb Ends Sealer's Career.

JOHN J. RYAN, Wireless Operator. fact that we were being attacked by a German submarine. Before I had time to gather up my wits and release an S. O. S. a direct hit from the Hun carried away a derrier and the wireless useless, so I ran to the foremost part of the ship and secured a lifebelt before another lump of metal went flying through the engine room sending a column of smoke and flame through the faintly over the boiler. Another shell pierced the stack and several boncombbed the deck and smashed the high bulwarks into little splinters. The German gunners had the range well and every shot found its mark in some part of the old sealer.

Then, lo! the Huns stopped shelling and we had a look round to estimate the damage. The wireless cabin was perforated and the apparatus was wrecked. Only one shell had hit below the water line but this was causing the ship to sink slowly aft. Our lifeboats were chipped to matchwood with the exception of one small punt, and that was minus the best part of a side. We worked hard to repair one of the larger boats, but it was in vain. The Chief Engineer was wounded in the chest and head; the mate received several cuts from the shells and many other members of the crew displayed wounds that were ample evidence of the fire we had undergone.

An hour later the submarine was sighted a few hundred yards away and we all were wondering what was to be the next move in the drama. We didn't have long to wait, for the Hun commander spotted our little punt and shouted to its occupants. We could neither hear nor see what passed between the German and the three members of our crew who were in the little boat, but a few minutes later we could define three other men in the old punt and we knew they were Huns. Shortly after we had a German officer and two sailors standing on deck. The officer demanded the Captain's papers, and meanwhile the sailors were preparing the bomb that was to seal the Erik's fate.

Advertisement for Wellington pipe, featuring an illustration of the pipe and the text 'The Wellington THE UNIVERSAL PIPE JUST smoke—clean, dry smoke down to the last piece of tobacco—that's what you get from a Wellington. The moisture stays in the well. The bowl is genuine French briar, fashioned and fitted by a master hand. The WDC triangle trade-mark tells you so. Good dealers have the shape and size you want—\$1. and up, and worth every penny of it. WM. DEMUTH & CO. New York'

T. J. EDENS.

- CAL. NAVAL ORANGES. CAL. LEMONS. 25 BXS. TABLE APPLES. GRAPE FRUIT. CRANBERRIES. P. E. I. POTATOES. CARROTS. PARSNIPS. BEET.

- KIPPERED HERRING. FRESH FROZEN CAPLIN. FRESH FROZEN COFFISH. 20 BXS. CANADIAN CHEESE. 10 BXS. CREAMERY BUTTER. 2 LB. Prints.

- By S. S. Adolph. 25 Cases C. D. S. Marmalade, 1 lb. Glass. 25 Cases Sliced Pineapple, 2 1/2 lb. Tin. 10 Cases Tomato Catsups. 3 Cases Honey. Baker's Chocolate. White Iceing Sugar. 50 Cases Cal. Currants, 1 lb. Cartons. 20 Boxes Lux. 20 Boxes Sunlight.

100 Pairs Rabbits. 10 Cases Eggs.

T. J. EDENS.

Dorchester St. and Rawlins' Cross.

we were getting impatient. The submarine came up alongside and the officers started to jabber away in their lingo for a few minutes, then the boarding officer said we were all on board the sub. This action made me feel more comfortable as it was evidence enough of their sincerity in regard to our safety.

I jumped into the second boat and took a hand at balling out the water that kept swirling pouring in, and although it was up to our knees we managed to keep afloat. We rowed over to the Hun and returned to take some more men to the sub. The sea was heaving quite a bit and the moon was shining down upon us as we completed the transfer. I was the last man, but one, to go down the man-hole of the submarine and as I put my foot on the first rung of the ladder a dull explosion from the Erik told us that the bombs had finished their nefarious work. I climbed down the ladder and went over another two or three steps into the engine room. The crew were all stowed away behind the gear and I sat down on my lifebelt under an oxygen tube and had a nap. Some of the men were drinking coffee that was given them by the Hun electricians who controlled the submerging apparatus.

The submerging gear that occupied two sides of the engine room, was a heterogeneous mass of dynamo, volt meters, ammeters, indicators, and bells. Two Huns stood watch and kept jotting down the orders as they were signalled from the conning tower, and also the hour, so it seemed from their continually looking at the clock. The crew were all fine specimens of manhood, and from their conversations gave us the impression that they were more tired of the war. The commander himself said he very seldom swore, but he wished the H— it was over.

I forgot to mention that their chief engineer ransacked the wireless cabin of the Erik before leaving her and carried away my grip full of electrical fittings that he had selected from the apparatus. I had the impression that they were well stocked with provisions as they never asked for anything in food, but they were apparently short of petrol. They might have had a cask of gasoline but I pulled the bung out of it on deck to empty it and make part of a raft.

Well we were a dejected looking bunch of mortals stowed down there in the bowels of the submarine. I had my uniform, cap and tunic, but had to wear a pair of civilian trousers, nevertheless I was the cleanest looking of the crowd, although my face and hands were coated with black and greasy coal dust. The Huns treated the whole thing as part of a day's work and I guess we weren't the first batch of prisoners they had on board.

It was about 4.30 a.m. when we first boarded the sub, and at six o'clock the telegram rang, and I believe we rose to the surface, but a few minutes later submerged again. At eight o'clock another order brought us to the surface and an officer came along and beckoned us to follow him on deck. We all went up the ladder and through the man-hole. All the Hun engineers were smiling as we walked past them, but the sailors looked sternly.

When we reached the sub's deck the rain was pouring in torrents, a little fishing vessel was riding at anchor on our starboard, and several

dories were rowing towards us. The Hun commander ordered us on board the banker, and you bet we didn't take long to carry out that command. Once safely on the fisherman, and after partaking of a good meal, we all were feeling pretty good. The sub. lay off and watched us for a while. I had no idea of her great size until then. She was surely three hundred feet in length and carried two big guns, one each side of the conning tower; also a small collapsible wireless aerial on her deck. She appeared to be one of the much talked of cruiser type.

At nine o'clock the Hun was just visible in the light fog, and a few minutes later disappeared for good as we thought. When the sun rose we could see St. Pierre to the south east and four large American bankers fishing about seven or eight miles away. One of them lay in our course and we would probably meet with some of her crew and warn them of the danger they were laying themselves open to. At noon three of the Americans were not visible and we thought that it was because of the light mist. We were soon in hailing distance of a Yankee hand-liner in his own dory. We told him that a submarine was in the neighborhood and that it would be advisable to go back and acquaint his skipper of the danger and get into port as quickly as possible. Well he seemed to take the news in a matter of fact sort of way and was in no hurry to take up his moorings and row back to his ship. He looked at us with a misunderstood half-believable expression on his face and asked "How's the war now?" I had an inclination to tell him if he didn't get a move on he would soon see a little of it for himself.

The wind had dropped and we were now but a few miles from where the sub. left us and it looked very much like a calm coming on. Half an hour later we met another doryman from the Yank and blimey if he didn't ask the same question as the former; but he seemed to take it more seriously and was about to leave us and row back to his ship when one of our crew pointed towards the banker and cried, "Look. We all were sabbergasted for here was Mr. Hun on the surface and not a hundred yards from the American. They had ordered her crew to the boats and put a bomb on board so that in the short space of five minutes the J. J. Sullivan (for this was her name) was sunk with the summer's catch of two thousand quintals of codfish. Her crew managed to save some grub and a few casks of water. Their dories were all equipped with sails and they all made for the land as quickly as possible. The other ships that were visible in the early morning had been also visited by the submarine, and their crews were all in dories trying to reach the French Islands.

The calm prevailed all day and night and our little vessel the Walfie G. made but slow progress. At daylight the following morning we were within an hour's run of port, but without the wind it might take us another six. To while away the time I secured a flogger and line and tried my hand at fishing. Well as fast as I could throw out and pull in I landed them and presented the lot to the owner of the vessel. Some of the "yins" I found very hard to haul because my right hand had been to war.

At ten o'clock a stiff breeze sprung up and in less than an hour we were anchored in the roads of St. Pierre. In the afternoon we went ashore and

TO-DAY

in medicine, as in every other necessity, the public is satisfied with nothing but the best! This explains the ever-increasing demand for Zam-Buk. Not only is this great balm the best household remedy to-day, but it is also the most economical. Zam-Buk's superiority is due to the fact that it is all medicine, containing none of the coarse animal fats or hazak mineral drugs found in ordinary ointments. Again, a little of this balm goes a long way. Another reason why Zam-Buk is most economical. It will keep indefinitely and retain to the last its strength and purity. Best for rheumatism, sprains, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers, 50c. box.

Zam-Buk

placed the wounded in the city hospital and we were given a place to sleep in the music hall of the Cafe Midl. Afterwards I went round to see some of my old friends that I had become acquainted with during my previous days here on the Cabot.

When night came the second engineer and myself went back to the Cafe to have a night's rest. When we entered the music hall it looked very much like a bar-room. Many of the Yanks and some of our chaps were drunk and it was one big row from dark till dawn. The air was getting thick with flying chairs and bottles. Things got so hot that a big Russian-Finlander was chasing around for a knife to exterminate the Americans, but failed to find one. We cleared out after that and finished our night in a small billiard room in another part of the Cafe. The next morning our crew left for Newfoundland on a small tug and arrived at Larn that afternoon.

Well that's the story of my last escapade with the Hun and it was certainly unexpected. We never dreamed of meeting a sub. so near our homeland.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. THERAPION No. 1. THERAPION No. 2. THERAPION No. 3. For Chronic Venereal Disease. No. 3 for Chronic Venereal Disease. Sold by leading chemists, price 1/6 per bottle. SELF-CLEANING CO. LONDON, W.C. 2. TEL. 2500. BOTTLES READY TO POST BY REGISTERED PARCEL.

To Make First Atlantic Flight.

Kankakee, Ill., Jan. 6.—Lieut. Patrick O'Brien, an American aviator in the British service, who escaped from German captors, announced Friday that he will attempt to be the first to make a trans-Atlantic flight in an airplane. He said he hoped to make the flight in April, and that Captain I. F. Fuller, an American aviator still on duty in France, and Lieut. C. Robinson, an American, who was one of O'Brien's comrades in the British Flying Corps, were associated with him in the venture.

DON'T TAKE THAT TRIP— not before you have seen us. We will take \$5,000 insurance on your life for one month for less than a \$5 bill. THE TERRA NOVA COMPANY, Gear Building, Geo. P. Barnes, Mgr. Jan 7, 19

Our American Letter.

Charleston, South Carolina, Jan. 9.—The situation in Russia continues to puzzle the world. The governments of the various nations seem to be as much in the dark as to what is occurring there as are the people they represent. A great deal of angry protest is being uttered by the press and public of the United States against keeping an American Army in Russian territory while much friction has occurred in Congress over the action of the War Department in refusing to recall the soldiers. There is great danger, unless relief is sent or the forces recalled, that they may be overwhelmed by a superior Bolshevik army. The Russian question will be a knotty problem to deal with when it comes up for discussion. That chaos and anarchy at present are in control of that country is universally believed, but how to deal with the situation without bringing on another war, will tax the skill of the ablest statesmen. If left to its fate Russia will become the scene of occurrences which will make all previous orgies of mob murder seem tame by comparison.

It is refreshing to see some of the great English newspapers admitting the fact that Ireland did her full share in the war. Although having altogether only a few hundred thousand men of military age she sent 59 per cent. of these to the various battle fronts, where they fought as bravely and as effectively as did the troops of any other nation. That the truth about Ireland's part in the great conflict is at last coming to light is apparent from the recent statements of the British press.

Wilson may exclaim with Caesar, "veni, vidi, vici," judging by the plaudits with which the Roman populace greeted him to-day.

It is proposed to take the German ships out to sea and sink them, in order to avoid any unpleasantness that might result as a result of their distribution amongst the Allied nations. It is to be hoped that no such step will be taken. The German ships as mere junk represent millions of dollars that could be applied to relieving the distressed conditions in the devastated regions. If the nations do not sink the ships, let them be broken up and sold as old metal and the proceeds devoted to international charity. Heaven knows there is want enough in France and Belgium, without destroying the means of their relief in such a ruthless manner.

Your reference to the burial of a soldier without military honors and the absence of any organized effort to receive the returning troops in a proper manner is disheartening reading. Contrast such indifference towards Newfoundland's heroic soldiers with the tumultuous reception accorded the American troops at every port of entry in the United States.

Some of the old Newfoundland sea captains who ran the blockade during the Civil War will remember Charleston. Many a cargo of contraband was landed here under the very mouths of the Union cannon, and fortunes in cotton taken away. The blockade runners played for high stakes and took the proverbial gambler's chance. To win meant an immense fortune, whilst to lose meant in many cases to be reduced to beggary. Edward Lyell Fox, Hearst's correspondent with the German armies previous to the entrance of this country into the conflict, has been shown up

"Syrup of Figs" for Constipated Child

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realises, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, Mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "Fruit Laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first-treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here, so don't be fooled. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company."

In anything but an enviable light. He has himself admitted that he manufactured stories of Russian atrocities for the purpose of strengthening the German cause. He also defended the violation of Belgium's neutrality and the sinking of the Lusitania. Fox is the man who some years ago wrote a very foolish story in a magazine entitled "Dogged in Newfoundland." He made a certain honorable gentleman the deep-eyed villain of the tale and characterized the fishermen of Bonavista as men to whom lynching was a pastime. He is now so unearred with putrid Hunnish mud that no respectable publication will open its columns to him again.

Secretary Baker's plan for a standing army of 500,000 men has surprised a great many people. The Secretary's proposed measure would provide for short term enlistments, thus ensuring several millions of thoroughly trained soldiers in the course of a few years. With Daniels insisting on the greatest navy in the world, and Baker coming out for military preparedness on a large scale, the United States does not intend to be caught napping should any future contingency arise. W. M. DOOLEY.



MARLEY 24 IN. DEVON 24 IN. ARROW COLLARS. CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC. MAKERS

A sports costume has a taupe-colored coat of velour and a skirt of corduroy in the same color.

A gray taffeta afternoon frock is extravagantly sashed with black-and-white striped taffeta ribbon.

Advertisement for BC Cigarettes, featuring a large illustration of a man's face and the text 'The Almost In Pique Smoking' and 'Imperial Tobacco Co. (Newfoundland) Ltd.'