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1913. 1913.

Just to keep things humming we are offering two leaders—1913. Our \$19 Suitsing is a guaranteed Wool, made in the "Maunder" style. The woollen market is still going up. This is the season to get your money's worth, as you will probably pay more for the same article in the Spring.

Our \$13 Suitsing is cut and finished to your own selection of style for Spring and Summer of 1913 from our style sheets just in. Only the price of a hand-me-down for a splendidly tailor-made suit.

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Tailor & Clothier,  
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# Terrible Weather ON THE ATLANTIC.

**Liner's Fifty Hours' Fight for Life in Hurricane—How Captain Bidwell Saved the Narrung in the Bay—The Great Wave Came Like a Devouring Monster, Swamping the Ship—Heroic Endurance—Skipper Sees Fifteen of His Crew Perish One by One.**

**The Narrung's Great Fight.**  
Tilbury, Dec. 28.—It was a little after seven o'clock this morning that the battered, storm-swept Narrung dropped anchor off Gravesend, and Captain R. Bidwell, her commander, left the bridge for the first time since Thursday morning.

The liner was listing badly on her starboard side, her whole forepart was a mass of wreckage, and much of her foredeck itself was caved in and rolled up like paper.

The iron plates of her bulwarks were twisted and broken as if they had been mere matchwood, and the bolts were torn out. The steel foremast was bare of ropes, and was itself twisted out of shape.

It was lucky that it held its position, for, had it gone over, it would not have been possible to operate the wireless apparatus.

**"A Great Devouring Monster."**

In the course of conversation with me, Captain R. Bidwell himself, who is a short, stoutly-built man said he was little the worse for his terrible experience. The only sign of weariness was in his eyes, which were almost closed as he spoke.

"If our worst experiences on Thursday had been encountered in the night I doubt whether we should have lived through it so well and without any loss of life in the darkness," he said.

"I have had thirty-one years' experience of the sea and its perils, but never have I gone through such a storm as we did in the Bay of Biscay."

"What happened to me when that great destructive wave came over us? Well, really, I can scarcely remember."

"I recall that I was standing with my hand on the engine-room telegraph when it came down like a great devouring monster, swamping the ship and burying her head forward."

**At His Post for Fifty Hours.**

"I could not see for a time from the bridge the extent of the destruction it did, but I soon realised that it was impossible to go in such a storm. There was only one thing to do—to turn and ride before it."

"It was a very difficult business and took quite a long time. When at the end of nearly an hour and a half's struggle we managed to bring her round somehow I was thankful that our most anxious time had passed."

"During the turning I told the wireless operator, who, by the way, courageously remained at his post for nearly fifty hours, to signal for assistance. We got several replies offering help, but later I was able to send another message that we could get along all right."

**Remained on Bridge all the Time.**

The passengers had nothing but praise for the captain, the ship's officers, engineers and crew.

"Captain Bidwell is one of the best," said a passenger (Mr. G. Scott) to me, soon after three hearty cheers had been given in his honour by the passengers as they were leaving the ship.

Mr. W. C. Postle, the chief officer, was also loud in praise of Captain Bidwell.

"In a sea the like of which I have never seen he remained on the bridge calm and collected throughout."

**HUSBAND AND WIFE BOTH TROUBLED**

**GIN PILLS Cured Them**

Lachute Mills, Que, March 11th, 1912.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Disease, and a friend told me to take GIN PILLS. After taking a few boxes, I was greatly relieved, and after finishing the twelfth box, the pain completely left me.

My wife is now using GIN PILLS and finds that she has been greatly relieved of the pain over her kidneys.

I can safely recommend anyone suffering from Kidney Trouble to give a fair trial to GIN PILLS."

THOMAS STEPHENSON.

We allow you to make this trial absolutely free of cost. Simply write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, and they will send you a free sample of Gin Pills. Try them. They will do you so much good that you will gladly get the regular size boxes at your local dealers'. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50.

**His powers of endurance are wonderful. He has had little to eat the whole time, and practically no sleep at all since we left London on Christmas Eve.**

**"Waves Eighty Feet High.**

Mr. H. D. Hulton, the second officer, gave me a graphic story of that fifty hours' fight.

"When we turned into the Bay of Biscay," he said, "we began to feel the hurricane as none of us had ever felt it before.

"On all sides the seas seemed to rise above us like menacing mountains. The wind was blowing at a terrible rate, its velocity being probably from sixty to seventy miles an hour.

"The great waves rising to seventy and eighty feet were breaking over the vessel right up to the bridge, when, at about a quarter-past twelve, two tremendous waves, bigger than any of the others, rose in front of us.

"The liner rode over the first and went down into the trough of the sea with frightful suddenness, when the second wave, even bigger than the first, rose against us, following so quickly on the first that we realised that the ship had no time to rise to it.

**Women up to Their Waists in Water.**

"The great volume of water—we must have shipped from 100 to 150 tons of it—fell upon us with terrific force, sweeping everything on the foredeck before it.

The heavy cargo winches were lifted and thrown over as though they had been pieces of paper, the foremast was broken in three places, part of the rigging went, and the refrigerating room was completely wrecked. The fore well deck was flooded and the weight of the water suddenly coming upon it sunk it six inches below its proper level.

"Doors were ripped off, cabins were flooded in the saloon and the fo'c'sle was wrecked, and women and children, whose screams could be heard above the roar of the gale, were up to their knees, and in some instances their waists, in water.

**One and a Half Hours to Turn.**

"The officers and crew worked as they had never worked before in replacing the bunks and cabin doors with anything at hand that would act as such.

"The crew rescued the women and children from the fo'c'sle accommodation, which was flooded, and placed them wherever drier quarters could be found—chiefly the saloon amidships. In some instances passengers had to be fastened in their cabins to prevent the water coming in.

"Our only chance was to run before the gale, and to do this it was necessary to turn the ship right round with the sea and wind behind her. It was a task which required the exercise of the finest seamanship, for had the ship received another such shock as the first, it is questionable whether she would have survived it."

"It took quite an hour and a half to turn, and it is due to the fact that we were able to bring the Narrung safely round that we are here to tell the tale."

"It was only at four o'clock on Friday morning that the storm moderated. We were pumping the water out for a day and night.

**In a Bunk for Three Days.**

"Throughout the whole period of the danger everybody on board worked with true British spirit. Nobody hesitated to risk the worst in order to do their best for passengers and ship, and one of our men, an A.B., named Quirk, broke a leg, arm and four ribs while helping to rescue the women.

"The captain never once left the bridge while the storm lasted, and for about fifty hours neither he nor the chief officer, Mr. Postle, who helped him, had any food."

The passengers—most of them still showing evidence of the strain they had endured—looked as weary and sleepy as it is possible to be. Many of them were clad only in the lightest of garments—they had used most of their clothes to mop up the water which flooded their cabins.

Those who were berthed in the fo'c'sle cabins had especially terrifying experiences:

"The water poured into my cabin at every point," said one of these—Mrs. Blackshaw, of Rotterdam, "and, with my little boy, I was in my bunk for three days.

"For a long time nobody could reach us, but a small flask of brandy and some biscuits which I had, kept us going."

**Knelt in Water to Pray.**

A mother who with three children, was going out to Australia to join her husband, told me that they were nearly

ly forty-eight hours with nothing more than some biscuits and tea.

"The stewards did all they could, but they could not keep the food supply going and could not do any cooking.

"Several men and women were imprisoned in one cabin by heavy debris. They thought the ship was going under and tried all they could to get out, but it was not until nearly nine hours later that it was possible to release them.

"Some of them, including two little girls, knelt down and prayed silently several times while the storm raged and more and more water filled their cabin. They went down on their knees in a foot of water, too."

**THREE DAYS OF HORROR IN AN OPEN BOAT.**

Penzance, Dec. 29.—A poignant pathetic story was related to me this morning, by the two sole survivors of the crew of seventeen of the Danish ship Volmer, of Copenhagen. They were picked up in the Atlantic by the Belgian steamer Ibeex V. after being adrift for three days and nights in an open boat.

One of the survivors was the skipper of the Volmer, Captain Oerbeck, of Copenhagen. He said: "I left Swansea on Christmas Eve, bound for Nice with a cargo of coal.

"On Christmas night we felt the full force of the Atlantic gale, and on Boxing Day tremendous waves broke aboard, carrying away everything on deck and smashing in the hatches. The sea poured into the hold like a torrent, and nothing could be done.

"For five hours," continued the captain, "we drove before the gale, with death always staring us in the face. Then I saw the ship was actually sinking under us, and I gave the order to man the boats.

**Saw His Poor Boys Drowned.**

"As the first boat was being lowered it was caught by a wave and dashed to pieces. Some of my poor boys were drowned then," added Captain Oerbeck, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"As the last boat to be launched touched the water it capsize, and I saw six men clinging to the keel—I jumped over and swam to the boat and helped to right her. We all managed to scramble in, but she was full of water. As we got into the boat we saw the Volmer sink.

"Darkness came on, and it was then my poor boys began to die, and one by one we had to throw them into the sea, until only two of us were left.

"Our terrors were added to by a thunderstorm with vivid lightning. Hope again rose when we saw the lights of a couple of steamers, but imagine our agony when they passed without coming to us.

"Several times during that awful night we were washed out of the boat, but scrambled back. We had no oars and no water, and when we tried to get a little bread from an air-tight tank the seas took it from us.

"We were sitting in the boat with icy water up to our necks. To shield ourselves from blinding rain and lashing sea we covered ourselves with a piece of sail, and this saved us from perishing.

"We were suffering agonies from thirst, and my companion wanted to suck the sail, but I prevented him, knowing it would drive him mad. So I thrust my arm from under the sail, caught raindrops in the hollow of my hand, and with these we moistened our lips.

"Our sufferings throughout next day were intense. Darkness was again falling, and we made up our minds for another night of terror, knowing it would be the last, when we saw a ship coming up. Luckily she was a sailing ship, she could not manoeuvre to reach us, however, she hoisted signals of distress and attracted a steamer, which she directed to us, and coming alongside the steamer threw us a rope.

"With our last ounce of strength we fastened it round our waists and were dragged through the sea. After this all was blank, and next we knew that we were in a bunk with sailors doing their best to revive us. We were afterwards landed and taken to Penzance Hospital, where we have received the utmost kindness."

I also saw the other survivor, Ludwig Trosier, twenty-five, of Kiel. "The mate went mad with terror, and jumped overboard," he said.

"The donkey engine man also jumped overboard. He had only been married twelve months, and his last words to me were: 'If you get saved give my best love to my dear wife.'"—Daily Mirror.

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