

Striker on Terra Nova States His Case

(Continued from page 2)

neighbor, and quite often a half dozen men raced for one seal and when the fortunate one reached the seal he had about wind enough left to kill it, and men took big risks in order to get a carcass.

However, this didn't satisfy Bartlett, for everytime men went after a seal, all kinds of abuse was hurled at them, especially Bowring's dealers who were called old women, and told that their fathers had to work for and support them, etc. However, I may say that the men who didn't get berths from Bartlett were just as good as his men.

On one occasion R. Neville was trying his best to get a seal, having been sent out by the skipper. The seal proved to be a piece of dark ice and Neville lost a little time searching further, thinking he had missed his seal. The old man almost kicked the rats into the sea and got in a rage, saying "come aboard damn you, where the hell are you going?" This was poor thanks to a man who gave his utmost to find a seal for him. Another man had a seal and was waiting for the ship to come up to him, she struck the pan and the man was left on a piece of ice just large enough to float him. He was roundly abused, and called names that would make any man ashamed.

We were constantly abused about the grub or food (which I must say was very good, compared with last spring's, the cooks doing all the cooking, however; the carpenter and cooks admitted that the owners saved more than fifty per cent. by not giving stores to each man to cook for themselves, so small credit is due for their paying it cooked). We were constantly reminded that we were getting too much beans and meat and soft bread and were told that he would fix us and our beans, soft, bread, etc., and Coaker along with all. When we set a sail we were told to pull on the soft bread, haul on the beans and slack on something else. (I want to say that had men who forgot more about seamanship than Bartlett ever learned and who sailed more in a year than he did in a lifetime). All this tended to breed discontent, and men were disgusted with this abuse.

We got jammed off Sydney, and the old man gave leave to several men to go ashore and seek employment, which was looked upon by most all hands as nothing short of abandoning the voyage; but these men didn't reach the shore, as the ice moved offshore before they could land. All hands with very few exceptions were now discouraged and talked of the futility of going further, and the constant cry was that we would get away North and get frozen up till the middle of May, and men with so much work to do, and families to feed.

Master watches, cooks and all talked in this strain, and were just as responsible as others in creating the strike. The engineers were saying that no matter what steam was on the boilers, it was useless to contend with ice, and all hands agreed, as the ship was very light, having used most of her coal, and old sealers agreed that she was useless after old fat as she could not break through a night's frost. (The truth of this has been proved since.) Last but not least, from being aboard continually and living in a filthy 'tween deck, the vermin increased to such an extent that men couldn't sleep in bunk, but had to lay about on boxes, etc.

The magistrate heard these reasons, and said they didn't justify us in giving up the voyage, and that he would give us two weeks in prison. I wonder what reasons would have justified us according to his learned mind.

He allowed that he was an old seaman and had managed a lot of ice-faring men, and knew that they are all inclined to do as they like, and that when he was going to sea they didn't get beans or soft bread and if they refused to work were knocked about with blaying pins, hand spikes, etc. We reminded him that this the 20th century and men are more intelligent, and won't be knocked about like the slaves of his day, and it will be a good thing when the time and people he refers to will be swallowed up in the bottomless grave of time. If these old timers had the nerve to do a little kicking and risk jail, things would be better for their children and the lords of creation would have taken a back seat long ago as they will in the near future.

We were offered all sorts of assistance from the hundred or

more of our striking shipmates, who would have done a lot of damage if we had but said the word, but we told them that it would be no doubt an easy matter to account for the few police, but in a day or so we would have hundreds of tin horn boy scouts, or other servants of the powers that be, who would come with rifles and blow someone up. We are proud to say that we averted blood shed by a word or two and the boys went to their different homes feeling genuinely sorry for the six victims in the dungeons.

We want to thank Sergeant Crane, of Channel, who treated us as men, and did several acts of kindness for us.

We were treated by the hash slingers in the train, who gave us nothing but a small cup of tea and a couple of slices of bread, the bread being cut so thin that a newspaper could be read through it. This was all the harder to bear, as the policemen and passengers were eating meat, eggs and other food, and when we left the train in St. John's we staggered like drunken men, and when we reached the court house we were completely exhausted.

We enquired from the train steward if we weren't intelligent enough to eat, he told us that we were getting all that we were supposed to get, and he was going by directions from the Government, and if we felt like it to send to Premier Morris as he was accountable for our food troubles.

Now, fellow fishermen, sealers and toilers, remember the six victimized men who Morris starved for two or three days and nights, while Government supernumeraries fed on the best, said best being the produce of the toiler. Remember this when voting time comes round, and give your assistance to the men who are fighting for your welfare and who won't starve you in prison.

I must say that the penitentiary is a cold berth, and we men lay shivering all night, and when we were liberated we couldn't hear each other speaking as our throats and lungs were raw and sore from colds.

Hoping I haven't imposed too freely on your valuable space, and feeling better after telling the tale, and thanking you for space.

J. SQUIRES,
Per Strikers.

Respecting Mail Couriers

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—A few remarks, regarding mail carrying in the summer season. Mr. Editor, the distance from Cow Head to Parson's Pond is about ten miles, and the Grab-all Government has a crowd of Tory-healers hired, to get on board the Meigle at Cow Head on her way North, to come to Parson's Pond, for the purpose of landing the mail from the Meigle, and to take it a distance of four miles to the oil fields. Now Mr. Editor, I call this extravagance to waste money in this way, when a man from Parson's Pond, can go on board the Meigle, and get the mail for half the money the Government is paying away to get it done at the present time; besides it is a great hindrance to the Meigle calling here on her return trip.

The way things are managed now is, the Meigle gets Parson's Pond mail at Cow Head, when she should be calling here on her return trip to get the mail, and give the men a chance to ship their freight. I know persons who have delayed their work, weeks and weeks, waiting for the Meigle to call so that they could ship their freight.

Now, I must say Mr. Editor this has been going on in this condition for a period of four or five years, and I say it is quite time to put a stop to it. I shall be glad when election year comes again, so that we can get a Government who will look into all those money wasting affairs, and save the country from utter ruin before it is too late. Keep up the fight, Mr. Coaker, we are at your back, and we believe you are just the man we need to fight for freedom. Wishing Pres. Coaker and the Union every success.

I remain,
ONE INTERESTED.

Parson's Pond, April 8, 1915.

Interesting Fact

Here is an interesting fact which may easily be verified: October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December; February, March and November begins on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other, and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year.

This is Banner Week at THE NICKEL

"Shadows of the Past."

A 3-part Vitagraph masterpiece. A strong social drama with the same all-star cast that played A Million Bld.

"The Girl from New York."

A 2-part Keystone comedy riot with pretty Mabel Normand leading.

"Hearst Selig News Pictorial"

Showing the ruins of the Malines Cathedral—Belgian refugees in England and several other most interesting subjects.

THIS WILL BE A GREAT SHOW—TAKE IT IN.

CASINO THEATRE

To-Night at 7.30 and 9 o'clock.

LAST OPPORTUNITIES TO SEE THE GREAT PHOTO-PLAY:—

"THE WOLF."

TO-MORROW! THE MOST TALKED OF PLAY OF THE AGE!!

"The Lion and the Mouse."

IN 6 PARTS, By CHARLES KLEIN. A SUPERB "SOCIETY DRAMA" PRODUCTION.

Admission 10 cents.

East End

ROSSLEY'S THEATRES

West End

St. John's leading Vaudeville and Moving Picture Theatre, with finest Orchestra. Mr. A. Crocker, leader.

MR. BALLARD BROWN and MISS MADGE LOCKE, present:—GREAT DRAMATIC INDIAN SKETCH, entitled

"SIOUX"

With Songs, Dances, Indian Costumes and Scenery.

Powerful 3-reel Photo-Play Production, BECKY SHARP, by the Vitagraph Company, with Helen Gardner in the title role.

Don't for FRIDAY NIGHT'S CONTEST—the best yet; lots of names and lots of fun. 1st prize \$5.00, 2nd prize \$3.00, 3rd prize \$2.00.

THE CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE

A GREAT BUNNY COMEDY TO-DAY.

"PRIVATE BUNNY."

Bunny enlists in the regular army and is made to toe the line. A ripping comedy.

"THE DRUDGE"—A Vitagraph Feature in 2 parts. Her spiteful marriage is a disastrous mistake, the sacrifice of her own happiness for his sake, featuring Dorothy Kelly.

"THE SAVING PRESENCE"—A strong, Biograph melo drama.

"A CHANCE IN LIFE"—The story of a convict who made good, presented by the Lubric Company.

Delmonico, the singer with the double voice, is coming on the Stephano from New York to the Crescent.

LETTER FROM A NAVAL RESERVIST

Dear Brother,—Just a few lines to let you know that I am well, thank God, and hoping that you all are the same.

I have been in good health all the winter. I have never had an hour's sickness since I left home.

I received a letter from you to-day that was written the 30th Nov. You told me father and mother felt better when they heard from me. I expect they will feel better now when they hear this. We captured a sailing vessel with nine Germans and two Austrians on board, paying their fare over to Germany to go to the front. She also had a load of saltpetre on board for ammunition, going to Germany. We have had one of the best captures of our race this trip. We had a message from the Admiral, giving us great praise. So you can see I have been mixed up with the Germans. I can tell you I am not sorry for joining and if I come out of it all right I will have something to tell you.

I also had another letter from you that was written the 11th of March. You asked me if I got any money yet. Yes, I got £1 last month and this month I got £2.

We only came in port this evening. The sights here are worth seeing. This is where I saw them building submarines, battleships, torpedo-boat destroyers, seaplanes, and aeroplanes. It is the largest shipping place in the world. I am going to have something done to always remind me of this war.

I also had a letter from Florrie and Freddie. I thought to send a £1 to Fred, but I was afraid to risk it. I will try something else instead. While I was writing this I had another letter, brought me from Emily, wrote the 5th March. She told me about Eric. She also told me they were killing a few seals at home now. Tell her the kind of seals I am after now is German flesh. They are serving our soldiers and sailors what they have took prisoners, brutish, the barbarous brutes. She also asked me if there was anybody on the ship I knew, and who was my chums. I might say I have got good chums over here. Not only one, but a dozen or more. I will show you the bestest hum I got. Him and I are going to get our photo taken to-

gether, and I will send you one. His name is James Stead, from the north. I also had a letter from H—P— I was very pleased to hear from him. I will close now, as it is getting late in the night. I will tell you more news next time.

Give my love to father, mother and all the family, including all uncles and aunts.
Good night. From your loving brother,
KEN.

Neighbourly Turn

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—I wish to express my sincere thanks to the Union men of Winterton for their generous aid in helping me to shingle Fred Carbery's house. He is with the Canadian volunteers and I hope he will return safe to enjoy the spirits of his good friendly labours.

Yours truly,
PETER J. CARBERY.
Turk's Cove, Trinity Bay, May 2, 1915

Current Price Labrador Fish

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—A few remarks on the Labrador Current Price Bill which is now in dispute in the House between the Government (the graballs.)

We the electors of Conception Bay asked for this measure last winter and have been looking forward, hoping for something bright to turn up by your paper after passing its third reading that it is sent up to the wolves to devour.

Is it possible they are going to deny our rights. If they do that with this bill, it ought to be an eye-opener for every man who can see as far as his nose. If it is thrown out it will be by the help of the Government, and then our members for Conception Bay had better keep out of such. That big bluff called Morris should be collared long ago. We are tired of Morris. Go ahead Pres. Coaker, make them pull in their horns.

Naval Reservists In Dardanelles

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—Three of our Naval Reservists are now in the Dardanelles engaged in the great fight there. Their names are Edgar Smith, on board H.M.S. Prince George, and Alex Peddle and Isaac Soper on board H.M.S. "Cornwallis."

We must trust in "God", and it will be a great day when our boys return to us, but I am sorry to say some of our poor fellows will never return to us again. They have given their lives for King and Country and we pray that their names are on the roll of Honour. I must close by wishing you good luck.

"FRIEND,"
Island Cove, Random, T. Bay, April 26

Our toilers around here are getting the scales off their eyes.

I remain,
A HARDY TOILER
Hr. Grace South, May 1st, 1915.

Eager to Serve

London, April 20.—Thirty-three thousand women had registered themselves for special war service up to the end of March. This statement was made last night by Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, to a deputation representing the various women's societies in London.

Six thousand of the women, Mr. Runciman said, had declared themselves willing to work in armament factories, 1,700 in dairy work, 500 as gardeners, 2,000 in various branches of agricultural work, 1,100 as shop assistants, 500 as leather workers and 5,000 in clerical work. Six hundred women had been given employment at the Board of Trade, Mr. Runciman added.

PARIS PAPER SUSPENDED

Paris, April 24.—The Royalist newspaper Libre Parole has been ordered to suspend publication for 48 hours for publishing news which had not been approved by the censors. This is the second time the paper has been disciplined.

SALT! SALT! SALT!

Orders Now being booked for
CADIZ and TORREVIEJA SALT
at Lowest Prices.

CADIZ SALT Now in Port---The Steamer From TORREVIEJA due May 10th.

FISHERMEN'S UNION TRADING COMPANY, Lmtd.