

LIBERAL - LABOR PARTY!

PUBLIC MEETING STAR OF THE SEA HALL, THIS THURSDAY NIGHT, At 8 O'clock.

Loss of the S. S. Ethie.

(Western Star, Dec. 31.)
"We were saved by the skin of our teeth," said one of the passengers. "Yes, and if it's possible 'twas a nearer shave than that," said another. And we believe it was.
The s.s. Ethie had made a splendid trip; in fact had she finished it she would have made a record. At about 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th, she left Cow Head, and about half an hour later the storm struck. Our oldest inhabitants say that never before had there been such a raging of the elements. Rain, turning to snow, wind and sea all combined to show Nature in her ugliest mood. And ugly she can be, especially on that desolate shore between Cow Head and Bonne Bay.
Into this driving storm Captain English fought his way to reach the nearest port. The distance from Cow Head to Bonne Bay is not forty miles. For fourteen hours this staunch little ship faced the elements with her living freight of seventy odd souls on board, and at 10 o'clock next morning found herself, when a clear moment appeared, about midway between these two ports. This will give some idea of the weather. At times the captain's bridge was in the water. Regularly the ship lay so that the waves swept by the saloon windows. Nothing movable except the officers remained in her decks. We can imagine the feelings of the passengers, during those horrible fourteen hours of storm and stress, cooped up in the stuffy cabins and the saloon. Among them were Mrs. J. C. Batten and her little eighteen months' old child.
A momentary rift in the snow storm showed the captain and the purser (Walter Young, who was with him on the bridge), where the ship was. There was one chance for life, though it meant the sacrifice of the ship. And here Mr. Young's intimate knowledge of the shore came in. He

knew exactly the only spot where she could lie in safety. Captain English decided that to put her there was the only chance. The passengers were bidden to put on their lifebelts, and engineers and passenger helpers instructed to put every available ounce of steam on the boilers. And thus aided by steam and sea, the old Ethie bounded forward, cleared the outer reef of shoals, and ran in broadside into the lagoon inside. It was an anxious moment for all to see how the only chance for life and safety would turn out. Imagination again must supply the feelings of all those in charge, and the others, as they saw the ship safely beached.
Without delay the necessary preparations were made to send the half frozen passengers ashore. A rope was fastened to a life buoy and sent ashore. The sea was so rough, however, that those on the beach could not reach it. Time and again they tried and failed. Presently, however, a well-trained water dog dashed out into the waves, seized the buoy in its teeth and finally struggled ashore with it. This wonderfully sagacious animal is owned by Reuben Decker, of Martin Point, near which the Ethie now lies. The men on shore hauled the wire cable to land and made it fast there. A bosun's chair was rigged, and the work of disembarkation began. It was with curiously mingled feelings that the mother and passengers watched being hauled ashore the little child of a year and a half of age. It was carefully wrapped in a mail bag, and gently but rapidly cleared from the stricken ship. Sure no mail bag ever before had held such a precious mail. Mrs. Batten followed, and the rest of the female passengers. Then the men left; and soon, with a sigh of relief, Captain English and his officers prepared to leave as well. The fourteen long hours the captain had stood on the bridge—again only the imagination can fill in what must have been his feelings as he lashed himself in the

chair to leave the ship he had served so well.
It would be invidious to single out any individuals for special mention at a time such as that. Every one bears record to the wonderful calmness and courage displayed by all alike. Each was expecting death; indeed so sure were some that it was coming that they refused to put on the life belts, feeling that they would, under such terrible conditions, but prolong the agony. But of crying, lamenting or fear there was nothing. Each and all alike had quietly made up his or her mind to take death calmly and heroically. And what a death was before them! Humanly speaking, it was of course Walter Young's intimate knowledge of the coast which saved them all. Equally it was Captain English's mastery seamanship which enabled the ship to ride out such a storm for fourteen hours and come to the one spot where Mr. Young's knowledge could be of service. We should be hardened indeed if we did not see in it all the over-ruling hand of God our Father.
But what of those at home? In Bonne Bay the ramifications of family are such that the whole community was, with few exceptions, involved in their own flesh and blood in the Ethie's fate. All were concerned in some way. Of one family no less than four sons were on board. We knew the ship had left Cow Head. But, to increase our anxiety, the wires shortly after were blown down. We learnt afterwards that this was a blessing in disguise. Under the circumstances each one had his or her own hopeful theory. With them we comforted ourselves and inspired others. But as the day wore on and still no news, black thoughts would come. The writer went to bed Thursday night trying to conjure up the extent of the sorrow and mourning in Bonne Bay alone should the worst prove true. The prospect made him shudder.
It was four o'clock the next afternoon that the joyous news flashed into Norris Point. A few survivors had travelled on foot 10 to 15 miles to the nearest Postal Station, Rocky Harbor, and sent their messages from that. The reader has been asked more than once in this recital to use his imagination. Now, please, use it for this last time and picture for yourself the scenes in the homes of these half heart-broken relatives when the news was crisply broken to them: "Ethie total wreck at Martin Point; all safe." Oh the blessed joy of those last two words. Hearts almost burst, and eyes overflowed as they realized that there was truly a

silver lining to a cloud so dark as this had been.
The whole community was relieved. Few were sorry that the Ethie was lost. For years she had been inadequate and unsatisfactory; and now that she had gone and no lives had been lost, none wished her any better fate. But we were thankful that the calamity had proved no worse; and Sunday was again a Thanksgiving Day with our people. In the Church of England special thanksgivings were offered at the Holy Sacrifice, and the united repetition of the General Thanksgiving after Evensong fittingly expressed our gratitude to "Him who doeth all things well."
MINARD'S LINIMENT—The Old Reliable. P. C. O'DRISCOLL, LTD., Agents, St. John's, Oct. 14, 2m
Modern Mail Service.
A copy of the Twillingate Sun, dated December 20th, reached this office yesterday. It does not look as if it underwent much hardship during its long journey, being quite unrolled and untorn. Such a speedy mail service is another instance of the mistake the Country made in electing such statesmen (?) as Coaker, Squires, et al: in November last.

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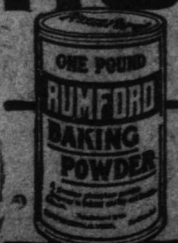
In Memoriam.

LAURA SHORT.
The writer wishes to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Miss Laura Short, who died at Detroit, U. S. A., on the second day of January. Miss Short was a woman of singular honesty of purpose, possessed of a generous disposition, and a charming manner, which endeared her to those who knew her, and in the teaching profession her passing has left a gap which it will not be easy to fill. Her fervent zeal and untiring energy made her deem no trouble too great to expend in her endeavors, to impart sound instruction and to advance the cause of education, and unlike most teachers, Miss Short, as the years went by, did not lose enthusiasm for her life work, but became more strenuous if possible, as she took up the unusual task of teaching at the Re-Establishment School, where she gained the good will and esteem of the soldiers, among whom she laboured and attained such excellent results. I am convinced that those who were acquainted with Miss Short will agree with me that she never allowed worldly things to interfere with her ideal of duty, and has therefore, left the world just a little better than she found it.
F. HANHAM.
City Terrace, 8th Jan., 1919.

Royal Hoard of Razors.

Monophth the Pharaoh of the Exodus, was well prepared for a barbers' strike 3,500 years ago. He had in his palace in Egypt a collection of the razors of cave men, with which he probably would have found little trouble in keeping himself beardless to this day had he found the fountain of eternal youth. Whether it was a barbers' strike, a mania for collecting things or an idiosyncrasy for tonorial paraphernalia that led to the now cherished collection is a subject for scholars of the ancients. This is one of the discoveries of the latest expedition to Egypt, which has been excavating the palace of the ancient Pharaohs for the last five years. The luxurious private rooms of Rameses show that he was an artist in self-adornment and an archaeologist. Some of his treasures include relics of the Stone Age which may be 20,000 years old.
When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Elogna Sausage.

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