

The Daily Mail

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ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., APRIL 3, 1914.

TERRA NOVA MOURNS SCORES OF HER SONS.

YESTERDAY'S messages from the sealing fleet bore us tidings of the saddest import.

The noon message was pregnant with tragedy—"fifty men of the Newfoundland's crew picked up dead or dying."

We hoped for the best, but feared the worst.

A pall of sadness; of gloom; of affliction settled down upon the city. Everybody trod softly as in the presence of death.

With the afternoon came not only confirmation of the heavy tidings flashed shoreward from the Florida but further details that showed the tragedy to be worse even than we anticipated.

One hundred men went from the Newfoundland onto the icefloe on Tuesday morning and yesterday only thirty-four of them were reported as alive and on board the rescue ship the *Bellaventure*.

Scarcely can we realize it yet to the full. It seems almost unbelievable that three score and ten of our hardy toilers have been garnered by death in so sudden and cruel a fashion.

But—God help us!—the dire dreadful fact, related to us in the bold pitiless meagre words of the wireless messages, has to be faced.

We are a people bereft. We are one, in our poignant grief, with the many families so suddenly smitten.

Terra Nova mourns the loss of Scores of her most industrious sons.

Drained of so much of her very life's blood this old Colony lies stricken, prostrate, almost paralysed with grief.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY FULL VOLUME OF WOE.

TIME and again have our Toilers of the Deep paid heavy toll in human lives to tempest and sea.

The life's blood of our best has been exacted from us as the price of our maritime lore.

Every year the great deep claims as its own a fearsome list of fishermen. Fortunately for many seasons our sealers escape with practically no loss of life—but the demon of destruction gets in his fell work sooner or later and a whole Colony is plunged in mourning.

In '71, forty men went down in the *Huntsman*.

In '73, sudden death came to twenty-five of the crew of the steamer *Tigris* by the explosion of her boilers while at the ice.

Eighteen years later came the English Harbor disaster in which twenty-two men lost their lives through exposure to a sudden storm.

The tragedy of the *Greenland* in 1898 added forty-eight to lengthy list of sealing fatalities and almost broke the heart of a whole Country with grief.

And now we mourn another awful visitation of misfortune and death.

And the known roll of fatalities in this last terrible tragedy of the icefloes is more lengthy than them all.

The huge volume of woe in which is recorded our history in terms of fatal shipwrecks; of drownings; of life-destroying acci-

dents on land and sea becomes still bulkier with the addition of this latest chapter of unparalleled misfortune.

"We have fed the sea for a thousand years
And she calls us still unfed."

THEY SOUGHT FOR BREAD BUT THEY FOUND DEATH.

AND these scores of unfortunates AND this tragedy overtook as they pursued one of the ordinary avocations of the Country.

They sought bread wherewith to sustain life—they found death in its grimmer form awaiting them on the very floes from which they hoped to reap a harvest of profit.

And our men who go down to the sea in ships continually take their lives in their hands.

Yet they do not hesitate to follow the avocations of their fathers and to incur all the risks attendant thereon. Nay, rather, are they not too anxious to seize opportunities of maintaining the age-long struggle with the mighty deep, its menacing billows and its ravaging storms?

Duty calls them to fare forth across the restless waste of waters, to face the perils to endure the hardships that are the inevitable lot of him who would wrest from the sea its uncertain harvest.

And, obedient to that call; spurred on by all the sea-faring instincts that are theirs by right of inheritance from many generations of fishermen ancestors, they render eager, ready response.

It is such men as these that Terra Nova mourns to-day. Men eager for duty. Men of years of experience in our staple industries. Men of honest and industrious habits.

We are immeasurably the poorer by their loss. True, time will gradually fill their places by recruits from the ranks of the younger generations, but there is a sense in which men of the stamp we have so tragically lost are virtually irreplaceable.

Poor fellows, their path of duty led them to a cruel death.

They slumbered there with frozen, with frozen clothes, and matted frozen hair, I called the men, and called again, like one in sores need; But no response. They did not stir or give the slightest heed! These men, said I, are not asleep upon that frozen bed. Conviction rushed upon my mind: I knew that they were dead."

HEROES OF THE COMMON WORK-A-DAY LIFE.

A BARE three weeks ago the victims of this latest sealing tragedy fraternised on the streets of the city with thousands of their adventurers.

They added their share to the cheery good humor that always seems to permeate St. John's when the sealers are in town.

Most of these men were seasoned veterans of many years of experience. The first glamor of a sealing trip had worn off for them long ago. They knew exactly the hardships and discomforts of the sealing voyage.

But they did not falter nor did they bemoan the hardness of their lot.

They faced the prospect of the voyage and its usual untoward circumstances smilingly, overlooking the risks as they contemplated the possibility of earning the money that would bring comforts for those at home.

The nations make boast of the heroes of stricken battlefields. But there is a heroism of a far higher type and it is that which leads men to cheerfully risk their lives in the hum-drum round of working for a living.

The false and transient exhilaration of military service cheers on the soldier but the toiler is only kept going by his inborn courage and his sense of responsibility to dependent ones.

And in such a way did our sealers risk and suffer and die.

Their general conduct was truly heroic and we doubt not that when the details of the direful tragedy are known we shall learn of many deeds of heroism on the fatal floe when death stalked down victims by the score.

All hail to the noble band of heroes—we acclaim their conduct—but, alas, we have also to mourn their loss.

ADVERTISE JUDICIOUSLY IN THE DAILY MAIL—A RESULT GETTER.

LET OUR SYMPATHY TAKE PRACTICAL FORM.

CLASSES and Creeds to-day are as one in the great common grief.

Families mourn loved ones. Wives weep for husbands. Children are bereft of fathers. We mingle our tears with theirs.

Ours may not be the intimate sorrow that comes with a family bereavement but the same great pall of sorrow has overshadowed our lives.

They are our fellow-countrymen who have Crossed the Bar; some of the noblest and best of our land are gone.

Yea, we all mourn our brethren who have reached the eternal haven.

But while the women weep; while our many stricken homes mourn their irreparable losses, we must be up and doing.

Our tears for the dead; but practical sympathetic efforts on behalf of the living.

The widow and the orphan must be our care. Thus shall we show our heartfelt appreciation of the men who went to death struggling to provide for them the necessities of life.

Those fine fellows died at duty's call, and no soldier can claim a more heroic death. They are in God's keeping, and there we will let them Rest, fully confident that the Merciful Father who does not even permit a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed was with them in their darkest hour.

But when our tears are shed, let us turn our attention to those bereft of husband, father and breadwinner.

St. John's will do her duty as she has done it nobly before. We will Honor the Dead and Help the Living.

—J. T. MARTIN, ESQ., Deputy Mayor.

SORROW FOR DEAD HELP FOR LIVING.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

THE appalling disaster that has befallen the crew of the S.S. Newfoundland will no doubt call forth universal sympathy, and bind together all classes and creeds in the Colony in the expression of a common sorrow.

It reminds us of a fact which many are too prone to forget. It is true of us all that in the midst of life we are in death. But those who toil in the great industries of our country are exposed to special hardships and dangers of which we often take little account.

When the blizzard swept over our city the other night, many doubtless thought anxiously of those upon the icefields or tossed on the mighty deep. But little did anyone anticipate that the angel of death had spread his wings on the blast with such fell purpose. Out of the darkness and the storm came the summons to which none can give denial.

Our hearts go out to-day to the homes that have been bereaved, and where an agony that is heightened by suspense must now reign. We sympathize deeply also with those whose sufferings, as they struggle back to a life which may be maimed and handicapped as a result of their terrible experience amid the storm, may lead them often to wish that they had died upon the floe.

Of the dead we need not speak at length. In their presence our noisy tongues are hushed to silence. With bared heads we await their approach. Their warfare is accomplished. Their labour is at an end. They shall rest in peace. The icy blasts of the North chanted their requiem, and the whirling snow drifts wove their winding sheet.

But they will live in the hearts of their friends and loved ones, and in the memories of their fellow-countrymen, as those who were faithful in duty, and who could face the King of Terrors calm and unafraid.

—REV. J. S. SUTHERLAND.

UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY IN A COMMON CAUSE.

"Towards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once."

THE awful news which reached the city yesterday has cast a gloom over the whole country which will overshadow all the ordinary features of our sealing voyage for 1914. Truly the valiant ones of the crew of the "Newfoundland" who have tasted of death have done so under conditions where none but heroes are to be found.

The details surrounding their tragic fight for life remain for the future; some will probably not be known until after the last great roll call. In the meantime we can only imagine the fierce struggle made against the elements.

Fathers, sons, brothers, all had left their homes to embark on a hazardous undertaking for the purpose of providing food for those they loved. No risk was too great for those strong men; no hardship too severe so long as those left behind might be benefited.

And so we can somewhat realize the great sufferings which could make such natures succumb. Our heartfelt sympathy must go out to those who are left to mourn.

We cannot do much to comfort the aged mothers or the widows and orphans who are now in tears. But let us act like true brothers; let us do something right when the hour is saddest.

An immediate public subscription will in some way alleviate the wants that will be felt when the brave dead are known.

—W. J. HIGGINS.

DAILY MAIL ADVERTISING PAYS

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY FROM LEADING PUBLIC MEN

UNDER THE SHADOW OF A GREAT SORROW.

OUR Colony is lying under the shadow of a great sorrow.

There may be calamities so strange, so bewildering, so entangled with the mistakes of men, and the chances of accident, that they seem to send us back at once for our only comfort to the wide system of the universe of which they are part, and of which God is the centre. It may be that our grief is one in which a whole nation joins: in which the whole community suddenly finds itself, under the inspiration of deep and strong emotion, one heart and one soul drawn together as one family, mourning for its children, as Rachel was "weeping for her children, and refused to be comforted because they were not." Then it is that the fountains of the great deep of the human heart are broken up, and hundreds and thousands may feel together, and by the mysterious sympathy of a common grief, comfort those whom they have never seen.

Such an event was the loss of the "Titanic": Such an event was the Antarctic catastrophe; And it is from the consciousness that such an event has taken place at our own doors during this week that I accede to the request of the editor of this journal, and venture to touch on a chord which is vibrating in the hearts of thousands of our countrymen.

What is it which has been uppermost in all our minds during the past twenty-four hours? It is the terrible disaster which has befallen more than half a hundred of the hardy crew of one of our sealing steamers. For the loss of these brave men our Colony is mourning to-day. Let us take comfort in the thought that the very greatness of the grief which gathers the sympathy of so many has in itself an exalting, elevating, transfiguring consequence.

The grief of our whole people will invest the names of those who have been sacrificed with a tragic solemnity which, if not the best balm to the broken heart, yet has, in spite of ourselves, a healing, soothing, invigorating effect.

The mortal tabernacles of these devoted men, now cold in death, are being brought back by their sorrowing comrades to the shore which but a few days ago they left in all the vigor and enthusiasm of their early manhood. Their souls are with Him Who gave them. The way was dark and terrible. The footsteps of the merciful God were hard to trace. Yet through the deep waters He led them, we may humbly hope, to the haven where there shall be no more parting, and where "the former things are passed away."

—Llewelyn Newfoundland.

PRAYERS NEEDED FOR BEREAVED.

MAY I be allowed to offer on behalf of the Cathedral Clergy and Congregation a word of sincerest sympathy with all those who have been bereaved by the recent disaster to the crew of the "Newfoundland."

This morning the suffrage of our Litany "That it may please thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed" took on a fuller meaning than usual.

Perhaps at this moment the best service many can render lies in intercession to the Father of the fatherless; to Him who defendeth the cause of the widow.

—CANON W. C. WHITE.

OUR PARENTS ARE GRIEF STRICKEN.

"Toll for the Brave, the brave that are no more."

NEWFOUNDLAND to-day is a grief-stricken mother bereaved of her sons. Only about three short weeks ago they left her shores; brave, fearless, strong, hopeful; now they come back, all that is mortal of them, to be entombed in her kindly bosom.

They went to wrestle with the forces of nature for the treasures of the deep, they went in search of bread for their loved ones—wives, mothers, little children—but the forces of nature hurled them down, and chilled the blood that was coursing through their bodies, and left them frozen corpses.

It were easy to-day to say bitter things about nature; but that will not give back to Newfoundland her brave souls, that will not heal the wounds of the broken-hearted, that will not comfort the comfortless.

It were easy to-day to ask questions as to why such catastrophes are permitted; as to why struggling mortals should be so cruelly dealt with, as to why so many homes should be darkened, so many hearts left desolate, so many valuable lives sacrificed, so many precious souls hurried into eternity; but, alas, that also is fruitless, as there is more to answer. Ours it is rather to bow in the spirit of submissive to the decree of the eternal, and learn such lessons as the awful disaster is calculated to teach.

Did we need some such visitation as this, I wonder, to enable us to realize the true value of things? Were we placing too high an estimate upon the value of seals, and too low an estimate upon the value of men? If so, let us take the lesson to heart. Now we have become cognizant of the value of human life, and in comparison with that how trivial seems worldly success?

Had we begun to place too much confidence in human skill and in powerful ships? If so, we are now summoned by the God of nature to hearken to His voice, as He says,—"Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations; I will be exalted in the earth."

—REV. L. CURTIS, D.D.

TRAGEDY WAS SUDDEN ALMOST UNBEARABLE.

ON hearing of the awful tragedy of the S.S. "Newfoundland" yesterday morning, I could hardly believe that while we were working here in St. John's so quietly, such a thing was happening at the icefields. On making full enquiries I unfortunately found that the tragedy was only too true.

To the sorrowing widows, mothers, and relatives, although not all known as yet, I sincerely sympathise and condole from the bottom of my heart.

Praying to Him who promised to be a Father to the fatherless and a Husband to the widow, that He may deeply be the comforter now, in this hour of their deepest distress.

I feel that all human aid will be given and all will be strengthened to give such aid as may be required.

A. W. PICCOTT, Min. Marine & Fisheries.

CITY AND OUTPORTS ALIKE MOURN.

ONCE again our Sea Girt Isle mourns, and the city joins hands with the outports in sadness and sorrow.

This is the worst disaster yet.

MONSIGNOR ROCHE EXPRESSES SORROW.

THE news of the terrible tragedy in which so many of our brave sealers have gone down to a horrible death has come as a shock to the whole community.

Marine tragedies have been unfortunately too common all through our "Rough Island story." Of recent years the toll of the waves has been exceptionally heavy, the record of disasters from the deep unprecedentedly large.

Bue the whole Country stands aghast to-day at the appalling magnitude of this latest catastrophe. Its shadow will fall over our whole Island, and the generous sympathy of our warm hearted people will go out to those unhappy bereaved ones to whose homes and families this terrible visitation of Providence comes in the nature of a personal loss—the loss of friends and loved ones.

At the present time when all is doubt and uncertainty it will be the earnest prayer and wish of all that we have heard the last and worst of the fatalities from the frozen floes.

—E. P. ROCHE.

CAUSED THEIR DEATH BUT IS HONORS BADGE.

I CANNOT express how deep is my sympathy for all those whose loved ones have been lost or injured in this terrible "Newfoundland" disaster. Remembering the "Greenland" tragedy I am borne down with sorrow for the grief which will be felt in many homes. Nor in thinking of the dead should we forget the living members of the crew who are suffering from the exposure they endured. These latter personally we can and should help financially; for the loss of the others we can most

helpfully testify to our grief by aiding those dependant upon them.

We should be charitable, too, in our comments as to the cause of the tragedy, remembering that these toilers of the sea earn their bread by taking terrible risks, and that the dauntless personal courage of the dead and suffering may have been their undoing, as it is their badge of honour.

—ALFRED B. MORINE.

A DISASTER THAT TOUCHES EVERYONE.

THE greatest disaster in the history of Newfoundland has overtaken us. A disaster that touches everyone. A disaster so appalling that words can but fully express the sorrow that has overcome us and but faintly convey the deep sympathy that we all feel for those whose dear ones have been taken away.

We can only bow to the Will of the All Wise One and feel thankful in our hearts that some at least of those who were exposed to the terrible storm have survived, and can only look to Him for guidance and strength to uphold us in our irreplaceable loss.

—J. G. STONE.

SINCERE SYMPATHY FOR THE BEREAVED.

THE heartbroken fathers, mothers, wives, sons and daughters who are bereft of their loved ones in the greatest marine disaster in the history of Newfoundland, I offer my heartfelt sympathy.

May consolation be found by them in Divine Providence which so mysteriously to us over-rules all events in the lives of individuals and nations.

—W. W. HALFYARD.

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