

AT THE NICKEL!

THEATRE RENOVATED, CLEANED, IMPROVED FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. SHOWING NOTHING BUT CLEAR, SHARP MOTION PICTURES AND CLASSY SONGS.

WEDNESDAY'S FEATURE:

ROMEO AND JULIET.

A Pathe Film D'Art, in 2 Reels—2. Hand Coloured. A beautiful Picture.

WALTER J. McCARTHY, the St. John's boy with the big tenor voice sings popular ballads.

MISS ETTA GARDNER, in all the latest ragtime hits. PROF. P. J. McCARTHY, at the Piano.

Coming—JOSEPH F. ROSS, Trap Drummer, to make the pictures more realistic.

THE NICKEL FOR A GOOD SHOW ALL THE TIME.

Mr. Coaker's Log.

(Continued)

April 3rd.—Ice continued tightly packed. About 1 p.m. a little swell rolled in and opened the ice a little. The ships were given some freedom, and about 4 p.m. the weather cleared, disclosing the Florizel, Newfoundland and Stephano within a mile of us, while the Beothic and Bellaventure were a little further distant. The Adventure and Bonaventure were about five miles distant.

Sixty-nine bodies had been recovered and placed on board of the Bellaventure. Nothing further could be done. The Bellaventure soon started for home and got away a few miles owing to the slack in the floe. The Newfoundland did not appear to make any attempt to follow.

The Beothic being homeward bound of course endeavored to follow the Bellaventure. Those on board here who had near relatives on the Newfoundland, are frantic with grief. All are grief stricken and don't want to handle any more seals this spring.

Anxious Inquiries

Several came weeping anxious to learn of the fate of loved ones who sailed in the Newfoundland. We spoke to no ship after we reached the scene of the disaster. All we saw was carcasses of seals and numerous gulls. Strange some of the

ships did not attempt to communicate verbally. What we know of the awful calamity is but little, although on the spot.

The men are asking hundreds of questions which can't be answered. What caused the men to be out in the universal question which I fear won't be answered until evidence before a court of enquiry reveal the facts.

Our men were out until about 1 p.m. on that fatal day, but no careful observant master would have allowed his men to scatter far from the ship on that day. Our men were picking up scattered seals, but none of them went far from the ship. When the first dwe of snow came on we had several men on the ice about half a mile from the ship. We lost sight of them while the dwe was on. It soon cleared again and they came on board.

Uncertain Weather

Another dwe came on and lasted for, say, 15 minutes and again cleared up. This was followed by more snow which did not slacken for the evening and night. The day was one that threatened weather, although not over cold. The wind increased in velocity. The temperature fell lower and lower. Not much snow fell. The drift was sharp, cutting like a knife.

My opinion is that most of the men survived the first night (Tuesday). The first night's exposure coupled with the total absence of a warm stimulant left the men exhausted, and Wednesday's high wind, drift and bitter frost, was too much for human beings to overcome, and seeing no hope of rescue owing to the tight nature of the heavy Arctic floe, many laid down to die long before Wednesday's fearful night passed.

On Wednesday evening about 4 p.m. the sky cleared and had the other ships been notified of the disaster relief crews could have searched the floe before night fall, although it was bitterly cold and a close drift swept over the floe.

All Was Comfort

On board the Nascope all was comfort and contentment, and no one thought of any poor chap being astray on the broad ocean on such a night.

We steamed until nightfall and once more burned down. This is another stormy night. Snowing with a stiff breeze. Our ship's company is silent; few gather in groups and in whispers discuss what they know about the disaster.

April 4th.—Day fine and clear. Wind off shore. Ice very tight. Just as bad as yesterday morning. Ice opened a little at 2 p.m. Newfoundland and Adventure close by. Florizel and Stephano few miles distant picking up pans. No seals. Men anxious to get the list of dead belonging to Newfoundland, but in vain. Crews of ships grief stricken and every sealer expected owners of steel ships

would order them in, accompanying the Bellaventure as a mark of respect for the dead, but all waited in vain. It is not 77 dead bodies of sealers sacrificed for greed they are interested in, but seals, which apparently are of more interest to them.

Message and Answer

Seeing no proper action taken, in behalf of men marooned the following message:

"Job, St. John's.
"Crews fleet grief stricken. Prospects nil. Suggest owners recall steel fleet accompany Bellaventure St. John's respect dead."

This message was sent as soon as the operator obtained a chance this morning. The Beothic is reported as having arrived at noon.

At 4 p.m. the following message was received in reply to the one mentioned above:

"Coaker, Nascope.
"Via Cape Race.
"Decision as to prospects getting more seals must be left entirely to the captain. Please don't interfere. JOB."

Improfitable Work

Any one on the spot know what the prospects are when a ship like

the Nascope takes 250 seals in a week, and April the 4th is reached; when every harp pupped has taken to the water. But the object of the appeal, which was to have the 69 sealers escorted to port in a national manner, campalable with the respect which the whole fleet considers was due to the memory of the 77 men who died in an endeavor to secure wealth to maintain their country, and whose lives were sacrificed to greed for gold.

Heartlessness in the extreme is the action of the owners of the steel ships in expecting men to mourn the loss of 77 comrades by scouring the sea in quest of more seals, while their loved ones were being outwardly mourned by strangers in port only 40 miles away, and to make the disrespect more pronounced, the Beothic should fly away at high pressure in order to secure the honor of being first ship to port, leaving the Bellaventure to creep along as she may with her 69 dead forms of human freight and 46 souls just rescued from the jaws of death.

Regrettable

The fame-seeking anxiety of the captain of the Beothic and the indifference of her owners for the feelings of the toiling masses of the Colony, whose sons and brothers had died in pursuit of their calling, is to be greatly regretted, for the Beothic at least should have been ordered to closely accompany the Bellaventure to St. John's, and thus pay some reasonable respect to the many dead who, through no fault of theirs had been

called upon to sacrifice their lives up on the frozen floe, after enduring the most excruciating torture.

But even this small token of respect was denied our almost assassinated countrymen. They were only tollers was the innermost thought of the slave owners; let us take it quietly and the whole thing will blow over in a few days.

To the insulting reply above quoted we sent the following:

"Job, St. John's.
"Taken 250 past week. Exceedingly obliged advice tendered. COAKER."

Lack of Thought

Who ever penned the Job reply must have done so without consideration, for only an irresponsible could have imagined that I would interfere in any way to influence the captain or the crew under the circumstances. I hear on all sides the desire of the crew to see the faces of the dead heroes and their hope that the owners would respect the dead by ordering the ships to port in funeral order as a national mark of respect for their dead comrades.

Eight odies of the 77 deaths as a result of the disaster, not recovered. The Diana came in sight at 6 p.m. and we steamed towards her in order to give her a supply of coal, which we succeeded in accomplishing. Had conversation with several of the Diana's crew. They knew nothing of the disaster until they came alongside. Some of the men report a slight improvement in the food on board since we spoke to her on Thursday. The Diana finished coaling at midnight.

Saw Sagona

April 5th.—Steamed 25 miles South in the early morning. Burnt down 50 miles East of Cape St. Francis. Sagona passed us in the afternoon; did not speak to her. Silent day on board.

Held memorial service at 7 p.m. consisting of Litany, Hymns and the Burial Service. Addresses by Wesley Howell, Skipper Peter Gaulton, Wm. Housnell and myself, after which several prayed. It was a joint service by Churchmen and Methodists, and was exceedingly impressive. All the crew attended. It occupied nearly three hours. The Litany and Hymns seemed very appropriate. The Burial Service was splendidly read by Fred Tuik, of Newtown; Wesley Howell, of Cat Harbor, reading the lesson. Many an eye was wet with

ears. Skipper Peter Gaulton spoke very feelingly of his experience at the time of the Greenland disaster, he being one of the crew on that voyage. Probably 50 of our present crew were on board of the Greenland that spring.

Memorial Service

Those present at the memorial service will long remember it. Those heartless lovers of gold ashore so indifferent to the feelings of the tollers respecting the Newfoundland disaster, should learn a thing or two from the manner in which the Nascope's crew respected the memory of their dead comrades to-night. Very few of the Nascope's crew will waste much time in considering how much respect the ship owners at St. John's have for those who risk their lives from year to year in order to maintain their country, their homes and maintain in luxury those who reap the cream of the sealfishery.

April 6th.—Fine day, wind moderate. Steamed all day towards the inside water, but found ice packed and made no progress. Took 11 seals. Saw Stephano, Florizel, Newfoundland. Adventure reports the loss of two and a half blades of her propeller. Had ticket lottery for 3 empty pork barrels. Winner Skipper Darius Hall, Hr. Keefe and George Ivany. Winners had to boil a gallon of molasses into "bullseyes." They started at 9 p.m. and did not finish until 4 a.m. next morning. They well earned their barrels.

Uneasiness

No word of the Southern Cross all day; is causing much uneasiness on board; but the general opinion is that she is safe although driven to sea. Every one is asking why a ship costing \$250 a day is kept out to take 11 seals, probably worth \$15; but of course the wisecracks ashore know best concerning such matters. Burnt down at 8 p.m. in heavy ice. Snowing a part of the night with strong North wind.

(To be continued)

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ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY MAIL

SALZBURG

The City of Glorious Situation





Quaint Old City Once a Part of the Roman Empire and the Scene of Religious Persecution = Noted for Its Magnificent Location, Quaint Architecture and Rock-Hewn Caverns.

SALZBURG, the ancient Juvavia of the Romans, has been given many names, such as the City of Mountains, the City of Rocks and the City of Churches, but recently an American traveller charmed by the beauty of its surroundings called it "The City of Glorious Situation." This is, perhaps, the most appropriate name of all, for its location rivals any city in Europe in grandeur of scenery. It lies for the most part on a plain from which rise two isolated hills and between these hills the green glacier-fed Salzach River winds its impetuous way down through a fertile valley. On the right bank is the Kapuzinerberg, once the property of a great monastery, while on the left is the Mönchsberg, with its mediaeval fortress known as the "Schloss" perched in a most unique position on a spur of the huge rock. There is an endless charm to the magnificent half-circle of snowy Alps as they appear from the city across the grassy park-like plain which divides Salzburg from the Berchtesgaden-Hochland. These grassy plains are studied with villages and farmhouses, while the great snow-capped mountains rise in the background like giant fortifications.

Curious History.
The city has had a curious history.

It was the property of the Catholic Church from the early ages until the beginning of the nineteenth century. During all that time it was ruled by Prince Bishops whose luxurious manner of living rivaled the German potentates of that age, and for several centuries Salzburg was regarded as the wealthiest and most powerful ecclesiastical principality in that part of the world. It was taken from the jurisdiction of the Church in 1802 and converted into a temporal electorate. A few years later it came under the Austrian Government, then Bavaria ruled the city for a number of years, and finally, in 1816, it again became a part of Austria and is regarded today as one of the real gems in the Imperial Crown.

Religious Persecution.
It has been the scene of a number of religious disturbances—first, the persecution of the early Christians by the Romans, and again in the

twelfth century when what is known as the "Salzburg exodus" took place. Even today the traveller finds evidence of the "Salzburg exodus" in that city, for in the Gerichtshaus a torture room is shown which was used during the dark days of persecution. The place is a perfect chamber of horrors—a relic of a happily-gone age.

Fine Old Churches.
The town is rich in churches—the cathedral being modeled after St. Peter's at Rome. It was built in 1614 by Santino Solari. The Franciscan church of the thirteenth century, however, is much more interesting with its fine Romanesque portal and splendid Gothic tower. On the high altar is the famous Madonna of Salzburg in wood; the work of Fischer, done in 1486. The frescos have been badly restored, much of the beauty of the church being destroyed by infernal workmanship.

The Church of St. George, while not as old as the two above mentioned, contains some remarkable statues, such as one of each of the Twelve Apostles carved in red marble. The College Church is an excellent example of the baroque, and has a lofty, imposing dome. It is, however, regarded as modern from the fact that it was completed in the eighteenth century. Near this church on the University Platz the public market is held, and by visiting this place early in the morning one gets an excellent idea of the peasantry of this section—splendid, hardy mountain people—thrifty and clean. The butter women are especially picturesque as they move about the market in their gay clothes balancing huge butter tubs on their heads. The market lasts only an hour or two and is a busy place for the time being.

A Roman Memory.
The old part of the town fairly

reeks with reminders of the time when Salzburg was a Roman province. The summer riding school of the Austrian cavalry adjoining the stables of the former Prince Bishops was once a Roman amphitheatre, and its three galleries are hewn in the rock. Roman inscriptions are all about and one can readily picture the gladiatorial combats which took place in this ancient place of amusement in those days when the mere turning down of a thumb by the Roman governor meant death to the vanquished. Many of the early Christians, too, went to their death in this arena—today a training school for cavalry officers and one of the show places of the city.

Even more interesting than the riding school is the rugged old St. Peter's cemetery. It lies immediately beneath the Castle Rock, into the face of which many graves are hewn. Some of the interments in the burial ground date as far back as the thirteenth century, and in the rocks are numerous caves of chambers, one of which was known as the hermitage of the holy Maximus who was martyred at this place by the Huns in the year 477. At present it is called the Chapel of St. Maximus. The room is cut in the rock, everything about it being of stone except the wooden seats which form a strange contrast to the rough stone cavern—the most ancient Christian shrine in Salzburg. These caverns in Castle Rock are also believed to have been a refuge at various times for the persecuted Christians during the early ages of Roman rule and perhaps saved many from martyrdom in the arena at the riding school. The Gothic church of St. Margaret in the center of the burial ground was built during the early part of the fifteenth century while the Church of St. Peter's nearby is a Romanesque edifice dating back to 1131. It contains a monument to the composer, Michael Haydn, a brother of the more celebrated Joseph Haydn, whose body rests in St. Peter's cemetery, and a tombstone of St. Rupert dated 718.

It has been well said that Salzburg is a city of contrasts and this is exemplified by the fact that one of the old caves in the rear of the cemetery has been converted into a wine room and a gate from the burial ground leads directly into a room full of tables where the wine is served. At first this rather shocks the American sense of propriety, but after mingling with the crowd at the tables, seeing how well behaved everyone is, and remembering that the drinking of wine in that country is universal, one soon forgets that just behind the living sitting at the tables and benches enjoying themselves lie the remains of their forefathers who had gone to their final rest generations ago.

Birthplace of Mozart.
Salzburg was the birthplace of the great Mozart, and his home on the third floor of a house on the Getzeidgasse is pointed out with much pride by the residents. During his life-time the people of the town refused to listen to his music, and in many ways embittered his life to such an extent that he is said to have died at the