

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N.B., MAY 21, 1903.

MONT PELEE IS AGAIN IN ACTIVITY.

People of Martinique Are Panic-Stricken at Evidence of Another Eruption.

NEW VOLCANO BREAKS OUT.

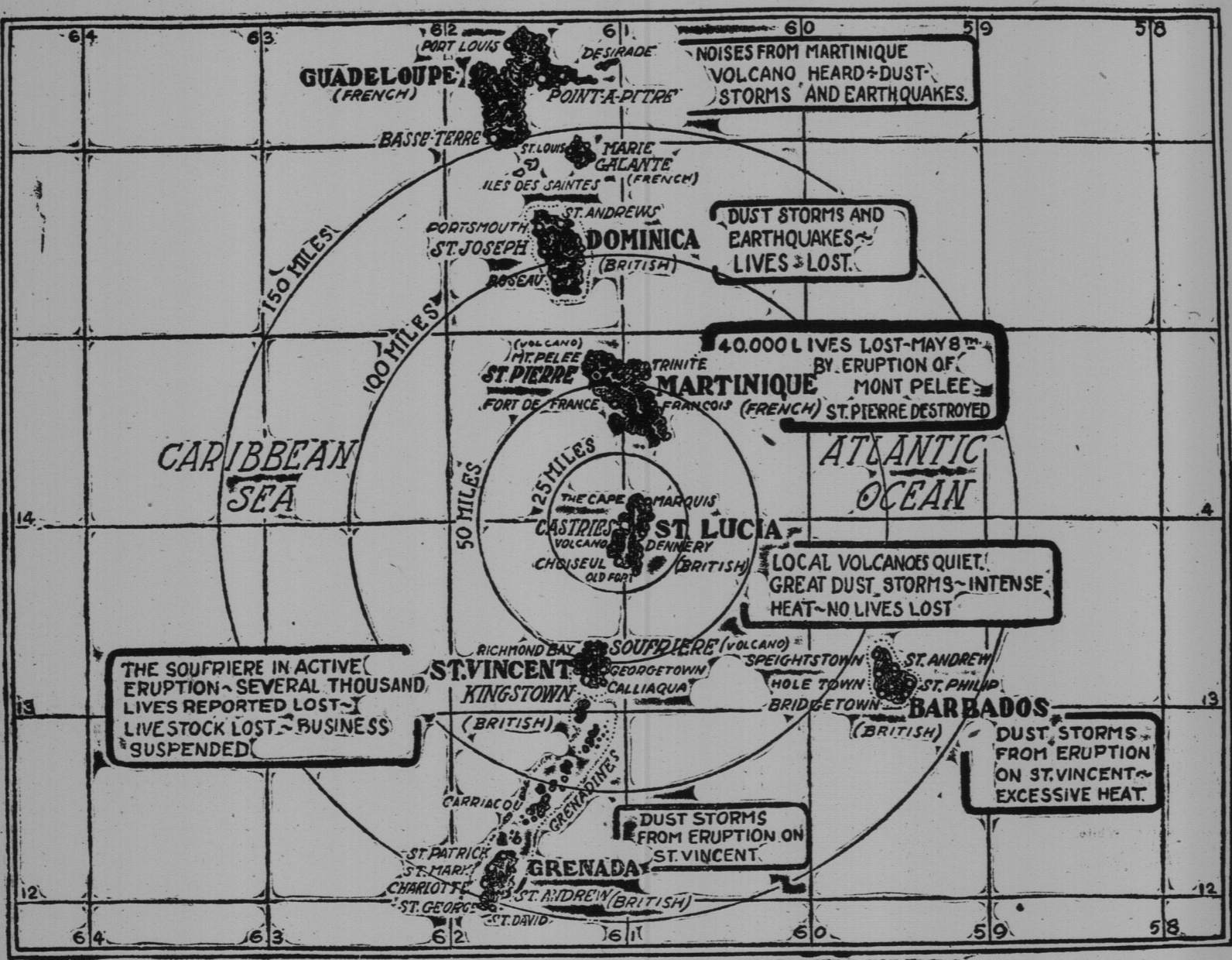
Two Million Tons of Dust Fall on St. Vincent Island--Destruction There is Awful--Changes in Bottom of the Sea is Noticed--The Queen Contributes to Relief Fund.

Fort de France, Martinique, May 16.--Great flashes of very bright light were emitted from Mont Pelee between 10 and 11 o'clock last night. They were visible from here. Thick glowing red clouds, interspersed with flashes of light are issuing from the volcano this morning. Showers of cinders, lasting for 20 minutes, accompanied the activity. The people in the districts of Lorrain, Marigot, Sainte Marie, and La Trinite are panic stricken. Kingston, Ja., May 16.--According to a report received here from Barbados (B. W. I.) it is estimated that 2,000,000 tons of volcanic dust from the eruptions on St. Vincent has fallen over that island. Volcanic dust is now falling in the highest altitudes of Jamaica.

London, May 16.--Queen Alexandra has sent £200 to the Mansion House West as a relief fund. Georgetown, Guyana, May 16.--Late this afternoon the navy department received an airmail cable dated at St. Vincent, apparently from Lieutenant McCord of the Potomac. It read as follows:--

St. Vincent devastated north of line Georgetown east, Chateau Belair west. Sufferers country people. Dead, 1,700; destitute, 5,000. Immediate relief supplied by local government. Destruction will continue several months. Yvanna, May 16.--The cable repair ship Peony Quertier, says the despatch to the Daily Mail, has found the bed of the ocean to be much disturbed. At one place this ship found 500 fathoms of water, where only 300 fathoms were down on the charts. Re-charting may be necessary.

St. Thomas, D. W. I., May 16.--A despatch was received from St. Lucia, from which port she sailed on May 6. The officers said that on the day before the violent eruption they passed close to Martinique and saw Mont Pelee was in eruption and that smoke and flames were rising from it. Their coasts were covered



with dust and when they tried to brush it off smeared the clothing. The air had a peculiar taste and there was a gassy odor. They attributed this to the eruption, but said on this May 20 hours before the eruption that caused the eruption. Chief Officer William Jones, in commenting upon the affair, after reading the newspaper accounts said:-- "We were in range of Pelee all night and on the morning which saw the grand eruption we could still see the smoke high in the air. Of course no one can reason more clearly than I in the situation, but it seems to me that every ship should have gotten away. It passed understanding why they remained there that night. We were standing well out, but now we know what caused the gas and the stinky dust. How those close to it and nearer the crater could have remained close to the mountain is a surprise. To me it seems that the decks of the ships in the harbor must have been slippery with the molten lava flows before we passed." Paris, May 16.--Provincial France seems now to have fully grasped the situation in Martinique. Most of the towns and communes throughout the country are actively at work raising funds and voting resolutions of sympathy with the sufferers. The government is placing collection boxes in all the post offices.

with a mass of fine bluish gray dust or ash of cement-like appearance. In some parts it laid two feet deep on the decks. This matter had fallen in a red hot state all over the steamer, setting fire to everything it struck that was burnable and when it fell on the men on board, burned off limbs and large pieces of flesh. It was shown by finding portions of human remains when the decks were cleared of the debris. The rigging, ropes, tarpaulins, sails, awnings, etc., were charred or burned. Most of the upper stanchions and spars had been swept overboard or destroyed by the fire. Skylights were smashed and cabins were filled with volcanic dust. The scene of ruin was deplorable. "I visited the captain of the Roddam in the hospital at St. Lucia, where he gave me an account of his terrible experience. He had just arrived and anchored at St. Pierre, Martinique, on the morning of Thursday, May 8. The captain was talking to the vessel's agent when he saw what appeared to be an enormous black cloud, like a wall with patches of fire in it, approaching the sea from the land. When it came an immense tidal wave of boiling water accompanied by a loud and terrible noise. He shouted 'take shelter' to the crew. Immediately the steamer was caught and tossed over her side, almost capsizing. Darkness fell like a pall and volumes of red hot matter above crept down, while the air was thick with sulphurous fumes and dust. The sea was a confused mass of boiling mud. Fire soon broke out in different parts of the ship. Screams, groans and shouts of agony from the injured people mingled with the terrible noise of boiling water and rushing air and together with the falling and clashing of a most horrible confusion. This chaos lasted for a few minutes. The captain of the Roddam signalled to start the

engines at full speed. It happened, fortunately, that although the crew had been rung off from duty at the engines, some of the engineers were near by. The terrific tidal wave which had swept over the Roddam and nearly capsized her had parted the cable and the vessel was adrift. When the engines started it was found that the steering gear had become disabled in some manner and could not be worked. For more than an hour the Roddam's engines were worked backing and going ahead. With the hope of bringing her head toward the sea and away from the land. Once she got dangerously near the steamer Roddam. Both vessels were in flames. Some of those aboard jumped into the boiling water; some fell dying to the deck. All this time the red hot matter was falling and the water was hissing and steaming; dense masses of vapor, smoke and dust filled the air and poisonous fumes spread about. "After some time the Roddam's steering gear moved a little and enabled the captain to head her out to sea with considerable difficulty he managed to steer her a little distance from the land. As the air cleared the scene on board of the ill-fated Roddam became all the more ghastly. The ship steamed on through thick hot dust. The screams from the injured became more audible. Some rushed frantically about in their clothes on fire and large pieces of flesh hurled from their arms, others in their agony laid writing in the red hot dust. "In about two hours the air became gradually clear. An investigation of the casualties on board showed that besides the captain, who was frightfully injured, only two engineers, two sailors and the boatman were able to do duty. "Fire was still burning about the ship

and the rigging was in flames. The captain decided to try to reach the island of St. Lucia, 45 miles distant. This he succeeded in doing by 6 o'clock in the evening of May 8. In the time occupied on this terrible voyage the experiences of the survivors were still worse than that already gone through. The brave captain and his few men fighting the fire, exhausted and scalded, struggled and worked trying to do something to assist their dying shipmates. Those working below tried to keep up the steam. The captain, suffering the greatest agony, succeeded in navigating his vessel safely to the port of Castries, St. Lucia, with 18 dead bodies lying on the deck and human limbs scattered about. A sailor stood by Mrs. Levering. "The big butto is the very newest thing out." "Why didn't you get your name put on 'em?" asked Jack. "I think I've seen something of the sort."

Seaman's Mission Report. Rev. Mr. Osaman, missionary at the Seaman's Mission, submits the report under date of May 13:--

Mr. President and Members of the Finance Committee: I take pleasure in presenting my report for the month of April, not that I have anything of special interest to record, but for the fact that our Heavenly Father has kindly cared for us in the past, preserving our lives and giving us continued opportunities of speaking a word of encouragement and blessing to those of us who are in His vineyard. We sometimes fall to see immediate results of good following our labor; but we see enough to assure us of the necessity of the work and to stimulate us to greater efforts along the lines of our toil. We find that during the past month 57 men have stayed with us, some only for a short time. Twelve have shipped from the home, many of the rest only passing through the town. You will notice that is a great falling off in our shipping, but this is no unusual thing, as there is always a slack time with us at this season of the year.

Our religious meetings have been well sustained, especially on Sunday nights, many of the churches taking their usual deep interest, and we hope they will continue so to do as they will bear in mind that this institution belongs to them, and we are merely their servant for Christ's sake.

Three hundred and twenty men have attended our services; and have processed with in Christ our Saviour. Quite a number have attended the reading room, and 76 letters have been written, the material provided free by the home. Sixty-four packages of reading matter have been given away and 100 vessels visited.

In the shelter and wood-yard work is about completed for the season as the stamers are about done coming for cattle and our local loggers have no difficulty in getting free lodging at this time of the year.

However, we are still operating the wood yard as there are continually men needing work; and we have supplied some with

work who have large families to support, as who would be entirely out of work and hence have no support only for our wood-yard. Many loads of wood have been delivered. We have a good class of votaries, and the demand is increasing.

We wish to thank the following persons for contributions of books, papers and magazines: Mrs. R. T. Lovell, A. W. John Palmer, of Dorchester, Burpee Fowler, Mrs. John Finigan, Mr. Nobles, Lewis A. Griffin, Mrs. Clara, Hinchings, H. C. Tilley, Lady Tilley, C. F. Kinneer, Rev. G. W. McDonald, Rev. C. T. Phillips, Mrs. Elliott; also useful articles from Mrs. H. Thomas (furniture), Miss Collins (Armstrong's Sunday school), and of girls (comfort bags).

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VIRGINIA'S GLOVES.

By Mattie Dyer Britts.

Jack Dale was weary with a long day's drudge in the office, and glad to drop into a seat in a Third Street car on his way home. The car was crowded at that hour, so, when an exceedingly pretty girl came in, there was no room. Jack sprang up with a gesture, which she answered in the sweetest voice he ever heard: "Oh, thank you! But I don't like to take your seat."

"My, but she's a stunner!" he thought. "Brown eyes, the clearest in the world; such a dainty little hand, and such a voice! That natty tailor-made suit, too, shows taste. I'll venture she is one of the smartest, most needed to a carriage than this sort of thing. Wonder who she is!" She chanced to glance towards him at that instant, and catching his eye, blushed slightly. Jack promptly squared himself to gaze out of the window, too true a gentleman to annoy her.

Virginia, and Mrs. Everson knows her. He walked on joyously, his head full of delight in his discovery. "Of course I'll go to the blow out," he mused, "I shall be sure to meet her, and I'd go anywhere to do that. Strange how much I think of that girl, and I only know her first name." Jack appeared at the reception as early as propriety would allow, and to his intense delight, when he entered the drawing-room where Mrs. Everson stood to receive, the brown-eyed girl stood at her side.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Dale. Your sister is here! Yes! So glad, I am sure! Allow me to present you to my cousin, Miss Preston. Dear Mr. Dale, one of our oldest friends, I want you to know him." Jack muttered some words, he never knew what, and Miss Preston flashed him one glance as if she would have said, "I have met him before," but she did not say it. After supper Jack had the pleasure of strolling in the dimly lighted conservatory with her. Posing in front of a group of palms he began: "Miss Preston, this is not our first meeting. Do you recall the other?" "Oh, yes!" with a bright glance at him. "I remember. It was so nice of you to give that old lady your seat. You did look tired."

"I was tired," Jack went on, "that is, I was until--" he blundered, and added lamely, "Miss Preston, I have something belonging to you." She looked up in surprise. "You have? How can that be?" "Didn't you lose something in the car that evening?" asked Jack. She shook her fluffy head. "No, not that I remember." "That you did. You dropped it as you left the car, and I picked it up. I--I may as well make a clean confession while I am about it. I have carried it here," touching his broad breast, "ever since, just because your name was on it." "My name on it? Why, I can't think what you mean, Mr. Dale! Let me see it, please!"

"Here, then. I will give it back to you, and something of mine with it, if you will take it." He laid the tiny gray glove in her hand. She uttered a little cry: "Oh! Virginia's lost glove, that I have been so worried about. I'm so glad you found it. I knew I lost it, but I thought it was in Lacey's store--not in the car!"

"It was in the car. But--but isn't it your glove?" stammered poor Jack. "Isn't your name Virginia?" "No, Edith, is my name. Mrs. Everson is Virginia, the glove is hers. I went down town in a hurry, and couldn't find my gloves, so she told me to wear hers. They were a present to her, and I did hate to lose one of them. It was so nice in you to take care of it, Mr. Dale."

"Nice! Well, here Jack had been carrying a married woman's glove around with him, saying nonsensical things to it, and when he couldn't bear to think how silly he had been. "Virginia will be so pleased to get her glove back," Edith was saying sweetly, "but you said you wanted to give me something of your own with it, Mr. Dale. Do you want me to give the 'something' to Virginia too?"

"No!" burst out Jack, fervently, "I want you to get it yourself. Promise me that you will before I tell you what it is."

"Sight unseen," as the children say? Oh, well, you've been so nice about it I think I will promise."

Advertisement for Castoria. Text: "What is CASTORIA? Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria cures Colic, Wind, Flatulency, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, and all the other ailments of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea--The Mother's Friend." Includes a signature for Charles H. Fletcher and a note about the fac-simile signature appearing on every wrapper.

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