

Mr. Coaker's Log.

(Concluded)

April 7th.—Wind, North, strong. Did not steam much in the forenoon. Men busy consuming "bullees." A report current concerning trouble amongst Eagle's crew in reference to taking coal from the Florizel. Not surprised in view of the feeling prevailing the whole fleet since the disaster of April 1st. A hard feeling existed on board of the Diana when we were coaling her on Saturday. She has a few tough chaps on board and it would not surprise me to learn that the captain had lots of trouble with some of the men.

Seven of the Diana's crew left her on Saturday and are on board of the Nascopie. One man with an injured arm, named Gardner, was also sent on board of our ship for medical treatment. We have also a stowaway named Nottall, belonging to the Diana. Took 21 seals to-day. Cape St. Francis and Cape Spear quite visible to the naked eye from the deck, Signal Hill from the barrel. We are south of Cape Spear. Sagona in sight all the evening.

Still no word of the Southern Cross reported. Not a word received from the shore concerning the victims of the Newfoundland disaster. It was no trouble to know how many seals the Gulf ships had taken, but there was money in seals, when ships were loaded, which is of far more importance than the death and burial of 69 sealers.

Reported owners refused our captain permission to give up the useless and costly quest for 20 seals per day, which strikes all as very singular, for few can understand why \$300 is spent to secure 10 worth of seals; but like many other puzzlers, it will not be solved by the simple minded toiler. I fancy I have a fair idea for the reasons for such inexplicable proceedings.

The night was beautifully clear and the moon shone in all its glory. The ocean was spotlessly white and a slight north breeze. The Sagona's lights about one mile distant broke the isolation and monotony of spending night after night either without a ship in sight, or if in sight invisible through a heavy mist or snow or storm.

April 8th.—Splendid day. Sagona came alongside. Had not heard of the Newfoundland disaster or the disappearance of the Southern Cross. Some of the Sagona's crew reported food conditions to be extremely unsatisfactory. Bread unfit for food. No fresh beef, no brewage. Beans three times for the trip. No potatoes or turnips. Nothing for the pot. Even some cabin supplies short for some time.

We took about 20 seals. Passed North from 20 miles East of Cape Spear to about 25 miles East of Bonavista and returned.

The cook took a list of men approving of food supplied this voyage and all willingly gave their names. The only complaint possible being a shortage in the supply of fresh beef, which must be the result of an overlook. The cooks on the whole are

well qualified for the work and would make good chiefs if any ship required such an officer.

Good Officer.

The chief cook, Samuel Tiller, who is known as the commodore, is indeed an attentive and efficient official and where he is in charge satisfaction must result.

The master watches are Kenneth Barbour, Et. Barbour, sons of the late Capt. Wm. Barbour; Darius Hall and Walter Barbour, efficient and intelligent, as are also the assistant master watches, Isaac Squires, Robt. Barbour, Thos. Parsons and Martin Curtis. The bridgemen are C. Barbour, John Collins, Alfred Gaulton and J. Gushue. The quarter masters are Charles Tuff, Levi Green, David Rodgers and James Davis. The wheelmen Edgar Parsons, William Green, Sam. Edward and Edward Perry. F. Newbury is the boatswain and Sm. Jolliffe is his able mate. Thos. Perry is carpenter. The captain's son, Pearce, is second in command and barrelman; Skipper Peter Gaulton second barrelman.

Excellent Crew.

There never was a crew more efficient or able than the crew of the Nascopie. Almost every sealer on board being a picked man.

The assistant cooks are Chas. Mullett, Geo. Hayter, Robt. Fermage, Saml. Rodgers, Fred Tulk, baker, cabin cook, Martin Tulk; Wm. Grills, chief steward; captain's steward, Eli Hall; the mess room steward, Robt. Emerson.

The engineers are J. Ledingham, John Black, Chesley Bond and John Curran.

From my observations closely taken, I am of the opinion that every captain closely watches the movements and actions of Captain Abraham Kean. I don't believe any captain is content when he is not in a position to know and judge what Capt. Abram is doing. I state this not because I have any kindly feelings towards Capt. Abram, but because I wish to give all concerned in this narrative their proper due.

Pushing Man.

Capt. Wm. Winsor is a pushing young man and will, if he lives, become one of the foremost and most successful of our sealing masters. He has plenty of push and his judgment of seals is sound. His one fault being a careless disregard of his men when taking seals and his devil-darling in cutting off other crews. He came close to cutting down a pan of ice containing some of our crew while pelting seals. Some of them had to leave off pelting and run. Captain George Barbour is a very steady commander, always cool and collected, and very careful over his men. They all respect him.

April 9th.—Wind S. W., dull. About 20 miles from land. Took 26 eaters. Preparing for port. Decks washed. Ropes and gaffs given up. Captain, doctor, chief engineer, operator, Bryant and myself lunched with Commodore Tiller in the cooks' quarters. All seemed pleased to know ship

heading for port. Officer gave a live seal a swim in a dory which they apparently much appreciated. We have one young hood and two small sharp seals.

Not Creditable.

The food supplied to the wooden ships is far from creditable to the owners, who of course will endeavor to escape the consequences of their negligence by asserting that the sealing law was not passed when the wooden ships sailed.

Such a defence will but reflect upon that useless blocking ornament of the Legislature—the Upper House—who kept the bill in slings for two weeks and succeeded in making it anything but a workable act by the senseless and stupid amendments, most of which emanated from men whose only claim to a seat in that chamber consisted of their ability to personally abuse almost every decent man that took a part in public life for the last 30 years.

Responsible Parties.

The sealers in the wooden ships can thank the few swollen heads of the House of Lords for the conditions prevailing on the ships to-day. What is still worse is that those ships belong—except in the case of the Fogota and Sagona—to owners who three years ago signed an agreement binding themselves to put into operation most of the regulations which the Bill contained when it passed the House of Assembly.

Was Crosbie right when he charged them in the House with having signed an agreement they did not intend to fulfil—it really looks as if they regarded their honor as Morris does \$350,000 a mere flea bite?

Conditions on board of the Newfoundland, Fogota, Sagona, Eagle, Diana, Bloodhound, Ranger, Adventure and Bellaventure are far from what the law now require, and in some cases an outrage upon the common sense of the crews and a severe reflection upon the owners of such ships. Nothing like satisfaction is now afforded except on one or two ships.

Fight Must Be Kept Up.

There will be a stronger and far more better fight waged against those conditions during the next twelve months than has yet been experienced for the simple reason that we have now discovered that some of the owners have deliberately attempted to cheat and fool the people by pretending to do what they had solemnly agreed to do three years ago, and which binds their honor as business men and respectable citizens. Nothing can excuse the conditions existing on the Diana, Eagle, Fogota and Sagona—nothing but pure bluff. Almost every amendment made by the Legislative Council in the Coaker Sealing Bill has crippled the Bill, and will have to be rescinded.

The interests of a few sealing captains is not the interest of 4,000 sealers. The interest of three or four ship owners is not what will best preserve the interest of the Colony, and the amendment of the so-called Upper House had no object but to serve the interest of the owners and captains.

Only Just Begun.

The work of protecting the interests of the people has but begun, and those who have used their well bought seats in the Legislative Council to block and nullify legislation on behalf of the Toilers will find that in future the Toilers will not be as

reasonable and conciliatory as they have been.

The supporters of the Government in the House did the knitting in both cases the past session of the Legislature, and Sir Edward Morris is blamed by many for having supported in the House what he could not oppose without bringing upon his head the contempt of the people; but although supporting them in the House, he did very little to aid their passage through the Upper House.

Why Mr. Goodridge, one of Morris's recent appointment to the Legislative Council, actually moved to have the Sealing Bill shelved and submitted to the Select Committee which was considering some fishery matters. That should be an eye-opener to the Toilers. The double dealing of those political highway men will in future be exposed, because the Toilers now possess their own papers, and are consequently in a position to fight their enemies.

Will Not Support Them.

Not a single Union vote will be cast again for a candidate that is not pledged to the abolition of the Legislative Council, and for this decision the Honourables of the Upper House can blame none but themselves. Sir Edward Morris has brought that Chamber into contempt by the manner in which he has stuffed it, and by using it as a blocking instrument to gullotine the decisions of the electorate, for the appointment of two political undesirables like Sidney Blandford and R. A. Squires, who were ousted from their seats in the People's House by majorities of 1900 and 1000 respectively, is about as hard a blow that any man could strike at the constitution of the Colony.

That two men could be found shamefaced enough to accept positions as Executive members and heads of departments, after being so ignominiously turned down by their constituents, is something reasonable men cannot comprehend. That it stinks in the nostrils of the whole electorate is beyond doubt. That it was the only course that could be adopted to keep a minority government whose death warrant had been long since issued, in power in defiance of the electorate and the constitution no one now disputes.

Should be Impeached.

Governor Davidson should be impeached for allowing such an outrage to be perpetrated in a free country. His actions has called down upon his head the contempt of all right thinking people and few will now deny that Morris has no better friend or supporter in the Colony than the Governor.

Never again will a Union member of the House of Assembly call upon him or pay him their respects. He allowed Morris to scorn the Legislature while it was in session the past winter in keeping those two positions vacant, in spite of the strong protest of the Opposition, and as soon as the House closed he allowed this constitution destroyer and outrager to place two monkey-like political pot-props in the Legislative Council, and then accepted those two political moralists as his advisers and ministers of the Crown, while he knew right well that had the people a say respecting the two positions—as they undoubtedly had—that they would not secure enough votes to save their nomination fees. Governor Davidson is just as guilty

of tearing up the constitution and outraging the decisions of the electorate as Sir Edward Morris is, and consequently the Toilers have lost all confidence in him.

His Broken Primrose.

He promised the delegates of the Supreme Council Convocation of the F.P.U. last December when they called upon him to present resolutions passed at the Convention, that he would do what was right. If doing what was right means his acceptance of two defeated candidates as Ministers of the Crown and his advisers as Members of the Executive Council as soon as the House of Assembly closed, and could not show up the outrage, we pity the country over which he rules as a Governor according to his ideas of right.

Is it any wonder we ask, that the hand of God is now resting so heavily upon our native land. Where is the righteousness that exalts a nation? Where is the moral integrity of public men? How far have they travelled the path of faithful duty?

Our country has fallen very low indeed. Our watch dogs in defence of Right have nearly all disappeared. Wrong-doing and political degeneracy must bring its own punishment, not only upon the guilty, but alas, upon the innocent as well.

The voyage is ended. It occupied four weeks wanting one day. I enjoyed it very much and value highly the experiences and observations of the trip, some of which I shall always remember with pleasure. I advise all who can to take this trip. It is impossible to know what the seal hunt is like unless one sees it for oneself. Such ships as the Stephano and Florizel should offer trips to a limited number of passengers at a reasonable cost, say \$50, when I believe many would gladly avail of the opportunity to see things as they are.

Everything Interesting.

To the beginner everything is interesting from the time port is left until the young seals are cut up. I was treated with kindness and respect throughout by officers and men, and I avail of this opportunity to thank Captain Barbour for his unfailing courtesy and consideration while on board. I also thank the officers and crew for the many acts of kindness shown me.

The stewards were obliging and courteous. My mess mates were Dr. Bunting, Chief Engineer Ledingham, Second Engineer Black, Mate Keough and the third and fourth engineer in turn. Many a ten minutes chat we had over the mess table. Dr. Bunting is an intelligent and genial companion and all on board respected him. I have seldom met an equal more reasonable in discussion and moderate in his opinions.

Chief Ledingham and Second Black are both intelligent and genial chaps and it was a pleasure to converse with them.

Foggy Coming In.

Very foggy approaching the land. Made in below Sugar Loaf. Arrived about 8 p.m. Dr. Campbell gave the ship a clean bill of health and kindly offered me a passage ashore in the Customs boat. The first thing I did was to read Monday's Daily Mail, which contained such a splendid account of the disaster, and the Evening Telegram of Thursday, which contained the evidence of several witnesses regarding the disaster. All that sailed in the Nascopie re-

turned in good health. The voyage was ended and many thankful hearts exclaimed "Thank God" for our safe return and sound health.

This diary was begun with the intention of publishing it in the Advocate Xmas Number, accompanied with illustrations. That idea I will forego in view of the awful disaster which overtook the Newfoundland's crew. I therefore publish it now for the information of the Sons of Toil, in order to show the conditions as they existed, which in a major degree has a bearing upon the calamity that has come upon our country.

These notes will be reproduced in the Xmas Number of the Advocate accompanied with some very interesting cuts, illustrating the incidents referred to herein, as I have taken some fifty photos during the trip.

Meals Served Out.

The men's cook reports having served out to the crew the following meals during the voyage: Beans served 14 mornings, brewage and watered fish with pork dressing 13 mornings soft bread every second morning, 12 hot dinners served consisting of beef, pork, potatoes, plain and plum pudding, and on Sunday fresh beef or canned roast beef in addition; pea soup with potatoes, turnip, onions and dumplings served for dinner eight days; seal and other soups served for dinner seven days—thus a dinner was cooked every day. On Sunday canned beef and apple jam was served for tea in addition to sweet bread and tea, and the tea on Sundays was sugar and milked. Potatoes, turnips and meat were given out to the crew when required, which the men cooked themselves for supper. Three pounds of soft bread being found insufficient, the amount was increased to five pounds per man per week. Warm soup was served to the men when coming off the ice, and if any of the sealers fell in they were served with a grog when they reached the ship. I fear a few of them when near the ship occasionally managed to get somewhat wet in or-

der to qualify for a grog, but the steward soon caught on.

Capt. Randell, of the Bellaventure, pushed through well, and kept close to the larger ships during the whole voyage. Especially was he persistent in forcing along enroute to the seals and entered the patch in company with the other three foremost ships—Nascopie, Stephano and Beothic.

From reports made by sealers, the conditions and food on board of the Erik, Ranger and Bloodhound could not be much worse. The owners must be blamed, for the men speak in the highest terms of Capt. Jesse Winsor and Kenneth Knee, who have done their best for the men. The facilities were not afforded and No. 2 flour was supplied for bread, and no cook can make good bread from bad flour and no cooking facilities.

Captains Joe Kean, John Parsons and Randell, are well spoken of by their crews, and we believe they did all in their power to live up to the sealing laws.

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