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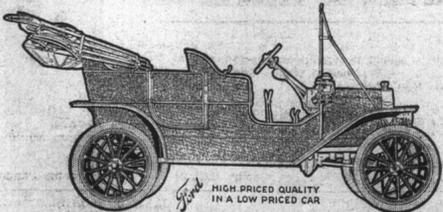
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The Normandy's Loss.

Captain and Crew Arrive by the Steamer Portia.

On Sunday afternoon Capt. Hawthorne with the officers and crew of the ill-fated S. S. Normandy, arrived here from Tor's Cove by the S. S. Portia, and from Capt. William Steele, the chief officer of the ship, the Telegram received particulars of the disaster shortly after his arrival.

The Captain of the ship with Mr. Constant, who was a passenger on board, were joint owners of the vessel—a new one—which was only launched two months ago and was making her maiden voyage across the Atlantic, when her career just beginning was cut short by collision with the rugged rocks of Great Island, just off Tor's Cove, on the Southern Shore.

The ship left Millsboro, Yorkshire, three weeks ago and called at Holy-head, which she left for Toronto, Ontario, just two weeks ago yesterday. She had on board 1,800 tons of pig iron, a half cargo for the vessel, and from the day of her departure had rough weather with gales varying from N. W. to S. W., heavy sea and dense fog and torrential rain. Several times during the voyage the ship was compelled to lay to, and so dense was the fog encountered that for 4 days in succession she had to run at half speed.

Wednesday last coming in over the Banks it was particularly stormy, but the vessel being half loaded was in good trim, and all things considered, proved to be a good sea boat. At certain periods of the voyage so thick was the fog that the ship's head could hardly be discerned by men standing aft, and as a result the captain and officers had a very anxious time of it all through the voyage.

For six consecutive days no observations could be had, and during the last few days the lead was kept going soundings being taken every four hours; while Thursday and Friday last as it was deemed the vessel was in the latitude of Cape Race, the lead was hove at intervals of an hour. The dense pall of fog continued to envelop the ship while the wind blew half a gale out of the S. W., and she continued running at half speed. Mr. Steele had the watch on deck for Friday night and was on the bridge with 4 others on deck with him to navigate the ship, when shortly after midnight he saw the "loom" of what he imagined to be an iceberg ahead of the ship. Putting the helm hard a starboard to clear the obstruction he sent the ship full speed ahead, and as she swept ahead he soon realized that it was the surf breaking over a reef of rocks. The vessel answered her helm instantly, when suddenly as she appeared to be falling off from the shoal her starboard bow struck it with such force that the ship's hull vibrated with the shock, and the

watch below and the passengers on board knew she had collided with the shore, as most of them were thrown from their berths and roused from their sleep by the force of the impact, and hurriedly putting on what clothing they could lay hands on rushed on deck.

The ship had four water tight compartments and but for this fact all on board would have met a watery grave. She ran along the line of the reef with a grating noise, and the starboard side was torn completely out of her. She travelled almost the entire length of the shoal which ran about a half mile off from Great Island and went into deep water.

Eight minutes after striking the well was sounded and there were 9 feet of water reported in No. 1 hold. It was then seen that the ship was doomed, as she began to settle quickly by the head, and there was no time to be lost in getting out the three life boats swinging in the davits. If those on board were to be saved.

There were 21 men of a crew on board, with the captain's wife and 4 children, nurse and maid, with Mr. Constant. One of the children was an infant only two months old. The women folk though naturally frightened obeyed implicitly the orders of the captain and officers, and being assured by them that there was no immediate danger, and that there was ample time to launch and man the boats they remained perfectly calm while the crew upheld the best traditions of British seamen. Every man was calm and collected, stood at his post and received and obeyed orders, and in a very short time the first boat was over the side. The captain asked Mr. Steele to take charge of this, and to take his wife and children and the other women folk with him while he (the captain) would look after the crew.

clear of the foundering ship the wind seemed to increase, the rain fell in torrents and the women and poor little children suffered terribly for several hours until after daylight had appeared. While Mr. Steele and his crew waited outside with the boat's head to the sea they were in a state of anxiety about the captain and the rest of the crew fearing an accident to their boat. Flare-ups were kept going to warn the captain of the position of the chief officer's boat, and all were relieved after about a half hour to hear shouts coming from the other boat which was rowing towards them. When the captain left the steamer she was broad side on to the sea and wave after wave broke over her. Before pushing off from her the captain's boat surged heavily against the Normandy's side, and stove a hole in her planks. The cries that greeted Mr. Steele's ears when the captain's boat came near were that she was sinking. As the boat came near she listed perceptibly, and in the heavy sea which ran, 7 of the men on board were washed out of her. Fortunately before leaving the ship all were supplied with life belts but for which some of the crew of the boat would have been drowned. In the darkness and amidst the howling of the gale and rushing of the waters it was some time before all were picked up. The men lay in the boat chilled and exhausted and saturated with water. Provisionally Mr. Steele had seized a bottle of brandy before he left the ship, and a draught of this given to each man revived him and sent the blood once again going warmly through his veins. Six fresh men from Mr. Steele's boat went aboard the captain's, and by incessant bailing kept her afloat until daylight dawned when the boat was taken in tow, and as the dark line of the shore could be discerned inside, the boats

THE WOES OF THE WEAK-STOMACHED MAN

Relieved by Father Morrisey's "No. 11"

Did you ever see a happy dyspeptic? Or a man cheerful over his indigestion? No wonder you didn't, for the man who cannot digest cannot enjoy very much. When the stomach refuses to work the whole system goes wrong, and there follows heartburn, headache, constipation, bad breath and severe pain. Then the mind is affected; a person becomes irritable, sarcastic, surly—in fact, almost unbearable.

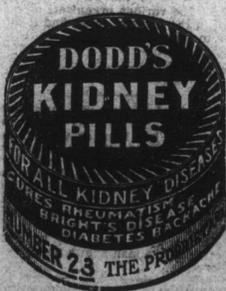
Father Morrisey gave this matter special study, and devised a tablet now known as "Father Morrisey's No. 11," which relieves the misery. Each tablet is capable of digesting 2 1/2 pounds of food—a good square meal. One tablet after eating, with a half tumbler of water, insures perfect digestion, providing reasonable care is taken to avoid foods that have been found especially disagreeable to the stomach.

If you have suffered from a weak stomach, why not do as thousands have done—take Father Morrisey's No. 11 Tablets and be cured? See, at your dealer's, or from Father Morrisey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.—so

were rowed quickly towards it, and they landed at St. Michael's at 8 o'clock Saturday morning. One of the men of the place saw the boats approach and ran to the rest of the residents who soon had all ashore and comfortably housed. All were dripping wet and shivering with cold. Their wet clothing were taken off and dry apparel given them, and the officers said that they will never forget the kind treatment given them. But that the children had some rugs thrown over them in the boat they would have perished from exposure.

The crew lost all their clothes and effects; the captain's wife losing £200 worth of jewelry, while the captain lost £50 worth of valuables, and Mr. Steele £40. The captain and his family and Mr. Constant were to reside in Toronto, and the ship was to ply in the grain trade on the Great Lakes.

The Normandy was built to carry freight and passengers, was lit with electricity and supplied with every



modern convenience. Mr. Steele was captain of the Lord Londonderry, and two months ago she was durned to the waters edge at Hull. In the fire he then lost all his effects, and only last month he bought a new stock of nautical instruments. The crew will return home the first opportunity.

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The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



I've been meditating to-day on the blessedness of being middle class. Sometimes when I am thrown into contact with a life that is so different from mine as mine is from that of the wretched creature who is rotting away in a

cellar—a life of immodesty and wretched frocks and furs, and long-stemmed roses and sun-catching jewels—a life of homes with wide staircases, stately stairways and silences as deep and rich as the rugs on the drawing room floor—a life of horsemanship by the sea, and the freedom to travel anywhere in this wonderful world, I am seized with a sudden rage to think I will never know even for a little while what such a life is like.

But for all the rest of the year I am really quite contentedly happy that I am middle class.

In many ways I think the middle class gets the cream of life.

How? Well, for one thing, if you are middle class and marry you a wife or husband, or get you a friend, you can know absolutely and surely that it is yourself that won the friendship or love, not your money.

And then for another thing, you can have neighbors, and I don't think the rich ever do.

They have sycophants and enemies and acquaintances and some friends, I suppose, but I don't believe they very often have any of those kindly, curious, willing-to-do-anything-if-you-are-in-trouble, next door friends that belong to the genus neighbor.

The lady across the way from us has been ill. A half dozen times in the past two weeks has my little mother slipped across the street with some dainty from our table set forth in all the daintiness of our best silver and napery and china. Three times when the invalid was sickest did the

lady next door sit up all night with her. The man on the other side of us has taken complete care of her furnace all through the siege, and his daughter has been over almost every day to help take care of the children.

Rich people never have things like that done for them. If they are ill, they receive perfect service, of course, but it is service with all the warmth taken out of it by its being given for money.

And then again, if you are middle class and your daughter elopes, or your wife or husband sues you for a divorce, you will probably get off, as far as notoriety goes, with a paragraph or two tucked away on the inner pages of the town or city paper.

But if you happen to possess a few hundred thousand, and your third cousin or your sister-in-law's husband gets tangled up in a scandal, you will doubtless find your picture and your whole history emblazoned across the front page of half the newspapers in the country.

