

Notes of Long Ago.

L. C. MORRIS.

CHAPTER VI.—THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

The break was made in the family, and old Ireland never seemed the same to use at home. My brother had gone and I was waiting my turn to go also, and so I looked about for a ship bound out to America: or if possible, one bound directly to Newfoundland. There was some little trade, doing between Waterford and St. John's, though St. John's as I found it was a very small town at the time. There were not many ships at Waterford, trading to the Westward, but occasionally there was a ship offering, and so some few months after my brother had gone I secured a passage on board a vessel from Scotland, commanded by a Scotch captain and also a Scotch crew. The vessel's name was the Highland Lassie. She was a brig of about one hundred and fifty tons, and had rough accommodation for about thirty-five passengers. Most of the passengers were men, and many of them married, and all the latter intended to send for their families as soon as conditions would allow. The few emigrants on board belonged to different parts of Ireland, but particularly near or around Waterford; and all were filled with one hope, the hope of getting rich and doing well in the New World. The ship lay off in the harbour for a day or two before sailing, and on the day appointed the emigrants had their traps on board, and were ready at the signal for starting. It was in the month of May, the weather was fine, and crowds of people were down to see our good ship off. And so amid farewells and the waving of handkerchiefs, our little brig weighed anchor, and the sorrowing emigrants joined over the ship's rail and took their farewell view of Ireland and home forever.

Slowly the ship moved on, and by the evening was some twenty or thirty miles off, and as the shades of evening settled down upon us, we began to realize our first night at sea, our first experience on shipboard. To me it was very strange and no doubt it was the same to the other emigrants. In full, our ship's company would be about fifty, but not all reached this side, for our voyage proved eventful, and we found that getting to the New World, and getting to Newfoundland, was no laughing matter. After a few days out, we began to know each other a little, and to find out our peculiarities and fancies. There were some who could sing, and there was also a fiddler, and another lad who played well on the flute, and everybody could dance; and although we had our share of storm, we had also our share of fine weather; and we endeavoured to make the best of our passage by music and singing on the deck.

But even this had a tinge of sorrow, for the tunes often played by the fiddler—and especially those by the

flute player, were such as touched the heart, and reminded us of our home in old Ireland, and of her wrongs and sorrows. We had often heard those songs and tunes on the green sward of the land, but never had they seemed so dear to us as they did when we stood around the deck on some fine afternoon and listened to them, for awhile they spoke of exile and Erin, we all felt that we were now among the number, we were part of that band of Irish emigrants who in thousands were seeking a home in the New World.

The old Irish tunes of "Kathleen Mabourne" and "Erin Go Bragh," "Kilmarney" and "The Irish Washerwoman" were played and rattled off, and many a hearty laugh was enjoyed as we danced around the deck and tried to shake off dull care. But all were not able to do this, for sea-sickness claimed a few for most of the trip. Among our number were some who were not the strongest, and one of whom died before we reached our haven. This affected the little ship's company very much; we were all of common interest; and while some were relatives, yet the most were not; but still we felt the loss of our comrade, and like many others he made the request that he would not be buried at sea. As the old song of the sailor's grave says:—

"It matters not as I have oft been told,
Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold;
But grant, oh, grant, this boon to me,
And bury me not in the deep blue sea."

Many such cases happened amongst the Irish emigrants coming to America, and it fell to our lot to be amongst the number of those who witnessed a burial at sea. Even the sailors and the captain felt it. We could not do much for him, but we did our best, and with what Christian emblems we had we laid him out, and in the dimness and darkness of our cramped quarters of our little ship, the tapers dimly burned as we watched him being sewn up with a weight at his feet ere he was buried. At the hour of burial all hands were called on deck, crew and all, and as many as could came. The captain read the service, the ship was run up a bit in the wind, some of her sails were lowered, the topsails were taken back, and for a moment she seemed like some dead thing; and just at that moment as the corpse was laid on the ship's rail, with the little band of emigrants around, the final words were uttered and he was dropped in the briny ocean. As the words of the old song again say:—

"A splash and a dash and it all was o'er,
And the waves they rolled as they rolled before;
And tears were shed by seamen brave
As he sank beneath a sailor's grave."

Street Accidents.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir.—It is not till after the accident happens that the Council acts.

Last night a young man fell on Garrison Hill and cut his face badly besides receiving other minor injuries; and another young man fell on Beck's Hill hurting his arm and leg. This is the Council's fault.

Thanking you for your valuable space.

ONE WHO MET WITH AN ACCIDENT.
Jan. 27, 1913.

Urgent Request

Special to Evening Telegram.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 29.

An urgent request for Russian assistance against the Chinese Army invading Manchuria, and threatening the existence of the new state of Mongolia, has been received by telegram by a Mongolian delegation, which has come here to thank the Russian Government for recognizing the independence of Mongolia. All available Mongolian troops have been despatched, but the local authorities have no confidence in their discipline.

It is bound to strike you

that there is better tea than you have been using when once you taste your neighbour's, who uses STAR.

A good Tea at a fair price has been our aim in offering you STAR at 40c. lb. The top notch of value has been reached.

For 5 lb. parcels, 10 per cent. discount allowed.

Fresh Halibut.
Fresh Herring.
Finnan Haddie.
Kippers.
Bloaters.

Macaroni, 12c. pkg.
Vermicelli, 12c. pkg.
Pineapple Chunks, 12c. can
Hand Picked Rangoon Beans, 4c. lb.
Graham Flour.
Table Corn Meal.
Kellogg's Corn Flakes, 15c.
Malted Nuts, 1 lb. cans.

C. P. EAGAN

Duckworth St. and Queen's Road.

Still fighting the battle of your dollar and exhausting every means at our disposal to give you service.

"LET US GO IN HERE"

Said she.—No, No, No! That's four times you tried to put me off the right track this evening and upset my plans for buying. I have made up my mind before leaving the house to go in nowhere only DEVINE'S, where the Genuine Sale is. I know what I am doing, or least I ought after buying for forty years. I tell you again, when DEVINE'S have a Sale it is a Sale, and while the chance is here now I am going to buy up a few things and lay them aside, because it will be a long time before these things will be so cheap again.

Only six more days, ladies and gentlemen. Make good use of the time.

Feel free when you visit this store

Move round and examine the BARGAINS.

What Dollars are doing at DEVINE'S. WHAT \$1.00 WILL DO AT DEVINE'S GREAT CHANGE OF BUSINESS SALE.

'Twill buy 10 yards London Smoke in Grey or Pink, usually worth 14c. per yard.

'Twill buy 12 yards Good White Shirting, usually worth 12c. per yard.

'Twill buy 12 yards Striped Flannel of good quality, usually selling at 12c. per yard.

'Twill buy 3 Curtain Poles and fittings complete, in mahogany or oak shades. Great time to buy these goods.

'Twill buy enough Dress Material to make a skirt, in Grey, Black, Green or Navy.

Coming to Town.

Persons having \$10.00, \$15.00 or \$20.00 to spend will find it to their advantage to look us up.

WHAT \$2.00 WILL DO.

'Twill buy a pair warm Woollen Blankets, usually \$3.00. Of course this appeals to you and every housekeeper.

'Twill buy a serviceable nicely trimmed Cloth Skirt.

'Twill buy a strong, substantial Pants for man that wants the best; nay, more.

'Twill buy just what you want if you wear Overalls—a pair of Combinations, made of strong, durable Cotton Tweed; wear-resisting and guaranteed for twelve months. Ask to see the Combinations.

'Twill buy a genuine Wool Jersey, worth \$2.50 usually. Nothing more comfortable for a man engaged in outdoor work.

'Twill buy a Sailor or Eton Suit for your boy, with daintily trimmed collar, worth \$2.80 to \$3.00.

'Twill buy a suit of warm Wool Underwear for men. Worth \$3.00 in ordinary way. Why wear cotton when you can get wool at cotton price?

'Twill buy 4 Negligee Shirts, 65c. usual price. A great time to lay in a stock of shirts.

WHAT \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00 & \$10.00 WILL BUY.

Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats, Ladies' and Gent's Mackintoshes, Ladies' Coats, Sweater Coats. We have an excellent line of Ladies' Sweater Coats (all wool) in shades of Slate and Myrtle, White and Cardinal, Fawn and Grey, and Pain Grey.

J. M. DEVINE,

The Right House, Water St., East.

The Wabana Mines. During 1912.

A prosperous year has been 1912 for the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company. The output of iron ore from the company's Wabana (Bell Island) was 564,000 long tons. Much attention was devoted to the submarine mines, although the land areas were consistently worked. The submarine developments included the construction of storage pockets and of transportation facilities, also the installation of several centrifugal pumps, an electric shovel, and electric hoists. The tonnage was thus so increased the daily output was brought up to 1,100 tons. A new concrete and steel machine shop was erected and equipped, also a dry-house with hot and cold running water, to accommodate 500 men. So successful was the dry-house that a considerable extension was necessary.

The new shipping plant at the pier side of the yard comprises triple storage pocket with elevating machinery, conveyor, pier, and all modern accessories. The total storage capacity is now 70,000 tons. Thus two conveyors are operated simultaneously, giving a combined loading capacity of more than 5,000 tons per hour.

The Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company is the highest type of progressive, modern, and efficient Canadian enterprise. It is a credit to Nova Scotia and to the Dominion at large—Canadian Mining Journal.

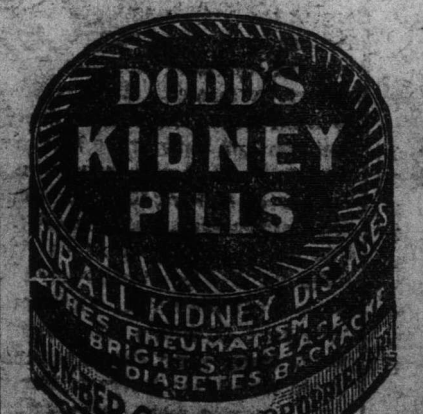
We have just opened a very pretty assortment of Silver Deposit Ware. This is glassware consisting of Jugs, Sugar and Cream Sets, Plates, Salts, Tobacco Jars, Vases, etc., having pure silver firmly deposited directly to the glass in beautiful designs by an electrical process. R. H. TRAPNELL, decors.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Auto Robbers Are Rounded Up.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 23.—Frank Madia, owner of the Michigan Avenue garage which was used as headquarters of the automobile bandits, surrendered to-day, while the city's police force was in the midst of its search for Robert Webb, the gang chauffeur, who late yesterday shot and killed Detective Peter Hart. Madia was surrounded by his attorney, who advised him to tell everything he knew of the desperadoes who for weeks have laughed at the police and have levied tolls on shopkeepers and others in nearly every part of Chicago.

Madia, who is said to have acted as the agent of the automobile robbers in disposing of stolen property, told the police that on one occasion he purchased six diamond rings from Jas. R. Perry, confessed leader of the gang, for which he paid him \$65. Later he purchased a gold watch from him for \$12. After murdering Detective Hart with the officer's own revolver, Webb made his fourth escape in eleven days. He was one of the



motor crew that shot policeman Fredrick Sticken on January 9th. On January 14th he jumped from a window and eluded the police. Last Saturday he was arrested and released on the word of Madia, gang headquarters keeper. Yesterday he killed Hart and fled.

Here and There.

Campbell's Milk Shakes are delicious.—Jan 27, 11

SOLWAY LEFT.—The S. S. Solway sailed at 1 p.m. yesterday. This will be her last trip to Sydney.

Stafford's Liniment for sale by John Fitzpatrick, 60 Field St. Jan 18, 11

HOCKEYIST HURT.—R. Callahan, of the St. Bon's hockey team, received injuries to his face during last night's game at the Prince's Rink.

Stafford's Liniment for sale by Mrs. Summers, Military Road. Open every night.—Jan 18, 11

READY FOR SEA.—The vessels Dunure and Castor are now ready to sail for Pernambuco and Gibraltar, respectively, fish laden.

Delicious Ice Creams, 10c. dish, at J. W. Campbell's, Ltd. Jan 27, 11

INTER-COL. HOCKEY.—The Fellies and St. Bon's will play in the opening Inter-Collegiate hockey match at the Prince's Rink, on Saturday at noon.

For Pure Milk, delivered daily, try J. W. Campbell's, Ltd.—Jan 27, 11

Here and There

Stafford's Liniment for sale at "The Broadway Store," No. 2 Cookstown Road.—Jan 18, 11

INTENSE FROST.—It was very cold across country last night, and the thermometer registered 10 below at Quarry, 8 at Bishop's Falls and 3 at Port aux Basques. It was very cold in the city also and registered 4 above at 4 a.m. to-day.

RECEIVED PROMOTION.—Congratulations to Chief Steward John McRooney, of the Invermore, on his appointment to the new S. S. Litroze. He sails shortly to join the ship at Glasgow. He is one of the most faithful and trusted servants of the Reid Nfld. Co.

Another shipment of Wool Blankets, extra good value, received at THE NATIONAL STORES, Greaves & Sons, Ltd. Jan 13, 11

ORDERLY CITY.—The city streets are very orderly of late and no arrests have been made for the past forty-eight hours. The only occupant of a cell in the police station is the man from Baseline who was found wandering the streets on Sunday last in a bad state.

Electric Restorer for Men Phosphonal restores every nerve in the body and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonal will make you a new man. Price \$1 a box, or two for \$2. Mailed to any address. The Phosphonal Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

NEW CLUB ROOMS.—The rooms on Springdale Street recently vacated by the Opelt Club, which has disbanded, are now occupied by the members of the Ivy Amusement Club. The rooms containing billiard tables, etc., have been thoroughly renovated and elaborately fitted up.

Gossip.

BY H. L. RANN.



Gossip is a current substitute for facts which is accomplished by driving the human tongue at a gallop, with the bridle off. It has no brake action, and when once under way is harder to stop than a fat woman on a bicycle.

Gossip is caused by the mind moving out and being replaced by agile guesses and it is now diagnosed by our leading physicians as fatty degeneration of the think tank. A great deal of the time that is now consumed in gossip about something that never happened could be used to good advantage in hunting for notes and sweeping the front porch.

One of the most ingenious forms of gossip is the anonymous letter, which informs a trusting wife that her husband was seen standing on the corner of 9th and Main with both arms around a lamp post, evidently harboring an expensive stew. This makes it necessary for the husband to produce an affidavit from the night watch, setting forth that at the hour mentioned he was attending a fire in the third ward.

There are two kinds of gossip—male and female, and both operate with deadly effect unless checked with a libel suit. The male gossip does not allow anything to interfere with his work, and will sit on a cracker box all day looking for a victim. The female gossip always gets her facts about as straight as the interior of a round house, and builds picturesque additions to them as she goes along. If a man and woman are seen walking down the street together, by the time it gets around to the saying circle she will be sitting on his lap in the front parlor and feeding him fudge.

The gossip never originates anything, but always gets her information from somebody who never said it or anything like it. It is harder to pin down a gossip to something she said day before yesterday than it is to catch a hummingbird with a pair of boxing gloves.

Frank Tiede, Philadelphia's poet-shoemaker, died last month in the Quaker City. He was widely known as a writer of verse, and on the walls of his shop he had framed this verse, which he considered his best effort: The shoemaker sang as he hummed away.

O, who is as happy as I am to-day? I saved twenty soles when the parson said one.

And I always heal when the doctor heals none.

I sit on my bench like a judge and I boot.

The people who say that my measure don't suit;

I cut all my uppers I care not for caste;

My very first pleasure each day is my last.

I'm always mending while others fall ill.

And when I am thirty with cobblers I fill;

I'll never peg out, for I always fill; For how can I lose when I am shod to win?

My goods are all sold before finished, and I

Can't foot my bill without heaving a sigh;

In fact, I am envied by great and by small.

For of this world's blessings alone I have awl.

If a Laxative is Needed—"Cascarets"

Salts, Calomel and Cathartic Pills are violent—they act on bowels as pepper acts in nostrils.

Take a Cascaret tonight and thoroughly cleanse your Liver, Stomach and Bowels, and you will surely feel great by morning. You men and women who have headache, nervous tongue, can't sleep, are bilious, nervous and upset, bothered with a sick, gassy, disordered stomach, or have backache and feel all worn out.

Are you keeping clean inside with Cascarets—or merely forcing a passage every few days with salts, cathartic pills or castor oil? This is important.

Cascarets immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gasses; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the decomposed waste matter and poison from the intestines and bowels.

Remember, a Cascaret to-night will straighten you out by morning. A 10-cent box from your druggist means a clear head and cheerfulness for months. Don't forget the children.