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THE DAILY MAIL.

WEATHER REPORT.

Toronto (noon)—Easterly gales with snow or rain. Tuesday: Strong, westerly, clearing.

VOLUME 1, No. 68.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1914.

PRICE:—1 CENT.

Tales Of Suffering And Woe Related By Survivors Of The Terrible "Newfoundland" Sealing Tragedy.

HOW THE STORM-SMITTEN MEN FOUGHT WITH DEATH FOR LIFE ON THE WIND-SWEPT ICE FLOE

Many Tales Told of Outstanding Heroic Acts in Face of Common Peril.

MEN FORGOT THEMSELVES TO ASSIST THEIR COMRADES.

Peculiar and Striking Incidents of These Long Hours of Suffering And Tragedy.

St. John's scarcely understood the awful reality of the tragedy which snuffed out the lives of close on four score men of the sealer Newfoundland's crew until the arrival of the Bellaventure on Saturday with the bodies.

It seemed almost impossible for the average mind to comprehend the whole ghastly fact.

Then the rescue ship made port; the survivors were landed and the task began of putting the bodies on shore.

Up the wharf approach came four of the Ambulance Workers with a burdened stretcher, its load covered by a kindly sheet alike from prying, curious eyes and the bright rays of the spring sun. That which occupied the stretcher moved not at all. It was lifeless, inert clay—the first of the scores of bodies that followed each other up that roadway in mournful procession until the whole of the sixty nine had been taken ashore to the Mortuary Chamber in the Seamen's Institute.

Then St. John's fully awoke to the extent of the terrible disaster that has befallen the city itself of some of its industrious citizens; has plunged hundreds of families into the deepest sorrow, and has cast a dark pall of grief over the whole country.

"Gone from our homes; gone, gone, gone—ah, gone are those we loved!"

Wonderful Crowds.

Their freedom from the usual occupations of the week gave the citizens of St. John's an opportunity of strolling down to the Seamen's yesterday. The place was literally the centre of attraction for the whole of the city, and there were very few, indeed, barring those incapacitated by personal or family sickness, who did not walk to East Water Street at some time during the day to watch developments at the House of Death.

Of course, at the time of the arrival of the Bellaventure there was a record crowd on the street by Harvey's wharf and East and West of that spot, too. On Saturday afternoon Water Street opposite the Seamen's Institute was literally packed with people, the crowd extending West almost as far as Prescott Street. To the East the big gathering filled the Beach and overflowed down across Water Street to the King's wharf. The procession of the survivors and of the dead to the Seamen's Institute was, of course, the event that attracted these thousands of people. By throngs remained even after the last of the dead bodies had been taken ashore and hundreds hung around until late in the night.

Of course, nobody but those on business of some kind or other, was allowed into the building itself, but large numbers seemed quite content to endure the chill winds of the afternoon and evening and the damp discomfort of the sloppy roadway and pavements for the slender satisfaction of watching things from the outside.

And it was just the same yesterday. While the crowd at any one time was never so great as on Saturday from four o'clock in the afternoon to long after dark, yet many times the number of people yesterday visited the neighborhood of the Institute at some time or other.

Other Sealers Arrive.

From their stations on Water Street near the Beach, the people could see right out the Narrows. Therefore it was that the crew of the Erik were surprised to see so many folk watch-

ing their arrival in port early in the afternoon. And then, about an hour later, the crowds on shore saw the Terra Nova steam into the harbor. As she rounded into the Narrows from the South she was gallily decorated with bunting, each one of her three tall spars holding aloft a string of fluttering flags.

"She knows nothing about this terrible thing," said a spectator. "The tug John Green was making out through the Narrows to pick up a schooner anchored outside and she ran across the stern of the Terra Nova and gave the Captain the sad news. Down came all the symbols of rejoicing and the successful sealer from the Gulf entered port with her tall spars unadorned except for a small ensign flying from the mizzen gaff.

As soon as the Terra Nova was berthed at the South Side numbers of her crew put across the harbor in boat and visited the Institute to learn particulars of the tragedy. Many of them boarded the Bellaventure at Harvey's lower wharf to compare notes with the crew of the rescue ship and to gather information from those who had either assisted in getting the living and the dead off the ice or had been eyewitnesses of the scene.

The news of the tragedy came to the Terra Nova's men with the suddenness of a thunderbolt and the majority of these hardy men shed tears of sympathy and grief as they listened to the various recitals of the tale of woe and suffering.

Terrible Crush.

The crush of spectators about the front of the Institute was especially great when the encoffined bodies of over thirty victims were taken out about half past three o'clock and placed on sledges for conveyance to the railroad station where they were placed on board a special train and run out to their home towns around the bays. Hats were reverently lifted and men and women stood with bowed heads as the sadly large number of caskets was brought out and when the procession started for the station large numbers of the spectators joined it as a mark of their respect for the dead and thousands of others walked West along the Water Street pavements. And so great were the throngs on the sidewalks that it was virtually an impossibility to go in any direction except that taken by the crowd on either side.

St. John's streets have seen many notable processions during the long and eventful history of the city, but nothing to compare with that of yesterday as the flag covered coffins of the victims of the sealing tragedy were conveyed to the station.

In the Mortuary Chamber.

Sadly impressive was the scene in the Mortuary Chamber at the Seamen's Institute when the task of landing the scores of bodies of the victims of the sealing tragedy had been completed. As the visitor entered the whole awful sight stood right out before him in all its ghastly distinctness.

Right and left were bodies of the poor unfortunates. Row after row they extended the whole length of the Grenfell Hall and on the broad platform at the far end were upwards of a dozen more atif and stark as death had found them.

Scene in the Hall.

The Hall was brightly lit so that every feature of the scene stood out clear, distinct and horrifying. Of course, the idea of these in charge of the arrangements was to have the illumination of the Death Chamber as good as possible, so that mistakes in identification might be obviated, but a secondary effect of the bright electric lights was to present death, its uncertainties and its cruel inexorable workings visibly in the remains of its subjects; the poor, storm-beaten bodies of those on whom it had suddenly and irresistibly swooped.

In the Hall were scores of people, all busy at the sadly necessary work of identifying the numerous bodies. There were the officials, brisk, energetic ceaselessly on the move about their self-imposed and self-sacrificing task, but courteous alike to one and all that approached them with questions and inquiries. And, withal, there was manifest, in the gentle respectful way in which the poor bodies were handled, a sorrow for the awful tragedy and a kindly sympathy for those who had been its victims.

Capable and energetic, Dr. Campbell.

(Continued at top of column 5)

PATIENTS TREATED IN BRIGADE HOSPITAL SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE

Cecil Tiller, Newtown, B.B. frostbitten toe.
Alfred Hayward, Bonavista, uninjured.
Arthur Abbott, Bonavista, uninjured.
Robert Hicks, Doting Cove, uninjured.
Thomas Groves, Bonavista, uninjured.
Joe Randell, Bonavista, uninjured.
Thos. Ryan, Turks Cove, ice blind.
Sydney Jones, Newtown, B.B. frost-bitten finger.
Jacob Bungay, Newtown, B.B. ice blind.
Frederick Hunt, Wesleyville, ice blind and frostbitten toe.
Benjamin Leary, Carbonear, ice blind.
Philip Abbott, Doting Cove, Fogo, frostbitten toe.
Philip Templiman, Newtown, B.B. frostbitten feet.
John E. Hiscock, Carbonear, frostbitten toe and thumb.
Jacob Dalton, Catalina, ice blind, toes and wrist frozen.
Jesse Collins, Newport, B.B. ice blind.

CITY AND COUNTRY ARE UNITED IN COMMON BOND OF GRIEF OVER THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY

(Continued from column 3)
bell, the Port Medical Officer, was in charge, supervising the work of identifying the bodies and removing them to the temporary undertaking room down stairs. With him was associated a big number of assistants who checked up the bodies that were identified, tagged them with a number or letter to indicate their identity and then bore them off for preparation for interment.

Home By Train Yesterday.
Benjamin Leary, Carbonear.
John E. Hiscock, Carbonear.
Richard McCarthy, Carbonear.

Many prominent men were also present, the number including Mr. Bennett, the Colonial Secretary; Mr. Cash in, Minister of Finance and Customs; Mr. A. B. Morine and Mr. J. G. Stone, M.H.A. for Trinity District, rendering assistance in the work of identifying the victims. Mr. Stone's District is hit especially hard and he secured the assistance of some of his constituents who were survivors of the tragedy to help him in the kindly task of ascertaining the names of those who had succumbed that he might be able to telegraph definite information to the relatives and friends.

Not Pleasant.
The mortuary was not by any means a pleasant place to visit nor were the sights there to be seen at all conducive to a peaceful frame of mind. Through all the hum and stir of busy preparation Death insinuated his presence. There was no forgetting, in the presence of four score bodies that the Angel of the White Horse had triumphed over mortality.

The seats of the Grenfell Hall had been placed together to form receptacles for holding the bodies until they were removed to the undertakers and their assistants. These improvised tables extended from the wall at either side to the middle aisle and practically all held two bodies. The receptacles were decently draped with palls of a white material and the dark clothed bodies stood out from the white background in almost startling clearness.

Garbed As In Life.
The bodies were garbed exactly as they were when taken from the ice on the morning of the fateful day of discovery. Some of them were clothed in moleskin, others in rough tweeds with the ordinary gear of the sealer on their feet. Many of them were bareheaded, but several wore a kind of Nansen cap and the eyes of others were protected by smoked-glass goggles.

Some of the victims had evidently been men in the very prime of life. Quite a few preserved the youthful look of life even after putting up a losing game with death. Several apparently had not come to years of manhood and looked pitifully boyish as their dead faces looked straight up at the brightly lit ceiling. The majority, must, while alive, have been splendid specimens of manhood,—that was evident from the broad and general build of the discarded human shells. One body in particular impressed the visitor as having been that of a young man of especial strength and virility. There was the high, noble forehead, from which the abundance of hair was neatly brushed back; the strong, handsome face; the breadth of chest; the length and girth of limb that marked him as having, in life, been an all-round man.

Lay As Death Found Them.

The bodies lay in almost the same postures as when, on the storm-swept ice-floe, the spirit fled and death entered and took possession. Some few faces were pale and set, but most were drawn and over-flushed. Some of the bodies lay with outstretched arms and legs, but for the most part the knees were much flexed and a feet planted as square on the seats as if the men were lying there for a rest with their lags drawn up. In the majority of cases the fists were clenched and the arms and hands held out in front of the bodies as if to ward off a blow. Here and there hands were held up almost in the attitude of supplication.

And what a study there was in fixed expressions. One could almost imagine that when death blew its icy breath in these faces, the fierce determination to live; the desire to ward off impending fate; the horror of such an end as theirs was destined to be, was fixed there eternally. And who could expect it to be otherwise in the case of young, healthy and hardy men

Everything Possible Done to Make Survivors Comfortable and Show Respect For Dead.

SAD PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY TO THE STATION.

Bodies of Thirty Victims Sent Out to Homes by Special Train Yesterday.

thus suddenly smitten down and removed when life seemed most desirable to them.

Peaceful in Death.
One or two there were of mature age—men who evidently had passed the half-century mark. With them death seemed to have dealt much more kindly than with the majority of their fellow-victims. Their features were pale and set and peaceful and one could well imagine that, they had grown drowsy and had slept right in to death, passing without a struggle. Perhaps, because of a lower vitality than that of their comrades in misfortune and death, the grim victor found them easier to overcome than these fine full-blooded, strong-hearted young chaps whose faces so startlingly indicated the determined, persistent light they had put up against unkind fate.

Sad Assemblage.
And what a sad, sad assemblage was there on the broad platform. Side by side lay the poor chaps whom the Great Pilot had summoned thus suddenly and tragically across the Bar. Clothed, booted and capped as when in active, industrious life they reposed, sleeping the long, deep, unawaking sleep of death. At their heads was a great cross of pure white artificial flowers that appealed to the unlooker as emblematical of that other cross of hardship, of suffering they had borne for years that they might procure the necessities of life for themselves and those dependent on them. That cross they had shouldered unhesitatingly, yea even with a willing gladness even into the Valley of the Shadow that the duties of their lives might be performed as by strong men and true. And who is there will not believe that from that cross of unceasing struggle and suffering they passed to that Crown of everlasting Joy and Felicity in the Happiness of the House and Home not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

Sad Work of Identification.
And there were those present amongst the living who had known some one or two of the victims of an untimely fate in the family gathering or in the less intimate associations of life. There moved a woman, whose son was one of the crew of the Newfoundland and who was apprehensive lest he might have shared the hard fate that had overtaken so many of his comrades. Slowly she made her way from table, peering with fearful intentness into each dead face and turning away at last after her slow and careful round with something akin to a sob of joy that after all her loved one was, as the list had indicated, amongst the saved. And in this incident one learned a striking lesson of the strength of a mother's love; learned that it is a compelling, a strengthening force that will support and sustain a frail woman amidst even the unpleasant sights of a mortuary chamber filled with the bodies of victims with whom death had dealt all too unkindly.

Looking For Brother.
A young man from an outthorbour pursued a patient unpleasant search until he located the remains of a brother. "Yes," he sadly exclaimed, "I feel sure that is John."

"Have you any certain means of identifying him?" asked a kindly assistant. "You know the features of a good many of these poor chaps have been distorted out of almost all likeness of young, healthy and hardy men

(Continued on page 6)

OFFICIAL LIST OF VICTIMS OF "NEWFOUNDLAND" TRAGEDY.

Name.	Place.
63—RAYMOND BASTOW	St. John's.
JOHN BRAZILL	St. John's.
C. DAVIS	St. John's.
DANIEL DOWNEY	St. John's.
CHARLES OLSEN	St. John's.
95—WILLIAM PEAR	Thorburn Road, St. John's.
S. DONOVAN	Petty Harbor.
J. RYAN	Goulds, St. John's W.
JOHN BUTLER	Pouch Cove.
VAL BUTLER	Pouch Cove.
B. JORDAN	Pouch Cove.
T. JORDAN	Pouch Cove.
PAT. GOSSE	Torbay.
20—W. LAWLOR	Horse Cove, Topsail.
88—JAMES PORTER	Manuels.
9—JOHN TAYLOR	Long Pond, C.B.
13—MICHAEL JOY	Harbor Main.
1—JOHN MERCER	Bay Roberts.
96—R. CORBETT	Clarke's Beach.
87—G. L. WHITNEY	Harbor Grace.
A. J. BRADBURY	Shearstown, C.B.
N. A. KELLOWAY	Carbonear.
8—JOSEPH HISCOCK	Carbonear.
7—A. MULLOWNEY	Bay Bulls.
73—JAMES RYAN	Fermeuse.
36—J. WILLIAMS	Ferryland.
G. C. FOLEY	Placentia.
34—P. LAMB	Red Island, P.B.
33—BENJAMIN CHAULK	Elliston, T.B.
15—NOAH TUCKER	Elliston, T.B.
50—ALBERT J. CREW	Elliston.
L. REUBEN CREW	Elliston.
32—ALEX GOODLAND	Elliston.
17—CHAS. COLE	Elliston.
12—W. OLDFORD	Elliston.
92—FRED. PEARCY	Winterton, T.B.
FB. MARSH	Deer Harbor, T.B.
45—A. WARREN	Hant's Harbor.
93—GEO. CARPENTER	Catalina.
65—W. J. TIPPETT	Little Catalina.
64—NORMAN TIPPETT	Little Catalina.
S. THEOPHILUS CHAULK, JR.	Little Catalina.
78—ABEL TIPPETT	Little Catalina.
H. EDWARD TIPPETT	Little Catalina.
51—CHARLES WARREN	New Perlican, T.B.
59—ROBERT MATTHEWS	New Perlican.
77—HEZEKIAH SEAWARD	New Perlican, T.B.
79—P. SEWARD	New Perlican.
39—S. CUFF	Bonavista.
42—THOMAS HICKS	Bonavista.
90—FRED CARROLL	Bonavista.
52—MARK HOWELL	Newtown, B.B.
6—ADOLPHUS HOWELL	Newtown, B.B.
71—ADOLPHUS DOWLING	Newtown, B.B.
67—EDGAR HOWELL	Newtown, B.B.
52—M. HOWELL	Newtown.
22—ROBERT BROWN	Fair Islands, B.B.
53—PERCY KEAN	Valleyfield, B.B.
91—ELI KEAN	Pound Cove, B.B.
74—ROBERT MAIDMENT	Shambler's Cove, B.B.
80—A. MAIDMENT	Shambler's Cove, B.B.
M. JOB EASTMAN	Greenspond.
41—W. FLEMING	Spillars Cove, B.B.
66—JONAS PICCOTT	Fair Islands, B.B.
62—FRED COLLINS	Newport, B.B.
82—D. ABBOTT	Doting Cove, Fogo.
Q. D. CUFF	Doting Cove, Fogo.
21—FRED HATCHER	Cat Harbor, Fogo.

N.B.—The marks and numbers preceding the name on this list were placed on the tags which were fastened to the bodies for identification purposes.