

## TOMORROW'S THE BIG DAY

Take "Cascarets" Tonight for Liver and Bowels and Wake Up Clear, Rosy, Fit!—No Shake Up!

Feel grand to-morrow! Be efficient! Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and your stomach sour.

Why not get a small box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. Cascarets cost so little. They work while you sleep.

## An Unsolved Sea Mystery.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE "LION" DISASTER.

Many of the older generation, but few of the younger, will remember that splendid night of January 6th, 1882, when the ill-fated steamer "Lion" left the port of St. John's for Trinity, and was never heard of afterwards. Beyond a lifeless body and some wreckage not a vestige of the ship was ever seen, and no one can fathom or explain the mystery of her loss, though numerous hypotheses have been put forward. The cause of this terrible disaster will never be known until that day when the sea gives up its dead.

The appended article on this great marine tragedy of 1882, was written by the late Miss Feodore J. Collis, a native of Trinity, and niece of Rev. W. J. Lockyer, for many years Rector of Cow Bay Parish, Cape Breton, and was published in the Montreal Weekly Witness, some years ago. The clipping having been kindly sent the Telegram by an esteemed correspondent, we think it of sufficient interest to reprint, especially as to-day is the 38th anniversary of the disaster.

### THE LOSS OF THE S.S. "LION."

A Graphic Description of the Terror of a Loss on the Sea.

During the month of December, 1881, the city of St. John's, Newfoundland, presented its usual winter appearance. Communication with the outside world had received its winter limitations and nothing broke the silence of the quiet town except the steam whistles, which indicated the arrival or departure of the fortnightly mail between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, or between St. John's and the outports.

The fleet of sealing steamers so active and majestic-looking in spring, lay motionless and dismantled at their moorings on the Southside under the eye of their respective watchmen and ship's carpenters, who were doing odd jobs on board preparatory to the sealing season in March. The Christmas and New Year festivities claimed almost exclusive attention from all classes during the happy season; but now that the year 1882 had been becomingly ushered in business of a more practical nature became the order of the day.

The sealing steamer "Lion" was removed from her moorings to the wharf of Messrs. W. G. & Co., and during the next four days the work of loading her with provisions, dry goods, and sealing requirements was carried on by the busy laboring men.

At intervals during those days of preparation—now a lady or a gentleman, now a young man or woman—would put in an appearance at the office or on the wharf, and after a few words with the passenger agent

### THERE IS ONLY ONE GENUINE ASPIRIN

Only Tablets with "Bayer Cross" are Aspirin—No others!



If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" on the tablets, refuse them—they are not Aspirin at all.

Your druggist gladly will give you the genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" because genuine Aspirin now is made by Americans and owned by an American Company.

There is not a cent's worth of German interest in Aspirin, all rights being purchased from the U. S. Government.

During the war, acid imitations were sold as Aspirin in pill boxes and various other containers. But now you can get genuine Aspirin, plainly stamped with the safety "Bayer Cross." Aspirin proved safe by millions for Headache, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Colds, Neuritis, and Pain generally.

Ready to hand in 12 tablets—also larger "Bayer" packages.

Aspirin is the trade mark (Newfoundland Registration No. 761), of Bayer Manufacture of Monacelton, Germany, and is sold by all druggists.

The Bayer Co., Inc., U.S.A.

would quickly disappear. They were very different in many respects, but one and all shared in that expression which indicated the anticipation of happiness.

Why was this the only steamer receiving such attention? And why were so many people so interested in her? She was the only steamer that was to start for the sealshery from Trinity (sixty miles distant) instead of St. John's, and preparations were being made for her departure from St. John's before the appearance of the Arctic drift ice.

Those so interested in her were composed of visitors who had been spending Christmas at St. John's and were now about to return home; some who were going to spend the winter in Trinity; one who was going to spend his school vacation with mother, and return by next mailboat; and two who had just been united in the bonds of holy wedlock and looked forward to many happy years together in the quiet little parsonage in Trinity.

The morning of January 6th dawned bright and frosty, and was a faithful harbinger of the beautiful day which followed. By the afternoon the steamer was ready for sea, and the passengers held themselves in readiness to go on board during the night, for she was to leave at 12 o'clock.

A more beautiful night could hardly be conceived. The moon, all but full, reigned supreme in a cloudless sky. The water outside as well as inside the spacious harbor was motionless, unruffled by the slightest breeze. Every person was happy, and as the sluggish propeller succeeded in moving the deeply laden steamer from the wharf, and good-byes were exchanged, the majority betook themselves to their staterooms, or improvised beds on the cabin lockers, whilst Mrs. Cross bade them all a good night's rest, and wrapping her trusty shawl closely around her, signified her intention of passing the night in the shelter of some planks which were piled on the quarter deck, rather than go below and risk an attack of sea sickness.

In the meantime, whilst the village of Trinity was wrapped in slumber, the "Lion" was crossing Conception Bay heading for the light which indicated the position of Baccalieu Tickle, through which she was to pass into Trinity Bay. The fitness of the night had prevented any person from thinking it at all necessary to telegraph the departure of the steamer, so that although no one at Trinity knew when she had left, it was generally supposed that she would leave during the night of the 6th, and many were not a little disappointed when she was not in sight at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 6th.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday passed, each day increasing the anxiety and suggesting numerous possibilities.

On Monday morning, Mr. Hart, the agent in the employ of Messrs. W. G. & Co. (to whom the steamer was consigned)—was handed a telegram which he opened with feelings of more than ordinary interest. It was dated: "Grate's Cove, Baccalieu Tickle," and was as follows:—"Wreckage of a steamer found on the shore this morning; the body of a woman supposed to be Mrs. Cross, of Trinity, found floating on a raft of plank."

The feelings of Mr. Hart may be better imagined than described, for besides the great personal sorrow which he felt for those he loved, at the opposite side of the office desk stood Mr. Cross, his assistant, the loving husband of Mrs. Cross, who, with her body were returning home by the ill-fated steamer.

In a very short time the contents of that telegram were known to every person in the village, and a wall like that of Egypt went up to God, for there was not a family in which there was not one dead.

As soon as the dreadful news reached St. John's the steamer "Hercules" was despatched to the scene of the wreck, but although everything was done that could be done, nothing was found of steamer

or passengers except a few cases of goods, a lady's trunk, four men's caps, and the body of Mrs. Cross which had been removed to a little house on the beach. The body was taken on board and conveyed to Trinity, as all that remained of the sixty persons who had left St. John's with so many happy prospects a few days before.

The scene on the wharf when the body was being landed, baffles description, for apart from the bitterness of individual hearts at individual losses, that rude coffin contained the remains of one who in life was known and beloved by all. The Methodist Church was all too small to admit those who followed her to her last resting place; as the natural expressions were altogether too feeble to indicate the depth of that grief which welled up from those hearts so terribly conscious of the bitterness of death.

You ask,—What occasioned the loss of this steamer? Ah! no one in this world can answer that question. God alone knows. Numerous opinions have been expressed, and though they differ in many respects, yet all agree that doubtless, the country's curse,—intoxicating liquors—played no small part in the awful drama of that winter night.

In all probability the steamer was recklessly taken out of her course, struck one of the sunken rocks with sufficient force to knock her bottom out; backed and sank where the depth of water prevented her being seen, and where the tide sweeping out to sea took with it all but the few things already mentioned. Only the last great day will reveal the details of that Epiphany morning, on which God was manifested to so many souls; some of whom at least we trust were prepared to meet Him.

When all that was known of the disaster flashed underneath the Atlantic, (passing in its course close by the position of the wreck) and appeared in the English papers, the wall of Trinity was re-schooled in an English home; the house of joy where father and mother, sisters and friends were celebrating the marriage of Rev. Hugh Foster and Miss Emerson was turned into the house of mourning, and whilst all hearts bled and all were prostrated with grief, only the young and the strong survived the shock.

The heart of the aged father was bound up in his loving son in that far-off land, and though he knew that "all is well" the strain was too great, a broken heart set the spirit free.—Father and son met in the Paradise of God.

### Told Her to Undress.

Sir A. Fell, of Channel Tunnel fame, has been telling the story of a friend of his, an army doctor, who was engaged in medically examining a number of recruits.

Each one (says Sir A. Fell) as he entered the room was told to undress himself.

One had just resumed his clothes, and while the doctor was writing certificates, was told to leave the room and send in the next person. Someone else at once entered.

"Take all your clothes off," said the doctor, without lifting his eyes from the desk; "and then I shall be able to attend to you."

"Sir!" said a sweet but indignant voice. The doctor looked up.

"Holloa!" said he, astonished beyond measure at the lovely vision. "You are surely not going in for this service?"

"No, sir," said the blushing maid; "I called to ask for an appointment as nurse in the hospital."

Colds Cause Headaches and Pains. Feverish Headaches and Body Pains caused from a cold are soon relieved by taking LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S signature on the box. 30c.

Schr. Alice Roberts, with a load of fish from Gaultois, reached port yesterday. She was sheltered at St. Lawrence for the past two weeks, making there out of the storms.

### AT YOUR BEST

Keep your body well nourished, it means blood red and pure and efficient, buoyant health. It's logical to protect your strength with

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
Its tonic-nourishing virtues impart vigor to every part. You may depend upon the abundant nourishing properties of Scott's to protect strength.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 7-15-14

## Just Folks

by Edgar A. Guest

**THE LESSON.**  
We'll settle down some day to know That life is more than money; That happiness on earth below Comes not from eating honey.

We'll some day learn, perhaps, as we Go marching down the ages, That true contentment cannot be Paid out to men like wages.

We'll put our arguments away And lay our quarrels on the shelves, When we can see beyond our pay And find the joy that's in ourselves.

The happiness for which we thirst Is not by sordid dollars reckoned; The will to live at peace comes first, The money that we earn is second.

The bread of gold is discontent. This has been true since life began; Money, however it be spent, Has never made a happy man.

**Old Wool Dress Now Worth \$50.**

"DIAMOND DYES" TURN FADED, SHABBY APPAREL INTO NEW.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton, or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings.

The Direction Book with each package tells so plainly how to diamond dye over any color that you can not make a mistake.

To match any material, have druggist show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

### MAKING SURE.

"Of course," said the lady to the druggist, "it may be perfectly harmless, just as you say; but then, you know, there has been so much excitement."

"My dear madam," interrupted the druggist, "I beg to assure you in the strongest terms that you need not apprehend any—"

"I know; but I read in one magazine where lots of people had acquired the drink and drug habits through using such remedies, and—"

"Impossible in this case. Why, you can see for yourself that—"

"Will you give me your word of honour that it contains no alcohol?"

"I would swear it on a stack of Bibles," answered the druggist. "Then I'll take it."

And then the druggist wrapped up the porous plaster for her.

**IT'S UNWISE** to put off to-day's duty until to-morrow. If your stomach is acid-disturbed take **KI-MOIDS** the new aid to digestion comfort food. A pleasant relief from the discomfort of acid-dyspepsia. **MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE** MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION

**MINARD'S LINIMENT**—The Old Reliable. P. C. O'DRISCOLL, LTD., Agents, St. John's, Oct 14, 2m

## T. J. EDENS.

**GOOD THINGS FOR XMAS.**  
Assorted Cordials and Syrups. Cherry Brandy. Creme-de-Menthe. London Sherry. Port Wine. Ginger Brandy. Balsam Wine. Assorted Syrups.

Plum Pudding, in tins. Red Currant Jelly. Dates. Nuts, whole and shelled. Mixed Gandy, 20 oz. bottles. Knox's Gelatine. Wesson's Oil for cooking. Broad Figs, Dates.

**MOIR'S CHOCOLATES AND CAKES**  
1/2 lb., 1 lb., 2 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes.  
Bananas. Cal. Oranges and Lemons. Grape Fruit. Grapes. Apples.

(O'Kanagan Valley.)  
Good all the way through. Green Cabbage—Local. Butter—Selected—3 lb. Prints. Eggs—Selected—20 Cases. (By Sable 1. to-day.)

**ICINGS**—White, Pink and Chocolate. Maple. Xmas Crackers and Stockings. Straw and Raspberry. Jan. New—1 lb. Glass. 50 Brls. Cranberries.

**T. J. EDENS,**  
151 DUCKWORTH ST., (Next to Custom House.)

# Blankets & Comforts

With the prevailing cold weather our stock of **Blankets, Wadded & Down Quilts** Should be of Special Interest.

### COTTON BLANKETS.

White with Pink or Blue Border,  
\$2.50, 3.00, 3.20, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50 pair.

Grey,  
\$2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00 pair.



### Wool Nap Blankets,

\$7.00 pair

Fancy Plaid Wool Nap,  
\$7.20 pair

White Wool Blankets,  
\$10.00 to \$25.00 pr.

Grey Wool Blankets,  
\$6.00, 7.00, 9.00 pair

## Wadded and Down Quilts.



**WADDED QUILTS:**  
Chintz and Sateen covered, good size and attractive colorings,  
\$3.50 to \$13.00.

**DOWN QUILTS:**  
Fancy Art Sateen & Satin covered, beautiful artistic designs and shades, \$16.00 to \$45.00.

# STEER Brothers.

**FLOUR** has advanced. Ask our price for **RAINBOW.**

**BRAN** will surely advance. We want to move our stock and are selling

**BRAN VERY CHEAP.**

**Colin Campbell, Ltd.**

### Store Floor Collapses.

**PEOPLE INJURED.**

In the middle of a busy afternoon, and with the four floors of their departmental store crowded with Christmas shoppers, a section of the second floor of the W. E. Preston, Ltd. store, Midland, collapsed recently. The falling floor was checked by the cash carrier wires long enough to allow the employees and customers on the ground floor to escape, though its descent was also delayed. The firm called every available auto and doctor and the injured was rushed to St. An-

### Corrected.

Mr. Huggies, the Australian Presser, who has recently announced his intention of retiring altogether from public life in a certain eventuality, tells the following amusing story concerning the days when he was a school-teacher in London:

"I once wrote on a blackboard," he said, these words: "The toast was drunk in silence," and then asked the class, "Can anyone tell me what the mistake in this sentence is?"

"The pupils pondered. Then a little girl held up her hand, and at a glance from me went to the board and wrote the following correction: "The toast was sited in silence."

**MARMADUKE H. FINDLATER,**  
(Graduate of the First School of Teaching, Boston.)  
Address—Royal Stationery Co., 180-188 Water Street, and Ordnance Street. Phone 549A.