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and your figure will be correct; your gowns will look their best, and you will still be wearing it long after an ordinary Corset would have gone to pieces, for Warner's Corsets are extraordinary Corsets.

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The season's most perfect model. Greater suppleness, greater fineness of fabric, is the secret of the greater figure grace.



WARNER'S.

There are no Corsets in this wide world to compare with them.

The Newfoundland Disaster Enquiry Before Judge Knight

(Continued from 5th page.)

for us." I then looked round and caught sight of Stephano, and I told the men Capt. Kean saw and was coming for us. I watched her until she wheeled away also. Then I had to break the news to the men that this chance was also gone. She was much further away than the Bella-venture. I had nothing left then to cheer the men. I looked away to leeward and saw our ship and said, "Boys, the Newfoundland is about 4 miles from us, most likely jammed. I want the smartest man on this man to come with me, and a man from Dotting Cove and another man, followed me. If the Newfoundland is jammed we'll get on board sometime to-night, if we get, handily enough before dark so that the captain can see us. We'll be all right. The rest of you stay and do your best, and if I get on board you will soon get assistance." I then started. On the way six others fell in with us. We walked on a smart step, sometimes falling in the water. Had not gone far when one chap gave out. Bill Kean had to leave him with Stanley Andrews. The man was lying down, and shortly after Andrews came to him and said, "Bill, I told you I could not do any good for him, and to go on and tell skipper George to send out a kettle of tea to him. It was now after sunset, thought I was 2 miles from the ship; she had got loose, and steaming directly away from us. I then said, "Well, boys, we may as well fix away a place for us to die." As far as I could see every man was waiting for his turn to die. Stayed on this man 2 hours, almost freezing to death, when in the distance a more comfortable place appeared, so we left for it. Reached it and it was not what we expected, but it was worse than where we left. Stayed there for two hours and then went back to the other place. Don't know what time about an hour before the moon went down. Tried to get a fire, but our matches were all wet, and could not succeed. Saw distance no distance from us, burned down, and tried to get a light for her to see, but could not. Then we shouted, all night as we could, but to no purpose, and "kicked it out till daylight."

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Hearing resumed at 2.30. GEORGE TEE (continued).—When daylight came I was blind except to objects right beside me. One of the men got up on a pinnacle and found our own ship was as close as any when we started for her. Part way we were met by some of our crew from the ship. Those with me were Sidney Jones, Brimley, Arthur and Elias Moulard, Henry Syers, John Hiseock, Stanley Andrews and I think Robert Hicks. Before we got aboard we killed a seal ourselves, which we commenced to eat. We probably lost half an hour or more on account of the first man giving out, but for this I almost think we would have reached the ship, as I judged her to be about a mile from us when we stopped. The master watches had compasses, that was the first thing asked for when we left our ship. Several other men of the crew had been four springs in the Newfoundland. The first we had wire, and should have had it this time would not have occurred. All ships would have known we were in, and some one or other would have saved us.

To the Judge.—Travelling towards the ship on Tuesday the first mile or so the ice was fairly good. From that on it could be no worse for travelling. As we neared the ship the ice was a little looser, and better for travelling. The ship could not have forced her way much nearer the Newfoundland than where she picked us up.

To the Judge.—The hinder position of the ship is the worst, especially when the ice is loose. Crossing the

lakes of water the first men may "copy" over until it breaks, with the result that those who follow have to travel about before finding another opportunity for crossing, when the leaders are some distance ahead. The storm was not at its height before dark, not when Andrews and I volunteered to stay with the sick man, Stanley Andrews is alive in hospital. The path was winding everywhere. It is not part of my duty to get out with the men, which is why I was not provided with a compass. When we went towards the Stephano she was moving apparently across us. I did not notice particularly, as I was anxious to pick out a course for my men. I had my mug-up in Capt. Kean's dining room. He was with me. He told me there was a spot of seals near from which he thought we could run 1,000 or 1,500, and he told me I should go S.W. Before leaving I went back to the bridge, did not have glasses on then. Capt. Kean pointed out the direction of the Newfoundland, and I took the bearings myself, S.E. After wearing glasses it is not as easy to see as far as those who do not wear them. Capt. Kean told us he would put us nearer the seals and nearer our ship; don't remember him mentioning the direction. I thought our ship was four or five miles from the Stephano. The Stephano was coming towards us before we got on board. I don't know what course she took while I was having my mug-up. To Dr. Lloyd.—I did not see the thermometer the morning I left. It was in the Captain's room. Saw it four or five times for the spring. Don't think I saw it either Monday or Tuesday. I have been thinking, but don't recall any conversation with the Captain as to staying on board the Stephano. When men go on the ice, there is a little trouble and confusion, and it is difficult to hear everything, or often anything that is said. I intended to leave the seals in time to get aboard before night and was not afraid of the weather when we started killing; it seemed as if it would be mild. On the Stephano I said to Capt. Kean it looks like weather, but it is mild. Am not sure of his reply, but it did not make any impression on my mind; don't remember the words he used. Capt. Kean did not tell me there was a bad storm coming on, nor did he suggest any kind of storm to me. Whatever he said it gave me no alarm whatever. What was on my mind was getting the 50 seals, having no thought of bad weather. I never for one moment protested to Capt. Kean against leaving the ship or any one of our men ever mentioned bad weather to me. None of the master watches ever objected to my leaving the Stephano. None of them ever so reported on behalf of any other men. I never heard any man object. The ice was looser to windward, and there wasn't a pan near to jump on. This condition was not due to stress of wind or storm at the time. The order to get over on the starboard was not due to the fact that any storm was raging, nor were the ice conditions, due to storm. There was nothing extraordinary in the Stephano leaving us when we got on the ice. About 1 o'clock I first got anxious about the weather, as the wind had freshened and the snow got thicker. I gave no thought of getting to the Stephano. Don't know if that were possible. Did not know how far away she was. All the men talked it over, and I remarked it looks like a night on the ice. Amongst the nine men who returned to Newfoundland on Thursday were three master watches. The last time I saw Dawson was when I was going towards the Bella-venture on Wednesday. The news of the Bella-venture had, I understood, reached him. He had been lying down and I was told he had been raised and stood against a pinnacle. He was in a bad state. At this time it had got to be about half an hour from sunset on Wednesday. Three master watches connected with me in a way I did not know. This is the reason no

master watches were in charge of those left behind; they were not directed to come with me. We were trying to reach the Newfoundland for assistance for the diving men. On Tuesday night the noise of the gale would prevent the sound of the whistle of our ships being heard by us any distance. I don't know our Capt. thought for a minute we were on the ice Tuesday night and Wednesday. Our men knew the Stephano was in the seals before we left our ship. The Captain gave no full charge. Perhaps half the men did not know just where we were going. It was not necessary for them to know; their duty was to follow their master watch. I don't know what to ascribe the disaster to. I don't think I would have been justified in turning back when the 29 men turned back. I was justified in taking the course I did after leaving the Stephano, in my own conscience. The hearing adjourned at 5 p.m. until this morning at 10 o'clock.

HERE and THERE.

The tea with a taste—that's Golden Pheasant.—april,tf

DUE FROM LIVERPOOL.—The S. S. Sardinian and Durango are now due from Liverpool.

Stafford's Liniment cures Neuralgia. For sale by Mrs. Dalton, Pleasant St.—april,tf

CITY'S HEALTH.—During last week one case of scarlet fever and two of diphtheria were reported in the city.

Stafford's Liniment cures Toothache. For sale by A. Parsons, New Gower St.—april,tf

STORMY UP COUNTRY.—A regular blizzard prevailed up country yesterday, especially on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Last night a rain storm was in evidence on the Topsails.

Just arrived and in stock ten thousand pounds Golden Pheasant Tea.—april,tf

S. S. "SEAL" ARRIVES.—The S. S. Seal, Capt. Murley, reached port from the Gulf sealishery yesterday. She hauls for 6,000, as already reported. She will discharge at Job Bros. premises.

Stafford's Liniment cures Lumbago. For sale by Mrs. J. Ryan, 14 Casey St.—april,tf

GETS OVERHAULED.—The S. S. Stephano and S. S. Florizel will be cleaned up as soon as their seal cargoes are discharged. Both ships will receive a thorough overhauling before resuming the Red Cross route.

Stafford's Liniment is the strongest and most penetrating Liniment for sale in Newfoundland.—april,tf

BEOTHIC'S MEN SHARE MORE.—The Beothic's crew were paid off on Friday last with \$71.84 but owing to the increase in the price of seals the men were paid an extra \$3.87 on Saturday night.

Ha, Ha, Ha, He, He, He, Everybody's drinking Golden Pheasant Tea.—april,tf

LINER OFF DOCK.—The Donaldson Lined Parthenia, which was getting a new sternpost and new rudder put in position, and getting other repairs, came off the dry dock this morning.

Divorced Life

By Helen Hessong Fuerste

The Episode at the Dentist's.

Just as she was about to leave the house for a morning walk, Marian was summoned to the telephone in the living room of the boarding house. "Hello. Is this Miss Winthrop?" "Yes," she answered with rising inflection. "Do you recognize my voice?" "No, I think not."

"I'm disappointed. This is Dr. Evans. I have your letter, saying that you are looking for employment. I have something in my mind that I think may interest you. Why not have luncheon with me to-day, and we'll talk it over."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do," answered Marian with sudden trepidation. "It would hardly be proper."

"Properest thing in the world. We've both got to eat. That will give us a chance to talk business. It's done all the time. Meet me at the Townsend in the lobby at 12.30 to-day, and we'll have a bite to eat."

Marian needed work, overcame her scruples, and was on hand at the appointed hour. Evans wrung her hand warmly and led her to a table for two in a quiet corner of the fashionable hotel's dining room. He knew how to order, and a tempting repast was set before them.

"It occurred to me, began Marian, "that you might know of some place for me, perhaps in the reception office of some doctor or dentist. I've never done anything of the sort, but I'm eager for a chance."

"If you insist on going to work, why pick out any such commonplace occupation as that?" returned Evans. "I seem to me that you belong on the stage—with your looks."

"No thanks, I wouldn't care for the life at all," said Marian. It was a falsehood, but what of it?—she told herself. To seek admittance to the stage one must go to New York, and to go to New York, one must have enough money to finance the difficult campaign. She meant to stay where she was just long enough to obtain the funds, then she would be off for the alluring Rialto. What woman does not dream of the footlights, and deem herself possessed of the qualifications that make for artistic success?

"There will be an opening soon in my own office," continued Evans. "The girl who is there now is unsatisfactory. Five of us share the recep-

tion room, but the work is not very taxing. I think you'd enjoy it. As to salary, I think that matter can be adjusted satisfactorily."

Luncheon over, they repaired to Dr. Evans' office. He showed Marian various card catalogue devices. Suddenly, while thus engaged, he picked up her hand without warning, and kissed it. A wave of hot resentment swept over the young woman.

"Don't! What right had you to do that?" she demanded angrily.

She flayed herself mentally, for ever having applied to Dr. Evans for help.

"An overpowering impulse made me do it," replied the other blandly. "I hope you're not offended. You have a most charming hand."

"I most certainly am offended!" Marian retorted.

"Don't be so squeamish. A little thing like that oughtn't make you cross," pleaded the dentist.

"It does, nevertheless," answered the other with cold dignity. "I'm going. I wouldn't think of working here."

"What a world!" she pondered as she made her escape. She flayed herself mentally for ever having applied to Dr. Evans for help. Instinctively she had foreseen the possibility of what had actually occurred. But, human like, she had taken a chance. The dentist's act reduced her faith in men more than ever. Trifling though his act had been, it conveyed to her a world of unpleasant significance. The complacent crudity of his familiarity flung upon her nerves for many a day.

To be continued to-morrow.

Bodies Were Sent Home.

The remaining bodies of the S. S. "Newfoundland's" dead that were embalmed at the morgue were transferred from there on Saturday evening and sent home. At 4 p.m. the funeral took place and hundreds of citizens took part in the sad procession. The coffins were put on board the S. S. Beothic which sailed at 6.30 p.m. for Pool's Island, King's Cove and Westville.

The best is the cheapest. Buy Golden Pheasant Tea and be convinced.—april,tf

NOT NEXTRA

Molassine Meal is not an "extra" but should be substituted for a portion of the regular food. Your feed bill is therefore not increased.

Neither is Molassine Meal a medicine, but no other food can prove that its use keeps

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in perfect health all the year round.

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