

IT IS NOT A BIT TOO SOON

To have that Photograph made to send him at Christmas.

'Phone 768.

THE HOLLOWAY STUDIO, LTD.

Corner Bates' Hill and Henry Street.

The "Karluk" Shipwreck.

Story of the Terrible Hardships by a Newfoundland Member of the Crew in a Letter to His Parents.

U. S. R. C. Bear,
Unalakleet,
Alaska.

Dear Father and Mother,—

I know you will be surprised to hear from me once again, as I suppose you had given me up for lost, but I happened to be one of the lucky ones, and therefore am still alive, and with the exception of a frozen heel I am as well as ever.

I received Alice's letter in Nome last year warning me not to go, but it was too late then as I had signed on for three years. Well, we got caught in the ice off Port Barrow about the middle of August, then we drifted with the ice over five hundred miles to the north west, and on Saturday, January 10th, at 7.30 p.m., we got crushed. We worked hard till midnight getting provisions and skins off her; she sank the next day at 4 p.m. We built two large igloos or snow houses where we all settled down to make skin clothes and mukluks, or boots. We were quite comfortable here as we had lots of coal and oil and plenty to eat; the only thing I did not like about this was the sewing. I would not be a tailor or a woman for

A Hundred Dollars a Week.

Somewhere about the 20th of January a party consisting of 1st Officer Anderson, 2nd Officer Barker, Seamen King, Brady and Mamen and two Eskimos left for Herald Island with three sledges loads of provisions. Mamen and the Eskimos were to return to shipwreck with the dogs and sledges, the others were to stay on the island. Williams and I started the next day to mark trail with flags. It took us about a week. Then the Captain sent us with a load of provisions which we were to cache halfway to the island. We met Mamen and the Eskimos returning. They struck open water three miles off shore where they left the other four to wait for the ice to close or freeze. We returned two days later, had a day's rest, then myself and Eskimos started for the island again with three more loads of provisions. On the 6th day out and about three miles from the island, a breeze of wind sprung up and the ice started to open. Our dogs got in the water several times. In about ten minutes we were left in an ocean of water on a little cake of ice. We built an igloo for the night. The Eskimos were very scared and wanted me to pray. The next day was fine but very cold. We shot some seal. We spent the day looking for some trace of the Mate and his party; we had powerful glasses but could see no trace of them. My belief is that the poor fellows met with the same experience as ourselves and

Perished in the Water.

The second night we did not sleep at all as the ice was cracking everywhere; one crack was right across. We emptied our sledges so as to make our escape if we had to. We managed to stick it till noon the next day, when we turned back. We had over a mile of young ice to cross over which was very weak in places. We travelled west and picked up the trail

before dark. The next day we met the Doctor and his party of four. They did not agree with the captain's plans so pulled out on their own, hauling their sledges as they had no dogs. One of them had both feet badly frozen and another had a blood-poisoned hand. We gave them some seal meat and an ice pick. This was the last seen of them; it is supposed that they perished also. We arrived back at shipwreck two days later and had two days rest. Then we left with the bunch for Wrangell Island. This was on February 18th. Ten days later when about thirty miles off the island we struck an ice ridge about fifty feet high, three miles through and over one hundred miles long. It took us six days to cut a trail through the three miles. In the meantime Mamen and I went back about ten miles for some biscuits that were cached there. We made this in one day. The next day Hadley Mackinley and I went back to shipwreck for two more loads of biscuit and pemican. We got back just as they had finished cutting the trail through the ridge. The next day Captain Bartlett, an Eskimo and I started out to make a trail to the island, the remainder of the bunch were relaying the provisions along. We arrived on the island on March 12th after a hard trip of twenty-five days. The next day Chief Engineer Munro and I went back about fifteen miles for some provisions. Then I got sick with the grippe. On March 17th Capt. Bartlett and an Eskimo set out for Siberia. He took a note for each of us, hope you got it all right. On April the 1st I was better and Munro Williams and I set out on a long journey to shipwreck for more provisions. After spending

Seven Days Looking for the Trail

We turned back, then we struck open water and bad ice. On the 8th Williams fell through the ice with his sledge and in trying to get him out Munro and I got in also. We got out all right then got the sledge out and got under way again. But we had not got a hundred yards when the ice opened between us and left us separated. Munro and Williams left their sledge and arrived on the island the next night. I built an igloo for myself and turned in. The next day the ice closed and I got under way for the island. I spent four days trying to make the island. The fourth day I made the ridge which I mentioned in another part of this letter. This was thirty miles from the island. The next day was moving and blowing so I decided to leave the sledge. I chained one of the dogs to my wrist and started for the island at 4 p.m. The wind was getting stronger all the time and before long it was a blizzard. I could not see where I was going as the trail was covered, but my good little dog managed to keep it for me. It is marvellous how they keep the trail when it is covered with three and four feet of snow. About 9 o'clock that night I had given up reaching the island as it was pitch dark. I was looking around for a cake of ice for shelter when I suddenly walked upon the beach and a

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We have a few barrels choice, tender, outport Cabbage, small heads,

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'Phone 480.

good thing too as the blizzard continued all the next day. When I arrived on the island that night they were all asleep. I lifted the blanket which we used for a door and asked if Munro had arrived. Munro answered himself, saying: Is that you, Charlie, come in; come in. He lighted a candle and the oil stove and made some tea for me; all the while the water was boiling he held my two hands and petted me like a mother would her baby. Poor fellow although he had his own foot frozen he had come out to look for me and returned never expecting to see me again. So you can tell how overjoyed he was when he heard my voice. When I had some hot tea they gave me some dry clothes as mine were all ice. My right hand was badly frozen also my right heel and one toe; Munro let the water out of them and bandaged them up for me. The next day we cut Williams' toe off with a hack saw and a pair of tin shears as these were the only instruments we had. A few days later my heel started to mortify so had to be cut; a pocket knife did the job as that was the sharpest thing we had. It still kept getting bad till it looked as if I was going to lose my foot which no doubt would of meant my life in time. But after having it

Cut Six Different Times Clean to the Bone

it took a sudden turn and started to heal. During this time I was sick and worrying about my foot and had eaten only two pounds of pemican in ten days. So you can imagine I was very weak. But when they told me my foot was starting to get well I began to improve and after a few days I was able to crawl out of the igloo and with the help of Munro got as far as the fire; this was a big log fire, we used to sit around there and talk of old times and of the good foods we were going to have when we got out. My two best friends were Mallock and Mamen, poor fellows, both died, one in April and the other in May. Brady shot himself in June. If we had been there much longer I think we would of lost two more, Maurer and Templeman. The first day of June all our food was finished and as we could not get any bear or seal we shifted fourteen miles to the east where we could get sea gulls and a bird they call crowbill duck. These ducks nest in the cliffs which are all shelves; it is a pretty sight to see them as there are millions of them. You get two, three and four every shot with a rifle. If we had a shot gun we could have got thousands. Shooting the birds was my job. I used a little German Mauser belonging to Mallock. It was just a short thing like a revolver, so I had to be very careful and try to make every shot count. I had to go from two to four miles for the birds, and as my foot was very bad and the ice also it used to take me twelve hours, leaving at eight in the night and getting back at eight in the morning. This was no fun as the ice was very bad and covered with water. I got wet to the waist every night wading through the water for twelve hours. You can imagine how comfortable it is to be in ice water for twelve hours every night for nearly two months. I was expecting to be crippled with rheumatism but don't feel any effects yet. We also got several seal in June. About the middle of July the

ice broke up and drifted away, so we could not get any more birds or seal. The natives started to make a small kyak (boat) out of the seal skins we had, this was to get out to the ice which was two or three miles off. The seals and walrus keep to the ice, so that when you lose the ice you lose your food supply. During the time he was making the kyak we had to live on the seal blubber for thirteen days with an occasional sea gull in between. Managed to get a gull for tea on my birthday, July 14th, but had seal blubber for breakfast. Finished the kyak July 28th and got a walrus the next day, then we got an ugruk (a bearded seal) each day for the next three days. This was too good to last so we did not get any more. About the 20th of August we came down to the seal blubber again for ten days more. Then the birds were taking to the water with their young ones. They were so thick on the little pools of water that formed on the ice that the native killed over three hundred in two days. On the 7th of September came the big surprise. I was sitting in the tent dressing my foot when I heard the native give a yell. Then Hadley and Mackinley ran out and started to shout.

I Knew What It Meant

so I joined them to, all hands shouting to the top of their voices. I tell you that bandage went on my foot in short time. I hauled on my mukluk and rushed out. Away in the distance I could see the rails of a little schooner in the mist. It was the finest sight of my life. Hadley fired seven shots, and the native ran off over the ice to try cut her off in case she did not hear us. We kept our eyes on her and soon she headed for us and dropped her sails. There were two miles of ice between us, so she tied up to it. Mr. Swanson and about a dozen natives came over the ice to us, also two moving picture men and a couple of other members of the crew. Mr. Swanson was first to arrive on the beach. His first words were: "The whole of Europe is in war." That did not worry us much as long as we knew we were saved. You can imagine the questions we asked him; the poor man must have been mesmerized. Then they took some moving pictures and we went aboard. They had a fine dinner ready for us; the first thing we made for was a piece of bread and butter; then we had a little whiskey and a fine dinner after which we had a wash the first for eight months. They gave us some civilized clothes and we threw our old ones overboard. We had a good tea and a drink before we turned in. We could not sleep as we were too happy so we turned out again and spent the night eating. The next day we sighted the Bear. Capt. Bartlett came aboard but could not speak for several seconds. He just shook hands, then we went aboard the Bear and spent the afternoon drinking whiskey; shame. I drunk more whiskey than I did all my life, but haven't touched it since. The doctor dressed my foot, then we had tea and turned in early. The next day we

A Few Words About

"STAFFORD'S LINIMENT"

Any person calling at our Drug Store, Theatre Hill, and asking us to show them orders amounting to the sale of over 9,000 bottles of "Stafford's Liniment" from the 1st of January up to the present time this year, and by us not being able to produce them we will gladly give them the sum of \$1,000.

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nov19,14

had more moving pictures taken. Arrived at Nome on Sunday, the 13th. All the business men and photographers and every one that had a camera came aboard. The doctor would not let me go ashore for several days, that was very hard for me as it was so long since I walked a street. After staying at Nome for four days we went to St. Michael's, St. Lawrence Island, King Island and Port Clarence and back to Nome. Then we left for home stopping at Unalakleet for two weeks to repair boilers. We arrived here on Sunday, Oct. 25th, and put up at the Dominion Hotel where I am still stopping. The following Tuesday I went out to the rifle range not expecting to hit the target, but I surprised them all when I won the long range prize at 1,000 yards, and tied with two others for the short range prize. They said I had too much polar bear practice. When I left here we only had about eighty members, since the war started we have three hundred and fifty members including all the business men and big clubs of the city.

Yours very truly,
ERNEST CHAFE.

Appreciation.



"Oh, these pen-cakes are sublime," brightly cries Josiah Fiddle; "mother, in the olden time, thought that she could wield a griddle; she was always getting praise, and deserved it; I maintain; but she, in her palmy days, couldn't touch you, Sarah Jane. Oh, the king upon his throne for such fodder surely aches; you are in a class alone, when it comes to griddle cakes." Then upon his shining dome he adjusts his lid and goes, and his wife remains at home, making pies and things like those. She is stewing luscious prunes, in her eye a happy tear, and her heart is singing tunes such as angels like to hear. O'er and o'er she still repeats all the kindly words he said, as she fixes further treats, pumpkin pie and gingerbread. When the evening's growing gray, following the set of sun, "This has been a perfect day," murmurs she, her labors done. Perfect nearly all the days of our loved one well might be, if with words of honest praise we were generous and free.

Have You an Itchy Spot?

Somewhere on your body? If so, attend to it at once. In Eczema—and itchy spots, whether dry and scurfy, or moist and inclined to "weep," are generally eczematous—delays are foolish, allowing the disease to spread and affect more of the good skin. Your best chance for a cure is to use Zylex, which will give almost instant relief, and if used in the earlier stages of the trouble will almost certainly bring a cure, and in any event will greatly ameliorate the trouble. Ask your druggist about it. Price 60c. a box. Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake.

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