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THE DAILY MAIL.

*Am Mordell
Baird*

WEATHER REPORT.

Toronto (noon)—N. W. to W. winds, decreasing to-night; a few local snow flurries, but generally fair and cold to-day and on Tuesday.

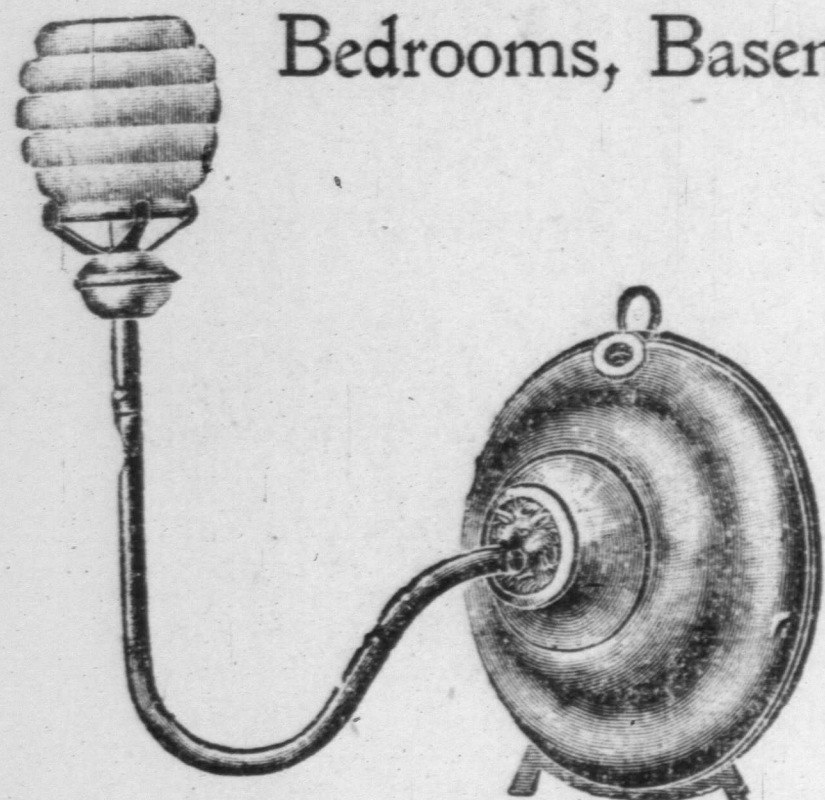
VOLUME 1, No. 16.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1914.

PRICE:—1 CENT.

The Little Beauty Night Lamp.

Will Stand or Hang. The only perfect Lamp for Halls, Bathrooms, Bedrooms, Basements, etc.



It burns ordinary kerosene oil, and from one filling (which costs less than 1 cent) will burn 40 hours without odor. For entries, doorways, stairways or anywhere. Each lamp is provided with 21 inches of wick, and with ordinary care this wick will last several years. The lamps are made of brass, handsomely nickel plated. They look like an electric light when lighted and afford a steady light throughout the night.

Extra Globes and Wicks, 7c. each. Price 75c., or 80c. Post Paid.

STEER BROTHERS.

Columbia Records

By Laughing

BILLY WILLIAMS

"WHEN BILLY LAUGHS WE ALL LAUGH."

10 inch Double-Sided 75c. each.

- 2102 Call Me Early in the Morning. Oh! for Another Day at Margate.
- 2103 The Ragtime Wedding. The Worst of it is I Like it.
- 2104 I Come Fra Scotland. Mr. John Mackenzie, O.
- 2225 Jean Loves all the Jockies. All the Ladies Fall in Love With Sandy.
- 2226 Giving a Donkey a Strawberry. Let's Have Another One Together.
- 2227 There Must be Something Nice About the Isle of Man She is My Best Girl Now.

U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.
Graphophone Department.

OUR NEW 22-Cal. Rifle

HITS THE BULLS-EYE EVERY TIME!

Selling at the Remarkably LOW PRICE of

\$2.00
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ALSO
CARTRIDGES
TO SUIT SAME

Martin Hardware Co.

Tragic Fatal Accident Snuffs Out The Life Of Man On Bell Isle.

Death Came Suddenly and in Awful Form to Mr. J. McKenzie on Saturday Morning.

The particulars of the fatal accident to Mr. John Mackenzie, which occurred in the Nova Scotia Co.'s mines, Bell Island, Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, are horrible in the extreme. Never before were the employees called upon to witness such a terrible scene, and never before was there such general sorrow, for the victim was one of the most popular residents of the Island.

Gentlemen arriving from the Island this morning furnished The Mail with the following particulars.

Mr. Mackenzie, as stated Saturday, was the Superintendent of the Mines of the Nova Scotia Co. and it was his duty to see that everything under ground was safe and satisfactory.

He visited the mines almost every day on a tour of inspection. Friday, he was too busy to go under ground so he went Saturday, and met his death.

The ordinary employees in going to or from the mines go by cars and are not permitted to walk along the track but Mr. Mackenzie and one or two others whose duty it is to see that the works are safe are allowed to use the tracks.

The manner of the tragedy. Saturday morning the deceased and Mr. George Dickson, the electrician, proceeded along the track and after some time Mr. Mackenzie took the lead and at the time of the accident was a couple of hundred feet in advance of his companion.

There are two tracks, one for loaded cars going up and the other for empties going down. The mines run out almost two miles under the sea, and about 1800 feet from the mouth of the pit there is a frog and the two tracks switch into one.

It was just before reaching the frog where the slope is steepest that the tragedy occurred.

The cars travel at an enormous rate near that point, their speed being estimated at about fifty miles per hour.

How Death Came. Mr. George Dickson was the only person who saw the accident and his story is a gruesome one.

He was some distance behind Mr. Mackenzie when he heard an empty car coming behind him and also realized that a loaded car was ascending on the other track. He knew too that he was on the steepest part of the grade and his position was a perilous one indeed.

He had not a moment to lose, and if

he hesitated a second he knew he would be killed. There is not room to leave the rails as the cars run in a tunnel and the axles of the cars almost graze the walls. Between the rails there is only a distance of 8 inches, not room enough for a man to stand when the cars pass each other.

How He Escaped. There was only one way to save his life, and that was to step on the track for the loaded cars until the empty van passed and then to jump back again. If the loaded car was not too close he felt he would escape unscathed, but if the loaded car was nearer than he expected there was very little hope for him.

It was a desperate chance, but Mr. Dickson took it, and won over death. Had he lost his presence of mind for a moment he too would have been dashed into eternity. His nerve stood him well and as the empty approached at lightning speed he slipped across to the other rails. A moment

and the car was gone and then he stepped back.

He knew he was safe, and forgetful of the great danger he had just been exposed to his thoughts were centred on his companion who was in an infinitely worse position.

Mr. Mackenzie's Fate. Mr. Mackenzie undoubtedly knew of the approach of both cars and had been near Mr. Dickson would probably have escaped. He dared not step to the track for the loaded cars because the loaded car would strike him before he would have a chance to get back. To stand or lie between the rails meant being crushed to atoms.

For him there was very little escape from death. The only thing open to him was to stand up straight by the wall and hope that the space was great enough to permit the car to pass without striking him.

He stepped off and pressed against the wall nearest the empty car, and then even with death not an instant away, his thoughts were of others. He turned towards Mr. Dickson evidently to see if he had escaped, and then the big car which weighs 5 tons when empty dashed into him, and death was instantaneous.

Mr. Dickson pulled the bell rope, which is a signal for the cars to be

Many On Board Wrecked 'Monroe' Were Below Asleep.

Ship Sank Too Quickly For All to Be Rescued---Revised List Gives Total of Lost as Forty-One.

New York, Feb. 1.—The revised list of the Monroe disaster shows 19 passengers and 22 of the crew lost; 38 passengers and 60 of the crew saved. When the crash came those aboard the Monroe were asleep. Only Capt. Johnson and the watch were on deck.

From the time the Monroe was struck till she settled beneath the waves not more than ten minutes elapsed.

Baggage, clothing, valuables, all were forgotten in the flight from the staterooms. Pyjamas, night-gowns and bath robes were the common apparel of those who made the slippery upper decks before the water trapped them below.

By the time three life boats were lowered and got away, the Monroe rolled over on her side and it became impossible to launch the other boats.

With a chorus of shrieks the unfortunates left the sinking vessel made their way over the superstructure, through port-hole windows and companion ways until they rested just out of reach of the waves on the upper side half of the capsized vessel, then plunged beneath the waves, leaving the human freight afloat on the icy bosom of the ocean, a number of them being picked up by the boats of the Nantucket.

TROUBLOUS TIMES IN THE PARLIAMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Botha And His Cabinet Asked to Justify Their Iron-Handed Methods in Deporting Leaders of the Recent Strike.

Capetown, Feb. 1.—Heated altercations marked the opening of Parliament, in the course of which General Botha and his Cabinet were called upon to justify the iron-handed methods adopted by them in connection with the recent strike, whose leaders were secretly deported.

Viscount Gladstone, the Governor General, in his opening speech said that the declaration of martial law had been an "imperative necessity," but made no reference to the deportation.

General Smuts, Minister of Defence, sprang to his feet at the earliest opportunity, and gave notice that

on Monday he would move a Bill to indemnify the Government for its acts under martial law, thus raising an effectual bar to the efforts of the labor men to move the adjournment of the House in order to discuss the "surreptitious deportation of citizens without trial."

Time after time labor men in vehement language, amid great uproar, tried to debate "the crime of kidnapping citizens," but the Speaker refused to allow them to continue.

Finally, while the din was still in progress the labor members shouting taunts and uttering cries of "Shame" the House rose.

stopped, but the slope is so high, at that point that cars will travel one hundred yards before stopping, even when the power is off and the brakes are applied.

Horrible Fate.

Mr. Mackenzie had been standing upright and the top part of the car struck him on the forehead, crushing his head and causing immediate death. The car travelled fully one hundred yards, carrying the upright corpse with, and turning it round all the time. Round and round the body turned, and was crushed to the wall with terrible force. When the car stopped at a point where there was a little more space between the wall and the car, the body dropped in a heap.

Mr. Dickson ran to it, fearful for the worst and his fears were realized, for as he took up the form it seemed to him that every bone had broken.

Mr. Dickson raised an alarm and "phoned for a doctor. Dr. Carnochan was ill but Dr. Ames was quickly present but could render no service; death had been instantaneous.

Fearfully Mangled.

The car first struck him on the head crushing it in and snapping out the life without a moment's delay. The chin was bruised and bleeding and there were one or two slight scratches

'BEATRICE' WAS BELIEVED LOST BUT SHE TURNED UP SAFELY.

Met With Frightful Weather and the Usual Trip of Forty Hours Took One Hundred Hours To Make.

Lashed by the fury of one of the worst of January storms and bitterly cold blizzards almost from the time she left St. John's, Nfld. on Wednesday morning last until off the Harbor of North Sydney Sunday morning, the steamer Beatrice, under charter to the Scotia Company and in command of one of the youngest and doughtiest mariners, Captain Daniel Stewart, of St. Peter's, steamed up the harbor and to her berth at the Scotia pier without a scratch, says the North Sydney Herald.

Under ordinary conditions the voyage from St. John's is negotiated in about forty hours, so that some idea of the severity of the weather can be imagined when it took the staunch little Beatrice nearly one hundred hours. In fact considerable apprehension was felt among mariners here over the non-arrival of the steamer Friday, and such experienced navigators as Captain Couch, of the Adventure, although reluctant to add to the fears shared by the many friends of the St. Peter's commander and his officers and crew, had slim hope of the Beatrice weathering the awful storms that she would have to encounter on one of the bleakest and

most unsheltered routes on the Atlantic.

But, thanks to a determined, fearless and skillful commander, the Beatrice weathered the storm. Time and again she was buffeted by the head winds and seas that absolutely not an inch of headway was made. Far up into the rigging the frozen spray made everything three times its actual size. Sea after sea smashed with dreadful fury against the wheel house threatening to carry everything before it. But through it all Captain Stewart navigated the one-time forsaken wreck—when she lay for months submerged off the bleak Cranberry shoals, where she was placed by Capt. Peters and later condemned by local parties—and without sustaining a scratch, steered her to her usual berth at the Scotia pier, where she loaded a cargo of coal and sailed yesterday for St. John's.

Little wonder Capt. Stewart received the praises of his many friends here, for his was a trying experience. However, it plays not on his fears, for he expects to return again from St. John's to lead one more cargo of Scotia before tying the steamer up for her annual overhauling.

CREW OF THE 'ANNA E. BANKS' REACH NEW YORK SAFELY.

Work of Rescue Entailed Much Danger And Difficulty---Men Had to Jump Into Raging Sea.

New York, N.Y., Jan. 28.—Captain Dean and five members of the schooner Annie E. Banks, which they were forced to abandon about 550 miles South East of Cape Race, on Jan. 18, were brought to New York to-day, aboard the steamer Indriana, from Swansea, Wales. The schooner of 135 tons burden was owned by James Baird, Ltd., of St. John's, Nfld.

She left Herring Neck, Nfld., on January 8, with a cargo of dry fish for Gibraltar. When two days out bad weather was encountered, the strain on the vessel caused her to leak, and on Jan. 16, a tremendous

sea struck her aft. It carried away the rudder post and caused her to fill.

With the rudder gone the schooner was completely out of control. The sails and the two small boats were washed away and Capt. Dean and his five men were in a helpless state when the Indriana hove in sight.

Although tremendous seas were running, Chief Officer H. T. White and five men launched one of their boats and picked up the six distressed seamen. They had been forced to jump into the boiling sea for the life boat could not get alongside the schooner.

on other parts of the face, the nose was cut but eyes and cheeks had not been touched. Almost every bone in the lower part of the body was broken. Both legs and arms were fractured in several places, the ribs were nearly all broken, the stomach was crushed in, and even the bones of the fingers were broken.

Tenderly the corpse was carried to the surface and the widow and orphans were acquainted.

Sad Procession.

The procession to the home was sad and mournful one. Men stood with bared heads, women gave vent to their feelings with tears, and the eyes of many a big strong miner were wet too, for Mr. Mackenzie was known and beloved by all. He had been everybody's friend and everybody was his. A gentleman in every sense of the word, he respected those under him and by doing so won their love and esteem.

The scene at the home we will not speak of; we will leave it to our readers to picture for themselves, when one so loved and idolized by his family was brought home in such a state.

Mr. Andrew Carnell, undertaker, reached the Island Saturday afternoon and embalmed the body and also placed it in a hermetically sealed coffin and then in a beautiful casket. It was decided to send the remains to Springhill, N.S., his late home, for interment, though his wife and family are residing on the Island.

Too Rough to Cross.

Yesterday it was so rough at the pier that it was thought the S.S. Othar which was to take the corpse to Kelligrews to join the express, would not

be able to berth at the pier and the funeral was postponed until to-day. Later the steamer succeeded in berthing.

Mr. Mackenzie was a member of the Presbyterian Church and the clergyman being away Rev. Mr. Stead, the Church of England Priest, was asked to conduct the service at the house, which he kindly did and offered consolation to the sorrowing.

The casket was then pulled along the overground track to the N.S. pier and placed on the steamer. Almost every resident of the Island attended the funeral.

The deceased was the first Master of the new Masonic Lodge and six members of that order acted as pall bearers. There was an evidence of sadness everywhere. Scores of men were moved to tears as the sad cortege passed along.

Undertaker Carnell accompanied the casket to Kelligrews and saw it on the express, and then proceeded to Portugal Cove and came to town to-day. Many other friends also went to Kelligrews.

Deceased son, Alex, and his son-in-law, Mr. Farnill, will accompany the body to Springhill, and remain until after the funeral.

Mr. Mackenzie was 48 years old and leaves nine children, of whom two daughters are married, two of the sons are working with the Company, and the others are small, the youngest being about 3 years.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.—5 Horses, good in harness, not balky, from 4 years upward, 600 to 900 pounds weight. Apply to A. STEVENSON, Bonavista, Jan. 31, 21