

## NOTES OF TRAVEL:

### And Reminiscences of a Pleasant Tour.

(L. C. MORRIS.)

CHAPTER II.  
FURTHER SCENES EN ROUTE.

In the wreck of the "Appennine" we saw one class of marine disaster, but in the one which next met our gaze we beheld a class of disaster which really was a tragedy. To see this object, we had to use our glasses, and even then the view was not the best, and besides the evening was closing in upon us. But we could not pass such a spot without being interested; hence our thoughts; and yet what we saw was not much; it was only a dark object; but it was touchingly pathetic. What was it? It was that portion of the once proud "Florizel" which stands over water; and which apparently will long remain as a reminder of what never should have been. The object was black, and in the distance it looked like some huge rock at whose base the sea was playing. But it was more than a rock, and the memories which it suggested were deep with pathos, and bitter with grief. We remembered the splendid ship as she used to sail from our port, and as she sailed on that fatal night in Feb. 1918. We remembered the friends who had entrusted their all to her; and we remembered the horror which the morning hours brought to them, and to our city. Could this piece of battered iron, rusted and washed by the sea, really be the Florizel? Was this the scene of so much gaiety at evening and of so much sorrow at morn? Was this the spot where perished so many of our prominent citizens? We had been told of the endurance of these people and of their fight for life. We had heard of the anger of the sea; and also of all the efforts which the good people of the locality had made to rescue them; and as we looked at the derelict, the tragedy seemed to be revived, and to be re-enacted. This portion of the ship which we beheld, was that to which men and women in des-

per and despair, had clung, and hoped against hope. From this sea-washed hulk had ascended the last prayer of lips, which, under ordinary conditions paid the same homage at their churches. Their altar now was the hard deck, washed and swept by the angry waves. Their comfort lay in the remembrance of the words of their spiritual advisers, which all men seek in the presence of death. The material things had banished, the real had suddenly become the unreal, and the need of something stronger than the arm of flesh was felt. Amid the darkness they waited, under the torrent of the night waves they shivered, and in suspense they saw their chances of rescue swept away. They were only clear of their doors, and the farewells and good byes were still ringing in their ears. Their lips were still warm with the kisses of their loved ones, and the smiles of a few hours had chased them through the night.

But this piece of wreckage which we beheld was all that remained of the once proud ship, and it was the gateway to eternity of nearly a hundred souls. This thought seemed to draw us to the scene, and we seemed to see in it the tragedy of the storm, and the failure of human judgment. The same tragedy could have overtaken our good ship, and our happy company of some two hundred persons could have fallen into a similar catastrophe. With these thoughts upon us the sun went down in a halo of glory, and the first night at sea held us in its embrace. Thus we lost sight of the land and also of those reminders of local tragedy. The music of the saloon, and the songs of the passengers seemed to defy the dangers of the deep, and ere the revelry died out, we began to learn a little of our company, and of the qualities of

our ship. The company was truly congenial, and the ship was indeed a home on the ocean. And so we lay us down to sleep, and soon the morning broke upon us, and the music of the breakfast bell called us from our state-rooms. Like clans gathering for the fray the passengers responded, and amid the clatter of the hour the waiters did their duty. The morn was ideal, the ship sped steadily on, and the ocean murmured a lullaby as she passed. What a sight we beheld when we gained the deck. How different it all was from the land. Around us lay a vast expanse of water. Calm it was, and placid to look upon, and it almost seemed that accident could not occur. At such times we feel like laughing at danger, and like mocking its power. We only seemed to see the sunshine and the calm. Our's was safety. Our fellows of the Florizel had paid toll to old Neptune, and the good ship "Appennine" had satisfied the ice-floes; but to us fell the beauties of the summer, and the grandeur of a sleeping sea.

It was thus we began the first morning of our tour of six months, and as every phase of our holiday was full of interest, and every face we met told its own tale, we cannot do better than devote our next chapter to the traits and characteristics of the personnel of our fellow passengers. Man's greatest study is himself; for there is nothing in the universe equal to him, and those who have learned to study their fellows, have found the solution that makes life easy to understand.

(Continued on Saturday.)

### Personal.

His Lordship Bishop March who had been on an Ad Limina visit to Rome accompanied by Rev. Fr. McCarthy, returned yesterday by the S. S. Sachem.

Mr. P. H. Cowan, who was in the Old Country on business, returned by the Sachem yesterday.

Captains N. P. Doyle and A. C. Smith who are connected with the Hudson's Bay Co. arrived from England by the Sachem yesterday.

### Walsh Regrets He Did Not Know of It Five Years Ago.

Says Tanlac Would Have Saved His Wife Years Of Suffering.

"The last thing my wife said to me before leaving home this morning was, 'Be sure and don't forget to bring me another bottle of Tanlac.' This will be the fourth bottle that she's had, and I never spent money to such good advantage as when I bought this medicine, and my only regret is that I did not know about it five years ago," said Patrick Walsh, who lives on Killarney Road, Waterford Bridge, St. John's, Nfld., when at Connors' drug store recently.

"For many years my wife had been in poor health and for the past five years she was in a bad way. She had no appetite to speak of and the little she ate gave her indigestion. The gas would form to such an extent that it pressed against her heart and she got so weak at last that she could hardly get around and was quite unable to do her housework for this long time past. She became very nervous so that she couldn't sleep at night and complained of headaches a lot. She also had pains in the small of the back and if she tried to carry anything she felt as though her back would break in two. She tried all sorts of medicines but nothing ever gave her much relief until she tried Tanlac.

"When we read that Tanlac was helping so many suffering people we decided to give it a trial, and I came down here to Connors' and got a bottle. It is just wonderful the difference it has made in her. She now has a good appetite and can digest her food properly without any trouble from gas and palpitation of the heart. She is so much stronger and more energetic that she can get around and work as well as she did twenty years ago. She sleeps well at night and her nerves are ever so much stronger and steadier. She says she feels just fine now and we both shall it ways be grateful for what it has done for us."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors; by Reg. Sullivan, Pouch Cove; Sound Island Store, Sound Island; Dennis Flynn, Avondale.—adv

### Murphy is No Profiteer.

Editor Evening Telegram

Dear Sir,—I cannot refrain calling the attention of the Public, to the stand taken by Mr. Michael Murphy—hair dresser—when asked to enter the "Profiteer Arena"—with the thousand and one sharks now bleeding the buying population of this little city with impunity.

No—said Murphy, the friends and customers who stuck to me since I started "Shop"—in St. John's West some years ago, and who have helped without cessation, to make my business possible and solvent. I will not now—at their expense—put on the "Profiteering"—garb, because I conscientiously feel, that, the all-round-price now paid is not a losing one, and as long as it enables me to keep on the "safe-follet" Page of my account-book, I'll stick (for their sakes) to the old price.

Mr. Editor how many—"Mike Murphy's have we amongst our shop men? If we had,—"Profiteering"—as it is today would not exist, nor would our poor people be "Bled"—as they are—to ENRICH THE FEW. Thanking you "Telegram," I am,

Yours gratefully,  
CITIZEN.

May 12, 1920.

### Glencoe's Passengers.

The Glencoe arrived at Port aux Basques at 11.30 a.m. yesterday with the following:—Mrs. M. McHugh, J. C. Cake, L. A. Tweeney, H. C. McKensie, J. S. Nathanson, N. F. Lothair, D. S. Campbell, W. O'Connell, E. S. Freeman, T. Basha, Miss E. Abbott, Rev. Dr. Bond, Mrs. A. March, Miss M. Lundrigan, R. Hydewich, T. J. Kennedy, T. Flander, G. L. Thompson, F. Nased, Mrs. R. Ridout, J. Hearn, T. Hayes, Miss S. Rideout, Miss A. Badstock, M. Chaplain, Capt. J. Hynes, J. D. Champlain, M. Waugh, A. Gurnian, L. Rideout, G. Rumbolt, H. Rumbolt, E. B. Dicks, H. Snow, J. Snow, W. Jones and W. J. Hynes.

### "Sachem's" Passengers.

S.S. Sachem, Capt. G. L. Hayes, arrived yesterday at 3 p.m. after a run of 7½ days from Liverpool. Excellent weather was met with during the run across, but the ship had to be slowed down two nights before arrival owing to fog and the presence of ice. She brought 60 packages mail, 500 tons of cargo and as passengers:—G. Beams, J. and Mrs. Black, Miss L. Cornick, F. H. Cowan, Capt. N. P. Doyle, G. Vaughan Evans, H. Foster, H. Garland, A. P. and Mrs. Greene, E. Hirst, Pte. J. Hurley, Mrs. M. L. Jago, Miss W. L. Jago, Mrs. J. Joel, Rt. Rev. Bishop March, Rev. Fr. McCarthy, Dr. J. P. McLoughlin, Pte. T. and Mrs. Moynlan, C. P. and Mrs. Randall, Mrs. Mr. Rogers and infant, G. and Mrs. Tibbo and infant, and N. and Mrs. Worsley.

### PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, and swelling Piles. No matter how long they have been there, they can be cured. Sample free if you mention this paper and enclose 5c. stamp to pay postage.

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No longer is the obviously-correct figure smart; the correct must not be evident in the finished silhouette. Not easy to attain unless you place yourself in the hands of a corsetiere with a thorough understanding of this elusive mode. From the matron of larger proportions to the girl of slender figure,

## GOSSARD CORSETS

The Original—Unqualified—Front Lacing Corsets

will give ideal proportions without any feeling of restraint, and the most critical observer will not be able to trace your gracefulness and charm to the skill of Gossard artistry.

Our stock is complete, and you can buy a genuine Gossard for as little as \$4.70 up to any price you desire to pay.

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from years of experience with this and other makes of "Hard Tack", know

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The Shopkeepers selling

### HARVEY'S No. 1 BREAD

from the constant and increasing demand for this popular line, know

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### HARVEY'S No. 1 BREAD

for upwards of forty-five years bet their last quintal that

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are packed where they ripen the day they are picked

YOU CAN GET DEL MONTE

Arpicots,	Beets,
Peaches,	Peas,
Pears and Plums,	Jams and Marmalade.

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White Lead (dry and in oil).  
Red Lead (dry and in oil).  
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Sheet Lead  
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Lead Traps and Bends  
Glazier's Lead  
Bar Lead  
Lead Sash Weights  
Lead Wire

Cast Oil Lubricating & Medicinal.  
Linseed Oil, Raw, Boiled and Refined.

Solder  
Solder Wire  
Solder Ribbon  
Babbitt Metals  
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Linotype Metal  
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Stereotype Metal  
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