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THE DAILY MAIL

WEATHER REPORT. Toronto (noon)—Moderate westerly winds, fair to-day and Sunday, becoming milder.

VOLUME 1, No. 78. ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1914. PRICE:—1 CENT.

HOW WEATHER IS FORECASTED AT TORONTO

Inside View of Methods Used to Fix Climatic Conditions, Keep Correct Time and Trace Stars in Their Course.—Forecast Based on Barometrical and Other Reports Received From Many Quarters. (H. M. Mosdell in Toronto World.)

Signed Covenant Then Resigned

Leading Resident of Manchester—Sir Wm. Stephens Candidate in West Salford. London, April 15.—Sir William Stephens is to be the Liberal candidate for West Salford Division of Lancashire, succeeding Sir George Agnew, the present member, who intends resigning at the close of this Parliament.

HUERTA TRIES TO BULLDOZE THE U. S. A.

Makes Outrageous Demand that U. S. Warships Shall Return His Salute to the Stars and Stripes Gun for Gun.—Wilson Not Likely to Consider Demand for One Minute. Washington, April 17.—President Huerta is again parleying. He demands that his salute to the United States flag shall be returned gun for gun.

Dog Team Did 412 Miles in 81 Hours

And Owner Won the Alaskan Sweepstake of Three Thousand Dollars. Nome, April 17.—John Johnson, holder of the record for 412 Alaskan sweepstakes dog team race, became the winner of the 1914 classic for \$3,000, when he drove 18 Siberian wolves into Nome at 6.03 last night, having covered the 412 miles over a snow trail from Nome to Candle and return in 81 hours and 3 minutes.

ALL DELIVERED AT THE CORRECT DESTINATIONS

Captain of Beothic Notifies the Colonial Secretary that Remains of Victims of Sealing Tragedy Were All Accepted by Their Relatives As Correctly Identified.—A Word of Praise. The Colonial Secretary is in receipt of a telegram from Captain William Winsor dated Wesleyville, 17th instant, to the effect that he had returned from Musgrave Harbour having landed at their own homes the bodies of those who lost their lives in the Newfoundland disaster.

Kite Reported As Coming South

Magistrate Duggan, LaScie, Wires Pacquet Men Saw Her on Tuesday. In view of the terrible "Newfoundland" disaster, it is not surprising that a great many of our people were growing somewhat nervous over the long period that has elapsed since any news has been received as to the whereabouts of the sealer "Kite."

NO JUDICIAL INQUIRY WILL BE OPENED

Asquith Refuses to Hold Such An Investigation of the Ulster Army Officer Incident on the Ground That It Was Absolutely Unnecessary.—Motion to be Made in Commons Monday. London, April 18.—Asquith's refusal to grant a judicial inquiry into the circumstances connected with the recently contemplated military operations in Ulster astounded the Opposition yesterday, in the face of the damaging facts, admitted in a written reply to queries by L. S. Amery, Unionist member for South Birmingham.

Drugging in Australia

A petition against Home Rule signed by adult Australians will shortly be presented to the Premier. There are 75,000 signatures already received. The House of Commons will probably renew acquaintance with the bill in the middle of next month, when the third reading will be taken up.

Long Arm of Law For Suffragettes

Irish Attorney-General Asked to Consent to Their Prosecution. Belfast, April 16.—It is stated that the Irish Attorney-General has been asked to consent to the prosecution of a number of women connected with the families of leading merchants and professional men who are actively engaged in militant Suffragetism.

Liner "Majestic" Sold for \$125,000

Old White Star Ship is Disposed of and Will Be Broken Up. Liverpool, April 17.—The White Star line, in view of the approaching launching of the 50,000-ton Britannia into the service to-day, sold the Majestic to be broken up. The price said to have been paid for the old liner was \$125,000.

Ten Perished In This Wreck

Body of Captain's Wife Washed Ashore as Well as Bodies of Crew. Monmouth Beach, N.Y., April 17.—The body of Mrs. Hardy, wife of the Captain of the schooner Chas. K. Buckley, which stranded and went to pieces near here on Wednesday night floated ashore to-day, as did the bodies of three members of the crew. Whether the Captain's body was among the four was not at first determined.

Fire Damages Were \$200,000

Chicago, April 17.—More than 100 families were driven from their homes to-day, by a fire which damaged the stables of the U.S. Express Co., and flat buildings in the vicinity. Damages, \$200,000. The fire broke out in the stables. A hundred horses were burned to death before the firemen could reach the building.

Saw No Reason

Asquith declared that he saw no sufficient grounds for an inquiry. Mr. Amery notified the Minister of War that he would again raise question at adjournment but Asquith was absent from House, when last night the member for South Birmingham made his protest and he now intends to bring the matter up again on Tuesday.

U. S. Refuses Huerta's Demand

Won't Agree to Returning the Mexican Salute to "Old Glory" Gun for Gun. Washington, April 18.—The President yesterday received Huerta's suggestion for a simultaneous salute to the United States and Mexican flags. The Washington Government informed Huerta that his wish for a simultaneous firing of a salute was untenable.

Collectors Get Sum of \$4,000

House to House Canvass Realizes Good Sum. The meeting of the gentlemen who are taking up the house to house collection in aid of the Sealing Disaster Fund, showed that excellent work is being done. In charitable matters, St. John's has always been generous to a fault and this is no exception.

Lady Strathcona Donates \$1,000

To Fund For Relief of the Families of Victims of Sealing Tragedy. London, April 18.—Lady Strathcona has donated a thousand dollars to the fund for the sufferers from the Newfoundland sealing disaster. Commenting upon this, The London Times points out that the late Lord Strathcona spent twenty years of actual service in Labrador and that his sympathies would have gone out to these fishermen, who formerly eked out a precarious living in the winter procuring pelts for Hudson Bay Company.

Pres. Wilson's Daughter to Wed

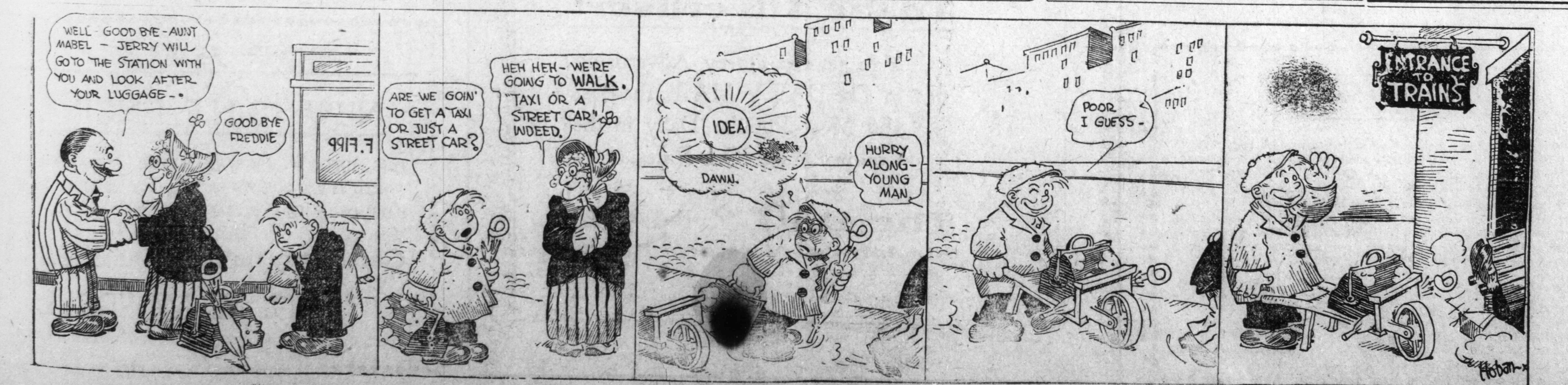
Washington, April 17.—President and Mrs. Wilson have announced that the wedding of their youngest daughter and Secretary McAdoo, will take place on May 7th. The Daughters of the Empire intend holding an Entertainment in the Methodist College Hall on the evening of Empire Day, in aid of the Marine Disaster Fund. Particulars later.

ILL WITH APPENDICITIS

Miss Stella Jerrett, daughter of Mr. Fred Jerrett, Brigus, who has been visiting friends in the city, leaves for home. We regret to say she is suffering from appendicitis and will be operated on shortly after reaching home. Dr. Anderson, of this city, will go over for the operation.

Willie's Little Game.

By George McManus



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A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER XVI

The Manners of Stubbs, Second Mate.

(Continued)

Nothing had happened of import to the Zoroaster during her spell in port. Her crew, for a wonder, had remained faithful to their allegiance, and had not deserted; some few of them, to be sure, had returned aboard drunk—and very drunk; but beyond that all had been harmony. Stubbs had grown more morose, had absented aboard with the dawn, thick as to the head and speech, and lurching strangely in his gait. But the first fresh sea-breeze blew all these humours away as if they had never been. Gradually the ship left the land astern, and the orderly monotony of the deep settled down upon her as a garment.

Days went by placidly, and each and every day Aileen learnt a little more about her chosen home. There was so much to learn, indeed. A ship has as many whims and needs as a spoiled beauty; and she demands a constant service. She must be appraised there, and beautified here; she must be coaxed at one moment and argued with the next; she shows as many different aspects to the world as there are days in the year, and will stand no divided service. Aileen stuffed her bright young head full of sailorly lore, culling gems of knowledge from old Rhys, gems rolled out laboriously through tobacco-stained teeth; learning a little even from the Greek steward, and a little more from the youngest apprentice, Bray, a somewhat sultry youth, who had no use for girls as girls. But when the skipper's daughter approached him as a chum, showing him how to turn in a splice to satisfy even that finicking officer, the second mate, Bray relented, and volunteered the statement that he had a sister who wasn't half bad.

On the ground of his home they met confidently, and in return for her assistance with the splice Bray showed Aileen a shorter method of doing a day's work which he had learnt on the Worcester, interspersing his instructions with many youthful grumblings about the sordid fare supplied to the apprentices' mess. Aileen left him, and returned with a tin of condensed milk, which she had wheeled from the steward, and, settling herself on the sea-chests in the half-deck, rummaged about in a lower bunk until she found a chaotic mass of undarned socks, which she repaired to the best of her ability. She used a sail-needle in lieu of the more legitimate instrument; but, being naturally deft-handed, she won Bray's undying gratitude. And as she won that she won some-

thing more—an influence over the unruly lad. He and Stott, the other apprentice, had expended their trifle of pocket-money in a store of spirits at Newcastle, considering that the sure way to dignity was to imitate the older men in their habits. Aileen came upon one such bottle as she rummaged for further socks, and held it up accusingly.

"What's this, Bray?"
"Oh, it's nothing—whisky."
"Whisky! You, a child, drinking whisky?"

"I'm not a child. I'll be sixteen in a week. Almost as old as you."
"Oh, very well." She put the bottle back and resumed her darning. But Bray, watching her narrowly, saw that she bent very low over the work, and presently, overpowered by a non-understandable anger, he saw something else—saw a drop of moisture steal down Aileen's nose and fall full on the point of the sail-needle.

"Cry-baby!" he exploded. And Aileen was up in arms on the word.
"I'm not, you—you cad! But to think of you—a sailor—a sailor, mind!—drenching yourself with that filthy poison. Good heavens above! You ought to be spanked! Haven't you ever thought what it will lead you to?"
"Help us to forget this rotten life."
"And do you want to forget it? Well, then, drink it all, and as much more as you can get. It's all you're fit for. To forget the sea!"

She sprang to the deck, and ran aft to the poop, where lurked sanity and men who understood. But presently, calming down, she walked to the pin-rail, half ashamed of her outbreak.

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and saw a strange sight. Stott, whose watch on deck it was, was working in the mizen rigging. Bray crept to the door at the half-deck, and beckoned stealthily. Down came Stott, with a cautious glance around to see if his bete noire, the second mate, were in sight. The two boys joined forces at the door of the half-deck, and a hot argument ensued. Aileen turned away, but glanced over her shoulder. Presently the two boys emerged carrying something under their jumpers. They ran to the ship's side, and Aileen, still with her back to them, heard three significant plumps. She saw, just in the nick of time, a white-capped bottle sinking from view, and her heart grew warm within her.

"Well done, Bray!" she shouted, and the youngest apprentice pulled a face. But the work was done and Aileen had triumphed.

She had replenished her wardrobe at Sydney, helped thereto by her father's lavishness. With no eye for effect, she had selected the gear that would serve her best, and her usual dress was an ankle-long skirt of blue serge, weather-resisting and durable, well weighted about the bottom with leaden discs; a white jersey, which clung to the growing lines of her lovely figure in an enchanting fashion, and a blue tam-o'-shanter on her sunny hair. Beneath this semi-practical headgear her grey eyes looked out unflinchingly upon the sea-world, and the sight of that vision was enough to set all hearts dancing.

It had that effect on Stubbs, who had daily been growing more surly, fuller of gruff resentment. He was in the habit of absenting himself from his watch on deck by stealth, and after all such absences he would return to the poop with a bloodshot eye and laden breath. He had started "nipping," having laid in a goodly store of throat-scorching liquor in Newcastle, and the men of his watch knew only too well the result of that insidious stimulating of his senses. He grew openly quarrelsome as the warmer seas of the Line were reached; venturing to correct old Steadman on points of sea doctrine, even answered Curzon with a laugh and a growling sneer when remonstrated with for some unnecessary bullying. Aileen had passed to leeward of him one

evening in the Trades, and had caught a whiff of his whisky-laden breath. After that she never went near him if it could be avoided. He staggered in his gait at times now, was truculent, and more than once cursed Aileen roundly for an impertinent, staring slut.

It was a marvellous Pacific night when the climax was reached. Aileen had gone below, had seated herself at the piano in the saloon, and had sung

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American—Virginian.
Soprano—Ladies.

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a good old sea-song for her father's benefit, had listened pleasantly to old Steadman's lusty approval from his room, and had then gone to her cabin. But the view from her open port had lured her deckwards again in search of more beauty. It was getting late—the ship seemed asleep. Six bells rang out from the little bell on the wheel; it was answered by the sonorous boom of the great bell on the fore castle. She slipped up the companion way like a ghost, and walked forward, snuggling herself up against the lee mizen rigging. A great peace overhung the Zoroaster.

Above her head, in the vast purple dome of the sky, blazed myriads of golden stars. They stood out in perspective; some seemed to hang like balls of fire, others were mere splashes of light. The whole jewel-strewn carpet was a-glitter with the sweet passion of the tropic seas. The soft whisper of the Trades, generous, steady, full of vigor, the one thing that removed the sense of intoxicating idleness from the night, tossed her hair-hummed through the rigging, boomed, in the dim undertone of sound, in the darkened caverns of the sails. A whisper of parted water blended with the gushing melody of the wind; the soft splash of the steadily trudging fore-foot was like the dominant theme of a noble sonata. She could see, peering forward, a soft ruby sleet against the blue-black night to indicate where the port sidelight burned brightly. A little wave rose up and slapped the bluff bow of the ship, flying gems of spray careered joyously upward, came momentarily within the radiance of the light, and so fell back, a shower of priceless gems, to the parent sea. Low down on the far horizon a crescent moon was rising, but as yet it had no light. It was glowing red; it might have been taken for a burning ship upon an endless sea.

The peace and glamour of it all sank deeply into Aileen's soul—there was not one single jarring note. The occasional chug-chug of the wheel was no disturbing force; it seemed a part of the witchery, just as did the weather deck. Dimly through the darkness she could make out a coiled shape on the after-hatch; she said it was Stott, the apprentice, snatching a furtive doze between the bells, which it

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St. John's, Newfoundland.

(To be continued)



A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK

Getting Results.
A colored woman was arguing and arguing with her husband, and when she had finished he said, "Dinah, yo' talk don' affect me no mo' than a flea bite."
"Well," she answered, "Ise gawna keep yo' scratchin'!"

The Mistake He Made.
"There have been times in my life," said he gloomily, "when I was tempted to commit suicide."
"Oh, well," she said, "it's no use to grieve over the past. We can all look back and see where we've made mistakes."

Unintentional.
"I think the baby has your hair, ma'am," said the nurse girl, looking pleasantly at her mistress.
"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, glancing up from her novel. "Run into the nursery and take it away from him. What will that child do next?"

And Nobody Knew Him.
"Oh, I'm in such trouble! My little Willie's got lost!"
"Well, well, it'll be all right. Every one in the neighborhood knows him."
"Oh, nobody'll know him today, because I've just washed him!"

That's What He Meant.
"Dear me, I wish I had never learned to play cards!" exclaimed a man who had been unfortunate in his play.
"You mean you wish you had learned, don't you?" was his wife's sarcastic reply.

Anticipating Trouble.
Six-weeks bride—I want to get a divorce from my husband.
Lawyer—You're not tired of him already, are you?
Six-weeks bride—No; but I will be by the time I get the divorce.

How Father Spent Sunday.
The new parson was making pastoral calls in his parish and stopped to converse with a small boy at the garden gate.
"And where does your father go on Sundays, my little man?"
"Well, on fine Sundays he goes golfing and on wet Sundays he turns us all out to church so he can have a bit of peace in the house."

His Studies.
"I am inclined to suspect the sobriety of the last student in our class."
"Why so?"
"When I asked him what were his favorite studies in ornithology, he replied, 'Swallows, bats and larks.'"



A Good Field.
Rankin—What do you think about simplified spelling, old man?
Rogers—That the promoters of it ought to send missionaries to Wales.

A SELFISH SUGGESTION.
She—What assurance do you think I should adopt for Lent?
He—Give up all the other fellows.

Sources of Information.
First clubwoman—She has a perfect knowledge of how the other half lives.
Second clubwoman—Gossip or sociology?

A Passive Quantity.
"What is your boy Jack studying for?"
"Well," replied the farmer, "the boy is kind of held up as to his future. His mother wants him to be a minister, I want him to be a lawyer, his rich uncle wants him to be a doctor, an' Josh is good-naturedly hangin' around an' lettin' us fight it out among ourselves."

Where Was It.
Ma Hurst—Yes, George, I had your fountain pen, and I put it back in your sweater right where I found it—or look on the kitchen shelf or on the window sill in the bathroom—or perhaps it's upstairs on top of my dresser.

A Reminder.
When the landlady brings my chicken
Then Shakspeare I recall;
For wasn't Bill the guy who said
"The unkindest cut of all?"

Expecting Assistance.
Tall Blonde—"Why do you wear a tight skirt to skate? You will never be able to get up if you fall down."
Short Brunet: "Of course not, you goose; not by myself."

An Alibi.
An artist was one day showing a young woman over his studio. After she had critically examined all the pictures, she remarked,
"I notice several sunsets among your works, but not a single sunrise. How's that?"

Hates to Give Up.
Farmer (solicitorizing): "I s'pose I'd oughter stop at St. Tib's place an' pay him that quarter I owe him. Gos! I hope he ain't in."

How She Got Him.
"I couldn't get out of a marrying her," Henpeck explained. "When she proposed she said, 'Will you marry me? Have you any objection?' You see, no matter whether I said 'Yes' or 'No,' she had me."

One Possibility.
"A famous actor bought Shakspeare's favorite chair at a sale in London recently."
"At any rate, he will find Shakspeare's chair easier to fill than his shoes."

A Sympathetic Drummer.
"You don't make very good music with that instrument," said a bystander to the man with the bass drum, as the band ceased to play.
"No," admitted the ponderous of the drum, "I know I don't; but I drown a heap of bad music."

A Clean-up.
He: "If I call pa 'pop,' why can't I call ma 'mum'?"
She: "If you do, she'll wipe the floor with you."

Not Big Enough to Go 'Round.
"One hundred ways to cook an egg," read Mrs. Newlywed from a new cook book. "Oh, dear! I can only cook this egg once!"

One Construction.
Knick: "When does a man rob his wife?"
Knack: "When he hooks her dress."

Not Enough.
Kind Lady (to applicant): "I am sure you would learn to love my children."
Nurse: "What wages do you pay?"
Kind Lady: "£3 a month."
Nurse: "I am afraid, ma'am, I could only be affectionate with them at that price."

Not Crazy.
Friend: "Well, Aunt Alice, how is your old man getting along?"
Aunt Alice (whose husband is an inmate of the soldiers' home): "Po'ly chile, po'ly! The only way they can keep him in the hospital is by puttin' a Mother Hubbard on him. He jist wants to wander an' wander around."

Real Humility.
Calvin: "I have my opinion of your rector. The idea of his preaching on humility! Why, he never goes to church excepting in an automobile."
Martin: "I know he doesn't; but he uses a 1914 machine."

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A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.
Landlady: "If you do not pay your bills, Mr. Maltravers how am I to pay mine?"
Lodger: "Madam will at least admit that I have some delicacy. I do not urge her to pay hers."



First Dogmatic: "So Stella got her separation all right?"
Second Ditto: "Do tell me—who is to have the custody of the Pom?"

Exchange of Courtesies.
The following exchange of courtesy was recently chronicled in a German paper's advertisements:
"The gentleman who found a brown purse, containing a sum of money, in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized."
A couple of days later appeared the response, which also courteous had an elusive air, to say the least:
"The recognized gentleman who picked up a brown purse in the Blumenstrasse, requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient day."

Costly Speed.
Orville Wright, at a dinner in his honor in New York, talked about the fast French monoplane which now make 100 miles an hour.
"They're very fast," said Mr. Wright, shaking his head, "but they're very expensive."
"Fast indeed!" interrupted a young millionaire. "Mr. Wright, is there anything on earth those machines can't overtake?"
"Yes," said Mr. Wright, with a frown, "there's one thing they can't overtake, and that's their own running expenses."

The Veracious Venger. "In the far corner, lies William the Conqueror; behind the organ, where you can't see 'em, are the tombs of Guy Fawkes, Robin Hood and Cardinal Wolsey. Now, does that strike-book, as I see you've in your 'and, tell you who is 'lyin' 'ere, sir?"
The Spectical Tourist: "No, but I can guess."
The dealer in antiques was showing an old violin to a probable buyer.
"Yes," he said, "that is of historical interest; that is the identical fiddle Nero played while Rome was burning!"
"Oh, that is a myth."
The dealer agreed, saying:
"Yes, it is, and Nero's name was on it, but it has got worn off."

Significant.
Mrs. Guyer: "Is Bob's rich uncle seriously ill?"
Guyer: "Well, I saw a motor-car salesman over Bob's cigar yesterday."
"For the making of billiard balls five hundred elephants are needed every year," said the famous big game hunter in his lecture on India.
"How strange!" whispered Miss Winsome to the lady who sat next to her. "That people can teach such great beasts to do such delicate work!"

Marry, Forsaith!
The following is ascribed to Senator Sorzhum:
"Down in my state there is quite a character, who is known far and wide as a woman hater. One day some of the men in the office thought they would have some fun with the old man, and consequently they asked him why he had never married."
"Marry!" the old fellow said. "Bah! All these women talk about nowadays is either bridge or Bridget!"

Vain Pomp.
One of our great city mining magnates is greatly pleased with the number of servants he is now able to employ. He came home the other day at four o'clock in the morning, and asked where all the servants were.
"If you please, sir," the butler answered respectfully, "when it comes three o'clock I thought you was spendin' the night out and ventured to send most of the footmen off to bed, sir."
"Humph," growled the magnate, "I've been to bed, eh? Fine piece of impudence! Suppose I'd happened to bring a friend home—then there'd only have been you seven to let us in!"

One Thing Explained.
Younghub (who has borrowed iceman's scales to weigh new arrival)—Gee whizz! forty-one pounds!

Delightful.
Mrs. Becroft: "Your little boy seems perfectly delighted with the painting press Father Christmas brought him."
Mrs. Chatterton (resignedly): "Yes, he has discovered he can get dirtier playing with it than with any present he ever had."

Not Enough.
Kind Lady (to applicant): "I am sure you would learn to love my children."
Nurse: "What wages do you pay?"
Kind Lady: "£3 a month."
Nurse: "I am afraid, ma'am, I could only be affectionate with them at that price."

And Medish, Too.
Grace: "I bear that the daintiest muslina are made from the fibres of the banana tree."
Lulu: "Then they ought to be easy to slip on."

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What Did She Mean?
Teacher (to pupil who has been pulling another child's hair): "You are not fit to sit with decent people. Come up here and sit with me."
And Medish, Too.
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ENCOURAGEMENT.
"Cheer up, mister! Reckon it'll turn to snow again fore mornin'."



Hawker: One penny the dying duck. The dying duck one penny one penny each.
Deaf Lady Purchaser: How much are they?
Hawker: Thuppence each, 1/2d.
Deaf Lady Purchaser: I' oard yer the first time.

The Daily Mail

Issued every week day from the office of Publication, 167 Water St., St. John's, Nfld. The Daily Mail Publishing Co., Ltd., Proprietors, and Union Publishing Co., Ltd., Printers.

Subscription Rates.
By mail, to any part of Newfoundland and Canada, \$2.00 per year.
To the United States of America, \$3.50 per year.

All correspondence on business and editorial matters should be addressed to Dr. H. M. Mosdell, Managing Editor.

Letters for publication should be written on one side of the paper only and the real name of the author should be attached. This will not be used unless consent be given in the communication.

The publication of any letter does not signify that the Editor therein shows his agreement with the opinions therein expressed.

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., APRIL 18, 1914.

OUR POINT OF VIEW.

REASON WANTED

We are still waiting for the Postal Telegraphs people to give us some reason for the non-receipt by this paper of wireless messages despatched to us from Mr. Coaker while at the icefields on the Nascopie.

We are informed that they reached the Fogo station. If this be so, will the Postmaster General be good enough to tell us why they were not forwarded to The Daily Mail over the land lines.

NEW OBSERVATION STATION.

Several shipping men have suggested to us that Belle Isle should be constituted an observation station and should forward daily reports to Toronto to assist in the formation of the Weather Forecast.

If this has not already been done, it would be as well for the authorities to take the necessary steps and supply the necessary apparatus to equip the Marconi Station on the Island for this purpose.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

Some rather important facts in connection with the prosecution of the sealfishery have developed during the course of the present investigation into the circumstances of the "Newfoundland" sealing disaster.

Most significant, in our estimation, is the attitude of Captain Westbury Kean, of the "Newfoundland," towards the Toronto Weather Report. It is expressed in the words which, according to the report of proceedings at the investigation, he used when under examination.

"The ordinary Toronto weather fore-cast might, or might not, be useful. If I knew that a storm was due, I would try to get my men in before it came. If I received the weather report that a storm was due, I would direct my men to look out for it, but I would not plead guilty to the charge of keeping my men on board when there were seals, because Toronto predicted a storm even for a day."

"We rely on our glasses and our eyes. The glass is the safest guide at the sealfishery."

Reading the latter part of Captain W. Kean's remarks, one is forced to the conclusion that he had very little knowledge of what he was talking about.

"The glass," he is represented as saying, "is the safest guide."

Exactly.

But surely Capt. Wes. Kean is aware that the weather forecast, as issued daily from Toronto is based for the most part on the readings of the barometer.

The Toronto forecast is not the guess of a few weatherwise old men who prophesy storms or fine weather by rule of thumb and, in a good many instances can only see the tempest when it is right on them.

As pointed out in a descriptive article on another page of this issue, the Toronto forecast is based on readings of the barometer telegraphed in daily from all parts of Canada, from Newfoundland, from the United States and from Europe.

The scientists at the Toronto observatory have thus an exact knowledge of atmospheric conditions over a large portion of the globe and are in a position to predict the movements and velocity of air currents with almost scientific exactitude.

It is plain that from the great extent of the area over which their observations are scattered that they are able to predict the oncoming of a dangerous storm to our coasts long

before local barometers give any indication of its advent.

On the Great Lakes of Canada, the mariners pay particular attention to storm signals. They are checked and guided in their movements by the reports and warnings sent out from the central observatory at Toronto and it would fare ill indeed with the shipping master who took his craft out and sustained damage to life or property despite the fact that the signal for a heavy storm was hoisted before he left port.

It is particularly satisfactory to notice, however, that all our sealing captains are not of the same mind as Captain Westbury Kean.

Captain Greene, navigator of the "Newfoundland," for instance, is reported as stating that "the Toronto weather forecast would be an aid to a mariner in helping him to form his judgment. I think it would be valuable information."

We are sorry if we misjudge, but it really seems as if some captains are inclined to be more careful of their ships than of their men.

In any doubtful situation they are unremitting in their precautions to prevent disaster to the steamer of which they happen to have charge. The log is out; the sounding lead is used. There must be no destruction of property, if it can be avoided by any possible means.

Yet, when it comes to a question of surrounding men's lives with common precautions, we find that ordinary appliances to enable this to be done are not on the ships—something, for which, of course, the captain alone is to blame.

Captain Greene states that he could not read the thermometer on the "Newfoundland" for the very good reason that there was no such instrument on board.

"I did not watch the thermometer," he says, "we had none on board. I have never been on any ship, other than a schooner, that did not carry a thermometer. In order to judge the weather conditions, it is necessary to consult a thermometer."

"As a rule, both barometer, and thermometer are noted in the log as prescribed by the Board of Trade regulations."

That Captain Greene has a perfect right to speak with authority on these matters, is amply proven by his long experience on foreign voyages and in the Arctic Regions.

BOWRING BROTHERS

Bowring Brothers have issued, through Mr. Warren, a writ for libel against The Mail and Mr. W. F. Coaker, because of the statement contained in Mr. Coaker's letter about Floating Coffins.

Of course the action will be defended, and sealers who know of the condition of the Ranger and Viking, and who are prepared to stake the same on oath, will please let us have their names at once.

Will some of the crew who sailed in the Ranger five or six springs ago, when they had to hoist water in barrels and puncheons in order to keep the ship from sinking, please communicate with us?

We have the names of a few officers who supplied us with information, but we want the names of some of the common men also, as everybody will be the more interested in event of seeing 50 or 60 sealers testify as to what conditions exist on some of the ships.

A fund will be at once started in order to pay the expenses of the action, and all who will send their subscription to the Secretary of the F.P.U., St. John's, or to The Daily Mail.

On Monday we will publish some correspondence relative to the action of Bowring Brothers in connection with the Sealing Bill when it was before the House of Assembly.

MORE NEGLIGENCE.

On Wednesday a number of sealers belonging to the Nascopie's crew reported to Mr. Coaker that the Earl of Devon had been hired to take them home, but that when they arranged they understood she would take no cargo and would leave the hold for the sealers accommodation.

They subsequently learnt, however, that the steamer was almost filled with cargo, and there was little room for the sealers underdecks and that even the deck was crowded with freight.

About one hundred and twenty men would be sailing on this ship if all went that intended to go.

Mr. Coaker at once notified Mr. LeMessurier at the Customs House and asked that an inspection of the ship be made before she was permitted to sail.

Mr. LeMessurier said in reply that the ship could not sail until certified by the Customs and he would attend to the matter.

The steamer with about one hundred and twenty men sailed on Thursday afternoon without inspection and there was not accommodation on board for twenty persons. The ship was forced to make for Catalina on

Thursday night owing to the snow-storm and bad weather and remained there all day yesterday.

The conditions on board of the ship must be anything but comfortable as there is no sleeping accommodation or cooking facilities except for the few men she carries as a crew.

She had no extra boat accommodation and on Thursday morning quite a fuss was created on board by the objection of a large number of men to proceeding home in her owing to the conditions which existed on board as regards accommodation and cooking.

Two-thirds of the passengers must have been compelled to remain on deck as best they may while en route to Catalina exposed to the weather and no doubt had to go ashore for shelter upon arrival at Catalina.

Now we demand an explanation from Mr. LeMessurier respecting this matter before we proceed to place the blame for the outrage and deliberate breach of the law.

The Captain of the Earl of Devon ran a tremendous risk in taking passengers under such conditions and he had no right to load his little ship with freight when he knew that he had arranged to take such a large number of men to Pools Island.

The principal owner of the Earl of Devon is R. K. Bishop, a member of the Executive Government, and the public are wondering if that had anything to do with the negligence of the Customs in not moving to enforce the Customs Laws.

The matters requires a full and complete investigation for there is not the slightest doubt that those one hundred and twenty men were forced to encounter risks that could easily bring another terrible disaster upon the country.

No word has yet been heard from the Acting Premier regarding a Commission of Enquiry to investigate the Newfoundland and Southern Cross disasters.

The evidence of Mr. Hiscock, published elsewhere to-day, may be the key to the secret of their refusal.

They dread a full investigation because some of their strongest party heeleders might be implicated by the exposures that would be made if a Commission of Enquiry were investigating this terrible catastrophe. But will the people remain inactive in the face of what has already leaked out?

Will the people not arise in their might and sweep away those who are day by day more and more outraging public morality and the wishes of the public?

We demand a reply from Mr. H. W. LeMessurier regarding the Earl of Devon outrage.

We again ask Mr. Bennett to make a move and get the Minister of Justice to act in accordance with public demands regarding the immediate appointment of a Commission of Enquiry to fully investigate the catastrophe that has overtaken two hundred and fifty of the primest Sons of our Native Isle.

Does Mr. Squires know that thousands of citizens are saying that they will not recommend an investigation by a Commission?

Does the Acting Premier know what the public are saying? Well, both should find out and that promptly and avert what might mean the destruction of the Government very much sooner than they imagine.

Allow the people to become fully aroused—as fully aroused they will certainly be—if action is delayed longer than Monday, and the Government will find itself face to face with a crisis that won't strengthen them politically.

The result of the Magisterial or Coroner's inquest now being held has been to show the general public the pressing necessity for a Commission of Enquiry.

They are demanding its immediate appointment and their demands must be acceded to.

ADVOCATE FOR 30c.

The Fishermen's Advocate will be sent to any address in Newfoundland or Canada for the balance of 1914 for the small sum of 30c., which may be sent in stamps. It is worth \$1.00. Send along your names and stamps to cover.

COMPLAIN OF NON-DELIVERY OF FISHERMEN'S ADVOCATE.

Several subscribers complains about the non-delivery of The Advocate at Conception Harbor. We trust the postal officials will see that all papers received at that office for subscribers of The Mail and The Advocate will not be delayed in delivery. If further complaints are received we will have to ask the P.M.G. for an investigation.

FAVORABLE COMMENT.

The consensus of the opinions freely expressed at the various city club rooms during the past week by members is that W. F. Coaker is alright in his just demands in asking the Government to immediately appoint a Commission to take evidence in Anglo-Saxon style and place the blame if any on those who are supposed to be responsible for the recent disaster.

INDECENT LANGUAGE OF A KEAN

Descends to "Flap-jack" Jokes in Order to Ridicule a Critic, and This in Connection With the Terrible Tragedy With Which His Name is Connected.

(Editor The Daily Mail.)

Dear Sir,—Most people have read the articles in reference to Captain Abram Kean. Most people have also read Capt. Abram Kean's reply.

The articles were made in language that was devoid of levity, but what shall we say of Abram Kean's reply? To-day's Herald contains his reply. Abram Kean rushes to P. T. McGrath's paper. That of itself is very significant. At a time when 77 men lie dead; when the cause of their death at the icefields is being investigated; when the death of these men would not have happened if Abram Kean had not put these men on the ice; when their death was due to an error of judgment on the part of Abram Kean as to the weather, for Abram Kean would not have put these men on the ice if he had rightly gauged the weather, at the time when Abram Kean thought (misguidedly) that the men were safe; and at such a time does Abram Kean air himself—even in his own justification, in a most supercilious manner, in The Evening Herald. The natural arrogance of the man—the Ranty mien—constrains him to reply to criticisms in a spirit that it is almost indecent.

Flap-Jack, Jokes.

In his reply in The Herald of Thursday, he descends to mere flap-jack jokes in an attempt to ridicule a critic. Does he realize that his attempt at ridicule is read by the relatives of 77 men who died at the ice this Spring? Are we to realize that haughtiness prevents him showing a chastened spirit, in the face of this, the saddest disaster at the icefields?

Capt. Abram Kean should be reminded that the time for levity is not now. If he wants to score his critics (and they are many) let him do it in serious fashion, in fact, founded on common sense, not mixed with jocoseness. He had indeed a serious business on hand to show us that he acted with discretion, with the wisdom of 41 years experience at the seal fishery, in putting those men on the ice when a storm was about on. In the face of what has happened this Spring, this is not a time to brag of never having lost a man, but a time when he should thank an Almighty and Merciful Providence that a catastrophe never happened before, among the men under his care.

Cannot Absolve Himself.

Abram Kean cannot absolve himself from the responsibility of putting those men on the ice, by saying or thinking they were the crew of another ship. The best excuse put forward is that he committed an error of judgment, and if the result of an error of judgment is not rightly judging the oncoming storm was the death of 77 men on the ice, then it must be evident to Abram Kean himself that the title of "Commodore" argues very little, as a badge of experience does not instill wisdom, and confers no credentials to take command of a sealing ship and a crew of men another year.

The episode of the "Wolf" shows nothing to Abram Kean's credit. He says, he left men on the ice all night and that they sang songs, presumably in good spirits. Now a man has come forward who says he was one of those men; that they spent two nights on the ice; that they sang hymns and prayed to Almighty God for deliverance from their awful peril; and that they were rescued, not by Abram Kean's ship the Wolf, which left them on the ice, but by another ship.

Public opinion requires that Abram Kean and P. T. McGrath should devote their energies to show that this catastrophe could not have been avoided, or if it could, that thorough and complete reforms should be made to put such disasters beyond peradventures.

—CITIZEN.

PASSENGER COMPLAINS

(Editor The Daily Mail)
Dear Sir—I wish through the medium of your highly appreciated paper to make a remark on our trip to St. John's on the S. S. Beothic.

On Monday at 7 p.m. we left Pool's Island. There were eight men of us from Greenspond, who came as passengers. We had to stay and sleep in the after hold of the ship, but there was no berth fit to sleep in.

When half way across Bonavista Bay, our boxes were floating about the hold.

We asked the purser for better quarters, but he said he could do nothing for us. We then approached the captain on the matter and he referred us to the chief steward, and we were told by the chief steward that he couldn't build berths for us. Of course we didn't expect him to do that, but we believed that there

were more comfortable rooms not occupied and we could have been given them. No meals were provided for us.

We arrived at St. John's, at 4.30 Tuesday morning and anchored in the stream, and we didn't get off the ship till 12.30 p.m., when we were taken to shore in the launch.

This was the treatment that was meted out to us, Mr. Editor, while we understood that the passengers who were on board from Wesleyville had staterooms.

How long will the Tollers of Newfoundland have to put up with such treatment?

—W. C. R.
Loco Cove, April 16, 1914.

HURRICANE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Editor The Daily Mail)

In an issue of The Daily News, April 13th, 1914, there appears an article under the heading of "The Year of the Great Storm," referring to the memorable storm of the 15th September, 1775.

I was born on the Avalon peninsula of Newfoundland, a number of years ago, and sprung from an ancient family, in Conception Bay. My father, my grandfather and my great-grandfather were all born on this island, and brought up to the fisheries, and to the sea. In our turn, we all had to do with the waterfront.

My great-grandfather, my grandfather, my father and myself were four of the master mariners, of the eight-

teenth and nineteenth centuries, and commanded some of the vessels engaged in the Labrador, Banks and Seal fisheries, and also in the foreign trade of this country.

Significant Name.

The record of the storm referred to, was handed down from my ancestors, and made known to me, in my boyhood days, under no other name than "The Hurricane of Newfoundland."

All of us who have any knowledge of history, will admit that the loss of life and property on that memorable day, must have been something terrible to behold, both on land and on sea.

My grandfather lived to be a very old man. I conversed with him many hours and loved to find out the events and things of bygone days. My father also reached the borders of ninety and informed me of many things which I would have never known if I had to depend on other people.

Work of Gale.

With regard to some of the property destroyed in Carbonear, in that storm, I could point you to the very spot on the north side where a new dwelling house was erected, unfinished, and uninhabited, built over one hundred feet above sea level, and near where the main street is to-day. It was taken up and swept away, by the frightful gushes and fury of the wind, and it pitched in pieces out in the water in Carbonear.

This is but one instance of what that sweeping storm was like in that locality.

But I am surprised to find the editor of The Daily News, counting the whole loss of life which was involved in that storm, (and said to be about three hundred people), includes them without any exception as being a part of the population of this Colony as it was shown by the census on (or about) that time, which, to my mind is most certainly a mistake.

Not Newfoundlanders.

If a banker out from France to St. Pierre in these days, or if a Portuguese vessel, (as I have seen them myself fishing around our coast outside of the three-mile limit) were to drive ashore and be lost with all hands could any one say it affected our population or had anything to do with the census of our Colony in 1911, or any other within the last forty or fifty years. And such were the circumstances and facts in connection with that loss of life and property on our shores in the hurricane of Newfoundland.

I believe that there were three hundred people lost altogether, but they were not all Newfoundlanders. A large percentage of the lives lost were of people belonging to Europe. Some of them belonged to the British Isles and others belonged to the Continent, who paid taxes to fish in our waters and some of them dried their fish on our shores. They were lost on our coast, and numbered with the dead but had nothing to do with our population, nor ever affected the census of 1763 as it is given for Newfoundland. —MASTER MARINER

Central Stores. **G. KNOWLING.** Central Stores.

BOYS' CLOTHING BARGAINS!

We are now able to offer the following items in Boys' Suits, Collars, Shirts, Jerseys, etc. Now is your opportunity to secure a splendid, useful

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OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION; "NEWFOUNDLAND" DISASTER.

Wednesday, April 15. Samuel Russel (sworn), examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to Bonavista, have been 13 springs to the ice, twice in the Newfoundland. Was in her four years ago and this year. I went with the crew on March 31st. It was fine but the sky a little overcast, it was close. We got on board the Stephano about 11.30. It did not look for bad weather when we left, but was pecking snow when we boarded the Stephano. Had a mug up after getting on Stephano, after which when we came on deck we were ordered on ice; it was real thick then, could not see our vessel, and I don't Capt. Wes. could see us, could not see hardly a mile and a half. All the crew got on the ice; I never heard any one object; I did not because thought our second hand had arranged with Capt. Kean to take us on the Stephano again if it came bad weather, others thought the same.

Quite Stormy. We went towards the patch, some stopped killing, the rest went on a short distance. At this time it was quite stormy. Before we got to the seals I heard men say they thought they would not get aboard the Stephano that night. It was then some said they thought they were going aboard for the night. We all started for our own ship. I was one of the nine to reach her on Thursday morning. I took 15 or 16 cakes of hard bread when leaving on Tuesday, could have had more. Had all I wanted to eat on the Stephano. Have been with five different captains.

To Dr. Lloyd—I saw no sun hounds on Tuesday, and heard no talk of them. When we got aboard the Stephano our men were not tired so far as I know. I was not. Up to the time Capt. Kean gave us the position of our ship we had the notion that after panning the seals we would return to the Stephano. We were then on the ice. There was not much talk about this; some of our own harbor men.

Expected a Night Out. When the ship left us I remarked there's only one chance in fifty that we men are not on the ice for the night. My chum agreed with me. I spoke to Thomas Groves. We two were together. Did not hear anyone else say the same. I don't think it was a fit time then to leave the Stephano to pan seals. I thought so then.

If I had been on board the Stephano then I would not have left her. I made no such remark at the time to any one, but it was in my mind. I blame Capt. Abram Kean for the whole business.

I know that he could get to us on

Wednesday, because if men could fall in the water the ships could force through. I fell in myself. When I fell in I was in sight of the Bellaventure. I have nothing further to say.

Hugh Moulton (sworn), examined by Hutchings, K.C.—Was in the Newfoundland this spring. We left her Tuesday, 31st March, the weather was all right, quite fine when we left about 7 a.m. I saw no sun hounds. Reached Stephano about 11.30, it was then pecking snow. After having a mug up we were ordered on the ice by Capt. Kean. It was snowing fast at this time. Don't know of anyone objecting to leave her. I did not.

Stayed With Crowd. We went beyond the bow of the ship and reached a small patch of seals, some stopped to kill, but most went a bit further and stopped. I was with the crowd that went on. Before we stopped I had no idea where we were going to stay that night.

After we left the Stephano and before reaching the spot of seals, my opinion was that we could get back to our own ship, but when it got stormy and started for our ship, I did not think we would reach her. I formed no opinion as to what the storm would be until after leaving the seals, when I thought it would be bad. I walked on board the Bellaventure on Tuesday. Had plenty food leaving on Tuesday. Had all I wanted on the Stephano.

To Dr. Lloyd—I did not hear any talk between Captain Kean and Geo. Tuff. When the Stephano slewed around and got away from us I heard no talk amongst the men as to where we were going at night. My chum was Tom Moulton.

At the time the men passed the seals and were together, I heard no one say they thought to stay on board the Stephano that night.

Ice Was Slack. On Wednesday afternoon the ice was slack and I fell in to the knees, this was about the time we saw the Bellaventure. This was my first spring out.

Benjamin Piercey (sworn), examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to New Perlican and was in the Newfoundland; this was my second spring out, once about 8 years ago.

We left our ship about 7 a.m. March 31st. The day was fine and sky overcast. Did not see the sun or any sun hounds. Heard no talk of sun hounds until Wednesday, from some men I did not know. Reached the Stephano about 11.30. It was then pecking snow.

Went below and had some cold tea and hard bread. Capt. Kean told us to get on the ice. He told us we would find a patch of seals to the S. W. He also gave the course to our own ship. We were on the ice then.

I heard no one object to leaving the Stephano, but I said to my chums if I had anyone to stay with me I would not leave her; they said come on. It was snowing fast then; could not see very far. Weather was

mild. I thought we were going to have a lot of snow. We passed the steamer's bow to the patch of seals which were killed. After we left the Stephano I thought we were going to the patch of seals, make no delay, then follow on to our ship.

I heard no one say at any time that we were going back to her. I did hear someone say she was coming back to pick us up, don't know who it was. I had no such thought.

I reached the Bellaventure on Thursday a.m. I took 7 or 8 cakes of bread on Tuesday, could have had more. Only had a small mug up on the Stephano.

Hard Ice to Get Over. To Dr. Lloyd—We had hard ice to get over on Tuesday. I was tired when I got on the Stephano, and

but I followed Arthur Moulton on account of all the Perlican chaps being in his watch.

Built a Shelter. When we'd get shelter built, Arthur Moulton said for the men not belonging to his watch to leave the pan, but he let me stay. It was not fit to leave the pan I was on then, as it was dark and stormy. I stuck to Moulton's watch until the following day.

Daniel Foley (sworn) examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to St. Bride's, was in the Stephano. We got out early on March 31st. The sky was very red to the eastward, but late got bright. We went about N. W. panning seals until 10 or 11 o'clock.

About 12.30 the ice began to go abroad—the snow just beginning.

whistle was blowing, and was blowing until 5 o'clock when I turned in. Usually in stormy weather the whistle is blown in case men might be about. I know of no special reason that day.

We heard on the Florizel that the Newfoundland's crew might be around. Wednesday was very stormy; did not do much, but picked up a few pans. It was impossible to do much.

Fine Early in Day. To Dr. Lloyd—The sun rose bright on March 31st, and it was warm. I saw no sun hounds, although I noticed the sun. I heard of no one else that day.

I did not report to the captain our men were furious or uneasy about the Newfoundland's men. I did not know whether they were furious or not. I was not mixing amongst the men, and don't know what they were saying. I don't know that any man was criticizing the captain.

I think I would have heard the men if they had been furious, grumbling or expressing uneasiness about the captain's conduct in taking the ship along that evening.

Did Not Tell Him. The captain did not tell me when I drew his attention to the Newfoundland's men, that he was slowly steaming on the chance that they might be coming towards him. I overheard the captain on the bridge say he would keep the whistle

fast then, could not see our own steam er. All our crew left for the seals. I did not hear any one object to leave. I did not think it was too stormy to go out for seals, but expected to return to the Stephano.

When I saw the Stephano turn I did not expect to go back to her, but that we could go to our ship. I did not think then that it was too stormy, I did not think we would.

Had No Complaint. I did not see Capt. A. Kean until I got on the ice, he was on the bridge then. I did not hear any men at any time complain that they would not reach our ship on Thursday morning.

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would like a spell if I had, got one. I had no time for a spell. I and Hezekiah Seward could only get one mug, and the tea was cold. Seward died afterwards. I heard no one else complain of cold tea. I heard no one else complain of being tired.

It was poor ice on the port side, not fit to get out on. When I said I did not want to leave the Stephano I was afraid we would not reach our own ship that night. Am a fisherman and have been fishing from boyhood.

In my opinion it was no time to leave the Stephano to walk to the Newfoundland, even without any delay. Had we gone straight to the Newfoundland I think we would have reached her that night if the horn had been kept blowing.

When we were going on board the Stephano I thought we would stay for the night. I heard others say they thought Capt. Kean would put us on our ship all right.

On the way we saw no seals, and so far as we knew there was nothing to stay for. I know nothing of any signals between the two ships.

That evening near dark the second hand said to the master watches to do the best they could with the men and make shelters.

I was in Jacob Bungay's watch.

We started for our ship, which bore about S. E.; could not see her. We travelled through our flags about 3 miles, and got aboard about 2.30 or 3, weather still getting worse.

The Florizel came up with some of our men and transferred them to our ship. Did not know the Newfoundland's crew were on board, but heard it after we got on board.

To Dr. Lloyd—The Stephano blew until we got on board, and I think afterwards; don't know how long. Don't know why she blew the whistle afterwards.

No Talk of a Search. I heard no talk about searching for the Newfoundland's crew, nor on Wednesday, heard of no message being received from the Florizel on Wednesday; did not hear of any.

There is nothing that I can say except I believe that Capt. Kean did his best.

Garland Gaulton—I belong to Brookfield; was master watch on the Stephano. On March 31st I was out panning seals; my watch went N. W. The snow began about 12; before it was just pecking and we thought it would turn to rain. The Florizel came along and the captain told us to go aboard. We reached our ship about 3; after that we were picking up pans in a line to the S. E. The

On Wednesday she steamed from 11 to 2, but did not go far, as it was impossible owing to storm and heavy ice.

Heard nothing on board about the Marconi on Wednesday, nor about the Newfoundland's crew among our men.

To the Judge—When I got on board the Stephano on Tuesday, I went to the bridge and spoke to Capt. Kean. He asked how we did with seals, and I told him. I told him I heard the Newfoundland's crew gone; he said yes they were aboard. I asked him if he thought they got to their own ship, and he said yes, most decidedly. I then came down and went about my work.

Did Not Suggest Search. I said nothing to the captain about not looking for the men; it was not my place. I said nothing to the captain about what the men were saying about not looking for them.

One man, Mark Sheppard, asked me to go to the captain about the men, and I said yes. It was at my own volition that I asked the captain about the Newfoundland's crew, and not because Mark Sheppard asked me.

To Dr. Lloyd—I had not heard any of our crew talking about the New-

foundland's crew might come towards them. To the Judge—I heard nothing from any of the men on Wednesday about the Newfoundland's men, except Sheppard.

Ambrose Conway (sworn), examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I was one of the Stephano's crew this spring. I belong to St. Bride's.

On March 31st we were put out early to kill seals by the side of the ship. It was fine. We killed till about 10 a.m. when we started to walk N. W. until about 11.30. There was no snow at 11. We turned back about 11.35, the ice being bad. Our centre flag lay about S. E. We got board about 2 o'clock.

The snow commenced shortly after we started to come back. Could not see our steamer when she blew her first or second whistle, but heard the third; the interval between blasts would be about 5 minutes. When we went aboard the captain came down and asked us how we did. Our ice master answered him and I went below. I heard the whistle blow after I went below, but I went to sleep after I got my mug up and don't know how long it continued.

Heard About Crew. I did not hear about the Newfoundland's crew being on board until after nine o'clock that night. I then heard they were all aboard except the captain and fremen. I did not go on deck that night and heard nothing further about them that night.

I never heard anyone say anything against our captain about the Newfoundland's crew or mention anything connected with it, either when I got on board or afterwards.

Don't know whether my watch came on from 8 to 11 or from 11 to 2 on Wednesday. I don't remember whether she steamed anything that morning.

To Dr. Lloyd—I turned in about 3 and slept till 9. I know Mark Sheppard.

On Wednesday I was about amongst the men, and did not hear any one criticizing the captain about the Newfoundland's crew.

To the Judge—I did not hear anybody at all saying anything about the Newfoundland's crew on Wednesday. The hearing was adjourned at 7.30 p.m. until 1.30 Thursday morning.

about 7 o'clock. It was fine with slightly overcast sky. I saw the sun but no sun hounds.

Reached the Stephano about 11.30. It was snowing just a little. Had mug up. I had tea, hard bread and butter, the tea was as hot as I could drink it. When we came on deck it was snowing harder. I did not look, but didn't think our ship could be seen then.

Capt. Kean was on the bridge. We were ordered on ice over the starboard side, and went towards the seals.

I heard no one object to leave the Stephano. I did not. It did not occur to me whether it was too stormy to go for seals.

I thought when we left that the Stephano would pick us up for the night until she turned to move away. I heard someone say our ship lay S.E. and after killing some seals we would go to her.

I did not think we would get aboard unless the weather cleared up. This was after we had killed some seals and all hands got together. Some had good thoughts of getting aboard, others didn't.

Worse Than Greenland. One man, Jesse Collins, said it would be a greater slaughter than the Greenland. He said this in ordinary talk. I heard him. Before we reached the seals I heard no one say we would not reach our ship. I got on the Bellaventure on Thursday.

Came out of hospital yesterday. When I left our ship I had 7 or 8 cakes of bread, could have had more. My toe was frosted. I don't know of anything else to say.

To Mr. Mews—I was in Arthur Moulton's watch. I saw the men turn back on Tuesday. George Tuff was ahead of me. I think he could have seen the men go back if he had looked. I understood they went back because the sky was thick. I heard no talk, except that some fellows were going back. I heard of no men trying to stay on the Stephano.

Hedley Payne (sworn), examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to Greenspond, am 17, was on the Newfoundland this spring. Left her March 31st to kill seals. Reached the Stephano about 11.30, was one of the first on board. Did not know any of our men had turned back until after we left the Stephano.

About Six Miles Away. Could see our ship when we got on the Stephano. I thought she was about 6 miles away. Had a mug up, hard bread and butter but the tea was cold. We were about 1/4 of an hour on board when we were ordered out, snowing harder then, allow we could see about half a mile. Some one said Capt. Kean had to go 6 miles for his own men. I did not hear anyone object to leave the Stephano. I did not. I was young and thought we would return to the Stephano at night.

When on ice Capt. Kean told us our steamer bore S.E. and that we would find seals S.W. I knew then we were not going back to the Stephano that night. When we left the Stephano I was most sure we would not reach our ship. (Continued on page 6)

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OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION "NEWFOUNDLAND" DISASTER.

(Continued from page 5)

ship. When we stopped I heard several men say it was only one chance in 100 that we would get to our ship, several thought we would. This was an hour after leaving the Stephano. I heard men say we should have stayed on the Stephano. Was not near Jesse Collins. did not hear what he said. I was picked up by the Bellaventure.

When I left our ship had 5 or 6 cakes of bread and some oatmeal. Could have had more.

Sky Was Overcast

Saw the sun on Tuesday morning, saw no sun hounds. The sky was overcast. I don't know but if the master watches had asked Capt. Kean, he would have let us stay on board. I was not worrying.

To Mr. Mews.—An hour after I left the Stephano I said to my friend Easton, who is dead now, I thought we would be out all night.

Joshua Holoway (sworn), examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to New Harbor, B.B., I was in the Newfoundland this spring, this was my 6th spring.

On March 31st we left towards the Stephano to pan seals. It was fine when we left, saw the sun and a sun hound, the sky was overcast, and it got thicker as we went along.

Reached the Stephano at 11.30. Saw some of our crowd turn back. I had a mind to turn back too. I was in the middle rank near those who broke off. It was not snowing then. I said to Alfred Malmont, now dead, will we turn back? He said, "if the rest can do it we can," meaning to reach the Stephano.

Saw Capt. A. Kean on the bridge, heard him say "hurry up, boys, get aboard and have a mug up."

I had hard bread and butter and cold tea, did not have time to eat it before we were called up. I was one of the last to go down. All the men except 6 were on the ice when I came up.

Told Them to Hurry

Capt. Kean said, "if you don't hurry I'll carry you away from the seals." Heard him tell our second hand that our ship bore S.E. Could not see our ship when we got on the ice, it was thick. Could not see her when we first boarded the Stephano.

None of our men objected to leave the Stephano, we left it all to the master watches. Heard our second hand say the Stephano was going 6 miles for her men, then I knew we were not going to her again. Before this I thought we were going back.

When we first got aboard I did not think we would leave her at all. I stopped with the crowd who were killing, but did not kill any myself. We later joined the main crowd on the way to our own ship.

While our crowd were stopped killing I heard some wonder where we would get at night. I thought when the Stephano turned that we would be out all night. The storm was at its height when we reached the seals.

I was picked up by the Bellaventure on Thursday a.m. When I left I had

2 cakes of bread and could have had more. Came out of hospital yesterday. There is nothing else that I have to say.

Mean Bad Weather

To Mr. Mews.—Sun hounds mean bad weather, according to the seasons. We were about 7 miles from the Stephano. We were 4½ hours walking.

The ice was heavy, could not walk in a straight line, so that we had further to walk. Did not speak to the men who went back, but thought it was on account of the weather.

To the Judge.—I think we should cover two miles an hour in a straight line over ice in the condition on which we travelled, but would cover by taking a zig zag course of 3 miles.

To Mr. Mews.—I thought when we reached the Stephano we would stay on board as the weather was on. I don't know of any instructions from Capt. W. Kean about this. Only my self and two chums thought this. We did not discuss it with others, and heard no other say anything.

The weather was bad when we left the Stephano, blowing a strong breeze with thick snow. Capt. Kean was in a hurry to pick up his own men before the weather got bad. I heard him say this, he had 6 miles to go. This was about 12 o'clock. This would be early on a fine day to pick up crews.

We picked up our path and just before night fell lost it. Jesse Collins kept the men in good humor as far as possible.

I heard no objection to leave the Stephano from any one, never heard that anyone tried to stow away.

Afternoon Session.

The hearing was resumed at 3 p.m. Charles W. Green (sworn), examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I am a master mariner and was navigating officer on the Newfoundland this spring. (The articles of the Newfoundland were then produced). The dead men are shown by the letter D after their names; the word "missing" is written after those not recovered, there is a cross opposite the names of the men who had not left the ship and those who survived.

There were 77 dead men, 69 bodies were recovered. The "tick" in front of some of the names was made by men after the nine men returned on Thursday morning, and represent those on board then. I kept the ship's log which I now produce.

I observed the barometer generally every four hours and noted its readings. At noon March the 30th the barometer registered 30.36, at 8 a.m. on the 31st 30.40, at 4 p.m. 30.15, at 8 p.m. 29.80. On April 1st at 8 a.m., 29.50; at noon, 29.50; at 4 p.m., 29.70; at 8 p.m., 29.80.

Great Excitement

On April 2nd I did not note any readings, this was the day the men came on board. There was great excitement and everybody was busy.

On April 3rd at 8 a.m. the barometer 29.20; at noon, 29.45; at 4 p.m., 29.60, and at 8 p.m., 29.70. The glass gradually went up then until 8 p.m. on the 5th, when it read 30.40.

The log read as follows: Monday, March 30th, begins with fine, clear weather and heavy swell, moderate breeze from N.W. Ship steaming to W.N.W. 8 a.m. Florizel and Stephano in sight; 10 a.m. spoke Florizel; noon fresh breeze and dull sky; 4 p.m. clear weather, wind light from N., two more steamers in sight, 6 p.m. ice very tight, heavy swell, wind light and variable.

Tuesday, March 31st, begins with fine clear weather, overcast sky, wind fresh from S.E., ice tight, ship jammed. 6 a.m. crew walking towards Stephano.

Florizel and Bellaventure in sight, in seals; noon, wind freshening and drifting snow. 1.30, 32 men returned, remainder having boarded the Stephano. 4 p.m., moderate gales with snow; 8 p.m., no change; 10 p.m., strong gale and drifting snow, ship burned down.

No Headway

Wednesdays, April 1st, begins with strong gale from north and drifting snow; ice packed close, ship jammed. 8 a.m. the same. Noon strong gale and sky clear. 4 p.m. wind moderating and weather clearing, 5 p.m. ice giving a little, ship working to W.N.W. 8 p.m. blowing gale from N.W., fine, clear and very frosty, 11 p.m. wind moderating, ice tight, ship making no headway.

Thursday, April 2nd, begins with fine weather and fresh breeze. 4 a.m. began steaming to Stephano to recover part of crew which we believed to be on board her, 6 a.m. some men seen on ice walking towards us and sent men to meet them, 8 a.m. second hand Tuff and others were taken on board and reported that they left the Stephano Tuesday afternoon to pan seals. Thick weather prevented them from getting on board ship.

All the men returned are frozen bit and report many more frozen and dead. Stephano and Bellaventure began searching the ice for men.

Picked Up Sixty

Bellaventure reported picking up 60 of our men at noon; Stephano 1. Ice close and heavy, ship not making any headway. 8 p.m. light breeze from S.E., clear weather and overcast sky.

Friday, April 3rd, begins with dull sky and thick weather. 8 a.m. weather clearing, 9 a.m. the Stephano steamed alongside with 2 of our men alive and two dead, which were transferred to Bellaventure.

After calling roll all sick men on board were transferred to Bellaventure. 3 p.m. got under way. 4 p.m. spoke to Florizel; moderate breeze, northerly, spitting snow, 8 p.m. fresh breeze N.W. and dull sky.

arrived at St. John's on Tuesday, April 7, at 8 p.m.

Varied Experience.

To Dr. Lloyd—Have been a master mariner five years, foreign voyages. Was navigator in Beothic once. Have been three years in the Arctic regions in Canadian Government service, on the S.S. Arctic as 2nd and 3rd officer, from 1906 to 1909. Wintered in 1906-7 at Pond's Inlet, Baffin Land. In 1908-9 we wintered in Winter Harbor, Melville Island. Between whiles was at Quebec refitting. Have been to Greenland, master of S.S. Kite, in 1911. In 1912 in the Neptune, master in the "Lucky Scott" expedition to Baffin's Land. Know ice fairly well.

I noticed that in working to the westward during week of disaster we worked through strings of heavy ice. On Monday, March 30th, the ice was heavy and rafted. From Friday, 27, to Tuesday, 31, we were in heavy rafted ice.

The plan marked 'A.K.I.' showing the lay of ice and the dividing line between the heavy and smaller ice, appears to be correct according to my observation.

On Wednesday evening we steamed through heavy ice N. W. to W. about five miles, and I observed the Stephano steaming Tuesday morning, clearly in loose, whelping ice.

Very High Reading.

The barometer showed 30.60 at noon March 30th; don't think I have seen a higher reading than taken this year. The change from 30.60 at noon to 30.40 at 7 a.m. on Tuesday was nothing to excite any apprehension of weather. The drop from 30.40 at 7 a.m. to 30.15 at noon was considerable. This would indicate more wind and weather; this gave notice of the gale which came. The drop of another 35-100ths at 8 p.m. was also considerable.

The glass dropped faster in the afternoon than in the forenoon. At 10.30 a.m. I noticed the glass was dropping. Did not see it between that and noon. I saw the glass a good many times between noon and 8 p.m.; the rate of dropping was greater as the storm increased during the evening.

No Thermometer.

I did not watch the thermometer. We had none on board. Have never been on any ship other than a schr. that did not carry a thermometer. In order to judge weather conditions it is necessary to consult a thermometer.

The Toronto weather forecast would be an aid to a mariner in helping him to form his judgment. I think it would be valuable information. Some men might not use it, because they would not take it into consideration. The sun was not bright on the morning of the 31st. I did not notice any sun hounds that morning. I have seen them. They are caused by the state of the atmosphere, and indicate weather before close of day.

Saw Her in Seals.

I heard our captain from the barrel on Monday say, "The Stephano is in the seals." I saw the after derrick of the Stephano up when he made the remark. We were then trying to work towards her and kept on, but made little progress. The ship was working up to the time I turned in at 11 p.m., and so far as I know afterwards.

There was nothing to prevent men

going on the ice on the Tuesday morning. I understood when the men left that if seals were plenty they would work at panning all day and put up on the Stephano, and work from that next day. The weather was too bad that afternoon to pan seals.

When the men who returned came aboard, the captain said to them, "the other men are aboard the Stephano, and if they are panning seals tomorrow the day will be just as it will take you all day to get there."

These men came on board at 1.30 p.m. It was at this time the captain made the remark. I was convinced that the captain felt that his men were safe out of storm at 1.30.

Saw Them Go On Board.

At noon the captain told me when he came down from the barrel that he had seen his men go aboard the Stephano.

About 12 o'clock the steward called the captain to dinner, and the boatswain, John Tizzard, took his place in the barrel. When the captain down it was getting poorer for spying. The boatswain might have been in the barrel half an hour, possibly less, when he came down, as he could not see the men. He went on the bridge and kept the whistle blowing until I relieved him after I finished my dinner. The whistle was blowing to direct the men towards us.

At dinner the captain said, "our men are all right, they are on the Stephano, and father will look out for them."

The captain said nothing to lead us to believe he had seen his men leave the Stephano. The boatswain made no remark to me about seeing the men leave the Stephano. He was specially watching the men who were returning.

The whistle was blowing between 5 and 5.30 because he may have thought there would be somebody around. Any men might wander in a storm on the ice.

Spoke About It.

The boatswain spoke to the captain about 5 as to blowing the whistle. He came to the cabin. The captain said he could blow it if he liked, but he did not think it was necessary. The boatswain then went to the bridge and blew the whistle. Between 1.30 and 5 the whistle was not blown. The captain was not anxious and turned in early.

We talked together and the captain said his men would have a chance to exchange "cuffers" with the Stephano's crew. The captain was not anxious next day, until 11 p.m. on Wednesday, so far as I noticed, when we were about a mile and a half from the Stephano, and she did not come towards us, and we could get no closer. The Stephano had been making no attempt during the day to get to us.

Wondered At It.

It was about 11 the captain remarked, "It's a wonder father don't steam down with the boys."

I said, "Perhaps he's burnt down and don't want to move till daylight."

I was not then anxious. I thought everything was all right. At that time it was not fit to go from one ship to the other. I don't think we could have communicated, except by fires or similar signal.

We had no night signals, such as rockets. I think every ship sailing out of the narrows should be compelled to carry rockets and blue lights.

Next morning from the barrel the

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COVERS MOST, LOOKS BEST, WEARS LONGEST, MOST ECONOMICAL, FULL MEASURE

Blundell Spence & Co.

ENGLISH MIXED PAINTS for

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Also a full line of

Paint and Varnish Brushes.

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captain saw some men coming towards our ship early. He at once came down and called me and said, "My God, Captain Green, I see some of my men. I know there's something terrible after happening. What are we going to do?"

Greatly Excited.

He asked me to put up a signal. He was greatly excited. His nerves seemed all gone. It was a knock-out blow to him and matters were practically left in my hands. I put up a distress signal.

About 8 o'clock the men came on board.

When the 29 men came back on Tuesday I heard them say they did not see anything to go for; they got no orders; saw no seals; it began spitting snow, and they thought it better to come back.

I am of opinion that if we had a wireless system on board the catastrophe would have been averted. I don't think one man would have been lost.

Capt. Green's evidence was not concluded. The hearing was adjourned at 7 p.m. until Friday afternoon at 3 p.m.

Friday's Session.

Friday, April 17th. The hearing was resumed at 3 p.m. John E. Hisecock (sworn), examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to Carbonear, was on the Newfoundland this spring.

We left our ship on March 31st at 7 a.m. and reached the Stephano at 12 o'clock by my watch. It was fine when we left out ship but the sky was overcast, could see the sun.

When we reached the Stephano it was snowing thick with wind blowing a good breeze.

There was one watch crew ahead of us. I was second man in Thomas Dawson's watch. Capt. A. Kean told us to come on board as quick as we could and get a mug up as he wanted to get to his own men. Capt. Kean said, "Hurry up, boys and get some dinner, I want to put you on some seals." I was on deck then.

When we came on deck, I spoke to my master watch, asked him if he got a mug up, he said no, he could not get it; it was then snowing very thick. I said to Dawson, it's very dirty; he said yes, and it's getting worse. It was too windy for us to stay on the port side, we came on the starboard side to await orders.

George Tuff was then on the bridge not many men on deck then. Capt. Kean came out on the bridge and ordered all our men on deck and then out on the starboard side.

Travelling Directions. After we got on the ice Capt. Kean said to Tuff, "Now George, you go S. W., follow my carcasses and you'll find about 1400 seals. Kill them and go on board your own ship." He then told us to cross his bow, as he wanted to get to his men, some of whom were six miles from him. We crossed her head to the S.W.

When she lay broadside to us we were on the port side. She then moved away, the last man had to run to get across her head. "The wind was then S.E.E. We moved towards the seals as directed. Tuff was on the bridge when Capt. Kean told him the direction of the seals. I was on the ice then.

Tuff was on the second bridge and the captain was on the first bridge. When he started to say this I was getting over the side; from where I was to Capt. Kean was 10 or 15 feet When Tuff got on the ice he sang

out to Captain Kean: "It looks for weather." The captain said: "No, my glass don't show for weather. Hurry up boys, I want to get to my own men."

About Two Hundred. When we got to the seals there were about 200. I heard Tuff tell Bungay to stop and kill them. Bungay stopped and stuck a flag, we went on about 100 yards and stopped. He said, "we're to the seals, boys." The 200 seals were scattered around where Bungay stopped and where we stopped. Tuff said then it's no use for us to stay here, boys, the weather is too bad, and seals are too scarce.

I asked him what we were going to do. He said we would have to go to our own ship. I asked him how long we were coming from the Newfoundland, he said he did not know. I told him five hours by my watch. I said it would take us six hours to go back. He said he supposed it would. He said, "boys that's all we can do, go for the Newfoundland." He said he did not know what direction the Stephano was going in. It was snowing then, could not see quarter of a mile.

We then left for the Newfoundland at 1 p.m. Tuff told Jones to go a little northern, and try to find our own path. We found it and travelled on till 4 o'clock when Dawson heard the whistle and we shouted. The sound of the whistle seemed to come from about S.E. in the direction we were going.

At 5 the watches got together, and Tuff said it looks like a night on the ice. The snow was then blinding. We then made shelter and prepared for the night on the ice. Our first man Mr. Jordan, died at 10 o'clock.

Got Together. At 12 o'clock the wind chopped about and it began to freeze hard. At daylight, Wednesday, McCarthy, my brother and myself left the pen to go for a better shelter. We met Tuff, he had left about 15 dead on our pan. Tuff said it was terrible bad.

My brother then gave out, taken with a pleurisy stitch.

I heard McCarthy say, "George Tuff said it was Kean's fault." We then went to leeward, could see nothing, got on a little pan and stayed till noon.

The sun then came out and I said 'boys, cheer up,' there were eight of us. I got on a pinnacle and saw a steamer's spars to windward. I said let's go for that steamer. McCarthy said he would go, my brother said he would try, and we went about a mile when he gave out.

McCarthy and I helped him along, when I fell in the water, reached a pan where there were men, some dead some dying, and my brother could go no further.

Helped Him Along. McCarthy then started for help and I was left with my brother and about 10 men dying on the pan. I took off my mits and gave my brother the last nourishment I had which was oatmeal and Radway's Relief, he revived a little.

I saw Tom Dawson nearly gone and went to him and told him there was a steamer alongside, and McCarthy's gone for help. He got on his knees, and seemed better.

I returned to my brother who was down on the pan; he said: "John, I can't die here, take me clear of the dead men."

I asked Kelloway if he was able to walk, and I said let's go to the other pan, I think they have a fire. Going I

(Continued on page 7.)

"I've Got Wise--Know Enough Now to Wear Gloves."

"Used to have my hands all crippled up--
"Everlastingly peelin' my knuckles--always scratching my hands on the edge of metal plates--
"But now I wear gloves; and say, it's far better than nursing hurt hands. These are

"Asbestol" Gloves.

"I've worn 'em every day for Lord knows how long--Don't look like they'd ever wear out, do they? Not a sign of a rip any place.

"I'm just as nimble-fingered as can be, and they fit well too.

"Wash like cloth--dry soft as new
"Never get hard or stiff, sweat, oil, grease, or water don't injure them.

"You certainly get splendid value every time in these 'Asbestol' gloves. Look for that 'Asbestol' trademark--it's the only way you can be sure of the genuine. The prices are low. See them today.



Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's

News of the City and the Outports

Annual Sports At St. Anthony

Large Crowd Gathers at the North Hospital Town to Watch French Shore Athletes

As it may interest those who sympathize with the Deep Sea Mission branch here, I give an account of its annual sports which took place 26th and 27th of March and were in every respect successful.

Friday appeared beautiful and calm and at nine o'clock a.m. the flag was upon the Mission pole announcing a welcome to all to attend and take part in the events. A large crowd had gathered when the first event took place and during the whole day there was nothing but enthusiasm all round, the day being so beautiful and the events so interesting.

The most notable event for the day was the Relay Race, first prize being won by A. Simms and the second prize by A. Ford.

Concert Held.

At 8 p.m. a concert was held in the Mission Hall under the management of Dr. Burton and Miss Fowler, which came off successfully, especially for the young folks. I heard one old gentleman remark that he did not notice anything in it to interest him. But that is the general expression of these good old men on such affairs; if they were back to about twenty years younger they would not express their opinion in such a way, and I am sure the performance was very interesting to the young who I imagine it was intended to impress.

Probably the reason the old gentleman did not appreciate the performance was the dialogue acted by Mr. McNeil, Mrs. Simms and Miss Penney in which a strong feeling towards the suffragettes cause was shown by the lady actors. I imagine it would appear rather awkward to the old gentleman if he had to be "bossed" by his wife after forty years of his governorship. But consider how interesting the dialogue appeared to us young folks.

Second Day of It.

The next day proved equally as sociable and the remaining events were gone through before quite a number of spectators, with "French Shore" athletes to take part.

The two most notable events were the Dog Team race and eight mile race. The first prize for the former was won by Mr. Elliott, and first prize for the latter by Mr. W. Simms, a good specimen of an all-round athlete.

I should think every praise is due to the Mission and its people here. They are doing much good, not only in this locality, but almost every day there is a call for Dr. Little or his associates to go and relieve some poor person miles away. Still we hear some bitter words said against the Mission. But such can be passed unheeded when we can see goodness and happiness gleaming in their path.

—F. G. M., Opr. St. Anthony.

"PEPITA"

Last night's presentation of "Pepita" was all that could be desired. The reserved seats were nearly all occupied and the gallery was much larger than on former occasions.

Miss Strang was presented with a beautiful bouquet, and Mr. Hazel also received a token for his work.

To-night will be the last chance of seeing this very creditable performance.

C.C.C. BAND DANCE

The C.C.C. band intend holding a dance in the British Hall on April 27th, in aid of the Disaster Fund.

That it will be successful is a foregone conclusion.

Here is a chance for young ladies to assist.

The band would like their friends to provide refreshments, and they would like them to call at the band room, Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday evening next.

NICKEL CROWDED AGAIN

The Nickel Theatre was crowded again last evening, in spite of the stormy weather.

The pictures were splendid and were watched with the greatest interest.

The soloists, Miss Gardner and Mr. Walter McCarthy were in excellent form again and were warmly applauded. The programme will be repeated this evening.

STEPHANO'S MEN SUBSCRIBE

The Stephano's sealers are subscribing to the Disaster Fund. All the amounts are not yet in.

Western Fishery Prospects Good

Ice is Still Lingering Around the Coast, But Fishery Will Improve When It Goes Off.

The following fishery report was received yesterday by the Board of Trade: "(Channel to Port aux Basques), from T. Soper, April 11th—Four boats and 21 dories and skiffs are fishing. No bankers have arrived from the grounds to date. Prospects are very good at present, and frozen herring is being used for bait. The 7th was the only day of the week that any fishing was done, and those who got out did fairly well. The ice embargo is the great evil just now. To-day, the 11th, it is very fine, with a little north-west wind, but the ice is close home to the shore and the fishing skiffs cannot get out. The 6th and 9th were very stormy, a strong easterly wind prevailing."

MISSIONARY SERVICES AT GEORGE ST. CHURCH

To-morrow is Missionary Anniversary Sunday in this Church. Rev. Henry Godfrey, of Heart's Content, will be the preacher at the morning service. In the evening a platform meeting will be held, Hon. Jas. Angel occupying the chair. Rev. H. Godfrey will give the address.

Much of the Easter music, which produced such favorable comment last Sunday, will be repeated. The collections, morning and evening, will be appropriated for missions.

HOW THE WEATHER IS FORECASTED

(Continued from page 1)

The meteorological service was intended to serve the mariners first of all and very helpful the latter find it. Sub-stations have been erected on various parts of our sea coasts and that high winds are likely to prevail in along the shores of the great lakes and at these storm signals are displayed when Toronto advises them their own immediate locality. For moderate gales these signals take the form of a cone hoisted to a high mast; if very heavy wind is predicted, a cylinder is attached to the cone and the two are displayed together. The timely warnings issued by these stations have saved many a gallant ship and crew from destruction. The farmer in the prairie provinces, watching a young wheat crop, and his brother agriculturist in the fruit districts anxiously scan the weather bulletins issued by the service each day. The manufacturer learns just when and how to ship his perishable goods. Last, but not least, the forecasts of probable weather conditions save picnic and excursion parties from much anxiety, discomfort and inconvenience.

ST. MARY'S COLLECTION

The members of St. Mary's Church are reminded that the collections to-morrow will be given to the Disaster Fund.

NOTICE!

The Ex-members of the C.L.B. who are interested in organizing a corps under the auspices of the C.L.B. Old Comrades Association, are invited to attend drill at the Armoury on Monday, April 20th, under command of Capt. R. F. Goodridge, late of A. Company.

H. GREEN, Secretary C.L.B.O.C.

F. J. Morris, K.C. E. Leo Carter.

Morris & Carter BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

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Municipal Council Weekly Meeting

Proceedings Were Presided Over By Councillor Martin.—Lengthy Order Paper

Councillor Martin presided yesterday, the other members of the Board being present.

The Solicitor reported the Council not responsible for claim for damages made by Mrs. Froude, Duckworth St.

The claim of Edward Neary which has been standing over for some time was settled, the Council accepting \$110.00.

Dr. Macpherson was given permission to build stable, subject to approval of the Health Officer.

Plans from D. Dempsey, of proposed dwelling, Cabot Street, were approved.

Plans from F. Rioux, of proposed building on Waterford Bridge Road, were passed.

Davey Bros. were given permission to make repairs to O'Dwyer's Block, Water Street.

Harvey & Co. complained of refuse paper blowing into their factory, which was left piled by the Sanitary Staff near by.—Referred to Sanitary Supervisor.

G. M. Barr's tender for oil, for street watering purposes, was accepted.

G. A. Hutchings, Portugal Cove Road, made claim for \$20.00 for damage caused by defective water pipes. Referred to Solicitor.

Councillor Mullaly asked questions as to arbitrations, the names of the arbitrators and the amounts paid, and by what authority the tax master Browning awarded an amount to one of the officials.

The Secretary replied, but the information was not satisfactory to Councillor Mullaly, who held that no official of the Council should be paid for such work, which was part of his regular duty. After a heated debate the meeting adjourned at 5 p.m., and the matter will be again discussed at another meeting.

SHIPPING

PARTHENIA SAILS

S. S. Parthenia, Capt. Whimster, sailed for England at 7.30 this morning. She has a pleasant time off, and should make good trip across.

NOVELTY ARRIVES

The schr. Novelty, Capt. Benson, 21 days from Barbados, has arrived to A. S. Rendell & Co.

Splendid weather was experienced; not a single pan of ice was seen.

The Novelty's cargo of 615 puncheons of molasses is for Messrs. Ayre & Sons.

LATEST FROM THE KYLE

The following message was received by Colonial Secretary Bennett last night:

"At 6.30 p.m. Cape Spear bearing North West, 138 miles; snowing since 3 a.m.; blowing strong until noon. Wind veering North East. Barometer 28.40. Heavy sea; could do nothing to day."

PICCOTT."

Bruce arrived at Basques at 8.20 a.m.

Lintrose arrive at North Sydney at 2.20 a.m.

S.S. Forehand left New York at 1 p.m. Friday.

S.S. Adventure will not sail until Tuesday next.

Pomeranian leaves Liverpool today for St. John's.

Portia left Marystown at 8.40 a.m. She is due to-morrow afternoon about 2.

Messrs. Shea & Co. had a wireless from the Sardinian that at 8 last evening she was stopped 260 miles off St. John's. The ice was impassable to the westward. The steamer will skirt southward to find an opening to get through. She is not expected before to-morrow.

The express train is due at 10 p.m.

NO CHANGE AT OPORITO

The Fisheries Department had a cablegram from Oporto yesterday that there was no change in the price of fish since last report.

Fund Now Near \$50,000 Mark.

The Honorary Treasurer of the Relief Committee begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following subscriptions:

Already acknowledged \$43,209.99

Heart's Content Lodge, S.U. F., per S. A. Earle, Sec. 50.00

Mrs. Henry Crawford, proceeds of "Social" 35.00

Winnie C. 4.27

Collected by Messrs. Harris and Hepburn, 3rd Instal.

T. D. Carew 2.00

J. E. B. 5.00

W. J. Clouston 30.00

Employees of W. J. Clouston 13.50

Mrs. O'Regan 4.00

A. A. Delgado 10.00

Wm. McKay 1.00

W. F. Power 5.00

S. H. Parsons & Sons 20.00

Miss Stick 20.00

W. F. Donnelly 5.00

A. Friend 1.00

F. J. Barnes 5.00

P. J. O'Reilly 5.00

Fred C. Grant 10.00

J. F. Clarke 5.00

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J. P. Gleeson 2.50

P. J. Gleeson 2.50

A. Friend 50.00

R. J. White 2.00

T. F. McGrath 5.00

T. H. O'Neill 25.00

J. T. Lamb 25.00

W. R. Warren, K.C. 25.00

Messrs. J. & F. Davey 50.00

Stephen Bradbury 5.00

Collected by Messrs. P. F. Moore and W. J. Higgins, 1st Instalment:

Furlong & Conroy 100.00

Mrs. M. A. Weathers 10.00

G. N. in memory of Winnie W. E. Brophy 5.00

Mrs. W. E. Brophy 1.00

Miss McCrindle 1.50

J. Meehan 5.00

Mrs. Gale 2.00

Moore & Co. 10.00

N. J. Vinnicombe 5.00

John Hearn 5.00

J. J. St. John 20.00

John Clouston 10.00

James Cormack 25.00

P. J. O'Neill 2.00

W. H. G. Bursell 5.00

T. R. McGrath 5.00

Aubrey Crocker 5.00

C. H. Renouf 5.00

A. LeMessurier 5.00

T. P. Jackman 5.00

H. V. Hutchings 10.00

P. J. Fitzgerald 5.00

T. S. Devine 5.00

W. Carnell 5.00

D. M. MacFarlane 5.00

Dr. R. A. Brehm 25.00

P. A. Walsh 1.00

J. Bailey 1.00

W. E. Beams 10.00

James Mayo 1.00

J. F. C. 5.00

W. H. Kennedy 20.00

William Spurrell 5.00

Nfld. Hockey League 100.00

J. M. Tobin 25.00

A. Findlater 10.00

J. Sage 5.00

J. R. 2.00

T. Malone 2.00

Mrs. McCourt 1.00

T. H. 2.00

W. H. Jessop 1.00

Mrs. Conway 1.00

Miss Carey 1.00

R. Maher 5.00

C. B. Cliff 10.00

F. A. Mews 5.00

J. C. Cahill 5.00

Dr. A. Campbell 5.00

G. T. Carty 5.00

William Duggan 5.00

Inspector O'Brien 2.00

James Harris 10.00

Wm. Pridewell 5.00

W. C. Pearce 5.00

J. W. Kent 2.00

G. R. Burt 5.00

A. Friend 5.00

F. C. Brien 3.00

J. P. Blackwood 80.00

Wood & Kelly 100.00

Dr. H. Rendell 20.00

H. H. Carter, K.C. 10.00

Miss M. Walsh 1.00

R. G. Ash & Co. 25.00

A. T. Wood 5.00

Jas. Farnson 5.00

Dr. W. and M. Roberts 20.00

Percie Johnson 25.00

Hon. S. D. Blandford 20.00

G. E. T. 5.00

J. W. McNelly 100.00

T. J. Thorburn 5.00

S. Hart 2.50

A. J. Bayly 5.00

H. J. Duder 1.00

W. Noel 5.00

Bernard McGrath 5.00

S. Churchill 5.00

W. Churchill 5.00

T. Bonia and family 15.00

F. C. Berteau 5.00

W. M. Clapp 25.00

Poor Civil Servant 1.00

L. E. Emerson 5.00

R. Alsop 1.50

Chief Justice Horwood 100.00

Mr. Justice Emerson 25.00

Mr. Justice Johnson 50.00

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LIMITED.

Thrilling Film At The Casino

The "Last Days of Pompeii" will be presented at the Casino Theatre next week. The following will be read with interest:

Glaucus, a young Athenian, is in love with Ione, the most beautiful woman in Pompeii. Arbaces, an Egyptian high priest, who is powerful, also loves her but is repulsed.

Nydia, the blind daughter of a king, is enslaved owned by Burbo, a retired Gladiator and keeper of a Tavern. He sends her to sell flowers, and the best people in Pompeii become interested in her.

Arbaces sends for Nydia to dance before his guests in the temple. Returning to her master, she refuses to take part in future orgies. Burbo is angered and beats her. Her cries reach the ear of Glaucus, who rushes in and buys the blind slave.

Love Passages

Nydia thanks the gods and falls in love with her new master. Glaucus gives Nydia to Ione. Arbaces seeks to discredit his rival by telling Ione that Glaucus has boasted of her love.

Ione calls Glaucus to account, and he straightaway asks her to wed him. Arbaces lures Ione to the temple. Nydia inform Glaucus of his fiancée's peril. He rushes to the temple, almost strangles the priest and rescues Ione. Julia, daughter of the rich Diomed, loves Glaucus, and brazenly shows it.

She asks Arbaces for a philtre to make Glaucus love her. He sends her to an old witch at the foot Mt. Vesuvius. She then instructs the witch to give Julia a poison of madness, instead of the love philtre. She obeys. Nydia accompanies Julia.

She steal the love philtre and gives it to Glaucus with her own hand, in

"Viola Jolliffe 10.00
"Marjorie Jolliffe 5.00
"Ashton Jolliffe 5.00
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Salvation Army, No. 1 Corps, Easter Sunday Collections, per John Badcock, Treas. 100.00

\$46,878.93

R. WATSON, Hon. Treasurer.

April 18th.

order that he may love her. Glaucus goes mad. Arbaces murders Apacides, calls the populace and accuses Glaucus. Calenus, a miserly priest, saw the deep and Arbaces imprisons him in the temple.

Thrown in Dungeon

Glaucus, now sane, is thrown into a dungeon, and condemned to fight the Ions. Nydia informs Sallust, a friend of Glaucus, who releases Calenus, and they arrive as Glaucus is thrown into the Arena.

Sallust denounces Arbaces as the real murderer, and the inflamed populace throw the priest to the blood Mt. Vesuvius then awakens, belches forth a river of molten lava, and the people, blinded by smoke, run hither and thither.

Nydia, accustomed to find her way in darkness, guided Glaucus and Ione to the seashore; a boat takes them to the ocean.

That night, as Nydia heard Ione murmuring words of love to Glaucus, she muttered: "May the gods bless you, Glaucus; may you be happy with your beloved one; may you sometimes think of Nydia. Alas, she is of no use on earth." A sailor dozing on deck heard a splash. They did not know until morning that Nydia had perished.

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN.

Every successful business man can give reasons for his prosperity. Most essential to any success is a careful and ceaseless attention to details. Every well conducted office or store in the world finds that simple and effective filing systems are an absolute necessity. No employer will waste his own time or allow waste with his staff by using old fashioned methods. The benefits derived from the time and money-saving system which "Globe-Wernicke" devices encourage are self-evident. Not a paper can go astray when the "Safeguard" method of this Company is used. And no matter how complicated your filing problem, no matter how peculiar, no matter how small or how large, the "Globe-Wernicke" can provide you with the equipment that will place every record at your finger tips. Why not investigate? Mr. Percie Johnson represents the "Globe" in Newfoundland.

WANTED--By May 1st, a House, East End preferred. Reply to R. D., Daily Mail Office—ap54.