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THE DAILY MAIL.

WEATHER REPORT.

Toronto (noon)—Easterly gales with snow or rain. Tuesday: Strong, westerly, clearing.

VOLUME 1, No. 68.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1914.

PRICE:—1 CENT.

Tales Of Suffering And Woe Related By Survivors Of The Terrible "Newfoundland" Sealing Tragedy.

HOW THE STORM-SMITTEN MEN FOUGHT WITH DEATH FOR LIFE ON THE WIND-SWEPT ICE FLOE

Many Tales Told of Outstanding Heroic Acts in Face of Common Peril.

MEN FORGOT THEMSELVES TO ASSIST THEIR COMRADES.

Peculiar and Striking Incidents of These Long Hours of Suffering And Tragedy.

St. John's scarcely understood the awful reality of the tragedy which snuffed out the lives of close on four score men of the sealer Newfoundland's crew until the arrival of the Bellaventure on Saturday with the bodies.

It seemed almost impossible for the average mind to comprehend the whole ghastly fact.

Then the rescue ship made port; the survivors were landed and the task began of putting the bodies on shore.

Up the wharf approach came four of the Ambulance Workers with a burdened stretcher, its load covered by a kindly sheet alike from prying, curious eyes and the bright rays of the spring sun. That which occupied the stretcher moved not at all. It was lifeless, inert clay—the first of the scores of bodies that followed each other up that roadway in mournful procession until the whole of the sixty nine had been taken ashore to the Mortuary Chamber in the Seamen's Institute.

Then St. John's fully awoke to the extent of the terrible disaster that has befallen the city itself of some of its industrious citizens; has plunged hundreds of families into the deepest sorrow, and has cast a dark pall of grief over the whole country.

"Gone from our homes; gone, gone, gone—ah, gone are those we loved!"

Wonderful Crowds.

Their freedom from the usual occupations of the week gave the citizens of St. John's an opportunity of strolling down to the Seamen's yesterday. The place was literally the centre of attraction for the whole of the city, and there were very few, indeed, barring those incapacitated by personal or family sickness, who did not walk to East Water Street at some time during the day to watch developments at the House of Death.

Of course, at the time of the arrival of the Bellaventure there was a record crowd on the street by Harvey's wharf and East and West of that spot, too. On Saturday afternoon Water Street opposite the Seamen's Institute was literally packed with people, the crowd extending West almost as far as Prescott Street. To the East the big gathering filled the Beach and overflowed down across Water Street to the King's wharf. The procession of the survivors and of the dead to the Seamen's Institute was, of course, the event that attracted these thousands of people. By throngs remained even after the last of the dead bodies had been taken ashore and hundreds hung around until late in the night.

Of course, nobody but those on business of some kind or other, was allowed into the building itself, but large numbers seemed quite content to endure the chill winds of the afternoon and evening and the damp discomfort of the sloppy roadway and pavements for the slender satisfaction of watching things from the outside.

And it was just the same yesterday. While the crowd at any one time was never so great as on Saturday from four o'clock in the afternoon to long after dark, yet many times the number of people yesterday visited the neighborhood of the Institute at some time or other.

Other Sealers Arrive.

From their stations on Water Street near the Beach, the people could see right out the Narrows. Therefore it was that the crew of the Erik were surprised to see so many folk watch-

ing their arrival in port early in the afternoon. And then, about an hour later, the crowds on shore saw the Terra Nova steam into the harbor. As she rounded into the Narrows from the South she was gallily decorated with bunting, each one of her three tall spars holding aloft a string of fluttering flags.

"She knows nothing about this terrible thing," said a spectator. "The tug John Green was making out through the Narrows to pick up a schooner anchored outside and she ran across the stern of the Terra Nova and gave the Captain the sad news. Down came all the symbols of rejoicing and the successful sealer from the Gulf entered port with her tall spars unadorned except for a small ensign flying from the mizzen gaff."

As soon as the Terra Nova was berthed at the South Side numbers of her crew put across the harbor in boat and visited the Institute to learn particulars of the tragedy. Many of them boarded the Bellaventure at Harvey's lower wharf to compare notes with the crew of the rescue ship and to gather information from those who had either assisted in getting the living and the dead off the ice or had been eyewitnesses of the scene.

The news of the tragedy came to the Terra Nova's men with the suddenness of a thunderbolt and the majority of these hardy men shed tears of sympathy and grief as they listened to the various recitals of the tale of woe and suffering.

Terrible Crush.

The crush of spectators about the front of the Institute was especially great when the encoffined bodies of over thirty victims were taken out about half past three o'clock and placed on sledges for conveyance to the railroad station where they were placed on board a special train and run out to their home towns around the bays. Hats were reverently lifted and men and women stood with bowed heads as the sadly large number ofaskets was brought out and when the procession started for the station large numbers of the spectators joined it as a mark of their respect for the dead and thousands of others walked West along the Water Street pavements. And so great were the throngs on the sidewalks that it was virtually an impossibility to go in any direction except that taken by the crowd on either side.

St. John's streets have seen many notable processions during the long and eventful history of the city, but nothing to compare with that of yesterday as the flag covered coffins of the victims of the sealing tragedy were conveyed to the station.

In the Mortuary Chamber.

Sadly impressive was the scene in the Mortuary Chamber at the Seamen's Institute when the task of landing the scores of bodies of the victims of the sealing tragedy had been completed. As the visitor entered the whole awful sight stood right out before him in all its ghastly distinctness.

Right and left were bodies of the poor unfortunates. Row after row they extended the whole length of the Grenfell Hall and on the broad platform at the far end were upwards of a dozen more atif and stark as death had found them.

Scene in the Hall.

The Hall was brightly lit so that every feature of the scene stood out clear, distinct and horrifying. Of course, the idea of these in charge of the arrangements was to have the illumination of the Death Chamber as good as possible, so that mistakes in identification might be obviated, but a secondary effect of the bright electric lights was to present death, its uncertainties and its cruel inexorable workings visibly in the remains of its subjects; the poor, storm-beaten bodies of those on whom it had suddenly and irresistibly swooped.

In the Hall were scores of people, all busy at the sadly necessary work of identifying the numerous bodies. There were the officials, brisk, energetic ceaselessly on the move about their self-imposed and self-sacrificing task, but courteous alike to one and all that approached them with questions and inquiries. And, withal, there was manifest, in the gentle respectful way in which the poor bodies were handled, a sorrow for the awful tragedy and a kindly sympathy for those who had been its victims.

Capable and energetic, Dr. Camp-

(Continued at top of column 5)

PATIENTS TREATED IN BRIGADE HOSPITAL SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE

Cecil Tiller, Newtown, B.B. frostbitten toe.
Alfred Hayward, Bonavista, uninjured.
Arthur Abbott, Bonavista, uninjured.
Robert Hicks, Doting Cove, uninjured.
Thomas Groves, Bonavista, uninjured.
Joe Randell, Bonavista, uninjured.
Thos. Ryan, Turks Cove, ice blind.
Sydney Jones, Newtown, B.B., frost-bitten finger.
Jacob Bungay, Newtown, B.B., ice blind.
Frederick Hunt, Wesleyville, ice blind and frostbitten toe.
Benjamin Leary, Carbonear, ice blind.
Philip Abbott, Doting Cove, Fogo, frostbitten toe.
Philip Templiman, Newtown, B.B., frostbitten feet.
John E. Hiscock, Carbonear, frostbitten toe and thumb.
Jacob Dalton, Catalina, ice blind, toes and wrist frozen.
Jesse Collins, Newport, B.B., ice blind.

CITY AND COUNTRY ARE UNITED IN COMMON BOND OF GRIEF OVER THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY

(Continued from column 3)
bell, the Port Medical Officer, was in charge, supervising the work of identifying the bodies and removing them to the temporary undertaking room down stairs. With him was associated a big number of assistants who checked up the bodies that were identified, tagged them with a number or letter to indicate their identity and then bore them off for preparation for interment.

Home By Train Yesterday.
Benjamin Leary, Carbonear.
John E. Hiscock, Carbonear.
Richard McCarthy, Carbonear.

Many prominent men were also present, the number including Mr. Bennett, the Colonial Secretary; Mr. Cashin, Minister of Finance and Customs; Mr. A. B. Morine and Mr. J. G. Stone, M.H.A. for Trinity District, rendering assistance in the work of identifying the victims. Mr. Stone's District is hit especially hard and he secured the assistance of some of his constituents who were survivors of the tragedy to help him in the kindly task of ascertaining the names of those who had succumbed that he might be able to telegraph definite information to the relatives and friends.

Not Pleasant.
The mortuary was not by any means a pleasant place to visit nor were the sights there to be seen at all conducive to a peaceful frame of mind. Through all the hum and stir of busy preparation Death insinuated his presence. There was no forgetting, in the presence of four score bodies that the Angel of the White Horse had triumphed over mortality.

The seats of the Grenfell Hall had been placed together to form receptacles for holding the bodies until they were removed to the undertakers and their assistants. These improvised tables extended from the wall at either side to the middle aisle and practically all held two bodies. The receptacles were decently draped with palls of a white material and the dark clothed bodies stood out from the white background in almost startling clearness.

Garbed As In Life.
The bodies were garbed exactly as they were when taken from the ice on the morning of the fateful day of discovery. Some of them were clothed in moleskin, others in rough tweeds with the ordinary gear of the sealer on their feet. Many of them were bareheaded, but several wore a kind of Nansen cap and the eyes of others were protected by smoked-glass goggles.

Some of the victims had evidently been men in the very prime of life. Quite a few preserved the youthful look of life even after putting up a losing game with death. Several apparently had not come to years of manhood and looked pitifully boyish as their dead faces looked straight up at the brightly lit ceiling. The majority, must, while alive, have been splendid specimens of manhood,—that was evident from the broad and general build of the discarded human shells. One body in particular impressed the visitor as having been that of a young man of especial strength and virility. There was the high, noble forehead, from which the abundance of hair was neatly brushed back; the strong, handsome face; the breadth of chest; the length and girth of limb that marked him as having, in life, been an all-round man.

Lay As Death Found Them.

The bodies lay in almost the same postures as when, on the storm-swept ice-floe, the spirit fled and death entered and took possession. Some few faces were pale and set, but most were drawn and over-flushed. Some of the bodies lay with outstretched arms and legs, but for the most part the knees were much flexed and a feet planted as square on the seats as if the men were lying there for a rest with their lags drawn up. In the majority of cases the fists were clenched and the arms and hands held out in front of the bodies as if to ward off a blow. Here and there hands were held up almost in the attitude of supplication.

And what a study there was in fixed expressions. One could almost imagine that when death blew its icy breath in these faces, the fierce determination to live; the desire to ward off impending fate; the horror of such an end as theirs was destined to be, was fixed there eternally. And who could expect it to be otherwise in the case of young, healthy and hardy men

Everything Possible Done to Make Survivors Comfortable and Show Respect For Dead.

SAD PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY TO THE STATION.

Bodies of Thirty Victims Sent Out to Homes by Special Train Yesterday.

thus suddenly smitten down and removed when life seemed most desirable to them.

Peaceful in Death.
One or two there were of mature age—men who evidently had passed the half-century mark. With them death seemed to have dealt much more kindly than with the majority of their fellow-victims. Their features were pale and set and peaceful and one could well imagine that, they had grown drowsy and had slept right into death, passing without a struggle. Perhaps, because of a lower vitality than that of their comrades in misfortune and death, the grim victor found them easier to overcome than these fine full-blooded, strong-hearted young chaps whose faces so startlingly indicated the determined, persistent light they had put up against unkind fate.

Sad Assemblage.
And what a sad, sad assemblage was there on the broad platform. Side by side lay the poor chaps whom the Great Pilot had summoned thus suddenly and tragically across the Bar. Clothed, booted and capped as when in active, industrious life they reposed, sleeping the long, deep, unawaking sleep of death. At their heads was a great cross of pure white artificial flowers that appealed to the unlooker as emblematical of that other cross of hardship, of suffering they had borne for years that they might procure the necessities of life for themselves and those dependent on them. That cross they had shouldered unhesitatingly, yea even with a willing gladness even into the Valley of the Shadow that the duties of their lives might be performed as by strong men and true. And who is there will not believe that from that cross of unceasing struggle and suffering they passed to that Crown of everlasting Joy and Felicity in the Happiness of the House and Home not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

Sad Work of Identification.
And there were those present amongst the living who had known some one or two of the victims of an untimely fate in the family gathering or in the less intimate associations of life. There moved a woman, whose son was one of the crew of the Newfoundland and who was apprehensive lest he might have shared the hard fate that had overtaken so many of his comrades. Slowly she made her way from table, peering with fearful intentness into each dead face and turning away at last after her slow and careful round with something akin to a sob of joy that after all her loved one was, as the list had indicated, amongst the saved. And in this incident one learned a striking lesson of the strength of a mother's love; learned that it is a compelling, a strengthening force that will support and sustain a frail woman amidst even the unpleasant sights of a mortuary chamber filled with the bodies of victims with whom death had dealt all too unkindly.

Looking For Brother.
A young man from an outthorbour pursued a patient unpleasant search until he located the remains of a brother. "Yes," he sadly exclaimed, "I feel sure that is John."

"Have you any certain means of identifying him?" asked a kindly assistant. "You know the features of a good many of these poor chaps have been distorted out of almost all likeness of young, healthy and hardy men

(Continued on page 6)

OFFICIAL LIST OF VICTIMS OF "NEWFOUNDLAND" TRAGEDY.

Name.	Place.
63—RAYMOND BASTOW	St. John's.
JOHN BRAZILL	St. John's.
C. DAVIS	St. John's.
DANIEL DOWNEY	St. John's.
CHARLES OLSEN	St. John's.
95—WILLIAM PEAR	Thorburn Road, St. John's.
S. DONOVAN	Petty Harbor.
J. RYAN	Goulds, St. John's W.
JOHN BUTLER	Pouch Cove.
VAL BUTLER	Pouch Cove.
B. JORDAN	Pouch Cove.
T. JORDAN	Pouch Cove.
PAT. GOSSE	Torbay.
20—W. LAWLOR	Horse Cove, Topsail.
88—JAMES PORTER	Manuels.
9—JOHN TAYLOR	Long Pond, C.B.
13—MICHAEL JOY	Harbor Main.
1—JOHN MERCER	Bay Roberts.
96—R. CORBETT	Clarke's Beach.
87—G. L. WHITNEY	Harbor Grace.
A. J. BRADBURY	Shearstown, C.B.
N. A. KELLOWAY	Carbonear.
8—JOSEPH HISCOCK	Carbonear.
7—A. MULLOWNEY	Bay Bulls.
73—JAMES RYAN	Fermeuse.
36—J. WILLIAMS	Ferryland.
G. C. FOLEY	Placentia.
34—P. LAMB	Red Island, P.B.
33—BENJAMIN CHAULK	Elliston, T.B.
15—NOAH TUCKER	Elliston, T.B.
50—ALBERT J. CREW	Elliston.
L—REUBEN CREW	Elliston.
32—ALEX GOODLAND	Elliston.
17—CHAS. COLE	Elliston.
12—W. OLDFORD	Elliston.
92—FRED. PEARCY	Winterton, T.B.
FB. MARSH	Deer Harbor, T.B.
45—A. WARREN	Hant's Harbor.
93—GEO. CARPENTER	Catalina.
65—W. J. TIPPETT	Little Catalina.
64—NORMAN TIPPETT	Little Catalina.
S—THEOPHILUS CHAULK, JR.	Little Catalina.
78—ABEL TIPPETT	Little Catalina.
H—EDWARD TIPPETT	Little Catalina.
51—CHARLES WARREN	New Perlican, T.B.
59—ROBERT MATTHEWS	New Perlican.
77—HEZEKIAH SEAWARD	New Perlican, T.B.
79—P. SEWARD	New Perlican.
39—S. CUFF	Bonavista.
42—THOMAS HICKS	Bonavista.
90—FRED CARROLL	Bonavista.
52—MARK HOWELL	Newtown, B.B.
6—ADOLPHUS HOWELL	Newtown, B.B.
71—ADOLPHUS DOWLING	Newtown, B.B.
67—EDGAR HOWELL	Newtown, B.B.
52—M. HOWELL	Newtown.
22—ROBERT BROWN	Fair Islands, B.B.
53—PERCY KEAN	Valleyfield, B.B.
91—BELI KEAN	Pound Cove, B.B.
74—ROBERT MAIDMENT	Shambler's Cove, B.B.
80—A. MAIDMENT	Shambler's Cove, B.B.
M—JOB EASTMAN	Greenspond.
41—W. FLEMING	Spillars Cove, B.B.
66—JONAS PICCOTT	Fair Islands, B.B.
62—FRED COLLINS	Newport, B.B.
82—D. ABBOTT	Doting Cove, Fogo.
Q—D. CUFF	Doting Cove, Fogo.
21—FRED HATCHER	Cat Harbor, Fogo.

N.B.—The marks and numbers preceding the name on this list were placed on the tags which were fastened to the bodies for identification purposes.

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WEATHER REPORT.

Toronto (noon)—Fresh North West winds, fair and cold to-day and on Wednesday.

VOLUME 1, No. 69.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1914.

PRICE:—1 CENT.

PREMIER ASQUITH OPENS CAMPAIGN IN EAST FIFE.

ARMY MUST KEEP OUT OF POLITICS.

Laws are to be Made and Approved Exclusively by Representatives in Parliament.

OTHERWISE THE MILITARY ENSURE GOVERNING POWERS

Spirit of Government Throughout British Dominions is and Must Remain Democratic.

London, April 6.—A brilliant spring day and notable scenes at Ladybank marked the opening yesterday by the Right Hon. Mr. Asquith of the election campaign in East Fife, rendered necessary by his acceptance of the Secretaryship of War.

The meeting took place in the village assembly room, and was opened by the usual formal business, including the adoption of the Prime Minister as the Liberal candidate. Mr. Asquith, Mrs. Asquith and daughter were given a rousing welcome.

His Explanation.

Mr. Asquith said he was submitting himself to the hazard and inconveniences of an election, because he had become Secretary of State for War. Without going into the incidents connected with that change he declared there had been genuine misunderstandings, and honest mistakes, but in his deliberate opinion there had been nothing, at any stage, or in any quarter, which cast the least doubt upon the honor of those immediately concerned.

None had better reason than he to know the zeal, devotion to duty and sense of responsibility of the military, as well as the naval forces. The very fact that the army rested upon a voluntary, and not a mercenary basis, was the best safeguard for the maintenance of the splendid, untarnished traditions of its redoubtable past.

Can Be Counted On.

"I am certain," continued Asquith, "that they can be counted upon from the highest to the lowest, without exception, to undertake duties which they may be required to discharge. The Army in this country is not a practical political instrument, and has no place in the framing of policy, or the moulding of our laws."

The Prime Minister said it was his duty in the post which he had assumed, by searching personal enquiry, with the co-operation upon which he could count on, to see that the Army was fit in every shifting condition, for its primary and elementary duty.

The Army would hear nothing of politics from him. He expected to hear nothing of politics from the Army. (Cheers.)

Domestic Responsibility.

Responsibility for the preservation of domestic peace, continued the Prime Minister, lay with the Magis-

HE DESIRES A PEACEABLE SETTLEMENT

Believes That Temporary Exclusion of Ulster Obviates Coercion of the Province.

CALLS UNIONIST TACTICS OUT-AND-OUT ANARCHY

Predicts Granting of Home Rule to all Countries Forming the United Kingdom.

trates and Police. Under normal conditions the army could not, and ought not, to be invoked by the civil power. It was only in emergencies, which were happily rare that any such call could be addressed to the army. When such occasion arose it was the duty of the soldier, as it was the duty of civilians to comply with the demands of the civil power, but these presentatory doctrines struck at the very root, not only of army discipline, but of democratic Government.

Where did they lead to? They set a precedent, which was capable of an infinite number of applications, and was much more dangerous in its consequences, than the one which went before it. If the Government was to recognize the existence of a dispensing and discriminating power they must recognize it not only in officers but in men, not only in the army but in everybody.

Grammar of Anarchy.

At a public meeting two years ago in this same hall he had described Tory doctrines as furnishing the complete grammar of anarchy. (Cheers.) He repeated now that these new dogmas, counter-signed by Tory leaders, would be invoked whenever the spirit of lawlessness undertook to block the ordered machinery of self-governing society.

Turning to the question of Home Rule, Mr. Asquith said—The Bill under the Parliament Act, which was not intended to be a dead letter, was far advanced on its road to the Statute Book. There was neither force nor plausibility in theory, electors were not left in the dark regarding the Government's intentions to take up Home Rule. His supposed silence on that topic was a favorite theme with Bonar Law.

Asquith quoted from a speech which

CAPTAIN MACDONALD IS EXONERATED.

Sydney, April 6.—The Post says that it will be learned with pleasure by the many friends of Capt. Dan, MacDonal, who had command of the City of Sydney, when she ran on Sambre Ledges has been exonerated from all blame for the occurrence.

OFFICER BECAME VILLA'S SCAPE GOAT.

Juarez, April 6.—Rudolfo Fierro, of Villa's staff, is to be executed for killing Wm. Benton on Feb. 17th, as a result of the findings of the commission of enquiry. He is now in the penitentiary at Chihuahua, and has been stripped of his rank. The Commission's report shows that when Benton upbraided Villa in the latter's office in Juarez, Villa ordered Fierro to place him under arrest, and take him to the penitentiary stripped of his rank and sent to Chihuahua.

Premier Appalled By The Disaster

London, April 6.—Sir Edward Morris, the Premier of Newfoundland who arrived here Saturday, on being interviewed stated that he had been appalled by the wireless message received on board the ship the day before landing conveying the news of the sealing disaster.

he delivered at St. Andrew's on December 7th, 1910, in which he dealt exclusively with Home Rule. We believe that settlement by consent is in the interests of the country, and both great political parties, continued the Premier, do not desire to see the new system, started under the most unfavorable conditions, amidst clouds and darkness and civil turmoil.

On the other hand those to whom Home Rule is repugnant cannot face with equanimity problems which the Government of Ireland presents, if by misadventure the new hopes and expectations of four-fifths of the Irish people were to be dashed to the ground.

Exclusion Plan.

Asquith recapitulated his temporary exclusion plan. While admitting its disadvantages, he said it had great merit, it at least got rid of any question of coercion, and gave the arbitration concerned the immediate arbitrament of ballot.

"I am anxious for peace, and, I say this for both sides, it must be peace with honor. In any settlement that is to come we must securely place the Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book, we hope and think such will not be incompatible with providing careful provisions to meet the convictions and susceptibilities of the minority. I firmly believe that in time, after experience, there will be a convergence of forces in the direction of complete Irish unity."

Universal to British Isles.

They must see some process applied with necessary variations, applied without undue delay, to other parts of the United Kingdom. The conviction that such reconstruction and constitutional organization would lead to greater efficiency in the conduct both of a local and Imperial interests, and to the quickened patriotism of every party would stimulate the larger patriotism of the whole.

OPPONENTS OF HOME RULE DEMONSTRATE

Twenty-two Processions Paraded to Hyde Park and Listened to a Score of Orators—Five Thousand Were From the London Stock Exchanges and Banking Institutions.

London, April 6.—Saturday afternoon the Unionists had a big anti-Home Rule demonstration in Hyde Park.

Twenty-two processions with bands and banners assembled there and peers, M.P.'s and other orators addressed the gathering from as many platforms.

One contingent of five thousand men came from the Stock Exchange, Lloyd's Exchange, and banking institutions in the city.

Submarine Had Narrow Escape

London, April 6.—While rising from the water after having been submerged during a sham attack off Harwich yesterday, the submarine "C2" struck the propeller of a gunboat and the periscope part of the conning tower of the submarine was torn away by the impact.

Only the coolness of the officers and crew prevented her from sinking.

Villa to Take Command

Washington, April 6.—Messages from Juarez say Villa left Torreon yesterday to command the troops fighting the Federals at San Pedro, who evacuated Torreon Thursday, and messages from Mexico City say a session of the Mexican Congress was held there last night; and while no facts are given out it is believed the situation caused by the fall of Torreon was under discussion.

Asquith dealt briefly with other subjects of political importance, such as Welsh Disestablishment, Plural voting and Rating Problems.

He said there remained one very serious point to be emphasized. If he studied the by-elections of the last two years they would find, with perhaps one exception, every loss to Liberals has been due to split forces.

Favor Home Rule.

On Home Rule the by-elections had pronounced with an overwhelming majority in favor of the Government policy, and it was indeed a melancholy thing for those whose hearts were bound up in the future prospects of wise democratic legislation, to find the democratic army split. It was time that such a state of things came to an end.

It would surely be childish if in great issues before them which could only be brought to success by unity, loyal co-operation they should allow comparatively trivial differences upon issues not vital, to divide forces, which, united, were irresistible.

DEBATE TONIGHT ON HOME RULE.

London, April 6.—The debate on the Second Reading of the Irish Bill will be concluded to-night.

A Ministerial whip warns that it will be brought on not later than 10.30. Redmond will have the first word in the debate to-day.

His utterances are being awaited eagerly since it lies in his power to finally confirm the pacific tendencies now evident that may ultimately make for a settlement by consent.

Unionist Elected By Acclamation

Belfast, April 6.—Col. Sharman Crawford, Unionist, was to-day returned unopposed for East Belfast, in succession to Robert McMordie, Unionist, who died on March 25th.

English Knight Victim of Accident

London, April 6.—Sir John Sheffner fifth baronet was accidentally killed to-day by a discharge of a gun at his home in Sussex.

PASSED SECOND READING

Asquith Government Gets a Majority of 101 on Home Rule Bill—Discussions Marked by Conciliatory Speeches.

London, April 7.—Announcement of the result of the vote on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill evoked louder cheers from the Opposition than from the Ministerialists, the Opposition interpreting them as gratifying proof of a dwindling Government majority but the diminution is accounted for to some extent by the abstention from voting of the O'Brienites.

Was Optimistic

The speeches were generally much more conciliatory in tone than those which marked the Bill's earlier passages.

Redmond, who opened the debate, again held out the olive branch to Ulster in a speech of great eloquence but insisted that it was impossible for him and his colleagues to agree to the permanent exclusion of Ulster and to abandon the principle "Ireland a Nation."

Andrew Bonar Law though professing in certain passages of his speech to see hardly any hope of a peaceful settlement, predicted that civil war was certain if the Government persisted in pushing the Bill through. He declared that and his colleagues would gladly accept a proposal for the renewal of conversations with the

SPECTATOR DEFENDS STEPHANO'S CAPTAIN

DESERVING OF PRAISE NOT BLAME

Captain Abram Kean Steamed Out of His Way to Get Men on Board For a Meal.

NO STORM INDICATED WHEN HE DROPPED THEM

Worked Hard in His Efforts to Locate Victims When Tragedy Was Reported to Him.

The Daily Mail has already reported how the Bellaventure first learned of the disaster; to-day we are able to give an authentic story of how the Stephano first became aware of the catastrophe.

At 7 a.m. Thursday the Stephano's barrel-man sighted the Newfoundland about six miles distant flying a flag. He reported to Capt. A. Kean and wondered what it meant.

When the Stephano's commander learned that the Newfoundland had a flag up he remarked to the barrel-man that the Newfoundland must be leaking or something else wrong.

Very Heavy Ice

The ice was too heavy for the steamers to get closer together, so Capt. Abram Kean saw them coming and knew they were from the Stephano.

Their return was anxiously awaited. Capt. Wes Kean saw them coming and knew they were from the Stephano.

When they got within hailing distance the Newfoundland's captain sang out: "Have ye any of my men on board?"

The Stephano's men answered in the negative. "My God, they are lost!" cried the

(Continued on page 6)

Conciliatory in Tone

Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, was most optimistic and despite all criticism he was certain that great progress had been made towards a peaceful settlement. "Civil war," he declared, was impossible.

The second reading of the Home Rule Bill was carried first by a majority of 101, and second time by a majority of 98 last night.

Eight O'Brienites abstained from voting, two Liberals voted against the Government, one Nationalist was absent through illness, three Laborites were also absent and Charles F. G. Masterman, who had previously voted as a member of Government lost his seat in election for Bethnal Green. A large gathering of Irishmen assembled last night outside Parliament to celebrate the passage of the Bill. They cheered wildly when the result of the vote was announced. Asquith took no part in the voting.

HARD WORK FOR THE TWO SURGEONS

Were Veritable Angels of Mercy to the Suffering on the Bellaventure.

WORKED FOR HOURS WITHOUT REFRESHMENT

One Collapsed From Nervous Strain When the Relief Ship Reached Port.

The doctor on the Bellaventure was a young man, Mr. Smith, of Parson's drug store. His experience had been limited, but he proved himself equal to the occasion and got busy treating the worst cases.

But to face fifty patients, all asking for immediate attention, was quite a big undertaking for one so young.

Capt. Abram Kean knowing that the Bellaventure's doctor would be up against it, suggested to his medical man, Dr. Wallace, that he go to his aid. The latter at once consented.

Varied Experience

Mr. Wallace is a man of vast experience. He had been in the British Navy for 21 years and has considerable knowledge of medicine and surgery.

The Bellaventure was then in the Stephano's wake a couple of miles behind, and with a couple of companions Mr. Wallace set out.

It was then 10 p.m. Thursday and a blizzard was raging.

The pans of ice were small and the sea was rough, so the party had a perilous time.

The sealers could hop over the pans in a lively manner, but the doctor is a heavy man and is not used to stepping on small pans during a blizzard on a dark night.

Capt. Kean thought the Bellaventure would be up to them in about 15 minutes, but unfortunately the arctic steamer became jammed.

Assisted With Searchlight

Capt. Kean wirelessed that the doctor had set out, so Capt. Randall brought his searchlight into use and made it easier for the doctor, but they did not reach the Bellaventure until just before midnight.

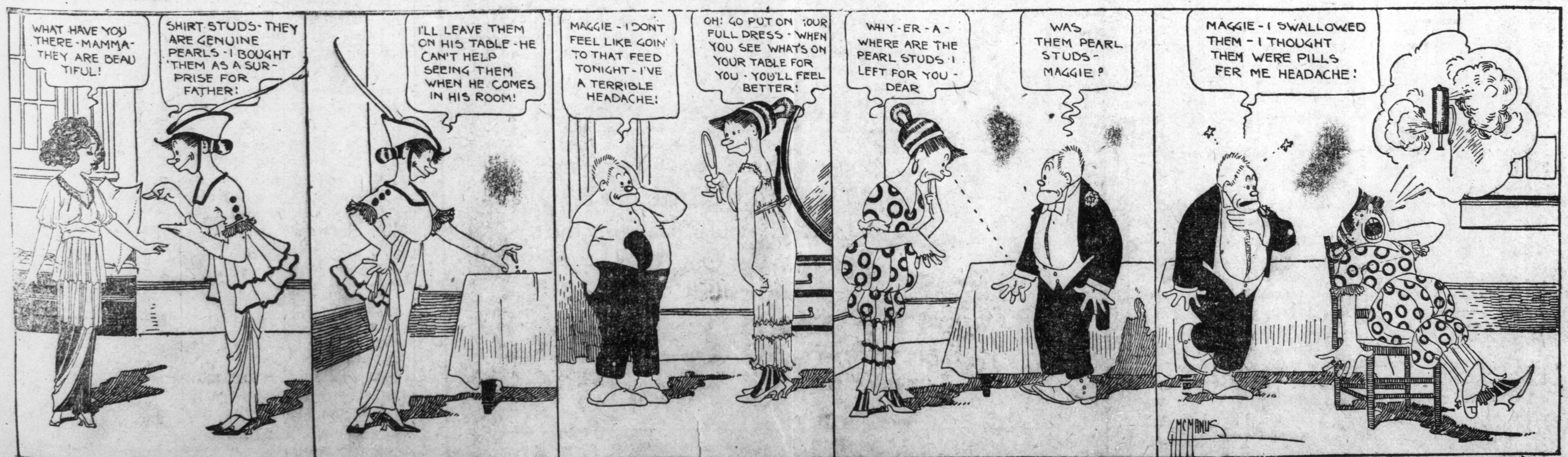
Dr. Wallace lost no time, once on board the Bellaventure. Mr. Smith pointed out the worst cases, and then the two began their work of mercy, for it was a most merciful act, relieving the agonies of the men.

The sealers' hands and feet were swollen in most cases, to double their ordinary size. Then there were large bladders on the backs of the hands, several larger than eggs. On the fingers were bladders as large as small apples, and many the size of marbles. The feet were just as bad. These were cut open and the dis-

(Continued on page 6)

Bringing Up Father.-

By Geo. McManus



KNOWLING'S Grocery Departments, East, West and Central Stores.

We offer the following goods—all of the Very Highest Quality.

- PEARL BARLEY 5c. lb.
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A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER X.

The Call of the Sea.

(Continued)

"I'm not a girl, really," confided Aileen. "I'm a storm-child, and that's stronger in me than the girlishness. Miss Selina despairs of me; she says I'm worse to handle than a whole schoolful. But she's break her heart if I left."

"Well, it's mighty strange. Here, don't jump about like that. You were almost over again." He had put out a swift hand, and had caught her arm in time. He did not thrill to the contact, strange to say. It was as if he had reached out to succour a falling shipmate on a topsail yard.

"I'm safe enough, truly," protested Aileen; but he would not rest content until he had drawn her back a little way.

"Now, tell me all about everything." "You're not a sea-funk, are you? I mean, you're not going just to serve your time, and then look out for a shore-billet?"

"I felt awfully like that first voyage," confided Leigh. "But after I got home, just when I began to think I was settled, and the very day a letter came to me from the owners offering me my release, I couldn't do it. I just had to go back, although I knew what it was like. Four weeks of the land sickened me. There didn't seem to be room."

"Yes, I know. I'm glad you're going on. Well, good-night, Leigh." She rose suddenly, slipped away into the darkness, and a moment later he heard her voice rising above the gale, and yet it seemed to him a part of the gale. She was singing gladly, "Away, Rio!" the old capstan chanty that has been sung almost from prehistoric times.

CHAPTER XI.

The Birth of an Idea.

"I think I've learned all there is to learn, dad, now, so I might sign on aboard the Zoroaster regularly."

Captain Curzon looked at his daughter and smiled shrewdly.

"No, no, my dear. Things have altered a lot at sea since your time, and it's no place for a woman. Another year here, and then—well, perhaps I'll leave the sea, and we'll settle down ashore somewhere, where we won't be out of sight of the water, you know."

"Leave the sea! Dad, you won't! No, don't tell fibs. I know you couldn't do it."

"But—I must, Ailee, darling. Things have altered so much, you see. Men aren't what they used to be. They've stuck a donkey-engine aboard the old Zoroaster, and taken five men out of the fore-castle. That's young Greening's doing; and, what with one thing and another, the sea isn't what it was. Once let me see you finished here, and then let me see you finished here, and then I'll take my discharge, sell out my share in the ship, and come ashore for good."

"But—I always thought it was a promise, dad, that I should go with you."

"Yes—yes, but that was years ago. Your old men, those who brought you up, have died or gone into the work-house. The new men are just rotters, most of 'em. They wouldn't think to cut out the cursing just because there was a woman aboard. They'd do it worse than ever, just for devilment. All foreigners, too, Dutchmen, you know."

Aileen began to turn over matters in her mind. She and her father were seated on the cliff where three nights before she and Leigh had met unconventionally. She was thinking of Leigh now; he entered into the half-formed scheme that was working in her shrewd young mind. Aileen's latest and most daring peccadillo had passed undetected. She had gained an entry to the garden without discovery, had scrambled skilfully up the drain-pipe, had wormed her precarious way along the gutter, and with a deft spring had gained the room. Hence, her more venial sin forgiven, her father had had nothing but good reports of her, and this was the result. They were face to face with the sea again, it was leaping and foaming beneath them, roaring out a hearty invitation in pure good-fellowship.

AN UNEQUALLED RECORD.

Synonymous with simplicity, quality, efficiency and moderate cost, as applied to office filing equipment, are the words "GLOBE-WERNICKE." It does not suffice the "GLOBE-WERNICKE CO." to have "no complaints"; this great firm prospers and thrives upon the never ceasing praise of its countless customers and their recommendations. The support of the business world is seen in the increased number of users who, week by week, month by month, year in and year out, come to the "GLOBE-WERNICKE" agencies at the suggestion of their friends. These friends speak from a happy experience when recommending "GLOBE-WERNICKE" filing products, of which the "Safe-guard" method is such a prominent feature. MR. PERCIE JOHNSON has a catalogue and quotation ready for you. As an enquiry costs nothing are you not willing to investigate?

"I'd hoped you would stay at sea all your life," said the girl presently. Her father shook his head, and as he did so he sighed. It would come hard to part with his lifelong antagonist, but—for the sake of the girl it must be done. Aileen heard the sigh, her heart leaped gladly. But she decided to bide her time. She knew that no amount of argument would turn her father, once his mind was made up. Considering everything, she decided on a daring coup de main. She would burn her boats, and, that once done, there could be no turning back. For some reason or other she smiled.

"If you want me to be the prim and proper shore-girl of your dreams, dad," she said gently, "you'll have to let me dress the part. It costs a heap of money—for dresses and things."

"You surely aren't short of pocket-money, Aileen?" he cried, with all a sailor's instinctive open-handedness. Aileen nodded rapidly.

"Awfully short. I've only three and sixpence in the world, and the winter's coming on. There are loads of things to buy. Hand over."

Curzon reached for his pocket, and drew out a handful of loose money—gold, silver, and copper mixed indiscriminately. Aileen bent over the store and picked out half a dozen sovereigns.

"That will do for the present," she said, pocketing them. Now, keep the promise you made last time, dad, and

Important Notice!

The Fraser Machine & Motor Co. for the purpose of reorganizing and enlarging their plant, lately went into voluntary liquidation; the organization is now complete, much more capital has been subscribed to meet the growing demands of the business, and this year double as many FRASER engines will be built as last year. There is no other engine so popular in Newfoundland or Canada as the FRASER, and with the new Company we can promise better service and deliveries than in the past, when many had to wait for their engines, as we could not get them from the factory fast enough. All orders now booked we can ship at a moment's notice FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, -LTD., St. John's, Newfoundland, Agents.—Feb 28.

Next day the pair went to London, and, once within sight of the packed docks, Aileen forgot everything else. She hailed each ship, bare, dirty, and ugly though it might be, as an old, familiar friend. When the graceful tracery of the Zoroaster's stripped spars appeared against the sky, she sobbed a little, a queer catching sob, and ran on at speed.

Old Steadman was leaning over the poop, smoking thoughtfully. He flung his finger to his cap, his hard old face lightening as though kissed by a sun-goddess.

"Aileen!" he cried, in a voice that rang resoundingly amongst the warehouses, and when the girl fairly flung herself upon his broad chest he chuckled with delight.

"But—you ought to be away on holiday," said the girl reproachfully.

"There's nothing to do in port."

"Bless you, there's lot to be done. And there's nothing to do ashore—for an old man. Besides I knew you were coming to-day, my dear."

Ah, it was inexpressibly good to be aboard the old ship once more. She roamed from windless to wheel, dropped down into the holds, ventured to climb a little way aloft in the meahouse, scanned the Zoroaster from stem to stern, and—yes, it was more than good. But Aileen had not come here merely to revive old memories—she had another end in view. She was seeking for information, and as she and Steadman padded about the decks she questioned him carefully.

"General cargo, my dear—good stuff. Yes; we shan't be quite full, you know. The after hatch will have space."

"But how if you get into a heavy sea when you're out of the river?" asked Aileen casually. "Won't things throw themselves about a lot?"

"Not with my kind of stowing, my dear." The mate chuckled. He had a name from London to Sydney as a deft stevedore. Aileen gave a sigh of thankfulness. The one fear was set at rest. Nothing now stood in her way.

"He's talking of leaving the sea after this voyage, Ailee," said Steadman, jerking his thumb towards the cabin.

"Say's he can't leave you ashore by yourself when you've finished school."

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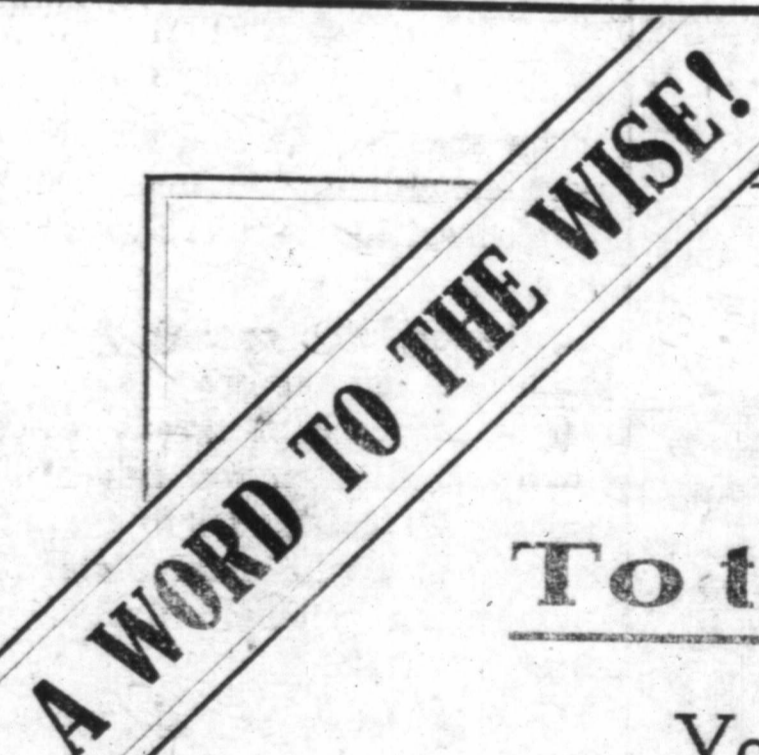
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"Used to have my hands all crippled up—Everlastingly peelin' my knuckles—always scratching my hands on the edge of metal plates—But now I wear gloves; and say, it's far better than nursing hurt hands. These are

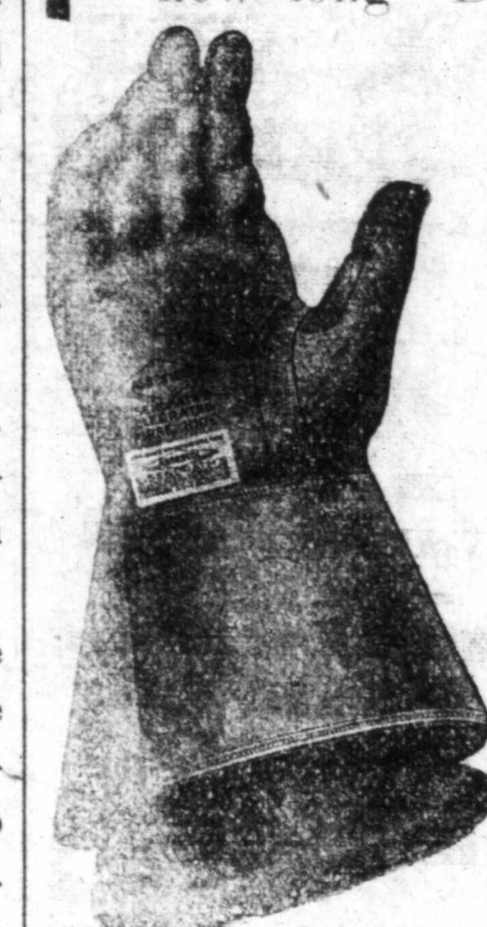
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84 Flower Hill. Painter and Paperhanger.

He can't leave it—he just can't. Don't you worry."

"But he won't take me," cried the girl. "He might just as well stay ashore."

"No, he won't do that. He's got it into his head that you're ordained to be a lady, and all that stuff. Making of a good sailor's spoil in you, my dear. But he won't leave the sea. Now let me see if you've forgotten anything I taught you. This main-topgallant-spilling-line—"

"This reefal brace, you mean," said Aileen firmly. "Go on." No she had forgotten nothing. The old sealer had merely been relegated to the back of her head for the time being. She was better-versed in her knowledge of ropes, and when Steadman spoke to her of a brand-new towsail, just sent aboard, nothing would satisfy her until the mate called men to his aid and dragged the good forth.

"That's something like canvas," she said admiringly. "I'll live to—"

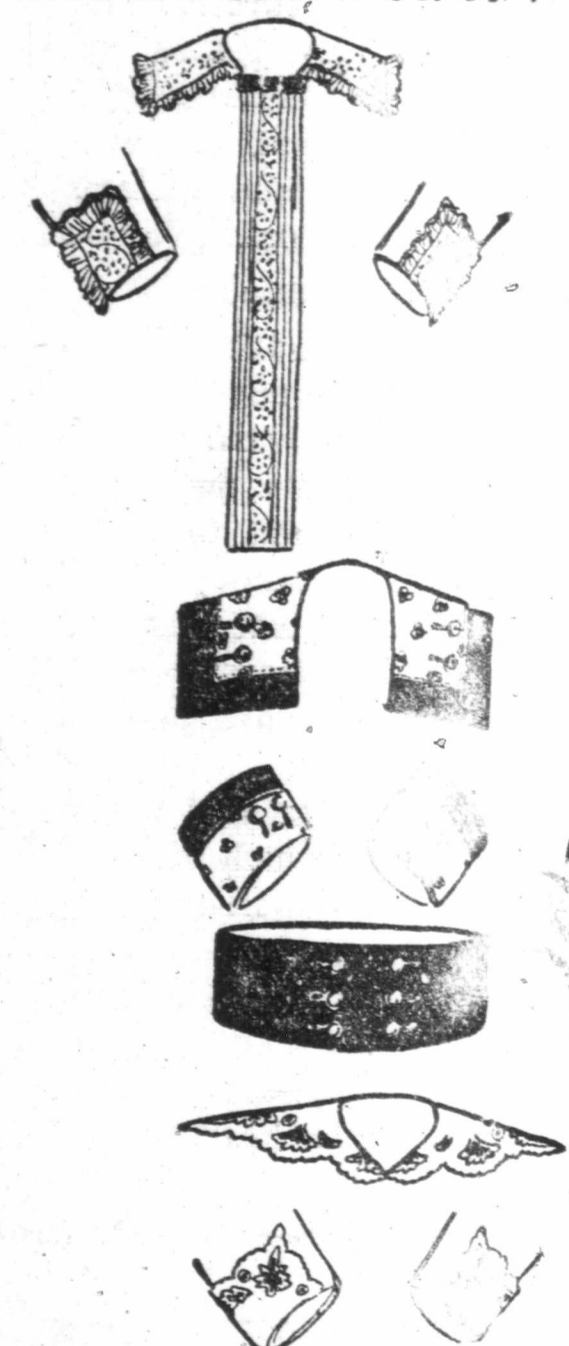
"Steady, dear, are you sure there's no fear of the cargo shifting? I should hate anything to happen to the ship, you know." He reassured her, and she seemed content. When Curzon took her back to Illminster she was very quiet, which he put down to drowsiness at the distant yet inevitable parting. That night, when he was leaving her, she suddenly threw herself into his arms.

"Dad, you'll never be really angry with me, will you?" she pleaded. "No, really-truly, for-always-and-ever-angry?"

"Not I, child. Who could be angry with you?" He stroked her sunny hair, fondly and turned her face up to meet his own. But Aileen's eyes fell, she flushed unaccountably, and Curzon with a swift pang at his heart, said she had fallen in love. He need not have feared. There was only room for one other love in her heart at that time, and the sea had it all.

(To be continued)

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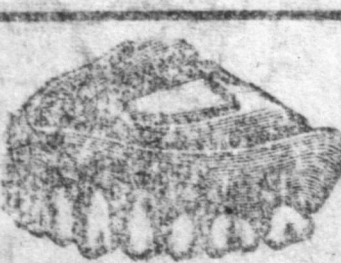
This group shows some little collar and cuff accessories for little girls' frocks. Many of the latest dresses are made with a narrow center panel at the front over which the sides are buttoned. For this style frock the design at the top of the group is chosen. It is of batiste, "Val" lace and embroidery. The second set shows a double collar and cuffs of dark blue satin and figured cotton crepe with rope covered buttons. With these are worn a headband of the same material trimmed in the same colors and silk loops. The lower group is of course line heavily embroidered in dark blue and red, outlined with black.

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Standard make, self fillers, 25c. Standard make, plain, dropper fillers, 40c. Standard make, fancy carved, dropper fillers, 45c. Standard make, German Silver Cap, unbreakable, 49c. Standard make, Pearl mounted, dropper fillers, 70c.

Our White Stone Rings, made to resemble the real Diamond, are beauties. (A handsome Tie Pin free with every ring). Ladies', 1, 2 and 3 stones, 50c. each. Gent's, 1 stone, 50c. each.

Knife Sharpeners, 15c.; Potato Peelers, 15c.; 5 yards Stickem, 5c.; Glass Pens, in case, 5c.; Combination Field, Opera and Reading Glasses, 50c. each; the world renowned Hone (Asco Brand) (free razor with hone), price \$1.00, and other Novelties too numerous to mention.

Over-seas Novelty Co.,
Wholesale and Retail.
UNCLE DUDLEY,
Manager.
mar11,4m

King George the Fifth SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

PATRON.—His Majesty the King.

Bedrooms can be booked at all hours; night porter in attendance. Small rooms 20 cents, and large rooms 35 cents per night, including bath.

Meals are served at moderate prices.

Girls' department (under the charge of a matron), with separate entrance.

VISITING CARDS—
5c, 10c, 12c and 15c per packet. Envelopes to suit 20c packet, in Swiss Lawn Finish.

H. M. KING GEORGE PLAYS WITH KIDDIES AT BIG HOSPITAL.

Pop-Gun at Hospital During Visit With the Queen

"SO JOLLY."

Her Majesties Talks to Patients at St. Thomas's Hospital.

You are an old soldier? Yes, sir: I was fifteen years in the Grenadier Guards, and am now a builders' laborer.

Ah! there's a good deal of difference, isn't there?

The speakers were a laborer and the King!

That was just one of the many little conversations which His Majesty had when, with the Queen, he paid a delightfully informal visit to St. Thomas's Hospital.

For one baby boy in the children's ward it was the most wonderful day in his life; he made the King show him how to fire a popgun.

For two other boy patients it was the saddest of days—they slept soundly all the time that the King and Queen were in the ward.

Their Majesties arrived at the hospital at three o'clock and were received by Mr. J. Q. Roberts, the secretary, and Miss Lloyd Still, the matron. At their Majesties' suggestion the visit had been kept a secret, and it thus proved a great surprise for the patients.

The two small boys who slept through the royal visit were almost in tears when they told the Daily Mirror of their disappointment.

One of them, Albert Bunker, a bright boy of fourteen, was particularly doleful.

GUNMEN MAKE STATEMENT FROM DEATH CHAMBER

Allege That They Are to Die Unjustly in View of Becker's New Trial.

New York, March 28.—Convicted of the murder of Herman Rosenthal and sentenced to die in the electric chair in the week beginning April 13, the four gunmen in the Sing Sing death house, issued "a statement to the public" to-day. Alleging that they were left to die unjustly, while former Lieutenant Charles Becker obtained a new trial, they had their counsel, Charles G. F. Wahle, give out their appeal for "justice" and "fair play," which they had already prepared when he visited them yesterday. They reiterate their innocence and charge Harry Vallon and 'Bridge' Webber with the Rosenthal's murder.

"Lefty Louie" Rosenberg, 22 years old, the youngest of the four, wrote the statement in pen and ink in a clear, firm hand, and it was signed by their cells as the guard held it for them. "Dago Frank" Cirofici, added a statement of his own in pencil, controverting a particular point in the opinion of the court of appeals. The others who signed the document are Frank Muller, otherwise "Whitey Louis" and "Gyp the Blood," whose name is Harry Horowitz.

RECREANT BRITON Gets Long Sentence

London, April 3.—A sentence of six years imprisonment was imposed today upon Frederick Gould, who was found guilty of trying to sell British secrets to a foreign power.

Suffragette Attempt Fails

Glasgow, April 3.—Three bombs were exploded by the suffragettes today in an attempt to blow up Belmont Church in this city. The explosion, however, only slightly damaged the building.

Professionals And Amateurs May Play

Montreal, March 29.—It begins to look now as if the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada will take the pointer thrown out by the Canadian soccer people last autumn and will adopt the principle of allowing amateurs to play with and against professionals in all team games.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S CHARGE

The Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain complained that the Government had revealed nothing concerning the instructions given by the Army Council to General Paget. It has been stated, the Government merely intended to protect the stores, it would never have told General Paget to excuse from service the officers domiciled in Ulster. It was inconceivable, he said, that when the Premier gave his statement to the press on Sunday he knew that Mr. Churchill had ordered a battle squadron to Lamlash. "The honor of the Prime Minister is at stake in this matter," he said, "and it is the First Lord of the Admiralty who has put it at stake."

IF YOU WANT

Returns for your money, place your WANTS in the DAILY MAIL.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

COVERS MOST LOOKS BEST WEARS LONGEST MOST ECONOMICAL FULL MEASURE

Blundell Spence & Co.

ENGLISH MIXED PAINTS for \$1.75 per gallon is the best value on the market. Also a full line of Paint and Varnish Brushes.



Martin Hardware Co.

For the Lenten Season

100 bbls. Pickled Trout
150 Cases Salmon

Job's Stores, Ltd.

Grocery Department.

OUR PRICE 65c.  OUR PRICE 65c.

Just Out!

No such splendid list of new records was ever issued before. Take these few as examples, and then call in for the big Quarterly List of disc and cylinder Columbia Records:

"SONG HITS FOR APRIL, DOUBLE DISC, 65c."

A-1497. Do you take this woman for your lawful wife? Don't blame it all on Broadway.

A-1495. Where can I meet you to-night? (Melody of Irving Berlin hits.)

A-1496. Camp meeting band. Buffalo baby tag.

A-1494. While the rivers of love flow on. As long as the world goes round.

A-1498. Good night Dearie. Who will be with you when I'm away? (Che-Que-Corte. Et Camamba.)

A-1499. The very latest thing in dancing, the Maxixe or Matchiche

65c. each!

U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.



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By mail, to any part of Newfoundland and Canada, \$2.00 per year.
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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 thereby shows his agreement with the opinions therein expressed.

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., APRIL 7, 1914.

OUR POINT OF VIEW.

PROUD GRIEF

While this country is almost crushed beneath the weight of grief imposed by the terrible losses in the Newfoundland sealing tragedy, yet are our hearts proud in our sorrow. Our lost ones endured hardship and suffering as men. They showed the sacrifice and forgetfulness of self characteristic of nature's nobleman. They died as only the brave and the true-hearted can die. All honorable men and true were they, and our sense of loss is the greater now that we realize to the full how estimable were those who fought a losing fight with death on the storm-swept icefloes.

CALLS FOR RECOGNITION

The work of rescue performed by the crew of the *Bellavente* on the Thursday of the discovery of the tragedy that was responsible for so many deaths on the icefloes deserves practical recognition. This recognition, we believe, should take the practical form of a monetary grant from the Government of this Colony. The *Bellavente* did not secure a big catch of seals and, possibly, had she not been called in so soon with the survivors of the Newfoundlanders' crew and the bodies of the victims, might have been able to pick up considerably more. The work performed by the men deserves this practical recognition; the fact that their task of rescue caused the voyage to be cut short adds still further weight to this contention. We sincerely trust that the authorities will not fail to take this matter up.

DESERVES HIGHEST PRAISE.

It is very seldom indeed that one hears such an unanimous chorus of praise for a sealing master as that spontaneously given to Captain Randell by the members of his crew. They found him careful, kind and considerate throughout the voyage and a capable and successful navigator. One point on which they all lay particular stress is his undeviating honesty where such property of others as panned seals was concerned. But their admiration of Captain Randell reaches the greatest height when they dilate on his almost heroic efforts on behalf of the unfortunate of the Newfoundlanders' crew. When Captain Randell became aware that such a terrible tragedy had occurred in his neighborhood, he forgot every personal consideration in his anxiety to reach the scene and render all the aid possible. Stronghearted and brave as a lion in carrying on the work of rescue, he was yet tender and sympathetic as a woman in his treatment of the injured, while he evinced the deepest sincerest grief at the terrible number of fatalities and occurred during these days and nights of storm. Captain Randell is a son of Terra Nova whom we all delight to honor. He is deserving of the most notable recognition that can be given to the truehearted and the heroic.

DID THEIR WORK WELL

The officials who were in charge of operations at Harvey's wharf and the Seamen's Institute before and after the *Bellavente* arrived in port with her sad freight of survivors and victims of the Newfoundland sealing tragedy did their work capably and well. Dr. Campbell, the medical officer of the port, had every detail planned out with a skill and thoroughness and foresight that prevented the slightest hitch occurring.

NUMEROUS MESSAGES EXPRESS DEEP AND UNIVERSAL SORROW

Cabled Messages Coming in From all Over the World Expressive of Grief.

DONATIONS TO FUND LARGE AND NUMEROUS.

Local Organisations Nobly Taking up Burden of Relieving Widow and Orphan.

Message of sympathy and condolence for the recent sealing tragedy continue to pour in from all quarters. The most satisfactory aspect of these universal expressions of grief is that the majority of them are accompanied by material help for the families of the victims. This is especially the case with our local organisations who are nobly taking up the burden of relieving the widow and the orphan. To-day a reader of *The Daily Mail* authorised us to draw on him by the extent of One Thousand Dollars for the Relief Fund.

Yesterday the Colonial Secretary was notified by Mr. P. C. O'Driscoll that the firm of O. Mustad & Son, of Christiania, Norway, had cabled an expression of sympathy and had further instructed him to contribute One Hundred Dollars in their name to the Sealing Disaster Fund.

The Donaldson Line, of Glasgow, Scotland, cabling Hon. J. H. Bennett, said: "We beg to express our profound sympathy to sufferers and families concerned in the Sealing Disaster. If a fund is being raised, we shall be glad to contribute."

A cable was received yesterday by the Colonial Secretary's Department from Lord Northcliffe at London, England, placing Five Thousand Dollars at the disposal of the authorities for purposes of relief.

"Everyone in the Old Country is much moved by the disaster to brave Newfoundlanders," said Lord Northcliffe.

The Lake of the Woods Milling Co., of Montreal, cabled an expression of their sympathy, said: "We have instructed our bankers to telegraph you One Thousand Dollars towards the relief of the sufferers."

"I am deeply grieved at the awful calamity that has befallen so many of the brave and intrepid sealers of Newfoundland," wired ex-Governor, Sir William MacGregor to Sir E. P. Morris. "I wish to express my heartfelt sympathy with the relatives in the crushing sorrow that is overshadowing so many homes and I assure you that I share in the grief of the Government of Newfoundland and the warmhearted people amongst whom I passed so many years and from whom I received so much kindness."

Government of Nova Scotia.
Wiring Hon. J. R. Bennett, Premier Murray, of Nova Scotia, said: "On behalf of the Government and the people of Nova Scotia, I desire to extend our sincere sympathy with the people of Newfoundland in the great disaster that has overtaken so many of their brave fishermen."

The Secretary of the St. John's Branch of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen received the following message from the Council of the R.N.M.D.S.F., London: "Council sends deep sympathy to injured sealers, and are forwarding ten guineas to Disaster Fund."

(Sgd.) ARCHIBALD, Chairman.
Mr. William H. Davidson, Manufacturer.

Within a few minutes after the ship was berthed every one of the thirty survivors was on shore and comfortably installed in the temporary hospital at the Seamen's Institute.

The work of landing the scores of bodies was carried on with a celerity and yet with such absolute respect for the dead as bespoke a master hand at the helm of operations.

Even so with the task of identifying the victims and the operations connected with the preparation of the bodies for interment. Nothing had been forgotten; nothing overlooked. From the care and foresight shown, the bodies might rather have been regarded as in the hands of intimate friends than amongst people who after all had been absolute strangers to these men when living.

The Ambulance workers too did a great work. They were at hand to do everything possible for living and for dead. The organization was excellent; it left absolutely nothing to be desired. This band of noble men and women has absolutely established its value to the community in times of emergency.

To Dr. Cluny Macpherson belongs a great meed of recognition for this organization. It has amply justified him in the efforts he has spent to make these classes a success. And he has proved himself a benefactor of the whole country.

urers' Agent, last night received cabled expressions of sympathy from Messrs. J. & W. Campbell & Co., of Glasgow. In forwarding *The Daily Mail* a copy of this cable, Mr. Davidson says: "As you are aware this firm has been connected with the trade of this Colony for possibly over a century, and have always been ready to rejoice with us in our days of prosperity, and also to substantially mourn with us in our days of adversity, all I can say is that their cable is just like themselves."

Deeply Regret Disaster.
"We deeply regret this terrible disaster," runs the cable received by Mr. Davidson, "and sincerely sympathise with the bereaved friends and relatives. Keep us advised as to what steps are taken for the relief of the sufferers."—J. & W. CAMPBELL & Co. Mr. J. A. Paddon, of the Bank of Montreal, notifies us that he has received from Mr. Leopold Frank by cable through London, England, the sum of One Hundred Dollars which will be handed over to the Relief Committee.

When news of the disaster reached Boston, Mass., the Newfoundland Charitable Society of that city held a meeting and passed resolutions of condolence and sympathy of which they wired intimation to the Acting Premier, Hon. J. R. Bennett.

Ex-Governor Williams, now in East Africa, also cabled on behalf of himself and Lady Williams a message of the deepest sympathy.

Cables Responded To.
All these messages and cables from abroad have been responded to in spiteable terms by the local authorities.

The Longshoremen met last night and passed the following resolution of sympathy: **RESOLVED**—That this Union tender its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved ones of the sealers who died on the icefloes, and it is the fervent prayer of the members that He who rules the storm may bring succor and consolation in the homes made desolate.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED—That the sum of Three Hundred Dollars be allocated to the fund to be organized for the benefit of the relatives of the dead.

The resolution was proposed by the Hon. M. P. Gibbs, who is an honorary member of the Union, and supported by Mr. Allan and other members of the Union.

Donated Two Hundred Dollars.
Rose of Sharon Royal Black Preceptory of the Loyal Orange Society last night voted the handsome sum of Two Hundred Dollars to the Relief Fund.

The St. John's Methodist Ministers, who met yesterday morning in regular monthly session also gave expression to their deep grief over the awful sealing tragedy and intimate that in due course they will make appeal to their various congregations for contributions to the Relief Fund.

Among the hosts of sympathisers and helpers it is pleasing to find the Reid-Newfoundland Company number. Writing the Colonial Secretary Mr. H. D. Reid says:

"I wish you to understand that the Reid-Newfoundland Company are giving the services of the S.S. Kyle, now searching for the Southern Cross, special trains taking the bodies of the Newfoundlanders' crew home, and other little things we have done in connection with this calamity, free, to show the sympathetic feeling of the Company to the sorrowing relatives of those who have lost their lives, as well as to the people of the Colony generally."

Hon. John R. Bennett, Acting Premier, received the following messages under date of April 6:

"The Star of the Sea Association of St. George's wish to express their sincere sympathy with those who have lost their beloved ones in the Newfoundland disaster." By order, J. A. McLELLAN, Secretary.

"Burlin Methodist congregation deeply deplore dreadful disaster to the Newfoundlanders and wish to convey deepest sympathy for relatives and friends."—REV. H. G. GOPPIN.

Acknowledgement.
Dr. Cluny Macpherson, District Surgeon and Superintendent of the St. John Ambulance Brigade Overseas (Newfoundland District) requests us to make the following acknowledgments to friends and helpers:

"We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following donations toward the work of the Brigade while on duty in connection with 'Newfoundland' disaster: 'Beef tea, soup, jellies from Government House per Major Davenport. 'Night shirts from St. Thomas' Women's Association, Daughters of Empire and Mrs. Edgar Bowring. 'Electric kettles and stoves (on loan) from the Reid Co.

THE "NEWFOUNDLAND" TRAGEDY.

(BY BEATRICE M. CHANCEY)

The irony of Fate!—how can it be!—
The way is dark, the light we cannot see;
We know the call has come, "Eternity!"
For all seems night,
Grey shadows falleth, earth around is still;
O Death! the hearts thou dost with anguish fill;
By Destiny all must obey His will;
His ways are right.

"Thou canst not tell," we know the Word doth say;
Beware, O man! thou canst not say Him "nay";
"Come now, O soul! unto Thy God to-day";
He knoweth best,
But yesterday full three score men and more,
Stood waving back to loved ones on the shore—
But now, O Fate!—how soon life's dream is o'er—
They are at Rest.

Not e'en "good-night," nor yet one sad "Farewell,"
Could float along that mighty ocean's swell;
Storm comes,—the ship is now invisible—
Men drift afar—
O Mystery! we stand and wonder why
That noble men should suffer thus and die;
Away, alone, without a tear or sigh,
To Cross the Bar.

O lonely mothers! left to weep alone,
With tender children, with life's path unknown,
Fond sisters who hath seeds of sorrow sown,
Be brave to bear!
We know that life around is sad and grey.

Still there is One to soothe all grief away;
Courageous be, for others have to stay
That need thy care.

Sad lonely hamlets! dotted on the coast,
Bereft of men who perished at their post;
Heroes on earth, but now have joined a Host,
Where all is Light,
O solemn moment! well it may be said,
"The Island mourneth—gloom rests overhead"—
A ship is signalled—coming with the dead!
O awful sight!

They come.—The anguish, suffering, pain and woe!
Hearts torn, approach, to meet the loved they know;
Whilst willing hands with dead and dying go!
O Father keep!
On, slowly on, unto a spacious hall,
Fitted and planned, made hospital for all,
With here and there a gruesome shroud and pall,
For Death's Long Sleep.

Far o'er the Isle deep sympathy is rife;
Still One Light shines amid the darkened strife,
Waiting to help and cheer some lonely life,
So sad to-day.

O Father, Brother, Friend!
With love so deep,
Who knoweth, careth,—doth the sparrows keep,
Stretch forth Thine Hand,—bid sufferers not to weep!
Thou art the way!
—Freshwater Road, St. John's, Nfld., April 6th, 1914.

"Clothing for the patients from Mrs. Fred Ayre, Mrs. Gordon Winter, Mrs. Walter Willis.

Five dollars from Mrs. I. R. McNeely. "Flowers from Miss Duncan and Miss Carey of the Fever Hospital. "Thoughtfulness of Mrs. Edgar Bowring, Mrs. Benedict, Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Herbert Rendell, Mrs. Eric Bowring, Mrs. P. H. Knowling, Mrs. W. Willis and Miss Macpherson in providing for the Nurses' comfort."

Resolutions of Sympathy.
Atlantic Lodge, I.O.O.F., No. 1, passed the following resolutions at a meeting last night:

"WHEREAS—In the perilous occupation of the sealfishery—a terrible disaster unparalleled in the history of that industry has befallen our fellow-countrymen engaged therein, resulting in the death of seventy-seven and the physical suffering of a number of others of the S.S. Newfoundland;

"AND WHEREAS—Much sorrow and anguish has been caused thereby in the homes of those bereft by this disaster as well as leaving mothers, widows and orphans unprovided for life.

"RESOLVED—That Atlantic Lodge, No. 1, I.O.O.F., place on record its deep sorrow and heartfelt sympathy for the brave men who lost their lives; and for the mothers, widows and orphans left behind to mourn their loss.

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED—That this Lodge donate the sum of Fifty Dollars as a first contribution toward the Marine Sealing Disaster Fund to assist those requiring aid."

From Truckmen's Union.
The following resolutions were passed by the St. John's Truckmen's Protective Union at the quarterly meeting held April 6th, 1914:

"WHEREAS, a great disaster has come upon our Brothers of the Fishermen's Protective Union, while engaged in their toll at the Seal Fishery in the S.S. 'Newfoundland,' resulting in death and suffering to a large number of the members of the said Union.

"RESOLVED—That we, the members of the St. John's Truckmen's Protective Union in session convened tender to the Fishermen's Protective Union our sincere sympathy in their very sad bereavement.

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED—That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the President of the Fishermen's Union, and a copy be sent to the press for publication."

"RESOLVED—That this Union tender to the families and relatives of the deceased members of the crew of the S.S. Newfoundland our profound sympathy in their very sad bereavement.

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED—That the sum of Fifty Dollars be donated by this Union towards the Disaster Fund."

In a telegram received by Mr. J. L.

Slattery to-day, Mayor Ellis, now at Brooklyn, N.Y., says:

"The solemnity attending the obsequies of our poor countrymen which are taking place to-day deeply depresses me and all Newfoundlanders with whom I am in contact. Great anxiety prevails relative to the fate of the Southern Cross. Hundreds are anxiously awaiting the list of the crew. Please wire latest news. Am arranging a meeting of Newfoundlanders here. Afterwards will go to Boston for the same purpose. I feel that the response will be generous."

MR. W. DUFF SENDS \$100.00

Mr. A. S. Rendell had the following message from W. Duff, Lunenburg, this morning: "Regret appalling disaster. Draw on me \$100.00 for Relief Fund."

SIR JOSEPH OUTERBRIDGE CABLES \$500.00

Sir Joseph Outerbridge, now in Bermuda, cabled his sympathy yesterday and a cheque for \$500.00.

BRITISH SOCIETY GIVES \$100.00

The British Society met last night and passed resolutions of sympathy. The members voted \$100.00 to the Disaster Fund.

BRIGADE HOSPITAL CLOSED.

The Brigade Hospital, Seamen's Institute, having completed the work for which it was organized, has now been closed.

—CLUNY MACPHERSON, Dis. Surgeon and Supt.

The Right Place To Buy—

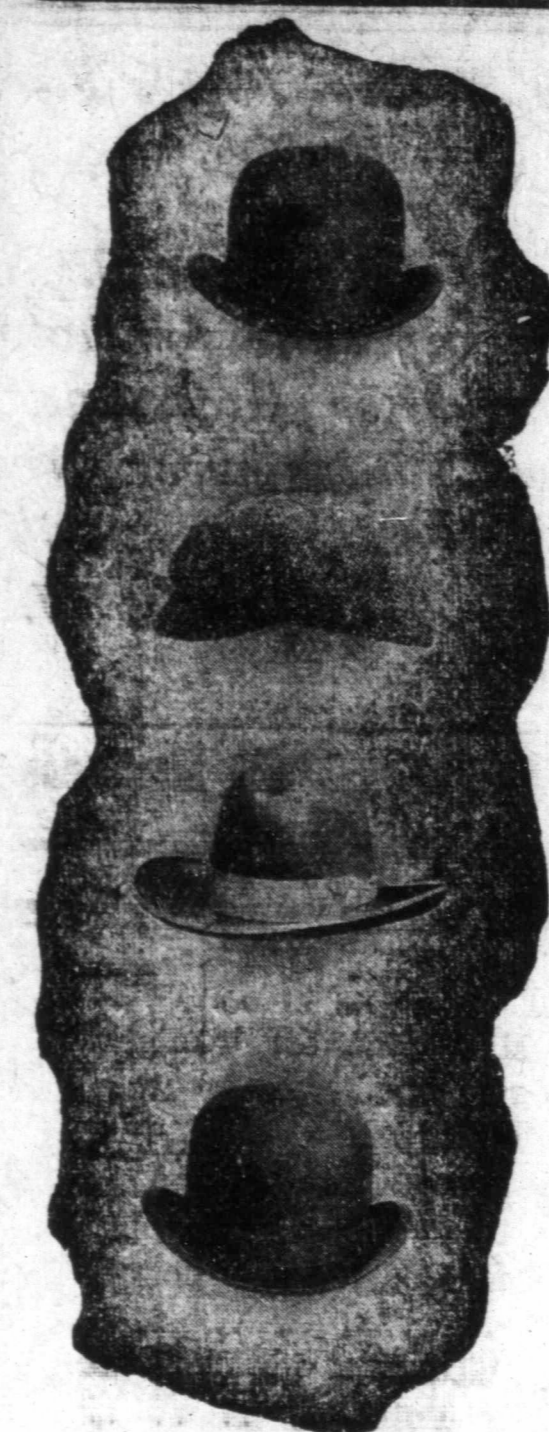
Provisions, Groceries, Oats, Feeds, Wines and Liquors

—is at—

P. J. Shea's,
Corner George and Prince's Sts.
or at 314 Water Street.

Outport Orders promptly attended to.

A New Hat For Easter



A Job Lot of 20 dozen
Gent's Soft Felt Hats
selling at **85c.**
worth from \$1.20 to \$1.50.

Gent's Velour Felt Hats,
in shades of Green, Mouse and Mole, very stylish,
\$1.50.

A full range of
Hard Felt Hats,
from 60c. to \$1.20.

A nice selection of English and American
Golf Caps, 30c. to \$1.00.

Steer Brothers.

Orders Booked!

For Spring delivery of

BIRCH JUNKS!

Just leave your order and the Junks will be sent to your home in May or early in June.

Robt. Templeton

FOR SALE!

Schooner "JESSIE"

40 Tons, as she now lies at Cupids.
Any Reasonable Offer will be Accepted.

Apply to
BAINE JOHNSTON & Co.

"ARMADA"

Is the Best CEYLON TEA that can be bought, and is only procurable at two seasons in the year.

In 1 lb. Tins From All Grocers.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

The Sad, Sad Tale of the Cassowary

CHE sign above the enclosure into which little Donald was starting, in open-mouthed amazement, at its queer inhabitant read:

"Helmeted Cassowary (Casuarus casuarus) habitat Australia and the island of Corom. A very fleet ostrich-like rattle bird having a horny helmet or excrescence on the head. Very short wings with four to five barbed, spine-like shafts. The neck is more or less bare and articulated. The inner toe has a long claw, and the legs are stouter and shorter than in the ostrich, while the plumage is loosely webbed and forms a hair-like covering."

All of which, no doubt, young reader, is as plain to you as the nose on your face. But it wasn't to little Donald. Indeed, he couldn't even read much less understand a single word of it. But, for all that, he found the strange bird a most interesting creature.

The big, ungainly, horny toes—three of them on each foot—were most fascinating as they were lifted up and down—up and down. Then, too, there were the vivid red and blue scraggly feathers on his head and neck and his sharp, piercing black eyes which looked for all the world like the buttons on his mother's shoes.

But, most of all, Donald was interested in a huge, thick sharp-pointed bone, or helmet, that stuck straight up on top of the Cassowary's head, and in two brilliant red wattles, or pieces of scaly flesh that hung down from his throat, somewhat as do the wattles of the turkey gobbler. They were so ugly and sore looking and so—

"Well, well, here we are again," piped up a thin, jolly little voice right beside him. "And looking at my old friend the Cassowary, Wm. well!"

Now Donald wasn't in the least startled, for he had heard that name many times before and knew it must be his comrade tried and true, the Old Man of the Woods.

"Oh, goody-goody!" cried little Donald, clapping his hands and sitting right down on the ground before the enclosure. "I'm so glad to see you Mr. Old Man—you tell me such dandy stories about the animals!"

The Old Man of the Woods smiled delightedly. He was very fond of all children but particularly of Donald. "All right, young man," he said, "I'll take a seat right beside you and tell you about my old friend Cassowary. Of course, you understand it wasn't this Cassowary in front of us, but his great-great-a-million-times-great-great-grandfather. And I'll tell you why the Cassowary has that funny looking comb on top of his head. But, alas, it is a sad, sad story, Donald."

The twinkles in the Old Man's eye, however, belied that last remark. And this is what he told Donald:

"Way, way back in the good old days, Donald, I was Lord of the Jungle, and all the animals and birds and beasts and snakes lived together like one big family. Now Cassowary was a most unpleasant fellow. Not that he was wicked or mean or cruel

—oh, no! But he was curious. Like some people nowadays, Donald, he had a perfect mania for always sticking his nose into other people's business.

He was a regular Peeping Tom. He not only wanted to know but also to see everything that went on in the jungle. If two or three of the birds or the animals happened to meet in one of the sylvan glades and stop a moment to pass the time of day, Cassowary was presently poking his sharp little beak in among them, all agog with curiosity, and darting his bright little eyes about hither and thither from one to the other.

Again, one of the animals with his wife and children would be sitting peacefully after dinner just within their cave talking over the last school report of their children—yes, indeed, animals went to school in those days!—and a sudden, in would pop Cassowary's head with some such foolish remark as "I hope I'm not intruding, folks, but I just thought I'd look in and see how you all are getting along!"

Indeed, Donald, Cassowary was a regular nuisance.

But one day he over-reached himself. And that was when he got the horny comb on his head and these ugly red wattles—which, of course, he had not possessed until then. "Curiosity killed the cat," is an old saying, you know, but I would like to add that it also gave Cassowary his comb and wattles.

It happened, one fine morning, that a number of the lady monkeys and parrots and Cassowaries and other fowl and birds-of-paradise and pheasants had arranged to hold a secret meeting to discuss the subject of Woman Suffrage for the lady inhabitants of the Jungle.

Not a single male was to be admitted. Indeed, no! Each lady-bird was to agree with every other lady-bird as to a course of action, and then go home and brow-beat her husband and till he saw the matter her way and was willing to grant all lady-birds a vote in the affairs of the Jungle.

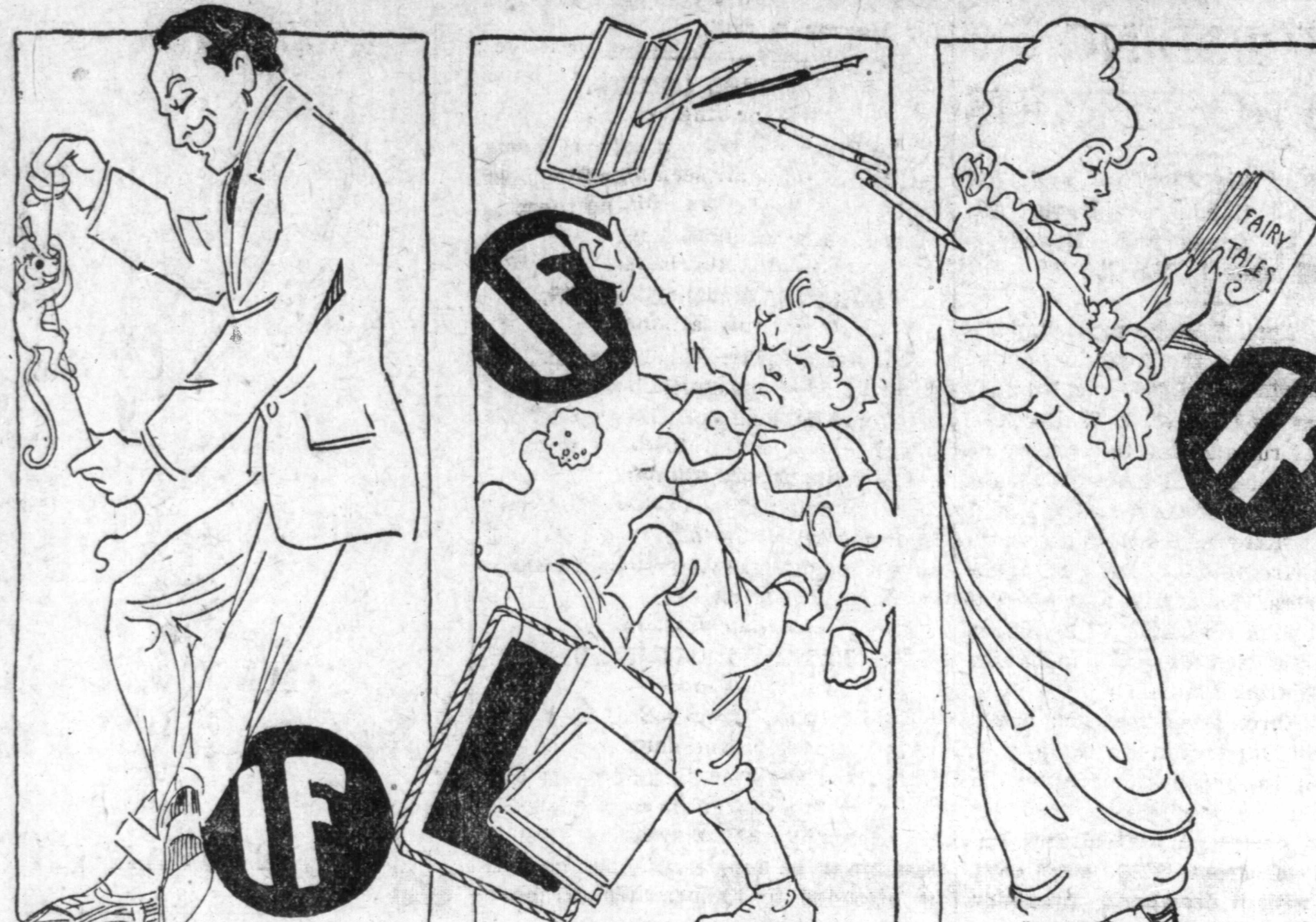
Well, the news travelled rapidly and when Cassowary heard of it, he all but went crazy. The idea! Something going on in the Jungle and he not know anything about it! Ridiculous! The more he thought of it, the more curious he became. Indeed he could not sleep for thinking of it.

Not a single male was to be admitted. Indeed, no! Each lady-bird was to agree with every other lady-bird as to a course of action, and then go home and brow-beat her husband and till he saw the matter her way and was willing to grant all lady-birds a vote in the affairs of the Jungle.

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"IF" IS A BIG LITTLE WORD



I Daddy looked away his time,
And did not work the live long day
He wouldn't get a bit of pay,
And then what would he do?
We'd never have a single dime,
Nor milk to drink nor bread to eat,
And p'raps we'd live out in the street;
Now isn't that quite true?

I Mamma never cared a bit
About the many things we need—
I'm 'fraid we'd all be sad indeed!
No fun! No cake! No pie!
I know my Dad would have a fit
Because the house would all go wrong
And we could never get along!
I guess I'd howl and cry!

I s'pose if I was awful bad
And disobeyed most every rule
And wouldn't ever go to school,
And always wore a frown—
I'd grow to be a horrid lad
And people all would say, "Ah me!
Just turn your head and you will see
A SILLY, SILLY CLOWN!"

shape and brought it to a point at the top—just as you see it today on the head of Cassowary.

So, on the evening before the great meeting of lady-birds, Mr. Old Gray Monk was complaining loudly and berating Old Gray Monk about that pecking, prying upstart of a Cassowary. The lady-birds had heard his boast that he would know all that transpired at that meeting as soon as they did.

Mrs. Old Gray Monk fretted and stewed and stormed and raged, talking it all out on her luckless husband, until he, in self-defence, offered to

one comes out of the hill, he does so at the risk of his own life, for almost immediately he appears he is caught in the long tongue of Mr. Toad, and, presto, poast, he's gone from the scene of his labor.

Therefore, boys, and girls too, be very thoughtful of the welfare of the hop-toad. See that no other child abuses him by stinging or clodding him. He can be made quite gentle if treated with consideration. Among the "ranchers" in the West it is no uncommon thing to see one or more fat toads living in the door yard, and even hopping about inside the houses during the summer where they go in quest of flies and mosquitoes. And the "ranchers" wife knows the value of toads in and about her

And from that day to this, Donald, Cassowaries have had pointed horn combs and bright red wattles and scraggy feathers on their heads. And I daresay she will say you fell asleep on the soft green grass and dreamed all this! But don't you see, I must hurry. Good-by, little son!"

Some Interesting Facts about TOADS

It would be rather an unusual thing for one to read such an advertisement as this in the papers:

"Toads supplied to farmers at reasonable prices," but it may come to pass in the very near future, for the rearing of toads would be of service to the farmer in particular and to the general public through the farmer.

It has been scientifically proved that the common hop-toad—the sort which naughty little boys love to chase about with sticks and stones—is the greatest bug destroyer. And while speaking of the boy in connection with the hop-toad, I must warn him against killing such a good friend as Mr. Hoppy Toad. Should all the toads suddenly disappear, our gardens and flowers would suffer greatly at the onslaught of various kinds of insects. Therefore, for one's own welfare—if not for a humane cause—be kind and considerate of the well-being of the little garden toad. He helps to furnish your table with vegetables, fruits and flowers, in that he devours the insects by the millions which would otherwise devour them.

It has been estimated that every hop toad in the farmer's garden is worth to him \$5 a year on account of the cut-worms alone, but mentioning the cut-worms alone, but mentioning other insects, both creeping and flying, for the toad is something of an epicure and loves a variety of dishes. He eats a few cut-worms, takes some potato bugs on the side and dainties with flies and gnats for dessert. And sometimes his meal contains even a greater variety.

The rearing of toads is easy enough if there is a pond or a pool of water which does not dry up during the summer. This water is all that the toad needs for supplying a large family of his own kind, and before one scarcely realizes it, there will be hundreds of these little assistants to the agriculturalist, working overtime, for Mr. Hoppy Toad is a voracious eater and begins with the dawn to catch his worms and flies and bugs, and continues till long after the sun has gone down. He has no "hours," for all the time that it is light enough to see an insect helps to form his working day.

If the destroying little ants get a start in your yard or garden, and you find it almost impossible to get rid of them, put a few toads about among their hills and then rest assured that soon no ants will remain as they dig under your flower bed or to undermine your vegetable bed. The toad seems to relish ants immensely, and as long as

"Roughing It" With Hal

IN CAMP.

It was almost dusk of the first day's ride when Hal, his younger brother Jack, his father and Goldie, the guide, "made camp" in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Though they had forded a swift, ice-cold mountain stream but an hour before they turned their sturdy little cayuses and pack-ponies into the selected spot, the chill, dry air had dried their boots as though they had never been wet.

But they were hungry—goodness, yes!

"You young fellows won't get no quail-on-toast nor no ice cream," said Goldie as they stood watching him untie the ropes around the "pack" on one of the pack horses. "And there ain't goin' to be no table-cloth nor napkins, either."

"I should worry!" put in Hal, in what he meant to be quite an accusatory-sounding tone. "Gee whizz! I could chew nails!"

"Well then, young feller," said Goldie with a smile, between tugs at the rope, "like around on the other side of this pony and chew loose one of these knots!"

Hal gasped.

Jack snickered.

And Goldie smiled again—good-naturedly—for he hadn't meant to be unkind but simply to have his little joke at the expense of a "tenderfoot," lest aforesaid tenderfoot become too "rambunctious."

So Hal, red of face, swallowed his surprise and went around to the other side to work on a refractory knot; while little Jack, not knowing quite what to do, stood, poised for a fight, watching the guide tug and pull on the rope and addressing remarks that were quite personal to the restless, fidgeting pony all the while. Suddenly, Goldie seemed to be conscious of Jack's presence.

"What're you doin', sonny?" he exclaimed in a tone meant to sound fierce and terrible. "Think you're watchin' a round-up? You best git for that pony of yours and untie your slicker (i. e. an olekin waterproof such as fishermen wear in bad weather) and see if you can get your saddle off. Out here in this country, Jackie, it's every man for himself—and there won't be no dinner for anybody until camp's all made and the ponies corralled—ain't that right, Mr. Hamilton?"

And Goldie winked over his shoulder at Mr. Hamilton.

"That's right, Goldie," he replied, "we might as well break in these two young 'tenderfoots' from the start. They've got lots to learn before we get back East again." And then, in serious tones he added, "Guess we ought to make them pitch the tents—don't you think?"

Goldie, without even a change of expression much less a smile, looked slowly and carefully up and around.

Then, fearing complete darkness, Goldie had rounded them up and tied each, with a halter, to one of the legs in the cluster. Around the whole he had fastened several of the ropes, so that the horses were hemmed in by the ropes which ran from tree to tree about them.

Returning to the fire, the boys beheld both Goldie and their father crouching on their knees "cooking supper." And how good it did smell!

A huge tin coffee pot was sputtering and singing away on some live embers and giving out clouds of fragrant steam. Goldie was frying bacon in a skillet—and its odor was doubly maddening to the two hungry boys.

As for Mr. Hamilton, he was opening numerous mysterious packages and tin cans and cutting huge slices of cheese and bread and placing them on a piece of oilcloth he had laid on the ground near the fire.

"Hungry?" inquired Goldie, through the smoke.

"You bet!" exclaimed Jack.

"I—I—" replied Hal, hesitating a moment. "I believe, Goldie, I could eat that kind of yours now—if you'd fry it for me!"

"Ha! Ha!" roared Mr. Hamilton. "He's come back at you, Goldie!"

And Goldie, too, joined in the laughter at his expense, for he could take as well as give a joke.

"All ready," he sang out presently. "Fall to! Tomorrow morning we'll get up early and catch the trout for breakfast. In the meantime—no company manners permitted!"

And, you may be sure, the boys needed no further invitation.

When They Returned They Found a Raring Fire Going.

pretending to ponder the matter

one is never mistreated or driven away.

Among the insects devoured by these little benefactors are the cut-worms, house-flies, horse-flies, roscobetics, myriapods (the common household centipede), army-worms, gypsy-moths, celery worms, mosquitoes and ants. And this does not cover half the list of insects they rid our gardens and houses of.

"Well, I dunno," he said presently. "It kinder looks as though that glacier up there on the mountain might break loose tonight and come sliding down and bury us—so I guess we better make sure them tent poles is planted deep." And how good it did smell!

"Gee!" gasped Hal, looking quickly at Goldie and then up at the white patch of snow high up on the mountain.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

CHANGING INITIAL LETTERS.
Change a rodent to a domestic pet.
Change a pointed instrument for punching small holes to a bird that sees best at night.
Change suffering or aching to a shower of water.
Change a drawing showing a portion of the earth to a short word.
Change a conjunction uniting words and phrases to a limit or boundary.
Change the past tense of go to a canvas shelter.

The first letters of the new words spell a musical instrument.

DISCOVER THESE INVENTORS.

1. Ed (father's boy).
2. Step (egg-layer) son.
3. M (horse without the h).
4. W (not wrong).
5. Full (200 pounds).
6. W (strike) ncy.
7. (Boy's name) lin.

Answers.
Changing Initial Letters: Rat, cat; wheel, nail; pain, rain; nap, nap; and lead, went; tent, Cornet.
Discover these inventors: 1. Edison, 2. Stephenson, 3. Morse, 4. Wright, 5. Fulton, 6. Whitney, 7. Franklin.



If You Weren't So Big I Would Turn You Across My Knee And Spank You Right Here And Now.

And he made up his mind, come what might, to eavesdrop in some way.

Now here is where Old Gray Monk, the practical joker of the Jungle, comes into the story. Old Gray Monk was as full of pranks and mischief as your mother's pin-cushion is of pins. That is, he was except at home. There he was most mild and subdued—for he lived in mortal terror of his wife, Mrs. Old Gray Monk. Indeed, he didn't dare open his mouth before her. And she, you may be sure, was a suffragette! Old Gray

show her how to keep Cassowary from making good his boast. She listened and kept quiet about it—except that within the hour every last lady-bird in the Jungle knew of the wonderful plan.

On the following morning, Donald, the meeting was called to order within the huge thatched enclosure by Mrs. Gray Old Monk, whom all the other lady-birds addressed as "Madam President." They pretended to be very busy with the business before them; but in reality they were waiting for curious Cassowary to stick his nose inside of the little peep-hole they had purposely left on the side of the enclosure that they had also purposely left unguarded. And they had not long to wait, either.

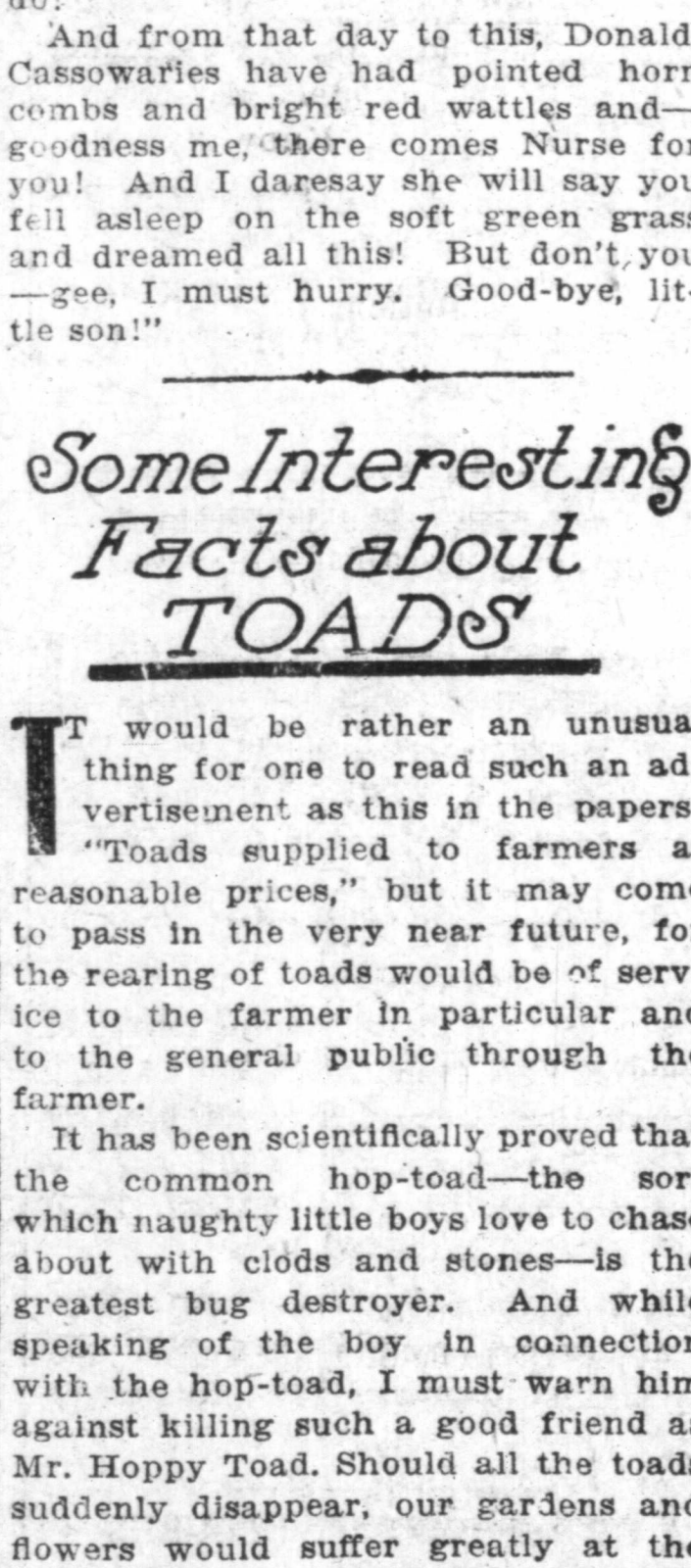
Presently, there was a slight scratch-scratching around the peep-hole and—in bobbed Cassowary's head. Instantly he let out a squeak! For his head had touched and broken a thin cord that held a wooden bar in place just above the hole; and straightway it fell upon him, shutting in and holding his head in a vise. Tug and pull and stretch though he did, Cassowary was caught!

And such a shrieking and clamor as arose within the room! But the "Madam President" quickly suppressed it and went to work. Assisted by several of the lady-birds, she took Cassowary to the middle of the enclosure and called for a can containing a hot, boiling, sticky mixture. Old Gray Monk had made it for her and he called it "Melted Bone Gum to Catch Meddlers."

Seizing a dipper she poured a lot of the mess on poor Cassowary's head. My, how he did yell! Then, after it had cooled a bit and was thick and plastic like wax she moulded it into



Doctor Foster went to Glo'ster In a shower of rain; He stepped in a puddle up to his middle, And never went there again. Find Dr. Foster's umbrella by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.



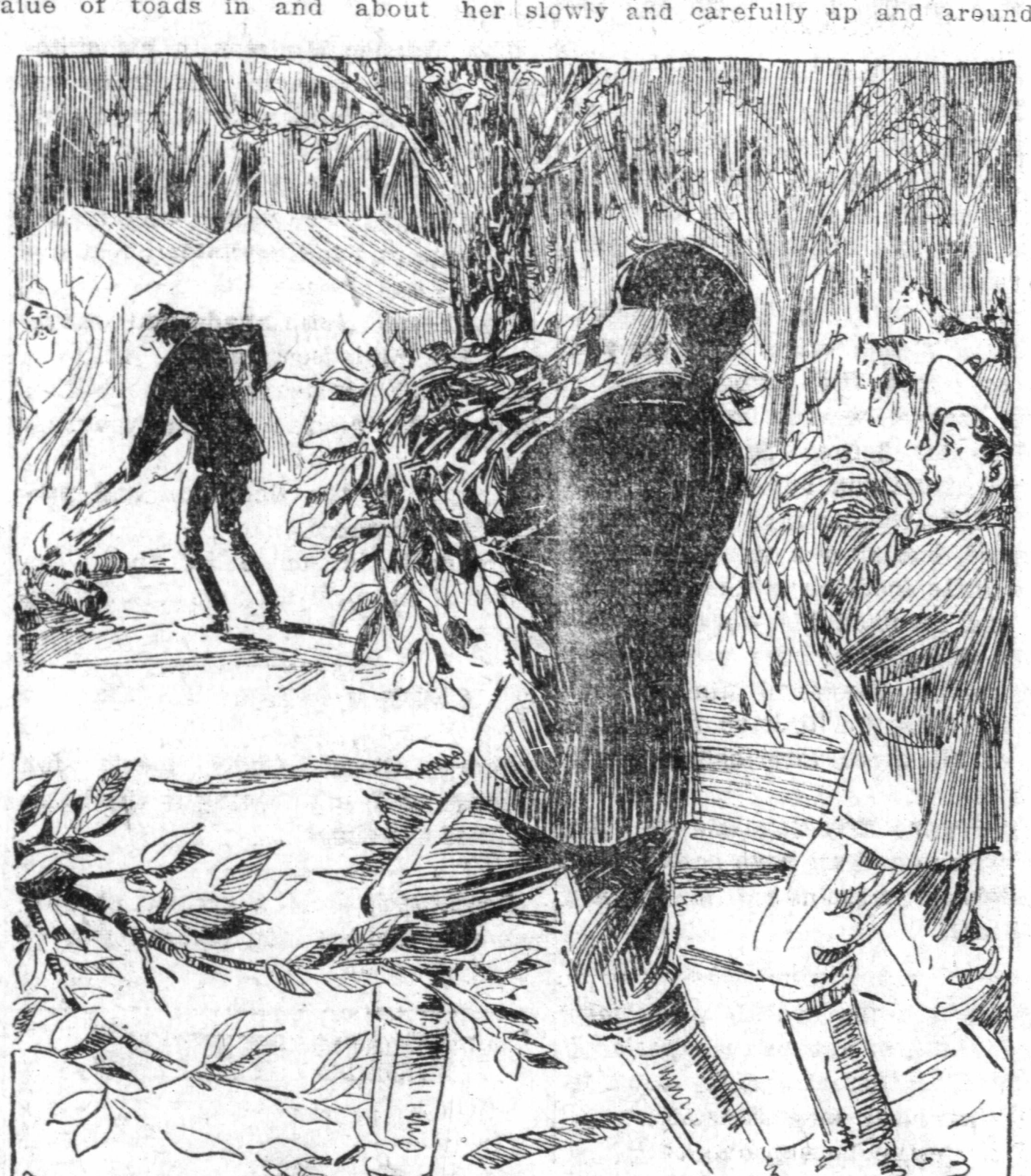
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There's something 'bout a little thing That grows tight in my heart, I guess it's cause I member just How small I was to start.

News of the City and the Outports

SPECTATOR DEFENDS STEPHANO'S CAPTAIN

DESERVING OF PRAISE AND NOT BLAME

(Continued from page 1)

young captain, and his grief was pitiable.

Without waiting to hear more, one of the men ran back to the Stephano to spread the alarm. The others were close to his heels.

As the foremost drew near Capt. Abram bawled out "What's the matter?"

Nat a Man On Board

"Capt. Wes" hasn't a man on board," were the words that broke on the ears of the two hundred Stephano's men as they leaned over the side to hear the news.

With a piteous cry of "My God, they are lost," Capt. Kean rushed to the telephone. By this time news bearers were clamoring in over the side.

Ordering on all steam ahead the Stephano started off in a northerly direction where he thought the castaways might be.

Scores of men rushed to the rigging. Every glass on the ship was in use and every eye excepting the men employed below gazed anxiously in all directions, hoping to see some sign of life.

News By Wireless

The news was flashed out by wireless and shortly after an answer came from the Bellaventure that she had heard of the disaster a couple of hours before and had already picked up some of the dead and suffering.

Such is the story The Mail learns from a most reliable source.

It is absolutely correct. The facts were given us too late for yesterday's issue, and we publish them this early opportunity, because we know that as far as the Stephano first learning of the disaster is concerned, report has been doing Capt. Abram Kean an injustice.

Our informant also says that Capt. Abram worked very hard in his endeavors to locate the victims.

Deserves Praise, Not Blame

Capt. Kean is also censured by some because he did not keep the Newfoundland's men on board, the Stephano on Tuesday morning, but we are informed that instead of being censured he deserves something else, as Capt. Abram showed kindness to the men.

Capt. Abram is mortal, he is liable to err, he has made mistakes, but we have yet to believe that he would turn men from his ship in the height of a storm, or even if he saw bad weather approaching.

An enquiry is to be held. The E.P.U. has requested Mr. Morine, K.C., its solicitor, to be present at the enquiry, in the interests of Union members concerned.

Judge Knight will perform the duties of coroner, and it rests with him as to the conducting of the enquiry, but Mr. Morine will ask for permission to assist.

That he will look after the interests of the Union men faithfully and well, is certain.

No lawyer knows the sealers or fishermen better, and no man in Newfoundland is better able to look after their interests than the solicitor whose services they have received.

Went Out of His Way

We are informed that Capt. A. Kean went out of his way to give the Newfoundland's men a "mug up."

He knew they were a long distance from their ship and that they would relish a warm drink. The men had several miles to travel before reaching their ship, so Capt. Abram ran the Stephano up to them and hailed them to come on board and get a mug up.

They did so, and when they had finished Capt. Abram said, "Now boys, go on out at your heels."

At that moment there was no indication of storm, at least as far as the barometer was concerned. Our informant did not notice the condition of the sky, but he is certain the glass did not denote a storm.

This statement was made The Daily Mail yesterday by a gentleman whom we have no reason whatever to doubt.

If true, it gives an entirely different aspect to the reports going around about the Stephano's captain.

Transferred to Bellaventure.

Two of the Newfoundland's castaways reached the Stephano, and two bodies were picked up, but all were transferred to the Bellaventure before the latter left for port.

The first distressed man to reach the Stephano was Patrick Hearn, a mere stripling.

He is not troubled with much avoirdupois, and to glance at him one would not say that he weighed much more than a hundred pounds, yet he

HARD WORK FOR THE TWO SURGEONS

(Continued from page 1)

colored blood or matter allowed to run out.

As soon as the matter was removed relief was instant, and expressions of gratitude could be heard on all sides.

Each hand, finger, foot and toe had to be treated separately, which took considerable time.

As the incisions were made the matter squirted out in the faces and on the clothing of the doctors, but they did not mind that. They would stand anything as long as the poor sufferers got relief.

Ravenous With Hunger

The men were ravenous. Some had not tasted food for forty-eight hours, so the stewards, cooks and others followed the doctors, administering small quantities of brandy and hot beef tea.

By 4 a.m. Friday Drs. Wallace and Smith had gone round the patients once and then Mr. Wallace went back to his own ship to look after the patients there.

The Stephano and Bellaventure were then not more than a hundred yards apart. Dr. Wallace looked after his own sick, and at noon Capt. Abram advised him to go back to the Bellaventure and return to St. John's with the sick.

The Newfoundland had joined them by this time and Capt. Wes boarded the Stephano to see his father. The young captain was almost distracted with grief over the terrible tragedy.

Hearn and Trask, the two Newfoundland survivors, who boarded the Stephano, and Sheppard, of her own crew, who was suffering from pneumonia, and another man, James Leonard, of Trinity, who was also ill, were transferred to the Bellaventure.

Left the Newfoundland

Nine men from the Newfoundland who had been out in the storm and rejoined their ship, also scrambled over the side of the Newfoundland with their bags and baggage to join the Bellaventure, when they heard she was coming home with the injured.

Dr. Wallace lost no time in reaching the Bellaventure and he at once got busy giving relief to the men.

As soon as the last was treated, it was necessary to begin on the first again, and this continued until port was reached.

At 2 a.m. Saturday, lint ran short, but clean sheets were torn up and they answered the purpose.

The doctors worked without food or sleep for hours. In fact they thought of nothing but giving relief.

It is little wonder that young Smith collapsed, but after a few hours rest and a little food, he felt as fresh as ever and resumed his work.

Only those who were present can fully realize the good the medical men did. They will have the gratitude of all those they helped while life lasts.

There were fifty invalids on the Bellaventure and all have nothing but the highest praise for Drs. Wallace and Smith.

lived through the ordeal, when men stronger and of far more experience acknowledged defeat and lay down to sleep their last long sleep.

Mysterious Escape

How he came through practically unscathed is a mystery which even he himself is not able to account for.

On Sunday when asked how he lived through the storm he replied that he did not know, and we believe the poor fellow does not.

If he retained his senses during the forty-eight hours of agony, then he must have wonderful vitality indeed.

It was 1:30 a.m. Thursday when he was found by some of the Stephano's men trudging over the barren icefields towards the Red Cross liner.

He had seen the ship and not until then did he realize that he was safe.

Hurried to His Help

The Stephano's men saw him at a distance and they hurried towards him, for they learned earlier in the morning that misfortune had overtaken the Newfoundland, and they believed him to be a survivor, as such he was.

Three of the search party accompanied him to the ship and there he was comfortably quartered in the hospital.

He was at once put to bed, given small quantities of brandy and beef tea, his slightly frost-bitten fingers were attended to, and soon he was sleeping like a top. When he awoke he was greatly refreshed and felt no ill-effects.

DOMINION EXCEEDING PROSPEROUS

Canada Has Big Surplus and Its Trade and Commerce Have Advanced by Leaps and Bounds.—Some Changes in Tariff.

Ottawa, April 7.—The most important budget since the introduction of the Fletching Tariff in 1897 was brought down today by Hon. W. T. White, Min. of Finance. In addition to a presentation of a financial and trade statement telling the story of a year of splendid National progress, the Minister laid before Parliament a series of tariff changes being an attempt at a general revision, but in a number of instances the tariff had been altered to meet new industrial conditions.

The Imperial tariff features are a duty of \$3.50 per ton on wire rods which will have the effect of establishing this industry in Canada, a reduction of duties on agricultural implements of from 17 1/2 per cent. coupled with a drawback provision which puts this duty practically upon a 10 per cent. basis.

No Change.

There is no change in wheat and flour duties. Upon this subject the Finance Minister gave the House a full statement of the Government's position. He was able to demonstrate that the removal of wheat and flour duties had not been proven a necessity in the best interests of the Canadian wheat grower, while the effect upon the Canadian milling industry and Canadian transportation systems may be serious and irrevocable.

A lengthy list of lesser tariff amendments was laid upon the table in the form of resolutions introduced by Mr. White at the close of his speech.

The surtax provision of the present law is to be amended to give it flexibility. The present surtax is fixed at one-third the existing duty. The surtax provision fixes a minimum of 20 per cent. within which Government may act at its discretion.

Prohibition.

The importation of cigrettes and other plumage of birds, with certain exceptions, is to be prohibited in Canada.

The Finance Minister in his statement of the financial and trade record of the Dominion for the year, announced a surplus of thirty-six millions and a half despite the worldwide financial depression and trades shrinkage and its inevitable effect upon the Dominion.

He showed that Canada had weathered the period of stringency with a trade total exceeding by a billion dollars the figures of the previous year.

Exports of the Dominion had materially increased.

He declared his belief that the worst of the period of depression had passed.

GEORGE STREET CHOIR

George Street Choir meets for practice at 9 this evening in the basement of the church.

Goodridge's Rosina arrived at Penman's Friday last, after a run of 43 days.

PUBLIC MEETING.



Notice is hereby given that a Public Meeting will be held in the Court House on **TU-MORROW (TUESDAY), April the 7th at 8:30 o'clock, p.m.**, to consider what provision can be made for the families of those who have lost their lives during the present season's seal fishery.

St. John's, April 6th, 1914.

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff.

The second survivor to reach the Stephano was Trask, to whom The Daily Mail has referred previously. He had been found dying on the ice, but was resuscitated and carried to the Stephano.

He received medical treatment and shortly after asked for a smoke. He was given a few "draws" which he remarked were fine.

If he had only been able to get a "whiff" while out in the storm he would not have minded so much. The hunger was bad enough but to be so eager for a smoke and not be able to get one was anything but pleasant.

We hope that Trask will never be in such a position again.

SHIPPING

TALISMAN ARRIVES

S.S. Talisman arrived in port at noon to-day with a full general cargo for Harvey & Co.

FLORIZEL COMING.

The Florizel has been ordered home and is due this evening. The Stephano will return Friday as soon as there is room for her to discharge.

BONAVENTURE ARRIVES.

S.S. Bonaventure, Capt. Parsons, arrived at 1:30 p.m. with her flag half mast, and berthed at A. Harvey & Co.'s wharf.

She hails for 10,000.

The remains of the late Mr. Pridham who was killed by falling in the hold, were brought in, and will be forwarded home this afternoon.

LATEST FROM KYLE

Kyle 10 a.m. Received 12:55 p.m.—"Wind blowing a gale from N. W. Cause Race bears north half west; distance 105 miles. You may acquaint Mr. Kennedy that everything that is possible to be done in this search will be attended to by us. We all have friends on 'Cross'.

(Sgd.) A. W. PICCOTT."

ON THE SOUTHERN CROSS

There are 173 men on the Southern Cross, of which 90 are under 25 years of age.

THE ENQUIRY BEGINS

The enquiry into the Newfoundland disaster commenced this morning. A full report will appear in tomorrow's paper.

WANT TO COME HOME

Men on the wooden ships at the icefields want to come home. We are informed that one crew refused to take 100 tons coal from one of the steel ships.

VERY DEEPLY LADEN

The Terra Nova's men say the Southern Cross was very deeply laden. She had several thousand on deck, the pelts being stowed everywhere.

Swansea Trader sails for Liverpool to-night.

S.S. Eaglepoint sailed for Halifax at 6 a.m.

S.S. Sardinian left Liverpool, Saturday, for St. John's.

S.S. Digby will not leave Liverpool until April 25th. She is detained on account of repairs and renovation.

"Home Rule and Why."—In aid of Marine Disaster Fund. Lecture by Mr. J. L. Slattery to-night in B.L.P. Club Rooms at 8:30. Entrance by centre door Club Rooms, Queen's Rd.

OPORTO MARKET.

Apr 7 Mar. 30

Stocks (Nfld.) 17,740 18,975

Consumption 4,460 3,760

Stocks (Norg.) 4,875 9,750

Consumption 5,110 1,230

Mr. Benjamin Squires, Bonne Bay, is at present visiting the city. He leaves this evening for Spaniard's Bay.

A GREAT BENEFIT SECURED

For the Benefit of the Human Race.

Some years ago whilst at Labrador I was fortunate in securing a formula which has proved a benefit to many a sufferer. I gave it but little attention at first but finding some few persons who tried all means for relief and found nothing to help them I thought I would try a remedy. I was successful in curing the first five who drank this Arctic Indigestion Cure, and that encouraged me to put it on the market and to-day we have scores who are testifying to its curative value.

It is not only a cure for indigestion but if you follow up our advertising you will see testimonials that it cured various other complaints. It is made from herbs and roots and contains no poison.

Manufactured by SAUNDERS & MERCER, Shearstown, Nfld.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

HATCHER—The funeral of the late Fred Hatcher of Cat Hr., one of the victims of the "Newfoundland" disaster will take place this evening at 8 o'clock from the Morgue, Interment in the General Protestant Cemetery. Any friends and sealers in town are respectfully requested to attend.



EASTER OFFERINGS

EGG NOVELTIES!

This week we show a good assortment of

EASTER EGG NOVELTIES!

- CARDBOARD EGGS, prettily colored, all sizes, suitable for Candies, Gloves, Lace and other Easter Gifts, 4, 8, 10, 20, 25, to \$1.20.
- NATURAL CHICKS and DUCKLINGS.....25c.
- FLUFFY BUNNIES, DUCKLINGS and CHICKS.....4c. up.
- RABBIT and CHICKEN NOVELTIES.
- PLASTER OF PARIS RABBITS, HARES, CHICKS, etc.
- FOLDING EASTER BELLS.....2, 3, 5, 9, 15c. each

Chocolate Eggs

2, 3, 5, 8, 15c. each.



Religious Incident On The Icefloe

It is customary with our Roman Catholic friends when commencing their prayers to devoutly make the sign of the cross on their foreheads. This practice occurred to the unfortunate victim Michael Morey when nearing his last moments but he was deprived of doing so owing to his right arm having become either paralyzed or frozen. He asked his faithful companion, Pat Hearn, to assist him in raising his now dead arm in making the sign of the cross. This being done poor Morey devoutly recited aloud an act of contrition asking the Almighty to have mercy on his soul.

Scarcely were the words "cold on his lips when the spirit fled and the half frozen form dropped back dead. Here is an instance of the mortal having full belief in his Creator. From his mother's knee he had been taught his prayers and the use and meaning of the sign of the cross. Years ago the mother entered her rest, but who will say that her eye was not looking on that pathetic scene on the wild and trackless icefloe.

Identified by Two Finger Nails.

One of the last to be identified on Sunday afternoon was Patrick Gosse, of Torbay. The body had been viewed by the brother and a number of chums Saturday night, but they could not identify him.

Sunday a young lady knew him as the little finger of the left hand there were two nails. The brothers and chums had forgotten this, but when they were reminded of it they recognized the body.

ST. JOHN'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL

Over thirty students registered and gathered with some of their friends in St. Mary's Hall Friday evening to witness the presentation of the certificates won by the successful students in the recent examinations held, covering Mathematics, Mechanical Drawing and Technical Knowledge. Colonel Rendell, of the C.L.B., presented the prizes, etc., and in a very appropriate address urged the students to be loyal to the confidence placed in them by their friends.

The first prize valued at \$5.00 was won by George Gushue, who secured 91.3 per cent.; the second by P. J. O'Brien, who secured 91 per cent. This prize is valued at \$3.00, both of

which were donated by R. G. Reid, Esq.

Eric Martin and Cyril Merner were both awarded certificates of Honorary Mention for the good work they had done.

At this period of the exercised His Lordship Bishop Jones with Rev. Canon Bolt, Rev. H. Uphill and several other gentlemen, visited the school and in a very interesting address His Lordship showed his keen and appreciative interest in the students and their friends, and was very pleased with the surroundings and the work done by the students.

In the closing remarks of the evening, Captain Saunders handed over the supervision of the school with all the equipment under the care of Professor D. James Davies, B.Sc., F.C.S., who will from now on have full directive care under the supervision of the trustees of the work.

The Board of Trustees wish through these means to gratefully acknowledge the following additional contributions: Messrs Harvey & Co., \$50.00; Hon. John Anderson, \$25.00; John Neil, \$25.00; W. J. Herder, \$10.00; S. J. Foote, \$5.00; A. Marshall, \$5.00.

H. B. SAUNDERS.

REQUIEM HIGH MASS

AT R. C. CATHEDRAL.

Large concourse of devout worshippers assembled at the R. C. Cathedral this morning at 8:30, notwithstanding the drift.

The celebrant was Rev. Monsignor Roche with Revs. Sheehan and Conway Deacon and Sub-Deacon respectively; Chanters, Rev. McDermot and Sears; Master of Ceremonies Rev. Dr. Jas. Greene.

The choir under the leadership of Mr. Hutton rendered most appropriate music and hymns.

At the close of the service, the Dead March in Saul was played by Mr. Hutton on the grand organ.

For Sale!

Schooner "Atlanta."

Vessel is 106 tons gross; in good condition; almost new; well found in every particular.

Apply, R. HICKS, Catalina.

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INTOXICANTS TO BE BARRED.

Washington, April 6.—Secretary of the Navy Daniels has issued an order barring the use of alcoholic liquors in the Navy after July 1st next.

It will not only affect the men and the officers but every ship and store station.

The order is causing much discussion.

LARGELY ATTENDED FUNERALS.

There were four largely attended funerals at the R. C. Cathedral last afternoon. Those of Mrs. S. Knight, Messrs. Evans, Downey and Morey, the latter two being victims of the recent disaster.

Dr. Greene, assisted by acolytes bearing crucifix and lighted candles, conducted the service, when the sad cortage slowly and reverently wended their way to Mount Carmel Cemetery, there to await the great judgment morn.

TO-NIGHT'S LECTURE.

Mr. J. L. Slattery's lecture on "Home Rule and Why" takes place this evening. The entire receipts will be given to the Disaster Fund.

Entrance will be by the tower door, Queen's Road.

This subject is attracting much attention and there will no doubt be a large attendance.

OFFER SENT FROM CANADA

Ottawa, March 26.—Captain Tom Wallace, Conservative member for Centre York, a veteran of the South African war, and a prominent member of the Orange Order, sent the following telegram last night to Sir Edward Carson at Belfast, Ireland:

"Thousands of loyal Canadians are with you in your magnificent fight to preserve the best traditions of British citizenship by resisting the coercion of Ulster. We are ready, if necessary, to help you with men and money to the last ditch.

"(Signed) TOM WALLACE."

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