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**Very Highest Quality.**

PEARL BARLEY . . . . . 5c. lb. Colman's CORN FLOUR, 14c. lb.  
LIMA BEANS, genuine . . . 9c. lb. Clement's CORN FLOUR, 9c. lb.  
CREAM OF WHEAT . . . . . 20c. pkt. WHEATINA . . . . . 20c. pkt.

### American Cube Sugar, 4 cts. per lb.

NEAVE'S FOOD . . . . . 29c. tin. ALLENBURY'S FOOD,  
ALLENBURY'S FOOD No. 3 . . . . . 32c. tin.  
Nos. 1 & 2 . . . . . 53c. tin. BENER'S FOOD . . . . . 45c. tin.  
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IRISH WHOLE MEAL English PASTRY FLOUR,  
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| Huntley & Palmer's<br>FANCY LUNCH BISCUITS<br>16c. lb.<br>CLEANED CURRANTS, in car-<br>tons . . . . . 7c. lb.<br>ASSORTED JAMS, in tumbler<br>. . . . . 14c. ea.<br>ROLLED OATS, finest Canadi-<br>an . . . . . 3 1/2c. lb. | Huntley & Palmer's<br>THIN LUNCH BISCUITS,<br>17c. lb.<br>CREAM OF TARTAR finest pos-<br>sible quality, 98 per cent.<br>test . . . . . 37c. lb.<br>MARMALADE, in tumbler,<br>9c. ea.<br>OATMEAL, Canadian, 3 1/2c. lb. |
|---|--|

### Best American Granulated Sugar, 3 1-2c. lb.

## Geo. Knowling.

mar.30.61.eod.

## A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

### CHAPTER X.

#### The Call of the Sea.

(Continued)

Brought back that ring of brown, unwhipped, unshaven faces, too, stolidly staring into the middle distance, the long, tattooed arms, with the tarry hands, always half-closed as if gripping a rope; brought back the clouds of tobacco smoke, the groaning sea-song, the heave and lift of the wind-borne ship, the hissing splash of parted water beneath the onward ploughing bow. She knew it all, better than if the scene were actually before her. She was lonely and forlorn, the taste of biscuit, combined with the familiar uniform, had touched the chords of her heart, and without the sea she felt she must die.

"But it can't be done," she moaned, pressing her slim, capable hands against her brow. "I'd give almost anything for a sniff of the salt, and—it can't be done."

She began to hum a sea-chanty, and the strains of "Oh, Sally Brown," meandered through the stifling room. But this only brought that gnawing ache still more keenly in evidence, and after a while she desisted perforce, desisted because the words would not come. There was a lump in her throat that no amount of swallowing would dislodge. She rose to her feet and pressed her hot brow against the window-pane. It was blowing up for a gale outside, the sky was shot with a sinister steely grey. The sun was setting—she could see the stormy afterglow. It promised to be a wild, autumnal night, such a night as her soul loved. The window sash shook with a rattle as a gust volleyed against the house-back and tore screechingly away.

Rendered almost passionate by her solitude, Aileen tore herself away from the window, went to the bed, and groped under the pillow. In such bad hours as these she had one infallible comforter. She drew it forth now—not her Bible, but a dog-eared, tattered copy of a novel: Clark Russell's "Shipmate Louise." This she carried to where the waning light fell fully on the pages, and buried herself

in the sea-writer's realistic word-painting. She recognized it all—there was no need for her to ponder over the technical jargon, to puzzle her young brain over the intricacies of the sea. It all lay before her, a picture to be gazed upon again and again, with no fear of its stalling. Until the last ray of daylight faded she over the book, greedily devouring it, and when, impossible to read further, she closed it, it was with a heavy sigh.

"I just can't stand it longer," she said wistfully. "And, what's more, I won't." The plan was taking formation in her active young brain now. Miss Selina, the outdoor mistress, had a rooted dislike to the sea; whenever the daily walk was taken she steadfastly piloted the string of girls inland, there to discourse freely about Nature's beauties. Aileen didn't care much for Nature's charm; what she needed was Nature's masterpiece, the ever-changing yet never-altering sea.

Mrs. Merrilees, too, was getting old and feeble—she was verging on seventy, and Aileen felt that duty demanded her consideration for the faithful old soul. On those Sundays when—always provided she had not disgraced herself, bien entendu—she was allowed to spend her day with Mrs. Merrilees, the girl devoted herself to making the declining hours more pleasant, and would not drag herself away to the calling sea. And so, what with one thing and another, it seemed so difficult to get that lung-filling breath of ocean which she so ardently needed for her happiness.

"It's the worst I've done yet," she said deliberately, "and I dare say the dears"—in this fashion she spoke of the august ladies under those whose tuition her destiny was working out—"will tell Dad, and he'll haul me up for mutiny. But—I really can't stand it longer."

Then, had there been light enough, one might have observed the big grey eyes grow bright and flashing, full of a devil-may-care light. She made her preparations carefully. The window was supposed to be hermetically sealed, but Aileen had not ransacked the carpenter's shop aboard the Zoroaster without reason. She now produced a little screwdriver from her pocket and

## 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" 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?

deliberately removed the screws that held the lower sash in place. A moment later and the window was open.

She leaned out, inhaling the good salt air in deep gusts, her nostrils widely distended. It was a stormy night, we have said, and as usual, the sense of elemental tumult appealed to some deep instinct in the girl, so that fear was gone at that first glad breath. She looked about her, searching for footholds with a nautical eye. Then, with a sigh of satisfaction, she drew back into the room and closed the window.

When at nine o'clock a discreet knock came at her door, she gave a sleepy answer, and heard the soft tread of retreating footsteps with re-window was open, and Aileen was leaning out to the full stretch of her body. Six good feet above her head a gutter ran along the roof, ten feet farther away a long rainpipe reached to the ground. She screwed up her courage, stood on the sill, and leaped upwards. The rough metal rasped her fingers, but she paid no heed. For three breathless seconds she hung at arm's length, then, working deftly, she hauled herself along to the pipe. She crept cautiously round the old house, eluded the bright shaft of light that flooded the lawn, covertly into the bushes as she heard the front door open, and then, gathering confidence, ran like a hare to the gate. This passed, she doubled down a road, and found her-

self, almost in a breath, in full hearing of the sea.

It was a magnificent night. The storm-wrack flew across the sky in a volleying cascade of blackness. Here and there the clouds thinned sufficiently to show the moon, but the luminary merely peeped elusively, only to withdraw coyly, and still the raging stormclouds tore on and ever on. Aileen had no need to pick her way. She knew it of old. There was a noble cliff a mile to the eastward of Illminster, and by stretching the imagination well, one could easily imagine it to be the storm-swept poop of a sailing vessel. Towards the cliff the girl went at a run, and, gaining the rocky path, stopped for breath.

"It's worth almost anything," she said gloatingly. "Why, it's my old sea!"

She was looking out over a vast, black-blue mystery that roared joyfully at her feet. Immediately below the sea was fringed with foam that glistened phosphorescently in the elusive moonrays. The roar and thunder of the attack on the pebble-ridge never ceased; it seemed to shake the very cliff on which she stood. An ordinary woman, and some men, would have turned back now,

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**"FAULTLESS"  
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Simplest, strongest, most beautiful and perfect portable lamp in the world. Cannot explode. Can roll it on the floor while burning. Requires no cleaning. Makes its own gas from Kerosene Oil and costs less than one cent a night to produce three hundred candle power of bright, white light.

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but Aileen was made of sterner stuff. The wind caught her, and buffeted her boisterously, but she laughed in its teeth and acclaimed it as an old familiar friend. Curling wisps of spray lissed out of the resonant blackness, and drove stingingly into her face; she felt the salt trickle on her lips, and clapped her hands.

This was life—rich, glorious life, not the withered, dry-apple existence which, according to Miss Selina's teachings, was the state of being to which she had been called. Aileen set her heart to the scramble, and climbed upwards, until she stood out, a daring figure, on the crest of the cliff itself. The very spirit of the storm she seemed, as she stood there, swaying slightly to the thrust of the breeze, leaning against it as a solid thing. Far below she could see the shifting, sweeping gleam of the old lighthouse that guarded the reef; still farther away, almost indistinguishable to the ordinary eye, and yet, to her keen, trained vision, plainly revealed, were the shipping lights: red, green and white. Aileen had no eyes for the old, arrogant electric of the south-bound liners, but when a single red glimmer showed and then disappeared, she leaned forward still farther.

"That's a windjammer," she cried. "Oh, the dear think." And she kissed one hand to the vanished light. In her eagerness she had drawn too near the cliff, she staggered a little, would have fallen, but—a strong hand seized her shoulder and plucked her back.

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

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

### "Asbestol" Gloves.

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

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

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

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



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"Good Lord! It's a woman!" said a wondering voice. It was very dark, but Aileen recognized the tone.

"It's a 'watch-below-keep-band' sort of a night, isn't it?" she said merrily. "By the way, I believe I owe you something. I was almost over."

"I might have known it was you," said Leigh. "No other woman would have been such a fool—such a well, no other woman would, anyhow."

"What are you doing here?" asked the girl. "This is my quarterdeck."

"Is it really? It's mine, too. The rooms at home got stuffy, they always do when there's a breeze on, and so I came out here to get refreshed. Jolly luck thing I did, it seems to me."

"Yes, it is. I shouldn't have liked to fall down there—even if it is my sea below—without sailing on it again. Look here, I'm out of bounds, and I only intended to creep out for a single sniff and then go back and be good, but I rather like you, Leigh. Going to have a yarn?"

The position was decidedly unconventional, but neither cared a straw for that. Illicit interviews between handsome young men and lovely girls were a thing undreamed of in the Misses Learoyd's curriculum, but to neither mind came a thought the might not have been shouted aloud in a crowded city. There was that if the clean, strong tang of the hustling sea that purged them of sentiment—they were merely comrades, shipmates for the time being. And so the talk went on; from Cape Horn to Callao, from the Crozets to the Western Isles, they followed the track of the speeding ships in their thoughts, and knew naught save great gladness of soul.

Leigh forgot that he was talking to a girl; she seemed to grip on his meaning as a brother sailor; nay, more than that, she seemed to run ahead of him at times, and instinctively foretell what was coming.

"I can't understand it," he said, remembering. "You seem to draw everything out of me, you're not a bit like a girl. I'm a silent brute, as a rule, amongst women, especially, but—now, why did I tell you how I used to feel off the Horn, when we were in that blizzard?"

(To be continued)

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Russian green French serge was made up into this neat and useful frock with its draped skirt which demonstrates the new bustle line. A collared collar and revers of Russian green taffeta are supplemented by others of white. The skirt is of the taffeta. A jaunty hat was worn with this. The frame was covered with shirred silk in Russian green and the trim edge was finished with self-tone soutache. Black pompons trimmed.

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BELLAVENTURE REACHES PORT WITH SURVIVORS AND THE DEAD

Joy and Grief Strangely Intermingle as the Living are Welcomed and the Dead Bitterly Mourned.

SIXTY-NINE BODIES PUT ASHORE AND TAKEN TO SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE FOR PREPARATION FOR INTERMENT

The Dead Were Piled High on One of the Hatches of the Sealer Bellaventure.

QUICKLY TRANSPORTED TO MORTUARY CHAMBER.

Every Respect Paid to the Mortal Remains of the Unfortunate Sealers.

Seldom indeed has St. John's City seen such a gathering of people as that which thronged the Eastern Water Street waiting patiently for the Bellaventure to arrive.

As soon as the ship was tied up to the wharf scores of visitors clambered on board, being mainly officials charged with landing the sick and the dead and also sealers who had reached port but a couple of hours previously in the Beothic.

Pathetic Scenes

There was many a pathetic scene as friend clasped the hand of friend. Strong men wept tears of joy and murmured broken words of thanks to the Providence that had brought them safely through a terrible ordeal.

Without fuss, without noise, without delay, the Ambulance workers got busy and soon the sufferers were transferred to the Institute and the Hospital for treatment.

Then began the sad and gruesome task of conveying the dead on shore. Body by body the poor victims were removed to the Mortuary Chamber in the Institute. But let us draw a merciful veil over the scenes that transpired as the tarpaulin covering the bodies which lay on the hatchway was drawn back and death's terrible harvest was exposed to view.

At 5 o'clock the Bellaventure steamed through the narrows, watched by nearly twenty thousand men, women and children.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Bowring Brothers who placed their launch at our disposal, The Daily Mail was the first to board the ship and bid the captain welcome home.

Having berthed the steamer and reported to Mr. Gerald Harvey and Hon. John Harvey, the captain very kindly and satisfactorily gave an interview to the press representatives.

Commenced Tuesday

The blizzard which wrought such terrible havoc to the Newfoundland's crew commenced on Tuesday morning with a light fall of snow.

The Bellaventure had her men out after a patch of old seals. No ships were in sight then. The seals were driven off and the men were called in. Had there been seals around it was not too stormy for the men to work.

The glass in the morning did not indicate a storm was brewing. At 3 p.m. the storm came on severely, the wind starting from the South East or E. S. E. veering to the South at night.

The weather was mild, a little wet snow falling but not very wet. There was no rain.

At 9 that night it became worse and increased in violence as midnight approached.

Wind Veered

Early Wednesday morning the wind went round to the North with keen frost and drifts. The thermometer was not down to zero, however.

The blizzard raged until 2 p.m. Wednesday, when it cleared. Up to that hour it would be impossible for men on the ice to see a ship or vice versa. The drift was low and prevented one seeing any distance. The Bellaventure had her men out all day but the ice was too thick to clear.

At that time Captain Randall was not aware that there were any men astray.

When the storm came severe Tuesday afternoon, Captain Wes Kean, of the Newfoundland, had his men out, as did also the Bellaventure, Stephano and Florizel, but the Newfoundland's men were further away from their ship. The Newfoundland signalled them to return but they could not see the signal, and when they did not return Captain Wes thought they had boarded his father's steamer the Stephano.

Saw the Men

Capt. A. Kean saw the Newfoundland's men when the storm came on, as they were working between his ship and their own.

When the blizzard sprang up the Stephano turned round to pick up her own crew and her commander naturally was under the impression that the Newfoundland's men had returned to their ship.

Captain Randall had seen the Newfoundland at daylight Tuesday about nine or ten miles distant, but did not sight her later that day.

Early Wednesday the Bellaventure steamed away 20 miles, but later got a message from the Bonaventure that the Stephano had struck a patch of seals and was doing well, so he hurried back and put out his men.

During Tuesday evening's storm some of the Stephano's men went adrift and the ship could not find them. In the meantime the Florizel

had picked them up, but the Stephano was still searching for them.

Many On The Ice

Altogether that Tuesday there must have been eight or nine hundred men on the ice, as the Stephano, Florizel, Bellaventure, Bonaventure and Newfoundland were in the neighborhood.

Captain Randall said that the Stephano went towards the Newfoundland's men and steamed a mile to where he thought they would be if they were hoping to board the Stephano for shelter in stead of going to their own vessel.

Captain Randall says that Captain A. Kean figured out the Newfoundland's men would endeavor to reach his ship as their own was too far away. Capt. Kean kept his whistle blowing all night, hoping to attract any who might have strayed away. He then came to the conclusion that the Newfoundland's men had gone to their own ship.

Wednesday the ice was open. It was heavy in places and the snow covered the water. The steamers could hardly move and it was dangerous for men to walk as they might tread on the snow and go down.

All day Wednesday the Bellaventure had no idea that anything was wrong. At 5 a.m. Thursday the Bellaventure got under way and steamed to where the Newfoundland was the day before, but without the slightest knowledge that the men were adrift. The barrel man while spying around sighted six men on the ice alive and reported to the captain that two were coming towards the Bellaventure, and Captain Randall concluded that they had been out all night.

Then the man in the barrel said that the foremost man was stumbling along. The Bellaventure then headed towards him, but the ice was so tight that the ship could make very little progress. The captain said he never saw the ice tighter. The steamer could not get within five miles of the man, so some of the Bellaventure's men went out to meet him.

He reached the ship by the aid of the others and when he got on board he collapsed.

One Hundred Out

He reported that 100 men had been out since Tuesday, and that forty or fifty were dead on a pan.

Captain Randall then displayed his noble and sympathetic character. He ordered every one of his crew out to the eastward where the stragglers were supposed to be, to search for the poor fellows.

Then a second of the Newfoundland's men was assisted on board. Shortly after some of the Bellaventure's men returned and reported that they had located the large party of

the dead and dying.

Captain Randall at once supplied the search parties with spirits, blankets and stretchers. Fires were lighted, gaffs and even hauling ropes were burned near the frozen men to give them some warmth.

The Bellaventure could not get within four miles of the sufferers until 4 p.m.

All Except Two

The Bellaventure took on board all the men excepting two, and one of the pair was taken on board the Stephano. The Bellaventure's men went for him, but the Stephano was nearer and he was taken on board that ship first and later transferred to the Bellaventure.

The Stephano first learned of the disaster on Thursday morning at 8. Captain Randall cannot say if some of the Newfoundland's men first boarded the Stephano or vice versa.

The Bellaventure's barrel man saw the castaways soon after daylight Thursday. Captain Randall thought they were from the Newfoundland and when his attention was attracted to them remarked that he had them out early, but then noticed that they were not working, in fact only two were moving.

The suffering were assisted on board and the dead were also carried to the ship.

Big Gathering

Judging from appearances the entire city has assembled near the premises of the King George the V. Seamen's Institute to witness the transferring of the bodies from the sealer Bellaventure to the various compartments of the spacious building.

The whole locality was patrolled by the local Constabulary, the Legion of Frontiersmen, C.L.B., M.G.B., C.C.C. and Highlanders.

In readiness were the different divisions of the St. John Ambulance, under the direction of Dr. C. Macpherson, who immediately on arrival of the ship, despatched them to their various places.

The C.L.B. Ambulance Company No. 1, under command of Ambulance Staff Sergt. Reeves, accompanied by Drs. Pritchard and Capt. N. Alderidge, attending to the work of landing the sufferers and dead from the ship. The members of the Calypso also rendered valuable aid in this direction.

Willing Keepers

The patients were taken and placed on the elevator, were taken to the top story of the building, where rooms were in waiting for them.

The Nurses of the General Hospital were in attendance and proved themselves capable attendants.

Going through the spacious hall, adjoining the bedrooms, one could hear in sympathetic tones: "Is there anything you want? A drink of cold water or some beef tea?"

Heartrending Scene

The scene is indeed a heartrending one and won't be forgotten for years to come.

By the courtesy of one of these faithful Nurses we had the privilege of an interview with one young man, who gave his name as Simon Trask, son of Job Trask, of Elliston, whose hands were very severely frostbitten and

who related to us the following story:

"We left our ship at 7 a.m. on Tuesday morning and, on the hunt for seals, travelled out of sight of the ship. We left, the whole ship's company, but about twenty-nine returned to the ship.

"At twelve o'clock the storm sprung up, and before it was possible for us to return we were unable to find our way so dense and blinding was the storm. Thirteen of my comrades from Elliston, but one, shared in the hardships, he being a cook, and only four of the number survived the storm."

Found Unconscious

"I was found on Wednesday evening unconscious on the frozen pans. My clothing and boots having to be cut from my body. As far as I can say I was taken aboard ship and given restoratives.

"I am very grateful," he says, "to the doctor of the Stephano, whom I can safely say saved my life as well as the rest of those who are now surviving. I am thankful that I escaped so easy, and regret very much the death of my comrades.

"Fifteen members of the crew who are suffering very severely from the effects of their experience than the others, were taken to the General Hospital immediately on the arrival of the steamer, where every aid will be rendered to relieve their sufferings.

Twenty-eight were taken to the Seamen's Institute, one of whom is in a pretty precarious condition—Thomas Shepherd, of Catalina, who, Sister Forsey of the Hospital intimated to us was probably suffering from pneumonia.

Grotesque Scenes

The Institute is a gruesome scene and one which we sincerely trust will never again be witnessed in this County.

There are sixty-nine souls laying cold in death—a picture almost too horrible to realize. Some of these victims are frozen in exactly the positions in which they fell, and are not a pleasing sight to the eye.

Each body will be taken to the basement where they will be washed and dressed and finally placed in a coffin, which lies waiting in the gymnasium of the building.

Clergymen of all denominations were present and attended the sick rooms of the unfortunate ones, offering words of cheer and praise to them for their pluck and courage and the brave way in which they fought against death.

Prominent citizens and officials were also there and all are doing the most they possibly can to relieve the suffering in the hour of their distress.

Mr. Jones, Manager of the Institute, is and has been a busy man for the past three days, and through his courtesy we were able to gain much of the information we are now publishing for the benefit of the public in general. The large hall, where entertainments are usually held is laid out for the laying of the dead bodies. White sheets being used to cover the whole table space.

Admission to the Institute was only obtainable on passes issued by those responsible for the proper carrying out of the work of the different

classes and professions necessary to do same justice.

Every member of the Ambulance Corps worked with a will and their work was criticised favorably by all. We have heard on various occasions condemnation of this work, but it only in such cases as the present tragedy that the benefits derived from same are to be seen and appreciated.

First to the Rescue

"I was the first of the Bellaventure's men to get out on the ice, when we found out that disaster had overtaken the Newfoundland's men," said A. Crowley of Pouch Cove. "John Wall was with me and we discovered the first of the bodies.

"It was a terrible sight to behold. Men sprawled about on the ice in all positions. Across one another and side by side they lay. Good God! I hope never to see such a sight again."

Mr. Crowley said that the first man he saw was an old chum of his and a native of Pouch Cove and he was absolutely lifeless.

"I went on further," he said, "and found a young fellow who was almost dead. I had to prise open his jaws with my pocket knife and put some warm food in his mouth. He was blue and almost senseless but I lugged him aboard and he's getting on fine now."

Forty-Three on Three Pans

The fearful spectacle that met the eyes of the rescue crews from the Bellaventure may be judged from the fact that forty-three men were picked up from three pans and all within close proximity to the ship.

The remainder of the dead were found scattered widely apart all over the floes.

The story told by Thomas Groves, Hugh Moulard, Arthur Abbott and Alfred Hayward of Bonavista is a terrible one.

They left the Newfoundland with others on Tuesday morning at seven o'clock and tramped till eleven when they boarded the Stephano and had a mug-up.

Left Stephano

They left the ship again about noon and shortly afterward the storm set in from the South East with clammy, numbing, drowsy snow. Just before dark the men camped behind a pinnacle of ice which afforded them some slight shelter and there they were forced to remain till morning. One of their number succumbed to the exposure just before morning and then when the wind chopped to the North West on Wednesday fatalities happened in quick succession.

Some of the men fairly went insane, shouted and brandished their sheath knives. Others dropped off into a drowsy state and died as quietly as if they were falling asleep.

Some of the poor fellows went wildly delirious and beat their faces on the ice so badly that their bodies are now almost unrecognisable.

Others again muttered prayers until the icy clutch of death silenced them forever.

Wildly Delirious

"Some of them," said Mr. Groves to The Mail, "called for their wives, their children and other loved ones. It was

awful, awful, altho we were all too stupefied at the time to think much of these scenes. Now, however, we are beginning to realise the terrible things we saw and heard there on the ice."

COMPLETE LIST OF THE SURVIVORS ON THE BELLAVENTURE

- S. Trask ... Elliston
W. Collins ... Newtown
R. Moulard ... Fogo District
T. Dawson ... Bay Roberts
J. Keels ... Bonavista
B. Percy ... New Perlican
W. Lunnigan ... Peter's River
W. Conway ... Turk's Cove
C. Martin ... Bonavista
H. Moulard ...
J. Kelloway ...
J. Fisher ...
J. Evans ...
W. Cuff ... Fogo
H. Moulard ... Bonavista
J. Howlett ... Bay Bulls' Road
S. Andrews ... Bonavista
H. Kelloway ... Bay de Verde
M. Tobin ... Bonavista
S. Street ...
T. Ryan ... Turk's Cove
Cecil Moulard ... Fogo
P. Abbott ... Fogo
Jesse Collins ... New Harbor
Cecil Tiller ... Bonavista
Fred Hunt ... Wesleyville
A. Hayward ... Bonavista
T. Templeman ...
Philip Templeman ...
Hedley Payn ...
R. Hicks ... Fogo
Arthur Abbott ... Bonavista
T. Groves ... Bonavista
Jaco Dalton ... Catalina
J. Donovan ... Petty Hr. Road
Thos. Moulard ... Bonavista
J. Hiscock ... Carbonear
B. Leary ... Carbonear
R. McCarthy ... Carbonear
S. Jones ... Newtown
Thomas Sheppard is from Stephano. He is suffering from pneumonia.

Messrs. Collins and Keels are seriously ill and were landed from the steamer first.

Mr. Smith of the Bellaventure and Dr. Wallis of the Stephano, who transferred to the Bellaventure, looked after the sick while on the Bellaventure.

At 8.30 to-night The Daily Mail visited the death chamber at the Seamen's Institute. The sight was a terrible one.

There were rows of frozen bodies everywhere. Some had outstretched arms as if appealing for help. Some had legs drawn up as if in fearful agony.

From one the doctors removed the swollen mits, while another had his Nansen Cup frozen to his flesh.

One one cot rested the form of a strapping young fellow just blooming into manhood. Next to him was one who had passed the middle age with probably a young family awaiting his return.

The eyes of one were wide open; an other had his goggles frozen to his face.

A splendid type of young man with a ruddy complexion lay motionless.

Oh! what they must have suffered. It is terrible to think of. Never did we gaze on such a fearful sight, and it is little wonder that some of the spectators were overcome.

Our Prices Will Interest You. We offer the following NEW MEATS just landed: 100 brls. Special Fam. Beef, 100 barrels Ham Butt Pork, 150 barrels Fat Back Pork, 75 barrels Fam. Mess Pork, 150 barrels Boneless Beef, 100 barrels Ex. Family Beef, 1000 brls. Am. Gran. Sugar. HEARN & COMPANY

The Daily Mail Sporting Section News Of Sport At Home And Abroad. GOLFER SERVES TELLS OF REMARKABLE GAME Says Don't Have Local Rules On Your Course. D. C. Servos, the well known professional golfer author of "Practical Instruction in Golf," when interviewed at Toronto last week, said: "Golf was never so prosperous as at the present day. Men, women and children are all in it. Take the business man. He knows that his health depends on exercise in the open air and every day he tries to get in at least one round, or a few hours' practice. "Practice is a great thing in golf. The Americans devote more time to learning the game than do Canadians. Everyone in Canada seems to learn how. This is a great mistake and is responsible for the higher standard of golf in the United States. "Many of the clubs have local rules

looked at him in astonishment. "How looked at him in astonishment. "How's that?" I asked, thinking he had made a mistake or was trying to jolly me. "Well, Mr. Servos, you see it is this way: We have a local rule at this hole that you can play as many shots as you want until you get on the green, none counting except the one that stays up." I may say out of respect to a club that originated such a mode of playing golf that I conceded him the hole; and I may add it was the only hole he won on the round, but he seemed mighty pleased at that. "Don't have local rules on your course unless it is absolutely unavoidable," said Mr. Servos. F. A. MEWS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR and NOTARY. ADDRESS: Law Chambers Building, Duckworth Street, St. John's, N.F. (Offices opposite Crosbie Hotel.)

The Daily Mail \$2.00 Year. Guarantee Combination Engine! There are many Guarantee Four Cycle Engines in use for driving saws, hoisting and other land work, and every one is giving satisfaction. These Engines can also be used with equal satisfaction to drive your fishing boat. One man who owns one of the highly advertised engines, as soon as he saw the GUARANTEE, said: "I want to sell my... and buy one of these. It's the best engine I ever saw." It can be used for more purposes than any other engine made. Ask about it from JOSIAH MANUEL, ARCH. SCAMMEL, A. NAUSS, or R. TEMPLETON. The Daily Mail \$2.00 a Year.

# The Daily Mail

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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 6, 1914.

## OUR POINT OF VIEW.

### EXONERATE HIM.

It is comforting to be assured on every side that no blame can be attached to the young commander of the S.S. "Newfoundland," Capt. Wesley Kean, for the tragedy which has occurred. Mr. Morine's letter published in another column speaks of the feeling of the survivors as to this matter, and he does so with authority born of his close connexion with the sealers for many years, and of the fact that so many come from Northern places in which he is so well known.

There is something after all very chivalrous about the spirit in which these survivors speak of their Master, even though they speak only what is true. For men who have seen and undergone so much terrible suffering to be anxious to speak well of the Master of the ship shows at once the generosity of their own nature, and their sympathy for their Commander. Many men in their situation would be tempted to speak harshly, even if for no other reason than that they were personally suffering from the tragedy.

The sincere sympathy of the community will go out to Capt. Wesley Kean in the terrible sorrow which he must feel. He is young, and for that reason has his own reputation to think of, as well as the sorrow and the suffering of his late companions. Many of the men who were lost were his neighbors, and the keenness of regret for the death of those he knew will weigh upon him. It will comfort him, however, to know that the men who served under him, the community generally, and we doubt not, even the relatives of those who are dead, will join in sympathy for him, not in blaming him.

### ABSOLUTE NECESSITY.

One lesson is taught very sharply by the tragedy of the "Newfoundland," and the anxiety over the "Southern Cross." It is that wireless installation is essential to sealing steamers. The tragedy which we are all lamenting would not have happened if the "wireless" which was on the "Newfoundland" had not been taken out this year. We would to-day know the best or the worst, as the case may be, about the "Southern Cross" if she were fitted with wireless. It may be that if any harm has overcome the latter ship, it might have been averted, or the disaster lessened, if the ship had been to communicate with the shore.

When the crew of the "Newfoundland" left their vessel last Tuesday morning they were directed to go straight to the "Stephano" to get directions as to the lay of the seals. They got on board that ship at about 11 a.m. After getting tea they were sent over the side to gather up a batch of seals. It had commenced to snow, but it is not certain that the barometer had given any marked sign of a storm. That the men had left the "Stephano" could not be seen from the "Newfoundland"; the "Stephano" on the other hand, could not see that the men had not gone to their own ship, hence the tragedy and the loss of life, and all the terrible things that have followed. "If the "Newfoundland" had been possessed of wireless, as the "Stephano" was, no mistake could have occurred, and both ships, if necessary, could have gone to the rescue, so that in all probability before nightfall of Tuesday all the men would have been on board. It does not seem that in all the brief history of the wireless there has been a clearer case of the salvation which it might have brought.

With regard to the "Southern Cross," there has been uncertainty

from the moment when she was reported to have passed out the Gulf. It has never been wholly certain where she was since that date. If she had a wireless installation there would be no uncertainty, and it might be that we would now know her to be safe and sound, or if she needed assistance, that assistance could be sent with certainty.

We apprehend that there will be no question whatever at the next meeting of the Legislature that a law enforcing wireless installation upon every ship will be enforced. There may be other lessons to be learnt from the disaster; they may be made clear in the enquiry which is about to commence, but of these it will be sufficient to speak by and by.

## Mr. Morine Suggests A Searching Inquiry

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—I have been brought closely in contact with many of the survivors of the Newfoundland's crew, concerning the incidents of the recent catastrophe. They are unanimous in their belief that no jot of blame can fairly be charged against the master of the Newfoundland, Captain Wesley Kean, and they seem anxious to make this known.

It is quite clear that had the Newfoundland been fitted with wireless, few, if any deaths would have occurred. On that ship, it was believed that her crew were on the Stephano during the whole storm, and on the latter it was supposed that the crew had reached their own ship. The wireless would have shown both were wrong, and the missing men could have been rescued alive. No steamer should ever again be allowed to go to the ice from this Colony without a wireless installation.

Permit me to add a word of praise for the practically faultless arrangements made by the Government for the care of the survivors and the disposal of the dead, where so many did splendid work.

I was struck with the ability displayed by Dr. Campbell, who had charge of the dead.

A very searching inquiry into this disaster will doubtless be held, but I feel it is only fair to Capt. Wesley Kean—a young man—that his crews' testimony concerning him should be made public.

—ALFRED B. MORINE.

## 'Pepita' Proceeds For Disaster Fund

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—We have decided to devote the entire profits of the comic opera "Pepita" to the Sealing Disaster Fund.

It is quite impossible for us to postpone the Opera. We are compelled, for many reasons, to put it on during Easter Week. The Casino was engaged three months ago, and it would be exceedingly difficult to change the date. The costumes are hired from London for a limited time, at great expense.

Already over eight hundred tickets have been sold, and this week we hope to sell as many more. We know the public will support us by crowding the house every night. They will enjoy an excellent show, and the cause, now so appealing to every Newfoundland, will benefit to the extent of some hundreds of dollars.

In addition, the time and trouble we have taken with the Opera for the last four months will have been amply repaid.

Yours truly,  
J. M. PATTEN,  
H. A. ANDERSON,  
St. John's, April 5th.

## Sympathetic Messages From Many Places

From Duke of Connaught

To Governor, St. John's.  
Desire to express the deepest sympathy of the people of Canada and myself in the great disaster which has occurred to the Newfoundland Sealing fleet. Much hope that the loss of life is not so great as reported and that the survivors are doing well.

ARTHUR,  
April 4th, 1914.

Administrator's Reply

To His Royal Highness the Governor-General, Ottawa.  
I have the honor to humbly and gratefully acknowledge on behalf of the people of Newfoundland, the gracious message of sympathy from Your Royal Highness. The survivors, 37 in number, have just arrived here, and are receiving every care and attention. Five are in dangerous condition. The dead number 77.

HORWOOD,  
Administrator.  
April 5th, 1914.

## From the Queen-Mother

To Governor, St. John's.  
I hear with the deepest sorrow of the terrible disaster to the sealing vessels Newfoundland and Southern Cross and the great loss of life. Will you convey to the bereaved families my very sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

ALEXANDRA,  
April 4th, 1914.

## Cable of Acknowledgement

To Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, Marlborough House, London.

On behalf of the bereaved families of those who perished in disaster to ship Newfoundland, I have the honor to humbly thank Your Majesty for your gracious message of sympathy which is being communicated by me to them. Your Majesty's kind thought will prove a great comfort to them in their sorrow. Grave anxiety is felt for safety of Southern Cross, though hope not yet abandoned. A ship has been sent to search for her.

HORWOOD,  
Administrator.  
April 5th, 1914.

## From Newfoundlanders Abroad

To Mayor Ellis.

Accept the sympathy of Newfoundlanders of Cambridge and vicinity in the sad bereavement which has befallen you will wire us if financial aid is needed.

Thomas E. Williams, John P. McCormack, Edward Hynes, of The Newfoundlanders' Advancement Association, of Cambridge, Mass.

April 6th, 1914.  
Mr. W. A. O'D. Kelly, who received this message, wired Mayor Ellis, acquainting him with its contents.

## Message from U. S. A.

To Adjutant Hiscok, The Salvation Army

Deeply grieved to hear of fearful loss of life among the sealers at ice fields. Understanding conditions our hearts go out in sympathy to bereaved ones. May God be their sufficiency.

LESLIE, COL. AND MRS. SMEETON,  
April 4th, 1914.

The following message was received on Saturday by Mr. Percie Johnson from the Globe-Wernicke Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio:

"Contribute Twenty-five Dollars on our account to relief of sufferers. Sincere sympathy."

## Daily Mail Extra For Disaster Fund

Saturday evening The Daily Mail published an 'extra' edition with a full account of the disaster. It had a remarkable sale.

There was a tremendous rush all over the city for it.

The enormous number of 8,900 copies were printed. Several boys sold over 30 dozen each; a large number sold over 20 dozen each, and there was many who disposed of over 15 dozen each.

This morning we received many large orders, but were not able to fill them.

One gentleman phoned for 200 'extras,' as he wanted to send them to outposts. Many others called and phoned for smaller quantities.

We have decided to give the receipts of the sale of the 'extra' to the Disaster Fund.

The amount is not yet made up but will be announced to-morrow.

T. A. & B. S.

The Total Abstinence Society held a special meeting and passed resolutions of condolence, supplemented same with a cheque of One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) towards relief fund.

The Club and Juvenile Branch meets one night this week and each will also donate a generous amount.

## SHAMROCK CLUB CONTRIBUTES.

At the meeting of the old and ever popular Shamrock Amusement Club, held last evening, they voted from their funds the generous sum of Twenty Dollars (\$20.00) to Disaster Fund.

There are many such clubs in our midst who will no doubt follow the Shamrock's example.

## THE ENQUIRY

Minister of Justice Squires informs us that the enquiry will begin at 11 a.m. to-morrow. Captain Randall will be the first witness.

The Minister of Justice and Deputy Hutchings will act for the Crown.

The enquiry will be open to the press and sealers who were at the icefields and are in any way connected with the disaster, but the general public will not be admitted.

The Daily Mail will be present and the public can look forward to a complete report.

## City Clergymen Pay Tributes To The Dead.

(Continued from page 5)

You will pardon me, I know. When at last I come to the end of service and of life, whether that shall be by way of lingering illness, or God grant it, by sudden translation. When I stand in the presence of the light, and of the King, this, I am assured will be the purport, if not the language of my qualification:

"Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling."

### Another Point of View.

For a moment let us look at the event in another way. What a time it was, those fifty hours of unthinkable distress. I am not going to try to describe it. We have all our mental picture of it—Panic? Very little. A total absence of cowardice displayed. Every man played a man's part heroically and well. A father is overcome, falls down and expires. His son refuses to go forward, and the two bodies are later found interlocked in a last loving embrace. Is not this heartening hearing? Yes, verily. But, they were British, you say. Well, the fact is that these Anglo-Saxon and Celtic peoples have come under the influence of our Christ and the heroism of his sacrifice and these things have resulted from the presence of Christ in human history and from the Holy Book of God.

### Precautions Necessary.

Speaking of the many lessons to be learned from the terrible calamity the preacher said that steps will assuredly be taken, and it will be our duty to urge and see that they are taken, to prevent, as far as human precaution can, the repetition of such an appalling disaster.

Summing up, the preacher made an earnest appeal for a ready response to the call of the survivors and bereaved for that financial assistance that must be rendered in a temporal sense, and concluded an eloquent and impressive discourse, as follows: "An hour like this is an hour in which, in spite of ourselves, the essential word of all life is heard in the Soul. Who of us in this Island is so dull of spiritual hearing that he has not during this week caught some such message as 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh,' or 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.'"

### The Essential Thing.

"The essential thing is the spiritual life. Men do not perish by the murdering hand of Pilate, or by the crushing of Silioma's Tower, or by the long exposure on the ice pans. The accidental manner of the physical ending of a life is nothing, the supreme and essential fact and matter of urgency in every life is the relation of that life to God. So may we hear this great spiritual word from the Master, and make this an opportunity for turning to God through Christ Jesus our Lord in true and godly repentance and yet with loving fear."

During the service Mrs. (Rev.) W. H. Thomas pleasingly rendered the solo "Thou'rt Passing Hence, My Brother," and at the close the Dead March in Saul was played on the organ by Mr. S. R. Steele.

## Services at the C. of E. Cathedral

Holy Communion was celebrated at 7, 8 and 12.15. Matins was said by Rev. Canon White. The Lessons were read by Rev. J. Brinton, who also preached, taking as his text Phil. 2, verses, 5 chapter "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." The speaking about the teaching of the day, dwelt on the disaster of the last few days. Speaking of Christ's compassion for men, healing the sick, etc., and beautiful words, the Saviour in spite of the storms, the Saviour was with them on that terrible night.

At Evensong at 6.30, Rev. J. Brinton and Canon Bolt read the service, Canon White being the preacher, taking for his text St. Luke, chapter 9, verse 34, "And they feared as they entered in the cloud."

The preacher said when he had chosen the text for this evening, he did not know the sad event of the past few days would have happened, and he had intended it to show its application to the events of the coming week; but now he had to use it also for the very sad event of the past few days. The sermon will long be remembered in connection with the Newfoundland disaster for years to come, by every one present.

Canon White is a gifted pulpit orator and last night he seemed specially inspired to deliver the message of consolation to hundreds of aching hearts.

The anthem, both morning and evening, was from the Messiah, "Surely He has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Mr. Allen played a

funeral march at the opening and the Dead March at the closing of Matins, and at Evensong a beautiful funeral march at the opening and closing of the service.

## Gower Street Scene of Deepest Sadness

The mother church of Methodism in St. John's was scene of sadness yesterday. Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite was the preacher in the morning and took as his text "For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

His reference to the affliction which has overtaken us was truly impressive. It was beautiful and pathetic and showed that the aged preacher was grief-stricken.

The hymns were suitable to the day and at the end of the services the Dead March in Saul was played by Miss Diamond.

The congregation showed their sympathy in a true manner, and the collections of the day were devoted to the Disaster Fund.

## Special Services At George Street

The morning service was well attended. The Pastor, Rev. J. W. Bartlett, preached from Romans 1, 16, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," directed his thoughts to the author of the Gospel, and showed that Christ's lowly reign fitted him for his work amongst the common people. The teaching of the Gospel likewise should provoke thankfulness. Christ gives us the blessed assurance of Immortality.

The institutions of the Gospel occasion pride. Notably the attendance being given the stricken sealers at the King George Institute and Hospital, and the sympathy of the community for the bereaved, are the flowers of Christian love.

The pastor's usual eloquent remarks were given rapt attention by the congregation. Following the anthem "Now the Laborer's Task is o'er" by Barnby, rendered by the choir after the Benediction, the organist played the Dead March, while the congregation stood reverently with bowed heads.

Large Congregation  
The evening service brought together a large congregation. The sermon was based on Psalm 107, v. 24, "His wonders in the deep."

The preacher advanced facts and arguments to prove God's beneficence in the agency of sea. The ocean sustains, purifies, unites, and inspires. He narrated several touching incidents given him by the survivors, to illustrate the truths advanced. Emphasis was laid upon the glorious certainty, that those who sleep shall awake.

The Sun that sank blood red  
Shall rise, and in the shining resur-  
rection light  
The sea give up its dead.

The choir rendered "What are these arrayed in white robes," by J. Stainer, in a very impressive manner. There was also a solo by Mr. H. Courtenay, "Lead Kindly Light," Sir Arthur Sullivan.

During the offertory Organist Christian played the funeral march by Chopin, and following the benediction the Dead March in Saul. The Church in harmony with the service was draped in mourning for the occasion.

## Big Congregations, St. Patrick's Church

Large congregations attended Mass and other services at St. Patrick's Church yesterday. Sad faces were to be seen everywhere, and the solemn services seemed to be more impressive than ever. Special prayers were offered for the repose of the souls of those who departed in the disaster.

At Last Mass, Rev. Fr. Sears, who occupied the pulpit, delivered an address dealing with the disaster. His discourse was full of words of sympathy and comfort, and greatly impressed all who were present.

## No Tidings Yet of 'Southern Cross'

At 11 a.m. the Colonial Secretary had a wire from Mr. Piccott that the Kyle had seen nothing of the Southern Cross.

## FOR SWEET CHARITY

The first charity performances in aid of the relatives of the victims of the Marine Disaster, takes place at the Crescent Picture Palace to-night. A grand programme is selected with special music. There will be a change in the pictures to-morrow night. The proceeds from both occa-

sions will be added to the Marine Disaster Fund and it is to be hoped a large attendance will reward the generosity of the management. Help along the cause, it is for sweet charity.

## Dead Bodies Were Panned Like Seals

After the crew of the Bellaventure had searched the floe thoroughly for the living and the dead and had got the survivors on board, they collected the bodies of the victims together on pans.

None pan were placed fifteen bodies; on another sixteen and on a third thirty-six. The remainder of the dead were in ones and twos and threes at various places.

The flag of the ship was placed over each pan and separate body. And it was heart-rending indeed to view this spectacle of scores of human remains thus collected and marked even as the victims themselves had once done to the quarry they had gone out to search for and the pursuit of which had cost them their lives.

## ERIK AND TERRA NOVA ARRIVED YESTERDAY

The steamers Erik and Terra Nova arrived from the Gulf yesterday with splendid trips. The Erik has 20,000 and the Terra Nova 25,000.

## NO PUBLIC FUNERAL

Thirty-one bodies were sent out by special train last evening, accompanied by Mr. J. Stone, M.H.A. for Trinity, Sergt. Byrne and Const. Tobin.

The other bodies from more re-

## DEATHS

MARSHALL.—At the General Hospital at 10.46 last night, Robert G. T. Marshall, in his 60th year, leaving a widow, three sons, four daughters and two sisters. Funeral on Tuesday at 3 p.m. from his late residence 13 Long's Hill. Friends will please accept this the only intimation.—Boston papers please copy.

BASTOW.—Died on the icefields, April 1st, Raymond, beloved son of Francis O. and Lavinia Bastow, aged 17 years. Funeral on Tuesday at 2.30 p.m. from the residence of Mr. M. A. Bastow, Cornwall Avenue. Friends and relatives please accept this, the only intimation.

BRAZIL.—Died on the icefields, John Walter Brazil, aged 43 years, leaving a wife and five children, sister and brother (Montreal) and sister in Harbor Grace to mourn their loss. Funeral on Tuesday at 2.30 p.m. from his late residence 12½ Prospect St. Friends will please accept this, the only intimation.

OLSEN.—The funeral of the late Charles Olsen, victim of the terrible marine tragedy at the icefields, takes place this afternoon at three o'clock from his parents' residence on Signal Hill Road. He is survived by a father, mother, three brothers and four sisters, and a large circle of relatives and friends.

PEAR.—At the icefields, William Pearl aged 27. Funeral to-morrow at 3 p.m. from the residence of Const. Churchill. Deceased leaves a mother and father, and two brothers. Interment will be at the C. E. Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances please attend.

## The Canada Accident Assurance Company, of Montreal,

is prepared to quote rates and issue policies for Personal Accident, Employers' Liability, and Health in Various Forms.

Apart from its own strong financial standing its liabilities are guaranteed by the

## Commercial Union Assurance Company, of London, England.

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JOHN COWAN, Agent for Newfoundland.

Jan 21, 31m, w, f

## FOR SALE!

### Schooner "JESSIE"

40 Tons, as she now lies at Cupids.

**Any Reasonable Offer will be Accepted.**

Apply to

## BAINE JOHNSTON & Co.

note places were taken to the morgue and will be taken home by steamer to-morrow.

## MICHAEL SHEEHAN, OF ST. JOHN'S, JUMPED ASHORE

Dr. Campbell had given orders that none of the Newfoundland's men were to be permitted ashore from the Bellaventure unless they were attended, but Michael Sheehan, of Hoylestown, although slightly frostbitten, did not need aid, and jumped ashore with some of the Bellaventure's sealers.

Later the police were acquainted of it, and went and had him placed in the hospital for treatment. During the storm he became delirious, but on reaching the Bellaventure he soon recovered.

## REQUIEM MASS FOR THE DEAD.

At the R. C. Cathedral on Tuesday morning at 8.30 a Solemn Requiem Mass will be celebrated by Rev. Mons. Roache for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed who lost their lives in the recent disaster. A number of the victims were members of the R. C. Church.

## A SUGGESTION.

CORRESPONDENT WRITES.  
"It is generally understood that a very substantial amount is still in the hands of the Honorary Treasurer of S.S. Erna and others relief fund. If this is so this balance ought to be handed over to the present Sealing Disaster Fund."

## For Sale! Schooner "Atlanta."

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

Apply,  
**R. HICKS, Catalina.**  
mar10, 1m

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## City Clergymen Pay Tributes of Respect to the Unfortunates Who Perished in the Tragedy.

### Memorial Service At St. Michael's

At St. Michael's Church the solemn lessons and hymns of yesterday, and the purple hangings and veiled cross—all suggestive of the sorrow and grief of the Passion—were very fitting in keeping with the thoughts and feelings of the worshippers in this sad calamity.

The Pastor, Rev. A. G. C. Stamp, preaching from the Epistle, took as his text "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." He requested his people not to let this sad affliction pass in mere talk, but first, to pray for the stricken ones, and secondly, to show their compassion by doing what they can to help the fatherless and widows, remembering that the Heart of Jesus, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, is grieved by the sufferings of his people.

Great national sorrows are often the test of the real Christian spirit, which should be spirit of compassion for the afflicted, and a spirit of humility and submission to the Will of God.

### Services at Kirk Most Impressive

The services at the Kirk yesterday were of an exceptional character and dealt largely with the terrible calamity which has cast its mantle of gloom over our whole Colony.

At the morning service Rev. Mr. Sutherland gave a splendid and appropriate discourse on "Be ye also ready." It was listened to with great attention, and sore as were the hearts of his listeners, each one carried away bright gleams of comfort derived from his masterly sermon. Mr. Sutherland always speaks with great earnestness and fluency, and yesterday touched the hearts of his people with a message not likely to be soon forgotten.

### Touching Tribute

While Mr. King reverently played the Dead March in Saul the entire congregation rose to their feet and with bursting hearts and agonized feelings the thoughts of all rose to the Great High Throne in search of comfort and peace during the dread first hours of our terrible disaster.

In thought and desire each hand clasped with the hand of bereaved mother, father, sister and brother throughout all our horror-stricken island in sweet human sympathy.

Tears rolled unchecked—sympathy beautiful and inspiring—humility and brotherhood, both noble and glorious poured from the hearts of the bowed figures.

Touching reference was also made to the sad death of Mrs. W. R. Warren whose sweet disposition and charity were so widely known.

In the evening Mr. Sutherland took as his text Rev. 21st, v. 4, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away," speaking on the words "There shall be no more death."

### Not an End, But a Sleep

With great skill and thought the preacher pointed out that death itself was not so terrible; it did not mean it was the end. He would rather we would remember Jesus' words "Not dead but sleeping." The old idea that as death separated us from our dear ones it also separated us from God, was wrong; it tended only to bring us closer to God, not alone the dead, but also the living. It showed us that death makes life worth while; that it was not loss but gain. We were also reminded of the idea that had there been no sin there would have been no Cross, but incarnation instead.

In part we were told that when death first manifested itself to the human race it created a new spirit in man. An example of this was quoted from the leaves of a modern writer. We were told to seek the higher things in life, not the lower ones, lest God should give us the lower things. He spoke beautifully upon the story of the young English lieutenant, who in leading his company through the watches of a dark Egyptian night in a victorious attack upon a port, and who was dying from his wounds, whispered to his General, "Yes, but didn't I lead them right? The example to set was not wrong; but deeds, even though we do not understand God's ways.

Unfortunately space does not permit a lengthy report upon Mr. Sutherland's excellent sermons. The hymns were, at both services, in keeping

### Heart-Felt Grief Was the Keynote

The Rev. G. Hayward Hewitt officiated at the morning service, which was opened by the singing of the beautiful hymn:

O God our help in ages past  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home.

### Solemn Services At St. Thomas's

The services at St. Thomas's Church were very solemn yesterday. The congregation, which was a very large one, was in deep sympathy with the victims of the fearful disaster; and tears flowed from many eyes while the service was being said.

The hymn "When our heads are bowed with woe" was sung. The pulpit in the morning was occupied by Rev. Hy Uphill, of St. Mary's. The sermon was a very touching one and shall long be remembered by the congregation who listened with eagerness. His remarks on the fearful disaster were very impressive. Scarcely a month passes when news comes dashing through space about someone being lost but the worst ever known came to us during the week; and may God our Father spare us from a more terrible blow and disaster which is hovering around our island to-day.

### Affecting Sermon

Rev. Uphill's discourse was a masterpiece, and it was delivered in such a manner that even strong men wept.

At the evening service the pulpit was occupied by the Rector, Rev. G. R. Godden, M.A. Taking for his text part of the 6th verse of the 11th chapter of the Book of Exodus, "And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land."

His remarks on the great calamity moved the hearts of all. Our prayers we offer to God for his will to comfort the widow and orphans who now mourn the loss of a dear husband, father or brother.

### Referred to Late Mr. Pinent

The Rev. gentleman in his address also referred to the late Chas. E. Pinent. He was a good Church worker and to his Master rendered faithful service and to friends their due. The hymn "Eternal Father; strong to save," was sung at the end of the sermon. The final hymn was "In Time of Disaster":

Amidst the roaring of the sea  
Our souls still hand their hopes on Thee;  
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care  
Alone can save us from despair.

The Dead March was played after the service by the organist.

### Touching Sermon At R.C. Cathedral

After vespers at the R.C. Cathedral last evening, Rev. Fr. McDermott occupied the pulpit and delivered a very impressive sermon on the Gospel of the Day (Palm Sunday) dealing with the triumphal arrival of the Saviour into Jerusalem, the multitude of people that spread their garments and threw boughs along the roadway, and afterwards the sorrow that prevailed.

The Rev. preached also referred to the present gloom that overshadows our Island home, which is but part of the many of the trials that must be expected. He encouraged the friends of the relatives of those who will suffer directly through this terrible calamity, to assist them in bearing the burden, by appealing to the Almighty in their prayers, and to help themselves to bear this cross as the Saviour did on his march to Calvary.

### Word of Consolation

He said it was indeed a consolation that the victims were not called to the other world without having sufficient time to ask the Almighty's mercy.

At the conclusion of his sermon he announced that a Requiem High Mass would be held in the Cathedral at 8.30 Tuesday morning for the repose of the souls of the faithful who perished in the disaster.

Rev. Fr. Conway then imparted benediction, and after the services Mr. C. Hutton, choir-master, rendered the Dead March in Saul, whilst the large congregation stood silently in their places.

The service was indeed a very touching one. At the various masses during the forenoon the prayers of the congregation were interred for the bereaved and sorrowing.

### Wesley Services Solemn, Touching

At the Methodist Church both the services were most solemn and impressive. In the evening the Rev. F. R. Matthews, M.A., referred in the most touching terms to the terrible calamity, and announced he would preach especially upon that subject in the evening. It being Decision Day in the Sunday School, the sermon dwelt particularly upon the care of the children in the Church, the duty of securing them from evil influences while they were impressionable, and their consciences tender.

### Divine Love

The Saviour displayed a special love for them; and they should not be hindered in the slightest degree but encouraged to decide very early to follow Jesus and serve Him. Their place was in the Temple, where they were on the first Palm Sunday, crying "Hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

The voluntary was Handel's "Largo" and at the close Mr. Pratt played the "Dead March in Saul" while all stood bareheaded reverently.

### More Nearly Concerned

Touching on the great disaster which has befallen our people at the sealfishery, the preacher showed how much more we were afflicted than we were by greater tragedies, such as the Titanic, for the blow comes more closely to our home life.

The Greenland disaster is past history on the minds of some people, but the disaster of to-day makes men long and sympathetic. He suggested that all help in some way and pray for those who are afflicted and distressed. Hymn 595 was then sung:

When the dark waves round us roll,  
And we look in vain for aid;  
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul—  
"It is I; be not afraid."

### Splendid Music

The choir then sang that very beautiful hymn "Peace, Perfect Peace" and after the lesson "A few more years shall roll" with its very solemn chorus—

Then Oh my Lord prepare  
My soul for that great day,  
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood  
And take my sins away.

### Prayed for Aid

Speaking of the great storm Tuesday last he thought many prayers went up that night "for those in peril on the sea" but we expected the crews would be on board in as much comfort as it is wireless telegraphy, through which when another steamer heard of disaster it was soon known here, and in a short time by cable the whole world knew it, bringing back messages from the King, to the East, and from a wealthy man in Vancouver to the West.

### Lessons to Learn

Lessons will be learned as the result of the catastrophe which will issue in the greater safety of our brave seafarers for many years to come. What I am now anxious to impress upon your minds is this, that this awful event has taken place, not by a divine intervention, but in the process of the working of those laws of nature which we believe to be the thoughts of God.

### Spiritual Destiny

The Rev. gentleman briefly touched on the question of the spiritual destiny of those seafarers who were suddenly overtaken, and who with but brief warning were ushered into the world beyond. This was a most delicate and difficult matter to the thinking of some people, but in regard to which he had absolute quiet and rest. Our Christian standpoint, said Mr. Thomas, and position, is Evangelical, and let me remind you, how, occupying that standpoint, we view the salvation of a human soul. No man is ever accepted by God, or brought into the dwellings of light because of years of Christian experience of fidelity. To put the matter personally.

### Depends on Tollers of Sea

Newfoundland has still to depend on her fishermen who DARE the elements too often hazarding their lives to win from the treacherous sea a living for themselves.—Those men died

### Speech Inadequate

So great is her present calamity that the cold symbols of speech cannot adequately express the strong emotions of sorrow and of reverence which fill her very heart and vibrate through her whole body. To her weak vision dimmed with tears to-day the cloud is exceedingly dark. Oh, may God in His gracious mercy grant that this dark cloud may stream this evening some ray of His infinite love that fills Heaven itself with an exceeding and eternal brightness of glory. "That God is good sufficeth me

### Services Were of a Memorial Nature

At their duty, they are gone to a brighter home for a merciful God can take them to Himself through a blinding blizzard.

### Depends on Tollers of Sea

After singing "Rock of Ages clift for me" the solemn strains of the "Dead March" as the people stood with bowed heads closed the service. The Church is tastefully draped in black.

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- A-1498. Good night Dearly. Who will be with you when I'm away?
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**U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.**

**COLUMBIA RECORDS**

**Advertise in The Daily Mail**

(Continued on page 4.)

# TALES OF SUFFERING AND WOE RELATED BY SURVIVORS OF THE TERRIBLE "NEWFOUNDLAND" SEALING TRAGEDY.

(Continued from page 1)  
ness to that they bore in life. Can you remember anything about his clothing? Or, maybe he has some mark on his body that would help you to decide absolutely that this is your brother's remains."  
The young searcher paused for a moment and thought the matter over. "I don't know anything about his clothes," he replied. "You see, he was married and lived in his own house. But he had a peculiar mark at the back of his head. I could be certain, if I saw that there."

So the body was carefully lifted up and an examination made which established the identity of the victim beyond question.  
**Strong Men Wept.**  
It is not pleasant to see strong men weep. But it was a common enough sight there in that mortuary chamber. Fathers searching for sons; brothers looking for members of their own families; friends of a lifetime performing the sad task of necessary task of confirming for distant relatives the reports of the death of one of their loved ones.

Death and life were exemplified strangely and startlingly there in that mortuary chamber and few indeed were they who did not pray that it may never fall to their lot to witness such another.

**A Striking Contrast.**  
And how naturally one contrasted the scenes that have presented themselves the last couple of days in the Grenfell Hall with those that so frequently took place there less than a month ago when special meetings of the audience at one or more of these gatherings—laughed at the humorous hits; applauded with them and generally enjoyed themselves. But now they are far removed from these little experiences which go to make up the average man's life, and we palliate our deep sorrow with the firm belief that they are now "At Rest."

**Safe home—Safe home in Port.**  
Rent cordage, shattered deck; Torn sails, provision short  
And only not a wreck;  
But, oh, the joy upon the shore  
To feel the voyage perils o'er.

**Preparing the Bodies.**  
The washing of the bodies and preparing them for the coffins was a gruesome task, but like the other unpleasant duties in connection with the tragedy it had to be done, and willing workers were found who were only too eager to render whatever service they could.

The bodies after identification were marked by numbers or by capital letters punched on small pieces of tin about four inches square, which were tied around the thumbs of the right hand. These numbers were recorded by Supt. Jones, Sergt. Byrne and Const. Tobin in separate books so that there could be no errors.

The bodies which were easily identified had the names recorded opposite the number on the check but until they had been placed in the coffins for final identification the bodies were known by the checks.  
The bodies all having been checked to the satisfaction of Dr. Campbell, the preparing of them for coffins commenced. Those from St. John's or nearby outports were treated first, so that relatives or friends could remove them during the night.

**Carried to Basement.**  
From the mortuary the bodies were carried on stretchers to the basement where they were placed on "stripping" tables, and the clothing all removed. Police officers went through the clothes and whatever they contained was placed in little canvas bags about eight inches square and each was numbered with a similar number to that on the body.

The articles found were not numerous but were varied.  
Many had letters; some their sealing tickets; quite a number had knives, pipes and pieces of tobacco; several pockets contained watches and charms; one or two wore rings; several had small sums of money; a few had crosses which no doubt they thought of during their last fearful moments; one or two had crucifixes or religious emblems. Each had some little article and all were carefully put away to be forwarded to relatives. The outer clothing were tied in bundles and also properly tagged.

The clothing having been removed the nude bodies were placed on stretchers and carried to the baths of which there were seven which had been placed in the hallway of the basement by Mr. P. F. Moore. His plans had been well executed and there was no scarcity of hot water.

Some bodies had names tattooed on the arms in indelible ink, while others were marked with mottoes such as are often found on men.  
The bodies were placed in hot water and thoroughly washed. They were kept in baths from five to fifteen minutes until they were thawed out. When the frost had been taken out so that the limbs could be straightened out they were removed from the baths and dried.

Then they were taken back and placed on other tables where they were shaved. This was done by Mr. M. F. Murphy and a number of assistants. The lower parts of the bodies being decently covered for the time.  
The next act was to put on the grave clothes. This consisted of inside pants, black socks, white laundered shirts, white collars and dress bows of white lawn. Everything was new, being supplied from Mr. Jesse Whiteway's store. Nothing had been overlooked, not even the links or studs for the shirt cuffs.

**Placed in Coffins.**  
Having been shaved and clad the bodies were placed in coffins in the gymnasium of the Institute.

Not until the bodies were placed in the coffins were the tags which had been fastened to the right thumb taken off, to be fastened to the outside of the caskets. Covers were placed on temporarily and then the caskets were taken back to the mortuary on the flat above.

This work was done with the greatest care and reverence. More respect for the dead could not have been shown had the work been done in private homes by intimate friends.

For each corpse there was a fresh supply of hot water. No expense had been spared and no trouble was considered too much by those in charge.  
In the mean time the chairs on which the bodies first rested in the mortuary were piled in a heap and the coffins when taken back were laid on the floor. This part of the work was finished at 3.30 a.m. yesterday.

The coffins were well made, and were made and upholstered. They were the work of all the city undertakers with the exception of Messrs. Lawrence Bros., Carnell and Myrick.

**Phenomenal Sufferings.**  
After listening to the tales told by survivors of the Newfoundland disaster regarding their terrible experiences on the ice during these days and nights of exposure and hardship one is led to wonder how it is that the death list is not the longer, by scores of additional names. It seems impossible that mere man could suffer and endure so much for so long a period and yet survive the ordeal.

Very touching is the story of the arrival of the first of the Newfoundlanders at the Bellaventure on the Thursday that the survivors and the dead were discovered and taken from the ice.

Three men were sighted making for the ship. The foremost was getting along very well, but the second was showing signs of weakness, while the man who brought up the rear repeatedly fell as he staggered along over the rough ice.

The leader proved to be B. Pearcey, of Old Perlican.  
"Captain," he gasped, "lot of us were out for the last couple of nights and there are four dead back there on the pan I left."

He was immediately taken away by kindly men to the saloon, stripped, rubbed down and warm clothes put on him, while stimulants were administered.

Next to arrive was Jesse Collins, of Newport, B.B., who had come through the terrible ordeal fairly well. His apparent weakness was explained by the fact that one of his eyes had been affected by iceblindness and as he could not see very well he was going, he slipped and stumbled and staggered about over the rough ice.

The message he brought fairly staggered the captain and crew.  
"There are forty men out there dead on one pan," he said. "One hundred of the Newfoundlanders men were out in the storm the last two days and nights and I believe they're all dead."

**Statement Seemed Unbelievable.**  
Frankly, nobody for one minute believed that what Mr. Collins stated was actual fact. There seemed to be something unbelievable about Mr. Pearcey's statement, but everyone, from the captain down, came to the conclusion that Mr. Collins could not be absolutely sane.

"We thought," said one of the crew to *The Daily Mail*, "that the poor fellow had gone off his head and was raving."

Subsequent events, however, proved that the heavy tidings brought by Mr. Collins were only too true.  
A band of rescuers went off from the Bellaventure and picked up the third Newfoundland men who had been sighted making for the ship.

He proved to be Cecil Tiller, of Newport, B.B., who was almost totally ice-blind and was completely exhausted by the ordeal through which he had come.  
He was got aboard the ship and looked after and in a little while he told the story of his experiences.

He kept with his comrades all through Tuesday and on till Wednesday night, when he wandered away from them. In stumbling along, more dead than alive, he came across the body of one of the men. There was a knapsack strapped to the victim's back, and Tiller opened it, hoping to find food. He was fortunate in obtaining some oatmeal, bread and raisins which put new life in him and he wandered on until he came to a deep crevice in the ice, where he sheltered for the rest of the night.

**Identifies His Son.**  
About nine o'clock Saturday night Mr. Olson, whose son was one of the victims, was at the Institute door trying to gain admittance for the purpose of identifying his son.

Such a large number were endeavoring to gain an entrance, though admittance was by ticket, that the police officers in charge were obliged to stop the rush.

When *The Mail* reached the building, Mr. Olson was asking to be admitted. Inspector General Sullivan was there too and when he learned that Mr. Olson was one of the stricken ones he promptly arranged for his entrance.

Soon after, the grief-stricken father was bending over the probate form of his boy, and his grief was terrible to behold. Gladly would the parent have exchanged places, for he was at the evening of his life, while the son had been cut off in the flower of youth.

The body soon after was taken charge of by undertaker Carnell and removed to his late home, Signal Hill Road. Scores of young friends visited the home yesterday and this morning to see the body.

**"One Taken—The Other Left."**  
Two young lads of Greenspond, the historic isle of Bonavista Bay, the sealing isle, went out in the Newfoundland together. They were just blossoming into manhood. They were Job Eastman and Hedley Payne; young full of life and spirits, as fine a type of young fishermen as could be seen anywhere in Newfoundland. To them the scriptural text: "One shall be taken and the other left" may be applied, for Eastman lies cold in death, while the other was saved.

They trod the terrible icefield together during that awful night. To both of them life was sweet, and they were able to withstand almost any hardships, but that raging blizzard was too much for one.

Payne was rescued, but the battle for life was a fierce one. During that wild and fateful night, with the thoughts of an agonizing death uppermost in his mind, he danced and sang, shouted and jumped as if attending some fete on a summer's day. He not only acted like a merry-maker but encouraged his chums to do the same.

"What strange conduct," one will say. Yes, it was strange on such a trackless expanse on such a night, but it meant for him his life. His object was to keep his mind off the terrible ordeal and here we see an example of the wonderful results of the mastery of mind over body.

Had Payne become despondent and given up, another name on the list of dead would have been recorded.  
He fought off collapse; he would not give in and he lives.

His young companion battled with collapse until weakness overcame him and he lay down to sleep his last long sleep.

**United in Life and in Death.**  
Many stories of heroism and bravery in connection with this disaster will never be known. If they were known no pen could describe some of them.

The story of the death of the two brothers Albert and Robert Maidment of Shambler's Cove, a little place near Greenspond, goes to show that all heroes are not decorated with the earthly badge of honor, but let us hope that their reward will be a crown of glory in the everlasting hereafter.

Both are family men, and from the mortal point of view they could ill be spared, but God needed them.

They did not come to St. John's in the spring, but secured their berth on the Newfoundland went to Pool's Island for the fishery. They left their ship on that fateful morning with the hope of getting seals. Both were men of experience; they had

trod many a frozen pan, and for them the icy desert had no fears.  
They went out to work their hardest in securing the coveted prize, and they both won Death, leaving behind widows and orphans to weep and lament.

**British Love Prevailed.**  
"Blood is thicker than water," and though both were married with families of their own, the brotherly love was not lacking. Who could blame one for encouraging the other to win out in the contest with death.

Each seemed to think more of the other's safety than his own, and by keeping on the move hoped to live until help arrived. They passed the first night but it seemed that the long wished for daylight of Thursday would never come, and to them it never appeared, for when the gray dawn broke one was lying peacefully unconscious of the blinding snow, for the battle was over, he had lost and Death was the conqueror.

**Quite Close Together.**  
Robert died first and motionless was the form of Albert about 10 yards away. To the rescuers it seemed that they had kept together up to the time that the first died, and then the other crawled away, but could not make his way more than a few yards.

When the Bellaventure's men reached Albert life was not quite extinct. He told his name and when asked if he had any message to send to relatives, he was so exhausted that he dropped back dead.

Albert was aged about 51 and Robert 31. The former leaves several grown up children, and the latter a young wife and one child.

**Young Wife Mourns.**  
Frederick Collins, of Newport, B.B., who lost his life, was as fine a specimen of manhood as could be produced anywhere.

He was an energetic worker, always ready and anxious to do his share on board ship.

It is not to be wondered at that he was one of the first to jump over the side last Tuesday morning when the crew jumped over the side to hunt the whitecoats.

Last spring he was married, now his earthly life is o'er, and a young wife and little babe are left.

**Set Wrong Body.**  
One of the dead reported by wireless was David Locke, St. John's. When the dead were first taken to the mortuary, a corpse was identified as that of David Locke and was numbered 82. Relatives had seen it and recognized the face, they said.

The body was washed and placed in the coffin.  
As there was no trouble about the identity, the body having been identified by the father, permission was given to have it removed to his late home, Pleasant Street.

The scene at the house was a sad one when the coffin entered.

**A Surprise.**  
There was soon to be a surprise, for when the lid was taken off the coffin the body was not that of Locke.

Word was at once sent to the Grenfell Institute that an error had been made.

This caused some worry, as up to that time everything was going along satisfactorily.

All the bodies had to be examined again but the body of David Locke could not be found.

One other corpse had been sent out that of J. Ryan, Goulds, and believing that Locke's body by mistake, Hon. Mr. Cashin and the Chief of Police at once despatched Mr. Gladney, Mr. Sullivan's coachman, to the Ryan home to inform them of the mistake.

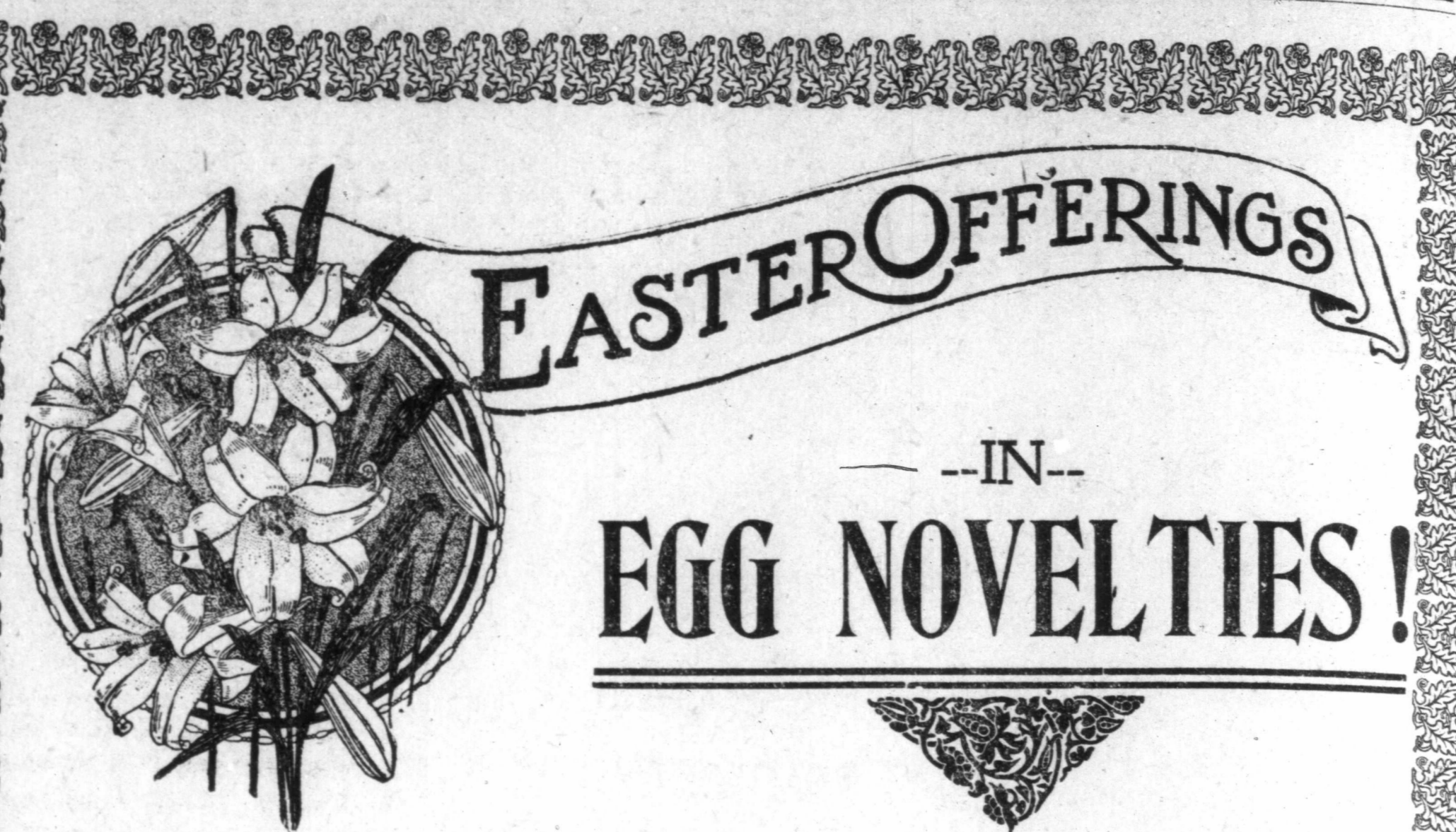
Mr. Gladney drove out as quickly as possible but when he arrived at the house, the corpse had been there some little time and friends had congregated for the wake.

**Ryan's Body—Not Locke's.**  
The messenger was informed that the body was that of Mr. Ryan and not Locke, so he returned to town immediately.

No. 82 was later identified by Messrs. Bungay and Hicks as that of David Abbott, Doting Cove.

It was also thought that the body identified as that of Allan Warren of Hant's Harbor might be Locke's, but that body was definitely identified as Allen's by Elsie Russell, Elsie Stone, Joseph Thomas, Mr. Bugden and Sarah Duffell.

**Father First—Now Son.**  
The Ryan family at the Goulds have been sorely afflicted. Six years ago the father mysteriously left home and has not been seen or heard of since, and now the son has lost his life.



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.



Lying at the hospital with his hand severely frost burned is Michael Tobin of Fermanagh, but his spirit is as noble and heart as brave as the most honored wearer of the Victoria Cross.  
He is not a matured man, for the boyish face denotes youth, but no mortal frame contains a stancher heart.  
He left home with a young pal, James Ryan, who met his fate.

Saturday evening Mr. P. F. Moore, member for Ferryland, sought out Tobin to look after his wants. Although suffering he was bright and able to talk.

"Well, Tobin, boy, you lost your poor chum," remarked the member. "Yes, Mr. Moore," was Tobin's reply; "I pulled him out twice. I carried him over the danger spots and at last he fell under me. I was two days and nights on the pans. I sang to Ryan; I laughed at him; I rubbed him; I roared him, but no purpose. In spite of all my efforts, he died," and as he spoke tears filled his eyes and also the eyes of those who heard him.

**Four Young Men Taken.**  
Mr. Moore informs us that the four young men from Ferryland District were at the age when life looked most promising. One was eighteen, another nineteen and the eldest only twenty-two. That they all made a noble gift with death he is confident, as he knew them all personally and they were a splendid lot of young fellows.

**Ticket Cost 50c. and a Life.**  
Some difficulty was experienced in identifying several of the dead.

One had a ticket bearing the name of William Landrigan, Placentia. After sometime he was identified by the Adjutant at the Salvation Army hotel as Peter Lamb of Red Island, P.B.

The Army man said that William Landrigan had two tickets, one for the Southern Cross and one for the Newfoundland.

He went in the Southern Cross himself and sold the Newfoundland ticket to Lamb for fifty cents.

When Lamb's bag was opened it was found that he had a vaccination certificate in his own name signed by Dr. McKendrick.

The Adjutant knew him well, as he stopped at the Army home before going to the ice.

**Put Cheved Bread in Chum's Mouth.**  
Pouch Cove, that little settlement of well known fishermen, mourns the loss of four as brave men who ever trod the frozen pans. One man older than the rest did all possible to keep them alive.

himself he worked on the Butlers and Jordans until life departed and further efforts were useless.  
He made them dance and sing old "ditties" while the others jumped around on the ice. He hugged them to keep them warm. He collected lumps of ice and formed a shelter. He chewed up pieces of hard bread and then put them into their mouths, as if they were infants, but to no purpose. They lived out the first night but the second was too much for them, and they died.

They fought well but the adversary death was too strong for them.

**Peculiar Experience.**  
Thomas Dawson, of Bay Roberts, is one of the survivors brought in by the Bellaventure. His experience was a most peculiar one. Mr. Dawson says that he managed to get along somehow throughout Tuesday and Wednesday, but on Wednesday night he felt that he could endure no longer and virtually gave himself up as dead.

He had fallen through the ice three times and the cold water in his boots had numbed his feet that he found it impossible to move about and keep his circulation going.

Mr. Dawson fell asleep and had a striking dream in which he says the little daughter of Abram Parsons, of Bay Roberts, came to him.

"Cheer up, Tom," said the vision, "Papa is coming."

The sleeper awoke and so vivid an impression had the dream made on his mind that he again bestirred him and resumed his efforts to keep alive.

A couple of hours later came the rescue party and the first man to reach Mr. Dawson was none other than Mr. Parsons, who is one of the officers of the Bellaventure and a lifelong friend of the man he thus rescued in a double sense.

Mr. Parsons was one of the hardest workers of the band of rescuers.

As he says himself: "I'm forty-five years of age, as far as actual reckoning goes, but the day that we found the poor men on the ice, I felt that I wasn't more than twenty-three in spirit and in strength."

And, judging from the record that the heroic man made, he worked and acted as if he were indeed the youngest and strongest man of the Bellaventure.

Said one of his own crew: "Mr. Parsons is a noble man. It is a pity that such as he is not in charge of a steamer."

relates a striking personal experience. He says that he was ramming about with another man, both intent of main taining the warmth of body essential to life. His companion was not apparently much exhausted, but suddenly collapsed and fell down at Mr. Collins' feet. As he was falling, he threw out his arms and caught Mr. Collins by the collar tearing open his clothes right down to the waist.

One of the survivors of the Newfoundland's crew was found with knap sack over his head. He told his rescuers that he had taken it from a dead companion and that its protection was a great factor in enabling him to keep alive.

**Dead Together.**  
One of the saddest incidents brought to light by the rescuers was that of a father and son who were found together on a pan, clasped in each others' arms. They were both quite dead.

Some of the survivors told the men of the Bellaventure that, driven almost mad by thirst and the desire for a warm drink, one of the victims of the tragedy gashed his hand purposefully with a sheath knife and drank his own blood as it gushed out of the wound.

Another man who survived the terrible experiences of these long hours of exposure, was seen by the men of the Bellaventure to make toward the Newfoundland on Thursday morning. They shouted to him to stop, but he walked on until he came across a seal on the ice. He killed it and drank the blood, which, apparently put new life in him for he walked on briskly to his own ship, which reached safely.

**PUBLIC MEETING.**



Notice is hereby given that a Public Meeting will be held in the Court House on **TO-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.