

THE DAILY MAIL

WEATHER REPORT. Toronto (noon)—Fresh Westerly winds, fair and cold. Wednesday: Moderate winds, fine and mild.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

To all parts of Canada and Newfoundland, \$2.00 per year; United States of America, \$3.50 per year.

VOLUME 1, No. 74.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1914.

PRICE:—1 CENT.

OMIT "OBEY" FROM SERVICE OF MARRIAGE

Sentiment in England is Strong for a Recognition of Equality in Marriage.

OPINION THEREON MUCH DIVIDED

Question Must Be Settled Soon is the Unanimous Verdict of Churchmen.

PRESENT FORM.

Wilt thou obey him, serve him, love, honor and keep him? In sickness and in health, to love, cherish and obey.

PROPOSED FORM.

Wilt thou love him, comfort him, and honor and keep him? In sickness and in health, to love and to cherish.

London, April 12.—Omission of the word "obey" from the marriage service and alteration of the wording as in the above forms was the subject for a grave discussion among high officials of the Church of England at the recent convocation of Canterbury. So widespread has become sentiment for the recognition of real equality and partnership between husband and wife that the Bishop of Lincoln had announced that he would move such an amendment.

Difference of Opinion.

Although the amendment was never introduced to be acted upon, it served to stir up a discussion which showed the difference of opinion as expressed to be not so much on the merits of the amendment as on its classification as a ritual question. When the subject was reached the Bishop of Lincoln moved to withdraw the amendment, saying that he had not changed his opinion but that he did not believe it could carry on that occasion. The Archbishop of Canterbury said it was more desirable that such a question should be raised on another occasion than on the revision of the Rubrics.

Must Soon Be Settled.

"We are face to face beyond question and doubt," he said, "with discussions upon the whole subject of which this is a part, both in the Church and in the State, at no distant date, and I venture to believe that other opportunities more suitable than the present will arise for handling questions of this far-reaching and quite other than liturgical character." The whole expression of opinion by different bishops was that the question must soon be settled, and those who committed themselves favored a recognition of equality. The Bishop of Winchester said that it was with regret that he saw the word "obey" continuing to stand in the form of service. The Bishop of Hereford declared that some change should be made which would make the undertakings and responsibilities of both persons to a greater extent the same.

Commons Again Down to Business

Quiet Week is Forecasted, Although Asquith will be Kept Busy.

London, April 14.—After the brief Easter recess the Commons will reassemble to-day, when the Premier will return from his bloodless victory in East Fife to take his seat and to resume the leadership of the Government.

Although a quiet week is expected, in which a number of minor measures will be handled, it is believed that certain members are preparing series of searching questions concerning the military preparations that preceded the Army crisis, which the Prime Minister, in his new capacity as Minister of War, will have to answer. Carson opened the week's campaign in Ulster yesterday by presenting colors to the South Antrim Volunteers. The ceremony was attended by thousands of spectators, among whom was Lord Beresford. Carson's speech to the men breathed the spirit of peace.

Four Are Injured By Collapsing Roof

Sydney, April 14.—The roof mixer of the new blast furnace fell crushing four men, probably fatally.

Big Damage Done By Fire In B. C.

Vancouver, April 14.—Fire wiped out a large part of the business section of Telkwa, a new town of Northern British Columbia.

\$5,000 For Fund From Montreal

Montreal, April 13.—The \$5,000 forwarded already through the Bank of Montreal, to the Sealing Disaster Fund, will be greatly increased during the next few days. The Board of Trade is actively raising funds, and Saturday night the Newfoundland Society of the city met to arrange for further contributions.

Four Gunmen Electrocutted

New York, April 13.—The four gunmen convicted of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, died in the electric chair this morning.

Frank Haynes Gets A Second Trial

Sydney, April 13.—On application of Frank Haynes, convicted here recently of the murder of Ben Atkinson, and sentenced to be hanged on May 8th, a revision of the case by the Crown has been granted.

NEW PROPOSAL RE ULSTER IS NOW DISCUSSED

Suggested That at the End of the Six Years' Period Province Should be Given Option of Remaining Out For a Further Definite Period.

London, April 14.—A new basis for negotiations with regard to the Ulster deadlock is now being discussed in certain quarters, the essence of the proposal being a combination of the optional exclusion policy with "Home Rule within Home Rule," the idea being that at the termination of the six years' period the exclusion of Ulster should be either fixed for a further definite period, or until Parliament should intervene, Ulster in the meantime to be allowed all the freedom permissible under the scheme, summed up in Sir Edward Grey's proposal of Federalism.

The scheme is regarded by some politicians as worthy of serious consideration within the next few weeks.

45 Times Under An Anaesthetic

Boy Drinks Lye and Operations Cost Father Big Sum.

Pittsburg, April 13.—After having \$15,000 spent on his alimentary canal and being under an anaesthetic forty-five times in the last three years, Robert Hoffman, aged 6, of Sewickley, a suburb of Pittsburg, is able now to eat as other folks do.

Three years ago little Robert drank some lye. It ate through the channel leading to his stomach, and since that time, until a few days ago, food found its way into his stomach by means of rubber tubes. It's different now, as the tubes have been removed, and Robert knows how truly good ice cream, mashed potatoes smothered in chicken gravy, and other things dear to the palate of a little boy really are. At a recent convention of physicians and surgeons at Atlantic City, Robert was on exhibition, and the greatest physicians in the world marvelled at his cure.

Tug O'War When "Greek Met Greek"

Cork, April 11.—The girls working in the flax mills at Blackpool, in this county, mauled a crowd of militant suffragettes who were attempting to do some proselytizing to the cause. The girls tore off the hats and coats of the suffragettes, and hustled them around in lively fashion. The militants were punched, pinched and scratched, and were finally chased away from the mills. One suffragette was so badly injured that she had to be taken to a hospital.

Pres. of Singer Co. Donated \$500,000

New York, April 13.—President Bowne, of the Singer Co., gave \$500,000 to the Easter offerings of St. John the Baptist Cathedral, Sunday, which will be placed as an endowment fund to the Cathedral Choir School.

F. P. U. TO RAISE BIG SUM OF \$10,000

Toward Fund for Relieving Families of Victims of Great Sealing Tragedy.—List of Contributors to Date.

The F.P.U. has decided to raise a fund of \$10,000 to aid the orphans of Union members who went down in the Southern Cross and of those who died on the icefloes belonging to the Newfoundland.

All Councils will please take up collections as soon as possible and forward the same to the Head Office of the F.P.U., St. John's. Every man is expected to do a part. Ladies may also organize teas and concerts and thereby show their sympathy for those who have lost their bread-winners so suddenly and terribly.

Contributions will be acknowledged in The Daily Mail and Advocate.

Table listing donors and amounts: Supreme Council of the F.P.U. \$500.00, P. U. \$500.00, Fishermen's Union Trading Company \$200.00, W. F. Coaker (sessional pay) \$1,000.00, A Friend of the Union \$1,000.00, C. Bryant \$10.00, The Daily Mail \$50.00, The Advocate \$50.00, George F. Grimes \$5.00, D. R. Thistle \$5.00, W. W. Halfyard \$5.00, Lewis Crummy \$5.00, J. E. G. \$5.00, Friend \$1.00, Sympathiser \$1.50

COOPERS CONTRIBUTE

The Coopers Union met last night, President Linagar being in the chair. The sum of \$150 was voted to the Disaster Fund.

REMAINS OF MR. REDSTONE ARRIVE

The remains of the late Mr. W. J. Redstone, who died at Halifax, arrived by yesterday's express and were taken home by Undertaker Carnell. The funeral takes place to-morrow afternoon.

DAILY MAIL ADVERTISING PAYS

ARE DIVIDED AS TO ATTITUDE ON HOME RULE

Members of United Free Church of Scotland Hold a Diversity of Opinion As to What Should Be Church's Attitude on Question.

London, April 13.—Members of the United Free Church of Scotland are manifesting great diversity of opinion with regard to the attitude the Church should take in connection with the Irish question.

Three columns of the Glasgow Herald are devoted to the matter. Officials of the United Free Church are being assailed by many correspondents as being unsympathetic towards their Ulster Presbyterian brethren.

One writer declares Presbyterians have not properly realized the iniquity the Government is about to perpetrate on Presbyterians in handing over Irish Protestants to the dominance of the Catholic majority and the tender mercies of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

This style of argument is met by other members who charge that Conservatives are themselves preliterate, and that when in power they forced the hateful educational act upon the non-Conformists of England, and also opposed every democratic measure contributing to the welfare of the people.

Turkey Must Pay For Aegean Is.

Rome, April 13.—It is officially announced that Italy is determined not to restore the Aegean Islands to Turkey unless she obtains railroad and other concessions in Asia Minor. Turkey has been notified that she cannot get back the islands on any other terms.

ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY MAIL

Gunmen Did Not Name Becker

New York, April 13.—None of the gunmen electrocuted to-day mentioned the name of Police Lieut. Becker, who was convicted of the murder of Rosenthal. One of the gunmen confessed his guilt.

Italian Strike Still Unsettled

Rome, April 14.—The question of the strike of railwaymen throughout Italy still hangs in the balance. The Government, in order to be in readiness, has occupied certain stations with detachments of troops.

100,000 Men Are Now Idle In Russia

Thousands of Families Are Peniless as Result of Big Strike.

St. Petersburg, April 11.—Labor trouble here is critical. There are now more than 100,000 men unemployed.

By order of the government the principal factories and workshops of St. Petersburg have declared lockouts and closed their doors for an indefinite period. Among them are the Baltic, Poutiloff and Vulcan works, Neible, Siemens and the Phoenix factories.

Thousands of families are peniless on the eve of the Easter holidays. A large number of arrests were made last night and from the temper of the workmen sensational developments may follow.

Suicides In France On The Increase

Proportion Is Three Times Than of Seventy Years Ago.

Paris, April 13.—Suicides in France are increasing. Since 1904, when the total was 8,876, there has been a continuous rise in numbers to 9,819—7,476 men and 2,342 women in 1913. This is twentyfive suicides to 100,000 inhabitants and treble the proportion of seventy years ago. A great number of those killing themselves are widowers.

Of the 9,282 suicides whose domiciles are known, 4,968 live in rural places and 4,314 in cities. In both sexes it is the domestic who shows the largest proportion of suicides; then persons practising the liberal professions.

The motives in the average 100 suicides are: Twenty-one from physical suffering, 15 from misery of reverses of fortune, 13 from drunkenness, 12 from domestic trouble, 9 from thwarted love, four from debauchery, 2 from unknown motive, and 24 from heat.

There are always more suicides in the spring and summer than in the autumn and winter.

No better investment can be made than by taking a Contract Space in the DAILY MAIL.

DEATHS

MOAKLER.—At Halifax, N.S., after a short illness, Alfred Moakler, youngest son of the late Thomas and Mary Moakler, leaving a wife and a sister at Halifax, and one brother at St. John's, to mourn their loss.

(Continued from 7th column.) lem, and who are straining a noble instrument to breaking point in the attempt to make it do that which it cannot do. I have no concern with politics. I have not even signed the Covenant. Yet I believe that I say in this letter what is being thought by many a quiet observer.

ULSTER IS STILL CRUCIAL FACTOR IN BIG QUESTION

Writer in The Times Says Some Things Cannot be Done by Counting Heads.

PROVINCE AN IMMOVABLE ROCK. Constitutional Government Does Not Possess Absolute and Unlimited Power.

A Bystander, writing on the Ulster question in The London Times, says: In these days of crisis, it is well to bear in mind the vital point. The vital point is Ulster. The tactics of the Unionists, the manoeuvres of the Government, the fortunes of the party game are side issues. The Parliament Act itself is not the point. The master point, the one immovable rock in all this welter of passion and intrigue, is the determination of Ulster not to accept Home Rule. The Government may move from triumph to triumph at Westminster, and even in the country. But in the end, victors perhaps in the wrangles and combats of faction, they will have to face Ulster. And on the rock of Ulster their Bill will break.

Not True.

It is said that constitutional government is at an end if Ulster prevails. It is false. No sane man, in this country, whatever his politics, has any quarrel with constitutional government. No other form of government is possible for Britons. But constitutional government is like unlimited Monarchy, or any other form of government, in this—that there are some things which it cannot do. Monarchy fell when it accepted the delusion that it could do no wrong. Constitutional government will learn defeat when it tries to drive a great determined, and organized community out of a regime which it loves into one which it hates. There are things which cannot be done by Parliamentary talk or by counting heads.

Dearer Than Life.

This is not a trade revolt, or the sporadic menace of discontented individuals. It is the resolve of an organized and homogeneous community of neighbors to live or die for something dearer to them than life. Sneers and ridicule have done their worst and fallen silent. Statisticians have whittled their sticks, but Ulster remains. Far more impressive than the hubbub of London politics is the stillness of Ulster. Government may, indeed, beat her down, may even destroy her. "Eleven men well armed," said Swift, "will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt." But the Government that wins these laurels will not be constitutional; it will be a government stripped of every claim to respect except naked force. The enemies of constitutional government are the men who had not the imagination to foresee the Ulster problem. (Continued in 6th column)

Willie's Little Game.-

It Succeeds, As Usual.



## "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. A

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

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

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



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

## A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

### CHAPTER XIII.

The Sequel to the Great Idea.

(Continued)

"Keep your kisses to yourself,"  
snapped Mr. Steadman, advancing  
trunculently. "We'll have no such  
work here, my lad. Why—the sailor  
holding the lamp had flashed it on  
the girl's face, showing it up in all its  
pathetic pallor, the grim streaks  
fighting to hide the wan loveliness—  
"why, it's Aileen!"

"Look here, Mr. Mate, come out on  
deck and show you're a man. You  
took me unawares, and I'm not the  
chap to stand a blow like that. Put  
'em up, d'ye hear me? Put 'em up,  
mate or no mate, and I'll knock seven  
different sorts of nonsense out of ye."

"You'll get below and call the cap-  
tain and you'll go like a flying cy-  
clone," roared Steadman, every hair  
on his head standing on end, his  
brick-red face flushed deeply, his  
eyes gleaming like steel. "I don't  
know what sort of a bagnio you've  
been dragged up in, you—you—black  
guard, but you don't insult defence-  
less women when I'm about. Get be-  
low, sir." And, deterred by the  
sound of wrath in the first mate's  
voice, Stubbs slunk away, muttering  
futile threats.

"So that's why she was so particu-  
lar about the stowage of that hatch?"  
ruminated Mr. Steadman, as he lift-  
ed the fragile body in his arms with  
the greatest ease and stumped aft to  
the poop. "Why, the child's been  
down there four whole days at least.  
Wonder if she had any food?"

"I—I lost it all," came a dim whis-  
per at his ear, and then Aileen, heart

### You Can Make Big Money Selling Our Fountain Pens

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

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

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

### Over-seas Novelty Co.,

Wholesale and Retail.  
UNCLE DUDLEY,  
Manager.

## POST CARDS!

NEWFOUNDLAND VIEWS—  
Black and White 40c. hundred,  
6c. dozen.

GLAZED PHOTO—  
Sailing Industry, 30c. doz.  
Comic Picture Cards, 10c, 15c and  
15c. doz.

Art Views, 15c. doz. up.

EASTER POST CARDS—  
A fine variety in Lithochrome.

Hand Painted and Silk Embroid-  
ered, 15c, 25c, 40c, and 65c. doz.  
Birthday Post Cards, 15c, and 20c.  
doz.

VISITING CARDS—  
5c, 10c, 12c and 16c per packet.  
Envelopes to suit 20c. packet, in  
Swiss Lawn Finish.

### GEO. KNOWLING.

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

rail to the unshrinking combers. It  
was good to mark the play of shadows  
on the vast bellowing caverns aloft,  
to eye the rope-purified cheeks that  
were the topsails, to see the loose  
ropes to leeward frapping a joyous  
chorus of speed. It was good to turn  
the head ever so slightly after writ-  
tling these marvels, to watch old  
Rhys at the helm, bent and short-  
sighted, yet handling the capricious  
craft as deftly as if she were a toy.

He seemed to feel the spirit of the  
good ship mingling with his spirit, for  
the two things, human and inert, were  
as one, understanding greatly. The  
ship curstied gravely to the 'scend of  
the sea, but fearing lest she should  
grow uneasy, and give the invalid  
some qualm, Rhys eased down three  
spokes, and the curtsy became a leap  
forward, a glad, buoyant slide, not a  
dip.

Up aloft two sailors were parceling  
a lift, the gear of which had been  
chafed in port. They balanced them-  
selves with tightened calves as they  
straddled the cross-trees, and Aileen  
could hear their voices, softened by  
the distance, could see their deft move-  
ments, the easy swing of their trained  
bodies as the ship heeled wildly to a  
sudden gust. The sky overhead again  
—it was clearer than the skies of  
England. It was a more vigorous sky,  
speaking of struggle and strife. A  
gentle hum—it could be called a moan

—in the thrusting wind was sweet  
music. The girl felt her wasted  
strength course back in full force;  
she longed to rise to her feet, to walk  
to the break of the poop, and inhale  
the glorious air in lung-filling gasps.  
But she had been told to keep her  
place, and now that her great dis-  
obedience had been crowned with suc-  
cess she was docility itself.

"And now, my girl, we've to reckon  
matters up," said her father's voice at  
her side; and Aileen felt for one mo-  
ment a throbbing that might almost have  
been fear. She had mutilated, her fa-  
ther was a strict disciplinarian—  
would he exact a penalty? It was a  
terrible thought. She had heard of  
men stopping homeward-bound craft  
to send stowaways back to the land  
they had left. What if—horrible  
thought!—her father should be such a  
man!

She flushed, bent her head, then  
summoning up all her courage, deter-  
mined to go through the impending  
trouble in a sailorly fashion, she lift-  
ed the dazzling glory of her eyes to  
her father's face.

Curzon looked astern, he frowned,  
he cleared his throat, and at that mo-  
ment the fire of her ocular batteries  
struck home. He drew a deck-chair  
beside his daughter, and took her  
hand—white now, and fragile looking,  
but still showing where the suns of  
three oceans had burnt it brown.

"You're a naughty girl," he said  
gently. "But—then, it's like heaven,  
with the lights turned on, Aileen, to

have you here." And so the peace  
was made. The big heart of the cap-  
tain had felt its fill of loneliness, and  
now—with the actual presence of the  
only being he loved beside him—the  
words of reproof were checked on his  
lips, and he was silent for a while.

"But you gave us a terrible start,"  
he said presently. "Why didn't you  
come on deck before? You were al-  
most dead; and if old Steadman hadn't  
worked like a slave over you—Heaven  
knows where he got his knowledge  
from—you'd have gone out like a  
snuffed candle."

"I—I was afraid," said Aileen sim-  
ply. "I thought you might send me  
back ashore, and that would have been  
worse than death to me, dad."

Curzon stretched himself lazily, he  
smiled, glanced about the ship. With-  
in the last few days an appreciable  
change had come over the Zoroaster.  
Many a time had Curzon said the ship  
had changed with the changed condi-  
tions of sea life. The constant cutting  
down and cheeseparing necessitated  
by low freights and long waits in port  
had given the ship a shabby-genteel  
air—her paint-work was almost taw-  
dry, and the funnel of a donkey-en-  
gine protruding from the roof of the  
fore-deck-house was an unsightly blot  
on the symmetry of the vessel, Aileen  
noticed this.

**Tailoring by Mail Order**  
I make a specialty of  
**Mail Order Tailoring**  
and can guarantee good fitting  
and stylish garments to measure.  
A trial order solicited.

Outport orders promptly made  
up and despatched C.O.D. to any  
station or port in the Island, car-  
riage paid.

**JOHN ADRAIN,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
ST. JOHN'S.  
(Next door to F.P.U. office.)  
jan20,s,tu

## De Reszke Cigarettes

are now smoked by all  
the Cigarette connois-  
seurs in St. John's. In  
addition to being the  
BEST CIGARETTE made  
they do not affect the  
throat.

—IN STOCK—

DE RESZKE  
'Tenor'—Turkish.  
'American'—Virginian.  
'Soprano'—Ladies.

**P. E. Outerbridge**  
137 WATER STREET,  
TELEPHONE 60.

## THERE IS NO COMPARISON

Between Molaline Meal and other  
sugar foods. The manufacturers of  
Molaline Meal never attempt to  
COMPETE with anything else,  
their product being

**Unique,  
Distinct and  
Superior**

to everything else.

For Sale at all Feed Depots,  
or Wholesale Only from

**HARVEY & CO., Ltd.**

AVOID IMITATIONS.

"And I don't see any apprentices  
about, either," she said. "There used  
to be five or six in the old times, dad."

"We've only two of them," said Cur-  
zon, with a wise wag of his beard.  
"Boys won't go to sea if they can help  
it. Not likely. I don't blame 'em, my  
dear. They have to work twice as  
hard as the ordinary sailors, they get  
awful grub, and the chances of success  
are minimised. We used to treat our  
boys well here, but even so we can't  
live down the stigma that is attaching  
itself to the merchant service. Catch  
a lad—a decent lad, I mean—one  
who's been brought up in a good home,  
who's been the adored of doting sis-  
ters, going to sea to become a com-  
mon servant, a stevedore—lots of  
ships work their own cargoes, you  
must remember, now, and as the sail-  
ors desert as soon as they reach port,  
all the heavy work falls on the ap-  
prentices—and several other things  
which the average labour maniac  
would turn up his nose at. No, the sea  
apprentice has an unlovely life, and it  
seems strange to me that something  
isn't done to make the service more  
attractive. England will have a sorry  
time when her merchant service pans  
out for want of officers, as it will do  
at the present rate of progress—or re-  
gression would be more than the  
word.

"They say that it is on the Navy,  
under God's providence, that Britain  
looks for existence; but the Navy's a  
secondary consideration, in my opin-  
ion, and the mercantile service is the  
country's very life-blood. And they  
say away that blood by lowering the  
load-line, they give no sailor a vote,  
they exact from officers success in ex-  
aminations that it would require a  
Senior Wrangler to pass with any  
great credit; and they expect to be fed  
—for without us England would starve  
inside a month—under these condi-  
tions. The worst out-of-work in Lon-  
don, who starves on charity, has a bet-  
ter time than the general run of mer-  
chant service men.

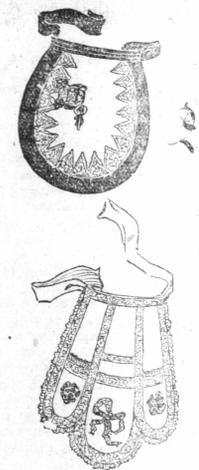
"Can't you see it about you? Look  
at this crew! Rhys, there, who's just  
leaving the wheel, is the only English-  
man we have in the forecastle—Brit-  
ish sailors won't stand the conditions.  
That new helmsman is a type of our  
crew—a Dutchman. He can speak  
half a dozen words of English—he's  
been crammed up with them so that  
he can pass the shipping officer—and  
beyond that he knows no more about  
the English language than you know  
of Sanskrit.

"And the result is—what? Wait till  
the next European war, that's all I  
say. They'll find out the value of the  
merchant service then. It will mean  
constant blockade—running to get food  
into the country, and you'll look a  
long way before you'll find Dutchmen  
risking their necks to feed an alien  
nation. They haven't the pluck of ver-  
min; and we need pluck for that kind  
of work. We shall need every British  
sailor we can get, and then we'll be  
far short of all we require. The steam

ers get the few Britons that are now  
afloat; most of 'em are in the Reserve,  
and they'll be called upon to fill de-  
ficiencies in the crews of our men-of-  
war. Then—we've got the Dutchmen  
to take their places, Germans a lot of  
'em are; and at the first sign of  
trouble they'll rise in mutiny, and  
carry off the ships they're employed  
aboard to their own country's cruis-  
ers; and where will England be then?"

(To be continued)

## "The Daily Mail" Pattern Service.



WHEN THE NEEDLES FLY.

Two dainty little aprons of lawn  
and ribbon are the subjects of the  
drawings here. Very pretty they will  
look over the industrious maiden's  
summer porch frock as she diligently  
embroiders this summer. The upper  
one of fine lawn, has fine lawn as its  
center and between this and the outer  
binding of satin ribbon is fine lace  
edging used as insertion with the  
sharp points turning inward and pro-  
ducing a very odd and pretty effect.  
The little pocket is of lace and trim-  
med with baby ribbon and a crepe  
rose. The lower sketch shows an  
apron of fine batiste with insertion  
and edging of "Val" lace and little  
rosettes of satin ribbon. Two handy  
little pockets are arranged on each  
side.

Address in full:  
Name . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
Bust . . . . . Length . . . . .

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illus-  
tration and send with the coupon,  
carefully filled out. The pattern can  
not reach you in less than 15 days.  
Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note,  
or stamps. Address: Daily Mail Pat-  
tern Department.

**A WORD TO THE WISE!**

### To the Reader!

You need a Bright, Breezy, Up-  
to-date Newspaper if you want  
to keep in touch with affairs of  
the Day at Home or Abroad.

### Keep Posted

By reading the Daily Mail—Sub-  
scriptions \$2.00 per year or \$1.80  
in Clubs of Ten.

### To the Advertiser!

You get Results by Advertising  
in The DAILY MAIL, the Best  
and Most Popular Daily in the  
Country. Get Our Rates.

**The DAILY MAIL**  
St. John's, Newfoundland.

## Spring and Summer

1914.

We are featuring some of the latest

### Jerseys and Jersey Suits

of the famous **Knit-Royal Brand** this season. The materials and styles in these garments combined with a splendid assortment of Patterns, are just the "REAL THING" in the knitted garment for little men.

Jersey Suits \$2.00 to \$3.50.

Sweaters, only 75c. to \$2.00.

## Jackman The Tailor, Limited.

Young Gentlemen's Outfitters.

N.B.—Our Mail Order Patrons kindly state age of boy and color required.

## THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

CHEAPEST, MOST DURABLE, BEST WEARS LONGEST, MOST ECONOMICAL, FULL MEASURE.

## Blundell Spence & Co.

ENGLISH MIXED PAINTS for

\$1.75

per gallon

is the best value on the market.

Also a full line of

Paint and Varnish Brushes.

## Martin Hardware Co.

## Anchor Brand Cans

Can be perfectly sealed with three-quarters of a pound of Solder.

## Anchor Brand Cans

Are packed in cases, the covers of which are fastened on with Patent Fasteners.

Use No Other Cans But ANCHOR BRAND.

## Robt. Templeton

The Daily Mail \$2.00 Year.

# OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION; "NEWFOUNDLAND" DISASTER.

Thursday, April 9th. Proceedings were resumed at 10 a.m.

Captain Westbury Kean (continued) to Dr. Lloyd.—The signal from my father on Monday conveyed the information that seals were near the Stephano. I did not reply, the fact of my men leaving was signal enough. My second hand was in charge with full power to exercise his judgment as to the time to leave to stay away. I did not see my men leave the Stephano, it was slightly snowing. I did not know my men had left the Stephano. I expected they had, did not see the Stephano that day afterwards, nor any other steamer. I did not expect my men back that night. I thought they would board one of the ships in the vicinity where they were working seals.

#### His Opinion

To Morine, K.C.—I think the men who left the main body on Tuesday returned because they got faint hearted at not seeing any seals. The impression was not created on my mind that they came back because the weather looked bad. The Stephano was moving slowly on Tuesday morning. I saw her crew out, as I thought. Those I saw were not far from her. I judged her to be 4 miles from us. Our men took about four hours and a half to reach the Stephano, the ship was moving and increasing the distance for our men, the walking was not good. My second hand thought a mile an hour would be about what they walked. I waited for Tuff to offer to lead the men, because it was not his duty usually. The signal between myself and my father was only one word "seals."

#### Why He Did Not Whistle

I blew my whistle until I was assured that all who returned from the morning crowd were aboard. I did not blow it at night, it would not have been heard far owing to the storm. The Newfoundland's horn is about the same as on other wooden ships. If I had known my men were on the ice I would have tried to make a fire. I absolutely relied on my belief that my men were on another ship. It didn't occur to me that my men would leave their work early and come back to me because I saw other men panning and thought my men would do the same. I saw other men panning at mid-day.

My second hand told me that the men stopped panning and started back because the Stephano had gone six miles away, and he thought it wiser to return to the ship. I did not know the Stephano had gone away, or I would have expected my men back. I can recall looking at the barometer during the storm, just after tea Tuesday night, when I said to Mr. Green: "What's all the fuss about," meaning the storm "that glass doesn't show for it." The glass did not show any marked change. The glass is not always correct, sometimes it gives warning and sometimes otherwise.

At Labrador we often get a low glass with no storm locally, and we sometimes have a storm locally which the glass does not indicate. It is the practice for men to carry

food when they leave the ship for work. I know no regulation or order requiring them to take food, they are expected to look out for themselves. Frequently careless fellows will not provide for themselves. If we see such we call them back and see they have food. I have heard that a good many who were lost had not food enough to last them. The food is carried in a canvas bag. Many men carry a tin containing liniment at their belt. The best food for the ice is hard bread.

Properly provided men carry a stringed bag containing a mixture of oatmeal, raisins and sugar, a mixture that is very nourishing. I think men ought not to go out without such provision. It is difficult to force men to provide themselves, they are often very careless.

#### Arthur Moulard's Evidence

Arthur Moulard (sworn) examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to Bonavista and was master watch on the S.S. Newfoundland this spring. On Tuesday, March 31st, our crew left to board the S.S. Stephano and arrived about 11.30. It was fine when we left our ship.

Just before we reached the Stephano there was a little snow came. Had a mug up on board, after which the weather was a little worse. The Stephano had taken us towards a patch of seals and our crew were ordered out over the starboard side. I saw our second hand on the bridge when we got aboard, not afterwards till we got on the ice.

We went S.W. a short way, some men stopped to kill seals. I with the rest went further on. The weather then was getting quite bad.

We had a consultation and decided to make for our own ship. Our course to her had been given us by the captain of the Stephano as S.E. The weather got worse all the evening and about dusk we put up for the night, remaining until Wednesday afternoon when it cleared and we saw the Bellaventure.

#### Left To Go On Board

I with Elias Moulard, left to get on board telling the others to stay and keep themselves comfortable. We got near enough to see a man on the bulkhead. I had an ice flag which I waved from a high pan as a signal. She was broadside to us, and within fifteen minutes she turned stern on and drew away from us. I then looked back to these I left, saw the smoke of our own ship and steered our course towards her. We came back to where we left.

Our crowd had shifted and I went towards another lot of men who were walking towards the ship. We reached them and put up with them for the night. At daylight, Thursday, we saw our ship, and with the second hand and some others reached her about 9 or 10 o'clock. All the men in my watch had food, hard bread, and some had other things, including a mixture of sugar, oatmeal and raisins. The men were clothed as is usual.

#### Cold Weather

The storm had continued up till Wednesday afternoon when it cleared but was very cold with high wind. Two

of my men were dead when I left for the Bellaventure, the first died between 9 and 10 on Wednesday a.m. Some of our crew came to meet us on Thursday, after which we were properly cared for.

To Warren, K.C.—The Stephano was between 4 and 5 miles away when we left our ship for her. While we were going towards her she was steaming across us to our right. The ice was heavy and hard to get through where we were walking. It was lighter ice where she was steaming.

We left the heavy ice just before reaching the ship, which stopped for us to get aboard. While we were getting our mug up the Stephano turned and went to the S.W. over the same track she had come.

#### Could Give No Reason

To Dr. Lloyd.—I saw Capt. Kean on the bridge and also our second hand, but did not see them talking. I don't know why we got over the starboard side. I don't know whether the ice was loose on the windward side, or whether there was danger of getting in the water on that side.

When the weather got so bad we thought, after consultation, that it was better for us to make for our ship, we thought this was the best thing to do. Don't know where the Stephano was then, she had gone to pick up her own crew, we could not see her. Think she had to go six miles for her men. We took what seemed our only course.

When I left with second hand on Thursday I did not know where my men were. My object was to get assistance from our ship. I was in front of the crowd on Tuesday when the men turned back. I did not know they had left at all till I got on the Stephano.

#### Rowland Critch Testifies

Rowland Critch (sworn) examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to Hart's Harbor, was one of the crew of the Newfoundland this spring. On Tuesday morning, March 31st, I started with rest of crew to go to the Stephano. When we left it was sort of dull but did not look for weather. I went a little over half way, when I broke out of the ranks to kill two seals, I killed three more seals, and as it was snowing I took out my compass and set the ship, could just see her then.

I mentioned to Francis who was with me, that it was going to be dirty and we'd turn back. I did not mention it to others. We two turned back and two other men, Short and Harris, followed us. We were amongst the last going out from the ship. The others had walked on and left us four behind. Other men went back, about 25 crossed our head and went on board before us.

#### Weather Was Bad

My chum and I started with two seals each, but only got one aboard. We got back about 2 o'clock, the weather was then bad. I did not see the

ship until half an hour before I reached her.

I turned back because I saw we were going to have weather and I had better get on board. I went straight below when I got on board. The captain did not come in the after hold where I was, there were nine of us there. The rest were in the fore hold. He never asked me why I had returned.

The storm increased all day and until next day. I didn't go out to help the nine men to the ship on Thursday morning. When I left the ship I didn't have a cake of bread, but Francis had some which he said would do the two of us. Don't know how much he had.

To Dr. Lloyd.—My sole reason for returning to the ship was the condition of the weather, that was the general impression amongst the other nine in our crowd.

To Hutchings, K.C.—I could see the leading man when I stopped to kill the 2 seals, only a few men were behind me when I broke the rank.

#### Afternoon Session.

Hearing resumed at 3 p.m.

Abram Parsons (sworn) examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to Bay Roberts, and was second hand on the S.S. Bellaventure this spring. I think the position of our ship was 45 miles off Cape Bonavista, Tuesday morning, March 31st. The Newfoundland was 5 or 6 miles N.W. of us. I saw the Stephano and a steamer supposed to be the Kite, in the distance.

The weather was sociable at 7 a.m., the sky was overcast, and got heavier as the day advanced. The snow began about noon, very little, could see at this time perhaps a couple of miles.

About 1 o'clock the weather was closing in, not much more snow, and the wind increasing a little. In the evening about 4 or 5 the storm was at its height, very thick. I was on the bridge from 1 o'clock until the ship stopped for the night. We had a few men out after old seals about noon or earlier, near the ship. They were out about an hour, and then came aboard again. There was no weather when they came in, to hurt. No other men left the ship except a few to pick up a scattered seal. The storm continued until about the middle of the day, Wednesday.

#### All Out Wednesday

We had all our men out in the afternoon of Wednesday, killing and hauling to the ship. Saw no other crews around at this time nor later in the day. On Thursday I remarked to our captain that Wednesday while picking up our men between sunset and dark I thought I saw a few men a long distance from us, and I wondered if it could have been any of the Newfoundland's crew. Not knowing or thinking any other men were around, I thought they were our own crew. On Wednesday we were steaming around picking up our own men, and burned down for the night when they were all on board.

Thursday morning about 6.30 our barometer reported men on the ice, travelling across our head, and

thought it was the Newfoundland's crew looking for seals. He then reported two men coming to us. The captain, the wheelman and I were on the bridge, and we saw them, too. I thought they must be men who fell in the water. One of them came on, the other lagged behind. The ship was butting towards them in heavy ice.

#### Terrible Tidings

The man came to the ship's side and was assisted on board, as he was looking bad. I went down and asked what was the trouble, and he said "We have been on the ice since Tuesday morning, and a lot of our men have perished, that there were fifty dead where I left."

I reported to the captain, and our men were sent out right away. We brought the second man on board. Fifty or sixty men were then sent out and forced the ship towards where the dead were. I asked Capt. Randell if I could go, and he said yes. I then shouted for all hands to get on the ice and do their best to rescue.

We took firewood, blankets, stimulants, food and stretchers, and went on to rescue what we could. We picked up all the live men and the bodies of the dead, finishing up early in the afternoon. We then forced toward the Newfoundland, and reached her about 11 Friday morning.

We took some other sick men from the Stephano, and eight dead bodies from the Florizel.

We then bore up for St. John's, and arrived here on Saturday at 5 p.m., April 4th.

#### Saw No Signal

To Dr. Lloyd.—It was after we took the dead men on board I wondered if it might not have been some of the men I had seen Wednesday afternoon. I did not see any flag waved or other signal made on Wednesday, nor have I heard of our men seeing such.

When we picked up our last man it was too dark to see others, from what I know now; if it had been daylight I would have seen the Newfoundland's men.

Ice flags are various sizes, perhaps two or three feet square. I have been 27 springs to the sealfishery. Was nine springs in the Newfoundland.

To the Judge.—On the kind of morning that Capt. Wes. Kean sent his men out, I would do the same thing and glad to get the chance. I have travelled greater distances from my ship after seals than the distance between the Newfoundland and Stephano.

I have with my watch travelled out of sight of the smoke of our steamer (the Newfoundland), leaving her at 2 o'clock one morning walking out of sight of her smoke, panned 4,000 seals and got back that night. I believe the distance was over 10 miles.

Crews often travel 7 or 8 miles to work seals, especially when there are other ships in that direction. It seems odd unreasonable to me for the men to turn back from the crowd that started for the Stephano.

#### Jordan's Evidence

Stephen Jordan (sworn) examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to (Continued on page 5.)

## CASINO THEATRE—Commencing Monday, April 20th.

ALL WEEK

That Great Pasqualli \$250,000 Production.

# Last Days of Pompeii!

A MOTOGRAPHIC DRAMATIZATION OF LORD BULWER LYTTON'S BOOK

10,000 People; 260 Big Scenes; 8 Reels, Prologue & 2 Parts

# SEE

The Historic Roman Arena in all its Grandeur!  
The Fighting Gladiators and Thrilling Chariot Race!  
The Lions Turned Loose on the Heroic Glaucus!  
THE CITY OF POMPEII Before, During and After the ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS!

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY TO WITNESS THE GREATEST AND BEST EDUCATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT EVER PRODUCED.

Secure Your Seats Early from Mr. Power at the Atlantic Bookstore.

TRULY THE GREATEST PHOTO-DRAMA IN THE WORLD.

# The Daily Mail

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

## Subscription Rates.

By mail, to any part of Newfoundland and Canada, \$3.00 per year. To the United States of America, \$3.50 per year.

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

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

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

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., APRIL 14, 1914

## OUR POINT OF VIEW.

### THE BLOODHOUND

The captain of the Bloodhound was compelled to return to port because a majority of her crew refused to continue the voyage. Those opposed to remaining out claimed that there was not food enough on board for another ten days, and fearing that if the ship went in search of old seals she may be nipped and run short of food, they insisted upon terminating the voyage. That portion of the crew who stood by the captain started to prepare to continue the voyage, when the others interfered and a big row resulted. Gaffs and knives were used, and another catastrophe barely averted.

Had the Coaker Sealing Bill been passed by the Upper House as it was sent up by the House of Assembly, the above trouble would not exist, for the men willing to remain out could continue the voyage, after landing the other part of the crew. The Upper House knows all that is going on the front to land a portion of their crews was passed, it would cause mutiny amongst the crews; they there fore turned it down.

It is now clear that the F.P.U. and Mr. Job knew what the men wanted and wishing to avert this very trouble endeavored to meet the new conditions that had arisen, but the Captain of Bowring's, Crosbie's and Baine Johnston's, with a few brilliant like Fatsy McGrath, M. P. Gibbs, and J. A. Robinson, thought they could teach the fishermen and the F.P.U. a lesson by cutting out the section passed by the House of Assembly, and the result is that the majority of the crews of every ship hunting for old seals are determined not to remain out after the young seals are cut up.

One ship sent in 115 men. Another was compelled to make for port and a calamity barely averted. On another mutinous conduct was apparent a week ago and it was a common matter to find knives drawn amongst the crew, which caused the captain to use his authority on more than one occasion—while many of the men on the Pogota and Sagona being utterly disgusted with the starvation diet supplied on board were disgruntled and discontented and unwilling to remain out any length of time.

The country can now realize what a useless and dangerous thing the Legislative Council is. The F.P.U. represent the sons of soil and know their wishes, and Mr. Coaker has shown that while he will insist upon the people's wishes being respected, yet he can be very reasonable in dealing with matters affected by the changes entailed by new conditions. It now looks as if the F.P.U. will have to select the sealing crews in order to protect the rights of sealers and steamer owners. This alone will ensure harmony amongst the men and proper observance of the law, for it is apparent that the line is fast being drawn between Union and non-Union fishermen, and as in every case those organized always come out on top, so it must follow that the F.P.U., being so powerful and well organized, must triumph over all opposition and the result will be that all who wish to partake of Union benefits will have to enrol or be left behind in the race.

The F.P.U. proposal made to the sealing steamer owners three years ago to do away with the right of property in panned seals was scorned by a majority of the owners but the price of their refusal has cost the Colony the loss of 17 bread-winners, and unless the proposal then made is passed into law next year it is doubtful if the ships will get enough experienced men to man them.

Mr. Coaker stated in his speech delivered when introducing the Sealing Bill that he would probably deal with the matter of right of property in panned seals and the captain's compensation at next year's session of the Legislature, few then thought that his ideas would be so effectively brought home to the common sense of the country so soon or in such a terrible manner.—W.F.C.

## ANOTHER BLUNDER

Messages by wireless from the Florizel to the Nascope stated that Baxter Vincent, Enid John Snow, of Wesleyville, were among the dead in the disaster. Mr. Coaker informs us that he read a message to that effect received from the Florizel by Capt. Barbour, and took it to the men in the under deck, and a crowd gathered to hear the news. Six names were read out when two men present in the crowd screamed, as they heard the names of a brother, and an adopted son named.

The chief cause of the great agony endured by those two men was because both had no idea of those two persons being out in the Newfoundland, as when the two mourners left home those two young men now reported dead, had given up the idea of going to the ice.

The inclusion of the two names in the list of six read out was a terrible blow and those two brave strong men wept bitterly and took to their bunka and could find no consolation or sleep for the six days which elapsed from the day the message was received until Thursday night. On Saturday night the Diana came alongside of the Nascope to coal and a Wesleyville chap came on board, and one of the supposed bereaved, Samuel Vincent, began questioning him about Baxter Vincent being in the Newfoundland, when the Diana's crew boarded that steamer some days before the storm. The information elicited was to the effect that Baxter Vincent had not been seen on board by this man from the Diana. New hopes were at once aroused in the hearts of the mourners, and they sent to Mr. Coaker, asking him to wire one of the officers on the Florizel, who belonged to the same place as Baxter Vincent and John Snow, asking him to advise whether these two men were living or dead.

The message was sent and replied to by Capt. Jos. Kean, who stated that the two men named were amongst the dead. The two mourners were again plunged into grief and gave up all hopes of ever seeing those loved ones again. On Thursday night when the Nascope arrived, Capt. Barbour gave the two mourners a permit to proceed home on the Beothic and money to pay their way.

Shortly after some of the Newfoundland's officers boarded the Nascope and the two broken-hearted men were informed that John Snow and Baxter Vincent were not members of the Newfoundland's crew. Who can realize the extent of the joy which such information brought to the hearts of those two men.

The heavy load had been removed and rejoicing replaced mourning. Would to God that some or all of the friends of the crew of the missing Southern Cross might experience the same joy. The agony of those two men who mourned the loss of a loving brother and son caused all on the Nascope to deeply sympathize with them, and the good news brought great relief not only to the two grief-stricken men but to the whole of the Nascope's crew.

But what of the blunder? How came such information at such a time and in such a manner? Surely Capt. Joe Kean made no sufficient enquiry. What explanation has he to offer? Some should be forthcoming. Was it another case of error of judgment? No one surely would imagine that the incorrect information was sent deliberately! Will Captain Joe explain?

An explanation is certainly due those two men and to Capt. George Barbour.

A mistake was made which caused much unnecessary suffering, but we don't believe Capt. Joe Kean made the mistake wittingly.—W.F.C.

## A NEW SOLICITOR

Congratulations to our well known young townsman T. P. Halley, who yesterday was admitted as a solicitor of the Supreme Court. He was presented by Mr. Donald Morrison, the applicant having taken the oath and signed the roll was addressed by the Chief Justice, Sir William Horwood, who complimented him on the brilliant manner in which his examination papers were worked.

Mr. Halley's many friends in the city are extending their good wishes to him to-day. He is of the right calibre to make good.

## TALK IS CHEAP

Advertising is also very cheap, if carried in the right medium. The Daily Mail is the Can't Lose paper now. Must be true: Everybody's talking. It's not the price you pay but the returns you get.

## TO THE EDITOR.

MR. COAKER REPLIES TO HON. P. T. McGRATH.

(Editor The Daily Mail)  
Dear Sir,—In reply to the criticism of The News and Herald re my letter of last Saturday, I wish to state that I am not concerned as to what they may think of any reference I make to the gentleman who occupies the stolen position of Minister of Justice, and I may further state that I will continue my condemnation of the Government's action in outraging the constitution and the wish of the electorate by appointing Messrs. Squires and Blandford to positions the people had strongly decreed they should not occupy.

As for the reference to cooks and beans and omission to touch on larger matters respecting the seal fishery, they forget that the F.P.U. three years ago asked the steamer owners to refuse to recognize the right of property in seals. All but Mr. Job objected.

### The Object.

The object of proposing such a change was to prevent long tramps, the risks of exposure, stealing of seals, destruction of seals and a better chance for the weaker ships.

The F.P.U. had no real power until the past session of the Legislature and it then endeavoured to arouse an interest in sealing and fishery matters and succeeded, and when speaking in the House in support of the Sealing Bill I intimated that the matter of the right of property in seals. The compensation of masters and officers and protection for the herd would be taken up next year.

That was a great deal more than either J. A. Robinson or P. T. McGrath who have occupied positions in the Upper House attempted, although they had splendid opportunities to do so for some time past.

### Opposed It.

Those two gentlemen opposed the section in the Sealing Bill sent up by the People's Representatives fresh from the polls, which was intended to prevent what has occurred on board the Bloodhound, Ranger and Diana, and now it will be in order for them to assert that in this respect it was less important than cooks and beans.

The cooks and beans agitation as they term it—when referring to my efforts to improve the food supply—is the most important of all sealing questions. No improvement is possible unless action is taken to secure the same, but the other question of risk to life is a matter that was impossible to adjust when it was proposed unless the steamer owners approved; and had I moved in this matter the last session of the Legislature I would have been met by the opposition of almost every wisecracker in the Upper House and by many in the Lower House who would rally to the appeal of owners and captains, who I knew strongly opposed the idea.

### How to Prevent It.

The only prevention of a repetition of the recent disaster is to do away with panning seals as far as possible and make steamer owners compensate the friends of all who lose their lives from exposure to the tune of one thousand dollars each.

No intelligent man in the Colony would believe six weeks ago that seventy-seven sealers could die under the circumstances surrounding the Newfoundland disaster. There were not twenty men in the Colony that would believe that seventy-seven men could be left exposed for two days and nights to a blizzard in the presence of three powerful steamers fitted with wireless telegraphy.

If men in command of sealing steamers fall to exercise the dictates of common sense in such emergencies, the only possible remedy is to take from them the power to use men in a manner that compels them to risk their lives.

### Won't Allow It to Drop.

There was no F.P.U. at the time of the Greenland disaster, hence the lesson was soon forgot; but there is an F.P.U. now, and it is strong enough to compel even the wisecracks of the Upper House to pass legislation to protect even sealers' lives and all that captains, owners, or lovers of the toilers, like J. A. Robinson or P. T. McGrath, may do to stifle or oppose the F.P.U.'s wishes respecting protection for sealers will not prevail, for the common toilers now regard the F.P.U. as their best friend and will back it in its onward march to uplift and protect them.

I still consider the enquiry now proceeding as useless, in as far as it meets the requirements of the sealers and toilers, and nothing of any benefit to anyone will accrue from it. Nothing will satisfy the sealers or the workmen but a commission of enquiry, such as investigated the Titanic disaster, and when I wrote to The Mail last Saturday I assumed that the present enquiry was one empowered to make a thorough investigation into the whole matter.

A commission of enquiry I now de-

mand from the Government and I have confidence enough in the Hon. J. R. Bennett and M. P. Cashin to believe that they will at once grant my request.

The Select Committee sitting to consider fishery matters is not a fit and proper body to leave such a matter to for investigation. It must be investigated by a body whose sole duty it will be to enquire into this terrible catastrophe; what led to it and what will prevent its recurrence must be the predominant issue before such a commission.

A commission consisting of the Chief Justice, Mr. A. B. Morine and Capt. Eli Dawe would possess the confidence of the whole country.

As regards the action of the Legislative Council amending the Sealing Law by making provision for the transfer of the sick from wooden to steel ships, and for the inspection of punts, those amendments were too insignificant to be injurious but they were of no benefit, hence in order to appease the appetite of such an Honorable as P. T. McGrath, they were allowed to pass in silence by the Lower House.

### Nothing Gained.

Nothing was gained by them, for in the case of the transfer of sick Mr. Winsor brought it to my notice during the debate and I consented to arrange with the owners to have such transfers made but considered it too frivolous to deal with in the act.

However the same would be provided for had the Council not been so eager to display its great ability for tearing up the Bills sent up from the House of Assembly.

As for the inspection of the boats, that section is not worth a straw's value, for boats are only something to think about and not for use on sealing ships. In event of danger to a ship they would be worthless and even if they passed inspection in February, they would be next to worthless by the 1st of April; but only such interested gentlemen as those occupying seats in the "Dumping Asylum" would really be qualified to know about such matters.

Men like Messrs. Jennings, Targett, Stone, Abbott and Winsor, who have used boats at sea all their life, would hardly be expected to know as much about the boat requirements and conditions as the Hon. P. T. McGrath.

W. F. COAKER.

## POEMS OLD AND NEW.

### "EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE"

A fire-mist and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell,  
A jellyfish and a saurian,  
And caves where the cave-men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
And a face turned from the cloud—  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite tender sky,  
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,  
And the wild geese sailing high;  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the golden rod—  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in;  
Come from the mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot has trod—  
Some of us call it Longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her brood,  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood;  
And million who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway plod—  
Some call it consecration,  
And others call it God.

—W. H. Carruth.

### THE ROARING LIONESS

He was a lion-tamer.  
Yet the man who ruled the king of the forest was in turn ruled by his wife.

One evening, however, he contrived to dine alone with some of his old bachelor friends, and was detained convivially until the small hours of the morning.

On his way home, fearing that he might not be received so cordially as he deserved, he decided to spend the night elsewhere, and later to slip into his home with the milk—quietly, he hoped, and unobserved.

But, alas! no sooner was he inside the front door than a voice from the top of the stairs greeted him ominously.

"John, where have you been all night?"

"Well, my dear," began John, "I was afraid of disturbing you, so I—er—I slept in the lions' cage."

A tense silence followed this utterance. Then one word floated down the stairs: "Coward!"

## (IN AID OF THE SEALING DISASTER FUND)

To-Night, the 14th, at 8.15

and for five succeeding nights,

(MATINEE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON)

At The Casino Theatre

# "PEPITA"

A Comic Opera in 3 Acts.

Doors Open 7 p.m.

Reserved Seats at the Atlantic Bookstore, \$1.00, 75c. 50c.

GALLERY 30c. PARQUET 20c.

Books of Words 10c. at the Atlantic Bookstore.

N.B.—People who have reserved their seats and have not yet called for them are requested to do so at once.

OUR PRICE 65c.



OUR PRICE 65c.

# Just Out!

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

- "SONG HITS FOR APRIL, DOUBLE DISC, 65c."
- A-1497. Do you take this woman for your lawful wife? Don't blame it all on Broadway.
  - A-1495. Where can I meet you to-night? (Melody of Irving Berlin hits.)
  - A-1496. Camp meeting band.
  - A-1494. Buffalo baby rag.
  - A-1494. While the rivers of love flow on. As long as the world goes round.
  - A-1498. Good night Desrie.
  - A-1499. Who will be with you when I'm away? (El Camamba.)

The very latest thing in dancing, the Mexico or Matichiche

65c. each!

U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.



## NOTICE!

Owing to unscrupulous dealers selling teas which they claim to be just as good as GOLDEN PHEASANT we have found it necessary to give you this warning, that there is only one GOLDEN PHEASANT TEA, and you can take it from us there is nothing just so good that you can buy for 50c. per pound.

There are other teas that are largely advertised as being the best—all we ask is that you buy a pound of GOLDEN PHEASANT and a pound of any other fifty cent tea—compare the two—Result another life customer for GOLDEN PHEASANT TEA.

Ferguson, Holmes & Co., Ltd. LONDON, ENGLAND.

Telephone 714. P. O. Box, 324.

J. B. MITCHELL Newfoundland Agent.

## King George the Fifth SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE,

St. John's, Newfoundland. PATRON—His Majesty the King. Bedrooms can be booked at all hours; night porter in attendance. Small rooms 20 cents, and large rooms 35 cents per night, including bath. Meals are served at moderate prices. Girls' department (under the charge of a matron), with separate entrance.

## FOR SALE!

Schooner SWALLOW, 73 tons, rebuilt in 1906. Well found in Anchores, Chains, Spars and Sails in good condition. For Particulars apply to JAMES DAWSON, Bay Roberts.

## NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT OF ACCOUNT OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND DISASTER, KINDLY PRESENT THEIR BILLS TO DR. CAMPBELL AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. J. R. BENNETT Colonial Secretary.

## Disasters Committee.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—No one is authorized to make collections for the Disasters Fund, unless provided with a collecting book, duly certified by JOHN HARRIS, Chairman, and ROBT. WATSON, Treasurer. ap13.m.tu

## Loebster Culler Wanted

Steady all year round position, to sober and reliable man who knows his business. Highest wages. Apply—THE NEWFOUNDLAND TRADING CO. LTD., Duckworth St., opposite T. A. Hall.—ap13.61

DR. LEHR, DENTIST, 203 BEST QUALITY TEETH AT WATER ST. \$12.00 PER SET. TEETH EXTRACTED—PAINLESSLY—30c.

## Important Notice!

The Fraser Machine & Motor Co. for the purpose of reorganizing and enlarging their plant, lately went into voluntary liquidation; the organization is now complete, much more capital has been subscribed to meet the growing demands of the business, and this year double as many FRASER engines will be built as last year. There is no other engine so popular in the Newfoundland or Canada as the FRASER, and with the new company we can promise better service and deliveries than in the past, when many had to wait for their engines, as we had to wait for them from the factory fast enough. All orders now booked we can ship at a moment's notice. FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, LTD., St. John's, Newfoundland, Agents.—Feb 28

ADVERTISE JUDICIOUSLY IN THE DAILY MAIL

Advertise in The Daily Mail

# THE NICKEL THEATRE!

GRAND RE-OPENING EASTER MONDAY AND TUESDAY.  
Entire Proceeds In Aid of The Sealing Disaster Fund.  
Theatre Renovated, Cleaned, Improved from top to bottom.

**Miss Etta Gardner**  
Return of the popular rag-time queen; all new repertoire

**Walter J. McCarthy**  
Direct from an extended concert and operatic tour. Without a doubt the finest voice heard for some time.

**Prof. P. J. McCarthy**  
St. John's favorite Pianist, will play all the latest hits from New York's big successes.

**Joseph F. Ross**  
The past master of Motion Picture Effects.

And as Usual, Clear, Sharp, Flickerless Motion Pictures.

Come to the House with the big reputation.

The NICKEL will show only the pick of the entire industry.

Make time—Help the cause—MONDAY and TUESDAY.

## OFFICIAL ENQUIRY; "NEWFOUNDLAND" DISASTER

(Continued from page 3)

Pouch Cove and was on the Newfoundland land this spring.  
The crew left to go in the direction of the Stephano. Did not know where we were going, but followed the leaders. The morning was fine, but there was a cloud bank away to the north, and two sun hounds, which indicated a storm.

I travelled about 5 1/2 miles till 10 o'clock when Wm. Evans, my chum, said to me, let us go back aboard the ship. We were going to leeward, and turning back we could just make out the ship. The whole crowd were standing in a line.

Evans and I stood about 5 minutes, and I heard a man in the crowd say let us go aboard. His name was Tobias Cooper, who became the leader back to our ship. A number of men, about 25, came from the crowd, and we all went back. The rest went on, but before they left a lot of them shouted at us, calling us cowards. When we got back to our ship you could not see 100 yards.

Before we got on board the captain came to the rail and gave us a calling down, and asked who gave us authority to come back. Cooper and I spoke, and said no person gave us authority, that it looked a kind of dismal and too severe for a man to be caught out over night.

Some of us went in the after hold, the remainder in the fore hold. I don't know what he said.

### Storm At Its Worst

By night the storm was at its worst. None of the men that went to the Stephano came back that night. From the time we went on board until 2.30 we were below, when I came on deck and remained 20 minutes. The captain blew the whistle once at 4 p.m. and once at 4.50, this was after I went below again, but not afterwards. When I went below it was a regular blizzard.

We wondered why the captain did not blow the whistle all night. I was anxious about the men myself. I had a brother and two nephews who perished, members of our crew in Jones' watch.

I would not have been anxious if I had known that the second-hand had instructions to go to the Stephano, but I hadn't the least doubt that they were not on board.

The weather cleared on Wednesday afternoon, and at 3 p.m. we saw the Stephano. Saw no men on the ice. We got up steam and steamed towards the Stephano, and at 9 p.m. burned down about 2 miles from her, and all hands went below and turned in.

### Signalled the Stephano

I was in bed about an hour and then got up and had a mug-up, and did not go to bed again. At 5.30 our captain signalled the Stephano to know if our men were on board. I saw the signal and knew what it meant. We got no answer.

Some time after two men came on board from the Stephano, after which the captain dipped the signal a little. Did not hear the conversation between the captain and the two men. The men then returned to the Stephano.

I heard the captain say, "It is a fact our men are not on the Stephano. I wonder where they are in the storm, or what was the end of them."  
The boatswain then sang out, "I see nine men on the bow travelling towards our ship."

### Sent Assistance

The captain at once sent men with hot tea, brandy and other necessaries for those we saw coming. I volunteered to go.

Arthur Moulard was the head man, and he said to me, "Jordan, your brother died the first night in the storm."

I asked him about my nephews, and he said they died at 2 p.m. on Wednesday. We had the men all on board at 10 a.m.

To Dr. Lloyd.—The general talk amongst those who went back was that the captain would not let us aboard. They thought the captain would blame us for not following the master watches.

We turned back because we were afraid of the weather.  
When I returned to the ship I said to the captain as a reason for returning, "I could see nothing before me but death."  
Tobias Cooper coming home took most interest as to having an enquiry.

I was surprised when I found he had gone home last night, without giving his evidence.  
**Edmund Short's Testimony**  
Edmund Short (sworn) examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to Hant's Harbor, and was one of the crew of the Newfoundland. We were ordered on the ice on Tuesday a.m., March 31st.

We followed the master watches towards the Stephano. It was fine when we left, but the sky looked for weather. We went on till about 10 o'clock, all in a line. All the crew then stopped on a pan, looking around. I saw no further indications of weather then; there was no weather then. Some were talking of going back to the ship; 25 of us went back, the rest went on.

There was a little snow falling when we started back, not much. It got bad after we had gone quarter of a mile, when we could not see our ship; I was afraid of the storm and saw nothing ahead of me but death. I did not know I was going to the Stephano, though going towards her. I was with the last to reach our ship, about 5 minutes behind.

Did not see the captain till we got aboard. I went in the after hold, and did not see him until we got a mug-up, when he called us to get on the ice, when I went back again in half an hour. We were on deck afterwards, but not working, six of us. It was very stormy then.

**Did Not Hear Whistle**  
I did not hear the whistle blowing while I was on deck. Heard it blow twice after I went below the second time. It was late when we turned in. We were nervous about the men. Did not know they had gone towards the Stephano.

Turned out at daylight next morning; the storm did not clear until 3 p.m. Saw the Stephano then, just her smoke, saw no men on ice. We got up steam and went towards Stephano, burnt down about a mile from her.

Next morning a flag was hoisted with basket under it, which I understood was a distress signal. Two of the Stephano's men came aboard after this. Did not hear the conversation between them and our captain.

Before these men came aboard I heard the boatswain report to the captain that 9 men were coming towards the ship. Our men were ordered out to meet them with food and stimulants. I went with them.

To Dr. Lloyd.—It was general talk that the men turned back on account of the weather.

**Evidence of Francis**  
Joseph Francis (sworn) examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I am 19 years old, belong to Hant's Harbor, and was one of the crew of the Newfoundland this spring.

On Tuesday, March 31st, our crew were ordered on the ice about 7 a.m., did not know where we were going. I followed the men. The sun was shining and it was fine, but the sky showed for weather. There was a sun hound each side of the sun when we left.

We went on till 9.30 in a straight line towards the Stephano. I and Critch went and killed a few seals, and the crowd went on. We towed the seals out to the patch, and went on a bit further, and killed a couple of seals.

Critch took the course to our ship, and some that had branched off started for the ship and we followed them. Critch, myself, John Harris and Edmund Short were the last to get on board. I saw the whole crew stop, don't know what they were doing.

**Weather Thick**  
When Critch took the direction of our ship we could just see her; lost sight of her shortly after. Saw her again half an hour before reaching her. I went into the after hold. Saw

the captain shortly after getting aboard.  
We heard the whistle blow about four times before we got on board, and twice afterwards, the last time just after dark. I got about an hour's sleep for the night, was up most of the time, being uneasy about the men.

Wednesday afternoon it cleared up and we saw the Stephano. Did not see her Thursday morning.  
On Thursday nine of our men were sighted, and some of our men were sent out to meet them. I went with them.

We got the nine on board and did all we could to make them comfortable.  
To Dr. Lloyd.—I saw the sun hounds myself. The general talk was that if they did not get aboard there was nothing but death ahead of them. This is my first spring to the ice.

Charles T. Evans (sworn) examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to Hant's Harbor, was one of the crew of the Newfoundland.  
We left the ship at 7 a.m. Tuesday, March 31st. Thought we were going out for seals. We went towards the Stephano until 9.35, when we stopped. It was fine, but it was dark and loud, did not notice whether the sun was shining.

**Sky Was Threatening**  
When we stopped it was not snowing there, but it looked thick to windward. All did not stop, some kept on. I was standing, and my mind was o'go back, as I saw the approaching weather. Don't know if our ship was visible then.

About 25 of us started back. We could not see the ship until we got twice the length of her. Most all were on board before I reached her. The captain was leaning on the rail to ask who gave authority to come aboard; why did we not follow the master watches; didn't we think we were as good as men as the others. Don't remember if I saw the captain again that day.

Heard the whistle blowing four times before I reached the teamer at 10 o'clock, and twice afterwards. The last whistle blew before dark. I was uneasy about the other men. I did not know they were going to the Stephano. I did not get much sleep that night.

Don't know when I turned out Wednesday morning. The weather cleared in the afternoon, and saw a steamer we thought was the Stephano.  
Wednesday night we steamed towards the Stephano, and burned down some distance from her. Thursday morning we saw her over a mile from us.

**Signal Up**  
I saw the signal that had been put up. Some time after the men came on board from the Stephano.  
I was below and did not know about the nine men coming until I was ordered to turn out on the ice, and helped bring them to the ship. This is my first spring to the ice.

To Dr. Lloyd.—I did not see the distress signal that had been put up. I gathered from those who came back on Tuesday that it was because of the bad weather. I don't remember hearing any one shout towards when we left to return.

The hearing adjourned at 7 p.m. until 10 o'clock Saturday morning.

**Saturday Session**  
Saturday, April 11.  
Court opened at 10 a.m.  
George Tuff (sworn)—I belong to Templeman, near Newtown. I was the second hand on board the Newfoundland at the seal fishery this spring.

On Monday evening the 30th of March the Stephano was about six miles away from us bearing about S. W. by W. We had a signal from her intimating that the seals were in her neighborhood. I did not see the signal but I was informed by our captain. We tried to get in that direction, but our steamer became jammed and we could not do anything.

Early on Tuesday morning I went in the barrel. I saw the Stephano, Bonaventure and Floriel. I saw a lot of men on the ice, but I imagine they were the crews of the Floriel and Stephano. The men were between the two ships. I saw by the actions of the men that they were at work. I allowed the Stephano to be between four and five miles from us then. I came down and reported what I had seen to the captain.

He went up in the barrel and I went to get a mug-up. After getting my mug-up I went on deck, the captain was coming out of the barrel and I went up in the rigging and met him.

The captain said, "George, ain't it hard to see the men of these ships are in the seals and we can do nothing," and I answered, "do nothing, captain? Heavens we can walk there."

The captain said, "will you go and lead the men, George? I was glad to get the offer, and said "yes, I will." Then I prepared to go.

The captain said, "Now, George, you go on board the Stephano, you'll get instructions as to how the seals lay."

He told me to do what I liked; that I had charge and knew what to do as well as he did. There was no conversation about staying aboard the Stephano for the night, as far as I can remember, but I think there was something. I made all arrangements and at quarter past seven we got the men overboard.

At that time it was a beautiful morning, the sun was shining, and the steam was flying out of our decks. There was not enough wind to know what way the wind was. The smoke was going up straight from the S. E., but very little. I did not notice the appearance of the sea at that time.

I did not look at the glass this morning. I had no information from any one on board as to its condition.

**Led the Men**  
When we left the ship's side I was at the head of the men. We went N. W. direction straight towards the Stephano. All the way the weather continued fine. I had on heavy glasses, and whether there was a deck of snow or not before we reached the Stephano I cannot say.

I saw the sun once or twice, but I did not notice anything extraordinary about it. I did not notice the sun particularly at all. I was not concerned about it whatever. I did not notice any sun hounds near the sun that morning. If I had looked at the sun that morning to see if there was a sun hound there, I would have seen them. I do not remember looking.

I think we reached the Stephano about 11.30. I did not know up to this time that any of the men turned back. I heard that some of our men had gone back but I do not remember if it was just before or after we left her. I think it was after we got out of the Stephano and all the men were together and they talked about it and some one told me the men had gone back.

**Invited Aboard**  
When we went on board the Stephano I went on the bridge. Captain Abram Kean was on the bridge. Before we got on board the steamer Captain Abram sang out and said, "Come aboard, my men, and I will give you your dinner and put you on a spot of seals."

I had a little conversation with him on the bridge. He said, "See that all the men get aboard and get down below and get their dinner." He looked over the bridge and told his own men to see these men get their dinner and show them where to go and get it, and he said, "after you get your dinner I will put you on a spot of seals where you can pan a thousand or more and go on board your own ship." He said he would steam closer to them.

It was just pecking snow then. I came down off the bridge and went below and had a mug-up, and while I was down the Stephano was steaming. When I came on deck again I

noticed that she was going to the S. W.  
**Little Snow**  
When I went on deck it was pecking very light, soft fine snow. The wind was blowing a little, not very much, none of any account. The men all said they were ready to go, that is the men who were on the deck whom I asked.

Captain Kean then said, "Now, George, if you are all ready, get out." I looked over both sides of the ship and said "the starboard side is the best side to get out."

Captain Kean then sung out, "all hands over the starboard side." One reason I thought the starboard side was the best was because it was the leeward side; another reason was that she listed a little to the starboard and it was easier to get over. The leeward side is always the easier side for getting out and getting in, because the little wind presses the ship on the leeward ice. I went up on the bridge again after getting my mug-up, and the captain told me that the seals lay to the S. W. two miles, but they turned out to be more than a mile.

**Travelled to Seals**  
After getting out of the Stephano we went across her bow and went to the S. W. about twenty-five minutes walk. It was just before 12 when we left the Stephano. After travelling for twenty-five minutes we struck a nice spot of seals.

I ordered the master watch that was behind, Bungay, to commence to call these seals, and about twenty men remained with him. I went on with the balance of the men about three or four hundred yards.

The weather was then getting worse and I commenced to think about it and use my judgment and copped all hands. I had a chat with the men, and said "boys, the weather is getting worse, and it looks as if it is going to be bad now," and I said "never mind the seals, we'll make or our own ship." We could not see her at this time. The snow was thick then, and the wind gradually increasing, blowing harder than when we left the Stephano.

**Stephano Slew Round**  
When the Stephano put us down she slewed around and went back towards her men. Capt. Kean told me he was going towards his men. He said they were about six miles away. I saw in the lead and when I stopped talk to the men, which was a quarter to one, I looked back and the Stephano was not in sight. I don't think I looked back before.

At a quarter to one we started for our own ship. I put a master watch on ahead and I said "now you walk S. E. by E. until you pick up the path that we came out in," and I said, "I am going to stay the hinder man." I said "hurry on as quick as you can," and I said, "never mind them fellows who are killing them seals, they will catch up to us again," which they did shortly after.

The master watch which I put in the lead was Thomas Dawson.  
**When He Stayed Behind**  
My reasons for staying behind were that when we were going out, I knew there was no fear or men giving out, or anything happen to them; and when we were going back I knew there was no chances probably of a man giving out, which did happen. And for another reason, when we left our ship there was supposed to be fifty flags and flag poles taken and carried by the men. The men have got a habit when they make a walk for seals and do not get a chance to use those poles, they throw them away, and in some cases they throw them all away with them, and we were scarce of these poles, and I stayed behind to see what was going on in the walk to try and save these flags.

We picked up the path we came out in the morning about an hour after we started for our ship, and we continued in that path up to dark.

Just after we picked up our path there was a man gave out and it delay ed the crowd somewhat at first, and gradually he got worse until occasion

ally a man had to lead him, that is in spots where the ice was bad.  
**Slow Progress**  
We continued on this way making slow progress until 4 o'clock, and then I stopped all hands and I said "Now, five or six of the smartest men of this gang, go on as fast as you can toward the ship and try and get aboard." They started and all hands started to go on after them. I do not know who the five men were, but they were in charge of master watch Jones, whom I had told to go.

Our sick man gradually got worse all the time, and I saw that he was going to put all hands on the ice for the night. This man who gave out used to wear spectacles, and he was the only man on board our ship that did. I saw what was going to happen and I said "boys, every man strike out and do his best to get aboard the ship, beside myself and this sick man, and I will call for two volunteers to stay with me."

**Stayed With Sick Man**  
I said "if there is two men on the ice to-night, I am going to be one of them." I was not with the sick man during the march but I took charge of him then. Two men volunteered to stay with me, one was Stanley Andrews, and I do not know the other, but he was a plucky fellow.

I told all the men to go and I was expecting that every man would get aboard, and I said to the sick man "you will have to cheer up and do the best you can." I asked him if he was hungry, and he said "yes." I had two cakes of bread and one tin of sardines. I gave him the tin of sardines. Then the men who had left were out of sight.

Shortly after I heard the men on ahead bawl out, and naturally I thought they saw the steamer and bawled too. The reason for the bawl was that Jones had lost the path; and the reason for him bawling was that he thought he was near enough to the steamer for them to hear him. We bawled to let them know we were all right and we were coming. When we bawled they thought it was those on board the steamer and they had passed her. I judged this from the way the men acted.

**Met Again**  
The next thing I knew was they were cutting across my head. They came near enough for me to sing out and ask them if they saw the steamer. They sang out and said "No." I told every man to stop until I get there to give them further orders. I got upon the pan where the men were, and I said "Now boys, it got all the appearance of having a night on the ice, and all we have got to do is to put up with it like little men."

The weather was too bad to travel

without a path, and owing to being used to being out night time, I was aware of the best thing for to do.  
It was blowing hard and snowing thick. The daylight faded at this time; on a day like that I judge it would be a quarter after five o'clock.  
Before I gave proper orders there was a man said he had seen the path again. I said "as long as you can hold the path, follow it," and we started in the path again for a short time—about three or four hundred yards, and we lost it again. I then gave orders to stop.

**Ordered Preparations**  
Then I said "Boys, take your four watches and separate every man with his own watch, and go and get the best rather you can get, and make it as comfortable as you can."  
One of the master watches said "You come with me," and another said "you come with me," but I came to the conclusion that I would take the strongest man because I thought I would manage things better than he would. His name is Bungay.

We put up for the night. The next thing we did was to make it as comfortable as we could for the night by building an ice shelter. We remained there all night up to 12 o'clock the next day, I expect. Only two men of the watch I was in gave up at this time.

**In Good Trim**  
At 12 o'clock I was in good order and I thought I saw our steamer's two barrels over the ice, but I wanted to keep the men together because I knew the consequences if the men began to scatter. I said "boys, I almost believe I saw the steamer right to leeward," and I said I would take one or two men with me, and go half mile further to leeward, and if it lights again I will have a better chance to see her, but I gave orders for no one to stir off the pan.

The men I took with me were Sidney Jones and Henry Dowden. When I got 100 yards from the pan I wished myself back again, because we could not control ourselves as the wind was so strong. We could not get back again if you gave us all the world. The first rather we came we put again. We were then about 200 yards to leeward of the pan on which we stayed on all night with several other men and came where we were. I said boys you have made a bad job of it by leaving, and the weather was on the hand of getting better.

**Saw Good Place**  
I looked across the wind and saw a nice place and we all started to get there with the exception of two men who were dying.  
(Continued on page 7.)

### PAINTING!

Before deciding have us give you an Estimate on that Painting you intend having done. Now is the time, when we can give you the BEST satisfaction and the LOWEST prices.

**E. T. BUTT,**  
84 Flower Hill. Painter and Paperhanger.

## For the Lenten Season

### 100 bbls. Pickled Trout

### 150 Cases Salmon.

## Job's Stores, Ltd.

Grocery Department.

### HEAR What Adjutant J. Wallace White Has to Say Regarding Our MATTRESSES.

To Messrs. Pope's Furniture & Mattress Factory, St. John's, Gentlemen,—

I have bought hundreds of Mattresses during my time for hotel business both in Canada and other places and I can honestly assure you that I have never used anything so good as the Mattresses you supplied us with some time ago.

(Signed), J. WALLACE WHITE,  
Adjutant S. Army.

POPE'S Mattresses have stood the test for years.

# THE DAILY MAIL MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY.

## When the Wild Flowers Bloom in the Springtime

By WINIFRED BLACK

THEY'RE in the windows again—the anemones. The prettiest things in the world—almost aren't they? With their little fur jackets on, like pretty Canadian girls out for a toboggan—all in blue and purple and pink and rose. Such a shimmer of soft coloring!

They grow them in the conservatories, of course, but somehow even so grown they look like spring, don't they? Don't you remember them, the old-fashioned anemones?

They came about a week or ten days after the Spring Beauties, some people called 'em Painted Ladies, but we always called them Spring Beauties. They always sprang up in the night down in a certain little hollow that I know. You went by in the evening on an errand to some of the far away neighbors and things were just as green and soggy and you heard the frogs—and you knew by that that spring was somewhere around the corner, but there was a sharp edge to the wind, and when the sun went down, o-o-o, but it was chilly.

And in the morning the Harvard girls came to school with their hands full of Spring Beauties, pink and white and striped and delicate and frail—as pretty and as short-lived as the littlest girl of all who picked them and who died one early spring, just as they were coming into blossom, as if she had gone on before to send them after her.

Let's see, did the May Apples come before or after the Spring Beauties? After, I think it was that they raised their little green umbrellas all along the roadside, and then, ah, then, the anemones and the hepaticas and the blood-root. How white the flowers of the blood-root were, gleaming there in the green of the moss; and then the violets, blue and pied and yellow, just a few of them. Then the boys and girls, and then the red sorrel—did you always pretend to like the taste of that and really hate it, and have to swallow it fast to keep from making faces when it was sour in your mouth?—and the shooting stars and then the Dutchman's breeches and the honey-suckle—and when did the blue flags come and the wild blue and white morning glories, and oh, and oh, the wild, wild rose—and the wild cucumber vine—how it foamed into lacy beauty over every old stump in fields and at the edge of the forests!

But of all the flowers that grow and gave us their fragrant beauty—for flowers this spring, when the frogs begin to croak in the low murmur around the little stream we called the river in those days, long, long ago.

Dear brother of mine, you who have been gone so many, many years, do they grow "violets" where you are, I wonder, and do you ever pick them and hold them close to your yearning face—and remember?

Hepaticas—blood-root—spring beauties—anemones—how you brought them all back to me today—you proud beauties there in the florist's window.

### Memories of Other Days.

Alice, tell me this—how did you always manage to keep your shoes so neat and your little skirts so prim even when we went to pick the "wild flowers"?

Julia, what was your secret—how did you always manage to carry your flowers home fresh and blooming, and why was it that Grace and I never could make the posies we picked last unwithered till we got them home?

Do your boys go down in the woods after slippery "elium." Grace—and Julia, do the girls in the classes you teach so marvelously care as much for "wild flowers" as you did, I wonder?

Oh, Alice, sweet Alice, whose eyes were so bright and whose hair was so black—come and ask me to go with you down to Barnard's woods for "wild flowers" this spring, when the frogs begin to croak in the low murmur around the little stream we called the river in those days, long, long ago.

Dear brother of mine, you who have been gone so many, many years, do they grow "violets" where you are, I wonder, and do you ever pick them and hold them close to your yearning face—and remember?

Hepaticas—blood-root—spring beauties—anemones—how you brought them all back to me today—you proud beauties there in the florist's window.

### Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie:

I have boy friends, but have not yet picked out a steady one—one who is likely to be my future husband.

Now a boy I like very much and who says he could love me has a steady girl, now, should I really go around with him?

WELL, Winsome, you're in trouble, aren't you—deep, dark, terrible trouble? I don't see how you can sleep nights thinking about it.

I couldn't, I'm sure.

Now let's talk about it.

Beaux—why, of course you ought to have beaux. Every girl ought to have beaux, a whole string of them, the more the merrier—and the less dangerous.

What do you want with a man who would break another girl's heart?

Don't you realize that he'll treat you just exactly as he has treated her? A man who flirts with one girl will flirt with another. It isn't the girl he cares about, it's himself. Can't you get that into your consciousness?

Let the chap with the other sweet-heart go, and if he doesn't go of his own accord you send him about his business and let some other girl break her heart over him, if she's good enough to do it.

You will meet Mr. Right some day, and then there'll be no problem at all.

Auntie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest. From young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her care this office.

### Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

ANY a housekeeper who has priceless rugs and bric-a-brac has a sadly impoverished kitchen when the tools of housework are considered. There is no excuse for this condition, for the shops are full to overflowing with work-lighteners.

Brushes, for example, are needed almost every hour of the day, and yet too many households have only one poor old ragged whisk broom and a dilapidated old-handled brush for the stairs. And there seems to be a panic started in the minds of many housekeepers when they have to buy a new broom.

There should always be at least two good brooms in every house. One, the lighter, is to be used for the kitchen and similar rooms, and the other kept for the heavy work and the rug of the various upstairs rooms.

When there is need for a soft brush with a long handle to remove the dust from the polished floors. This should have long, pliable bristles, and such brushes may be obtained in various grades and sizes. It pays to buy a good one, for with care it will last a long time.

For the corners and stairs one brush may be made to do. It should be of short and stiffer bristles, so as to take hold of the dust. A little broom, such as children use, will be found most useful in every house. There are several styles

of brushes that come expressly for brushing the dust out of upholstered furniture. Another brush, a medium whisk may be used, should be kept for the draperies.

Besides the brush for the polished floors, there is need for a mop. There are some excellent ones offered at reasonable prices. They are of varying sizes and shapes, and are intended to polish as well as wipe up the dust. They all have padded sides so the work or paper is not marred. And speaking of paper, most expert housekeepers prefer a preference for a sort of clean, fastened over the floor.

For the housekeeper who does not like like stocking her house with expensive mops and brushes, an excellent dry floor mop may be made by stitching stockings together to sufficient thickness and fastening them to a padded piece of wood nailed to the end of a broomstick. This solves the problem of what to do with worn hosiery.

An old white broom is useful to clean out the oven and to brush out the corners of a gas range.

## PYGMALION By Michelson



YOU remember the story of the sculptor Pygmalion, who, after finishing a perfectly lovely statue, fell in love with it and was amazed and thrilled to see it come to life.

Well, the modern Pygmalion, with yards and yards of filmy stuff, bends his artistic energies to creating the most wonderful "creations" called clothes. He drapes and fusses over wax figures and over living figures. And he FORGETS sometimes which is which, or that a real living, thinking woman is actually to wear the things.

Then comes the time when the tailor man, "ze artees" of clothes, the wizard of gowns, and frocks, and ruffles, and fringes, and panners, and new bustles sees this triumph move off into an astonished and delighted world—for somehow the world manages to be delighted with this man's funny dreams when some woman makes them come true!

## Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

Beauty as a Bait.

I SUPPOSE most suburbanites know what the days. It was an excellent notion, I thought, before some benevolent and over-enthusiastic woman began to infect into the necessary ramifications. But out of speaking of paper, most expert housekeepers prefer a preference for a sort of clean, fastened over the floor.

When the hospital needs money—let us say, once a year, for the hospital always needs money—the day is announced. This means that upon the fatal day in question one may purchase a badge of immunity from further annoyance by the payment of any sum he deems consistent with his means or lack of them.

Usually the town takes on a gala appearance. There are autos dashing busily about with fluttering flags and the streets are patrolled from morning to night by young girls in white gowns and aureole-caps who are bold or shy, appear-

ing or not according to their respective temperaments or the taste of the beholders. They carry boxes of tags and wai-lay every individual who looks as if he had a stray penny in his jeans. I may be cynical, but I've noticed that excellent as the charity is, the caste of the pleader makes considerable difference. The pretty girl gets lots more money than the ugly one and the size of the tag donation depends somewhat upon the bewitchment of the smile which it is requested.

This year Mary decided to scurry about on tag day for charity's sake. I watched her, dress in her trim white linen gown with some negligees, I'm a little conservative about turning girls loose in the public streets to beg for money no matter what the cause. A distracting little nurse-cap crowned Mary's lovely hair and I fancied my little wife looked plumply interested in charity. In reality I'm afraid she liked the excitement of chafing about and having people smile down into that pretty flushed face of hers.

"And this year, Peter," she exclaimed joyously, "they have still another wonderful scheme to make even more money. Last year, you know, they kept it strictly within the limits of the town, but this year, as I said, they've made different arrangements. The girls are going to board all the trolleys and trains and ask everybody on them to contribute whether he belongs here or not."

I confess I glanced again at Mary's beauty as a bait.

flushed and sparkling face with some misgiving. Why not use boys to collect this hospital fund?

So Mary went forth upon her tag day mission and it was twilight before I saw her again.

When she came in I saw she was nervous and very tired. Her cheeks were very scarlet and she deliberately avoided the searching glance of my eyes.

"Well," said I pleasantly, "how did you make out?"

"Pretty well," said Mary, in a very small voice.

"Did you keep to the avenue?"

"No," said Mary, greatly fussed. "No, Peter—I-I didn't. I wish I had. They asked me to get on the train and ride back and forth—and ask the commuters to contribute—and—and oh, Peter!"—Mary flushed and began to waver—"some of the men were so horrid—they said disgusting things—and—and one man kissed me!"

What ratters some men are! There is absolutely nothing to be said for the boys who will insult a girl soliciting contributions for a hospital—yet I know full well that pretty air of coquetry which Mary had begged donations from in the morning. In our town where every one knew her—it was all right—but on the train where there were all sorts to misunderstand—I ground my teeth and swore. Women have no sense of proportion. Why should they see to force outsiders to contribute to our hospital at the expense of unspeakable insults?

Was it Willie's Locke who said that Sex was Nature's fundamental error? We're a queer world. I'm wondering if those women deliberately used "Mary's beauty as a bait."

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### Sciatica Now Relieved By Electric Treatment

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

HAVE you ever ham-stringed a frog? Frogs are even more dependent upon their calves and hamstringing muscles than you are.

When a frog is hungry it does not sing like a Caruso. He bends his knees like a bow-legged floor-walker. Then he springs up and away he goes.

You are just like a frog, as far as your anatomy is concerned. You have these same ham muscles and that same sort of a thick white cord buried deeply in the flesh of the back of your lower limbs.

When you have anything pressing inside of your abdomen or pelvis against a web of nervous tissue, it often irritates the biggest of these white bundles. These white bundles are to the white cord in your legs as the Adirondack mountain streams are to the big Hudson river.

If you dry up all of the little tributary streams, you make the river look sickly and low. If you hurt or interfere with the "lumbar plexus," as the string muscles, the points where the sciatic is worst, are exposed for 20 minutes to the rays of a 500-candle-power lamp. This is put as close to the bare skin as the heat will permit.

After the 20 minutes have elapsed, the sufferer is placed upon a chair on a platform before one of the electric friction machines used often to generate X-rays.

A newer plate or piece of metal is placed over the sciatic nerve, just where the soreness is most severe, and this newer disc—about 3/8 by 1/2 inches in surface—is connected to a wire which goes to the friction machine.

A little pain is felt at first, but it soon disappears. About 20 minutes of this treatment every day for two weeks will relieve almost all the pain of the sciatica, according to Dr. Grace.



### Answers to Health Questions

R. P. O.—How can I blacken a puff or switch?

Sulphur and castor oil with crude oil will do this.

E. H. H., Brantford, Ont.—We hope to be blessed with a child next month. Since you are opposed to all substitutes for mother's milk, how can Mrs. H.—be assured of plentiful nourishment for the new life that is to come?

She must have plenty of exercise, take lots of milk, cream, sweet, gravies, oils, butter, fats, fruits, vegetables, water and laxative foods. Meat once a day is an abundance. Beware of too many purgatives.

Exercise, rest and sleep are absolutely necessary. Avoid salts and all severe laxatives. Castor oil is all right. She must drink lots of fluid, especially milk.

### New Treatment Success.

After observing the increase of sciatica in recent years and finding that all internal treatment was most disappointing, he used "static" or friction machine made electricity together with a powerful 50-candle-power lamp as a cure for the disorder.

Dr. Grace advises that the victim of sciatica continue his work. He must not go to bed, but visit the X-ray department of a hospital or dispensary.

There the tender parts of the ham-

## Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

"Oh! look, look!" exclaimed Jack Rabbit one morning, as he peeped out of the window. "It's snowing and we can make a snow man."

"It's too cold out there for me," answered Billy. "I don't want to go to school and I don't want to go outside. Let's stay in doors and tell each other stories."

"They spoke to their mother and she told them to stay at home and tell stories if they wanted to."

Soon there was a knocking at the door and Sammy Squirrel came in.

"How in the world did you get over here on a day like this?" asked Mrs. Rabbit.

"I am light and I skip over the snow," said Sammy.

"Well," answered Mrs. Rabbit, "come right in and keep my boys company, for they are going to stay at home."

Jack, Billy and Sammy were soon curled up on the window seat and Jack began telling a story.

"We will take turns," he said. "First I will tell a story and then Sammy and Billy may tell the last." Then Jack told this story:

"Once upon a time, a long while ago, there was no moon, only the sun and stars. At night time it was very dark and the stars felt lonesome. They wanted something to make it light, so they went to the North Wind and said: 'Could you arrange to have the sunshine during the night as well as the day?'

"No," said the North Wind, "but I will ask the King of the North what to do."

"Well, the King of the North was very tired of being where it was so cold, so he agreed to fly up in the sky, all covered with ice and snow."

"Now," he said, "the sun will shine on me from the other side of the world and I will shine at night."

"The King of the North became the Man-in-the-Moon and you can see him any night."

### Worth Holding.

To hold her hand! Oh, blissful thought! It is a delight that I long have sought. She sits by my side! At her hand I glance. And wonder if ever I'll have the chance.

To hold her hand.

'Tis a royal flush. She plays the hand like a farmer's son. And she wins not a tenth what she should have won. To such hands I've drawn but I've never caught.

Which is why the wish to my mind is brought. To hold her hand.

W. BOB HOLLAND.

### Should Be Prepared.

"The waves," said the traveler, who was telling of a shipwreck, "were mountain high."

"Now that proves my contention," interrupted Wheeler. "I insist that most tourists ride machines geared too high. When they strike a mountain they have to dismount."

## Mr. Coaker's Log.

(Continued)

March 22nd.—Bonaventure reports man dead—Henry Pridham, of Petty Harbor, having died from injuries sustained by falling through the after hatch on the night of the 20th, and died early this morning. The Bonaventure has no doctor. Our doctor went on board at noon to-day. The Bonaventure having come up to us. Bonaventure and Nascope in company all day. Did not steam much. At night seven ships in sight.

Men had divine service on board three times to-day, with much singing of hymns. Rosary also said by R. C. friends. Being Sunday the cooks had extra work to prepare the Sunday food for the crew. All expressed themselves as being well satisfied with the food on Mondays as well as Sundays. The cooks work night and day with sweat rolling off them. To cook the food now provided by law the cooks must keep constantly to work. Only once so far this voyage have the cooks done any other work. When all the men are on the ice and the cooks are willing to handle seals, one or two but only once have I seen a cook handling seals.

True to Spirit

The captain is true to the spirit of the law in reference to cooks; he abated from ordering them to handle seals, and what was done was the voluntary act of a subordinate cook with the consent of the chief. The sealers on the Nascope absolutely refused to consent to allow the cooks to handle seals. I hope this matter of taking the cooks from their proper duties to handle seals, is now about fixed. I don't think the men on any ship will in future be willing to have the cooking neglected in order to allow two or three cooks to handle seals. It will not be tolerated in future, and what will be lost by keeping the cooks at their own work will not amount to much.

Faithfully Performed

Captain Barbour has faithfully performed his part in carrying out the sealing regulations. The owners have done their part, for the food was placed on board of this ship. The chief cook has done his part nobly. The greatest responsibility rests upon the chief cook, for he can make things go right if he feels so inclined. The assistant cooks have all done their parts well. The steward has also done his part well.

It will be difficult to have all the crews treated alike, unless there is one man placed on each ship by law, whose duty it will be to see that the regulations are observed, and to make immediate complaint when there is any negligence and failing improvement immediately after a complaint is lodged with the captain, notice should at once be given of a suit, for breach of the regulations. After two or three years such an official could be dispensed with, as the men would by then recognize their full rights and what the regulations called for, and would see them enforced.

Twelve Men Afloat

Beothic had 12 men afloat on the ice until 11 p.m. When found they had prepared an ice house made from clumpers, and were enjoying a fire of seal carcasses and pelts. A larger number of the Beothic's crew who were afloat boarded the Stephano earlier in the evening.

March 23rd.—Crew out at 2 a.m. pelting seals. Ice very tight and heavy about the tightest experienced since leaving St. John's. Our position is about thirty miles South East of Belle Isle. The Bellaventure and Bonaventure in company, while the Florizel and Pogota lay about 5 miles to the N. W. The Beothic and a large steamer supposed to be the Stephano lay about 10 miles East of us. Bay clear and no wind. Impossible to search for seals as ice too tight and heavy. So far as we can judge about 30,000 seals taken to date. All of these were taken between Belle Isle and Grois Island. Took about 500 seals to-day. Slight

## SALT AFLOAT!

EX HULK "CAPELLA."

(Fitted with gasoline winch)

Schooners fitting out will find this a cheap and expeditious method of obtaining supplies.

FOR PRICES

Apply to

BAIN JOHNSTON & Co.

## KNOWLING'S Household Requisites In Enamel and Tinware, etc.

Enamelled Jugs	25c, 30c, 37c, 47c.
Enamelled Ewers	50c, 60c, 70c, \$1.15.
Enamelled Basins	16c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 27c, 30c, 33c.
Enamelled Covered Jugs	30c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c.
Enamelled Coffee Jugs	85c, \$1.00, \$1.15.
Enamelled Tea Pot	50c, 55c, 60c, 65c.
Enamelled Colanders	37c, 55c.
Enamelled Oval Dish Washers	55c, 70c, 95c, \$1.25.
Enamelled Covered Pails	\$1.10, \$1.20, \$1.50, \$1.60.
Enamelled Pie Dishes	14c, 16c, 20c, 26c, 35c, 55c.
Enamelled Sauce Pans	28c, 33c, 37c, 45c, 55c, 65c, 75c, 90c.
Enamelled Baking Dishes	40c, 45c, 50c, 60c, 70c.
Enamelled Meat Dishes	25c, 30c, 38c, 50c.
Enamelled Porridge Sauce Pans	80c, 90c, \$1.00.
Enamelled Pudding Bowls	35c, 45c, 55c.
Enamelled Butter Dishes	60c.
Enamelled Lading Cans	25c.
Enamelled Egg Poachers	60c.
Cold Handle Pokers	7c.
Stove Cover Lifters	6c.
Bread Tins	7c, 11c. each.
Egg Slices	8c.
Pie Pans	3c. and 5c. each.
Tin Dippers	7c, 9c. and 10c. each.
Patty Pans	8c, 11c, 18c. each.
Nutmeg Graters	3c, 9c, 11c. each.

## Geo. Knowling.

The Right Place To Buy—  
Provisions, Groceries,  
Oats, Feeds, Wines  
and Liquors  
—is at—  
**P. J. Shea's,**  
Corner George and Prince's Sts.  
or at 314 Water Street.  
Outport Orders  
promptly attended to.

THE DAILY MAIL FOR ADVERTISING RESULTS

Weighed several seal pelts, averaged 60 lbs. Weighed one round white-coat, weight 85 lbs, found carcass 25 lbs, blood about 8 lbs.

March 25th.—Fine day. Nine steamers in sight all day. Passed Stephano and Bonaventure. Took about 1,000 during the day. Steamed to S. East and again to West. Must have covered 100 miles during the day in search of a new patch. Steamed most of the night. Report from the two fleets, front and gulf, received. Glad to find Gulf ships did so well.

Gramophone Concert. Had gramophone concert in ball room for crew between 8 and 9 p.m., which helped the leisure hour to pass pleasantly. Skipper James Harris, of Harbor Grace, elected mock king of the common sealers. His duty is to govern the crew and to enforce sealing laws. The king is aided by a judge, sheriff and two constables. Each offender is reported to the court by the king and the court hears all cases, and where necessary submits the case to a jury. The prisoner and king is represented by a lawyer. The two lawyers selected being Chief Engineer Ledingham and Dr. Bunting. The writer being selected for judge.

March 26.—Splendid day. Fine, warm and clear. Steamed into a small patch of seals about 8 a.m. The Beothic in company. Many of the seals dipping. A number able to handle themselves in the water very well. Ice open, in small pans. Very difficult to get about on ice. Beothic cut us off about noon and by so doing took quite a number of seals from our men. Spoke to several of Beothic's men. They hail for 22,000, with seven pans out. Reported with two blades of propeller broken. Beothic has been in the seals continuously from the start.

We took 2,500 seals to-day, and have about 17,000 on board. Had men on

the ice until after darkness set in. The day was the best in point of weather experienced since leaving port. The sun's rays warm as the day was calm throughout.

March 27th.—Came across few seals pelleted by landmen, weight of pelts 20 lbs. Found a knife and piece of unravelled rope on pan, also an old harp seal. The ice must have cut Cape Bauld shore. We are now 60 miles N. N. E. of Funk Island. Weather thick which has caused young seals to take to the water. Very little will be done in capturing them, except we get fine sunny days.

Spoke Fogota. Took about 800 seals to-day. Spoke to Fogota at night fall. She reports for 2,000. Beothic, Eagle, Bonaventure in our vicinity. James Davis, of Westville, dislocated arm by a tumble over the pinnacle. Doctor soon set it, as the accident happened near the ship. The poor chap lost one half of dislocated arm some years ago caused by the explosion of a gun. Our position now about 50 miles N. E. of Funk Island. Passed a few of the Beothic's missing pans, which were subsequently picked up by the Beothic.

Fogota spent the night alongside of us. Some of her crew complained loudly about the grub supplied and non-compliance with the sealing law. They reported shortage in sugar, beans, potatoes. No fresh beef or brewse had been supplied as per regulations. One of the favored few on her swallowed all the whisky he could get on board of our ship, and begged all the tobacco obtainable. He has a long winded tongue and before reaching his own ship was privileged to "a ducking" in the briny icy waters. We wished them good luck and much success with the old later on.

(To be continued)

## OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION "NEWFOUNDLAND" DISASTER.

(Continued from page 5)

Our bunch then numbered ten or a dozen including Bungay and Jones. We reached the rafter all right and found it to be a fairly good place. By that time the weather was getting beautiful to what it was.

We stayed there for half an hour. I expect, when I allowed we could see two miles to the leeward.

I said "boys, there is no ship very handy to us whatever," and there was two more of our gang who were on the hand of dying. The weather commenced to get fine all at once. I got upon a pinnacle and looked to the windward and I saw the Bellaventure. I allowed her to be about two miles away. I said "boys, cheer up, we are all right." I said "We'll be aboard a steamer in less than any time, that man will see us and he will come to us."

Gave Orders to Stay

Now I said "Jones, you stay here and take charge of those dying men, and I'll take Collins, the smartest man on the pan, and go aboard the Adventure, as I had mistaken the Bellaventure to be the 'Ad.'" I thought sure the steamer was coming for us, and I went to get aboard of her and hurry her on to pick up those men before they would die.

I told Jones I would come as quickly as I could when I would get aboard the steamer. I went off towards her, and in doing so had to pass through all the rest of the gang. The first man I met was all dead men. I did not notice the number particularly but there might have been a dozen or more there.

I then reached the pan with the live men on it. I told them to cheer up that the steamer would be here in a half hour's time. I told them to put up a flag as quickly as they could on a rafter. I saw they were getting in low spirits, so I went to do it myself. I could not get a flag, but I got a pair of overalls belonging to some man and I put them up. When I put up the overalls I could easily see the ship from the rafter.

Cheered Them Up

I cheered up the chaps and told them to get upon the rafter as far as I know. It was very windy and the men were too far gone to get upon the rafter. I told the men to get upon the rafter if they could, with me. Five of them came up. We stayed upon the rafter for a little while, but the thought struck me that I would continue to board the Bellaventure. Col-lins was with me all the time.

We started from them to go aboard the Bellaventure. When I started I was told by some men who came on the pan just before I left that Moul-and, the master watch must be nearly aboard of her then. I did not stop for that. We went on for a quarter of a mile towards her, and the ice got so loose that we could not go about on it, so by looking in the directions of the steamer I could see Moul-and and his four men, and it looked to us that they were nearly up alongside of the steamer.

Determined To Go Back

I said that we would retreat back to the pan that the men were on—the one that I had just left, and do all that we can to cheer the men while the steamer is coming, which we did. It was then about an hour and half from sunset.

I stayed there watching the Bellaventure, and I told the men to try and get in a fire. The men used to ask me if she was coming and I would reply "yes." All at once she slewed around and went away from us, and it was pretty hard for me to tell the men that she was not coming. I did not tell them then, I waited until I see Moul-and retreating back.

I said "boys, Arthur is coming back, and I don't believe that she is coming for us." Up to this time I took the ship to be the Adventure.

I then looked around and caught sight of the Stephano. I said "boys, cheer up we are all right now, Capt. Kean, sees us and he is coming for us." I thought she was picking up a good lead to come to us. I watched her until she turned to go from us, and I had to break the news to the men that she was not coming.

The Stephano was about twice as far from us as the Bellaventure.

Nothing Cheering

I had nothing left to cheer the men with then. I considered and I looked away to the leeward and I saw the Newfoundland. I told the boys that the Newfoundland was about four miles to the leeward of us, and most likely she is jammed, and I said, "I want the smartest man that is on this pan to come with me."

A man from Dotting Cove and another man whom I do not know, followed me, and I said if the Newfoundland is jammed we will get on board some time to-night. I said, "If we can get handy enough to get before dark for the captain to spy us coming, we'll be all right."

I said for the men to stay and do

the best they could, and if I got aboard I will have assistance to you as soon as I can. With that I started.

On our way towards the steamer seven others fell in line. I walked on a smart step and sometimes I used to fall in the water, and we did not go far before one fellow gave out, and we just had to leave him where he was; his name was Eli Kean.

I left one fellow with him to look after him—Stanley Andrews. The man could not stand and he lay down. Just after I got a little way on I saw Andrews coming after me.

He caught up with me, and I asked him about Eli, and he told me that Eli told him that he could do no good for him, and that I had to go on, get aboard, and tell skipper George to send out a kettle of tea to him.

Saw Ship

Now it was after sunset. I allowed I was two miles from the Newfoundland, and she was after getting loose, and steaming in the direction nearly away from us. I then said it remains for us to fix away a place for us to die, I suppose.

Everyone, as far as I could learn, was waiting their end. We stayed on that pan for about two hours, and it was very uncomfortable, nearly enough to freeze one to death.

In the distance away off it looked as if there was a more comfortable place, and we started in the night for that place. We reached it all right, and we thought it was a nice comfortable place, but we found it was not so comfortable as where we left, as it was more exposed to the wind.

We stayed there for about two hours and we decided to go back to our old place again. We got back about an hour before the moon went down.

I tried to make in a fire, but my matches were all soaking wet, and we could not get any fire.

There was a steamer burnt down

not very far from us and I thought it was possible to light from the steamer to see, but I did not succeed. We then thought they would hear us aboard the steamer if we bawled, and we were having the whole night for the steamer to come after us, and we kicked it out till daylight.

I said before daylight came that we would go aboard of the nearest ship, but I said if our own ship is as near as any other ship, well that is the one for us to go to.

At daylight I was blind and could not see anything on a level. I told one of the men to get upon the pinnacle, and he told that our ship was as near as any of them. Then we started off for the Newfoundland.

Met By Men

When we got about three parts of the way aboard we were met by some of the men. The nine men who got aboard with me was Jones, Bungay, Arthur Moul-and, Elias Moul-and, Henry Squires, John Hiscock, Andrews and myself.

We were taken on board and given food and stimulants. We had just before killed a small seal, and commenced to eat it.

We lost an hour or more on account of the first man giving out.

I almost think we were in a mile of the ship when we stopped the first night, and I almost think if it were not for the first man getting sick we would have reached her that night.

Each of the master of watches should have had a compass. That was the first thing I inquired about when I got out of the ship. Several men in the gang apart from the master watches had compasses. I know them to have taken them out, and getting their course. I had no compass myself.

The ship provided four compasses for the master watches.

(To be continued)

## 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 FatBack Pork

75 barrels Fam. Mess Pork

150 barrels Boneless Beef

100 barrels Ex. Family Beef

1000 brls. Am. Gran. Sugar

HEARN & COMPANY

## New Barbadoes MOLASSES!

Due this week by brigtn. "OLINDA."

GROCERY and FANCY

Puncheons, Tierces and Barrels.

Orders now Booked.

VERY LOW PRICES.

'PHONE 647.

1000 Brls.

Purity Flour

Steer Brothers.

## News of the City and the Outports

### BIG AUDIENCE IN ATTENDANCE AT COMIC OPERA

Weeks of incessant practice of "Pepita" crowned with success last night—Good performance for local amateur company—Proceeds for Disaster Fund.

After weeks of incessant practice—success. The comic opera "Pepita or The Princess of the Canary Islands," was produced at the Casino Theatre last evening by a number of young ladies and gentlemen of St. John's. Its presentation was splendid, and the large audience showed its appreciation, for the applause was liberal and genuine, and was justly deserved.

"Pepita" is in three acts, full of the brightest comedy and very catchy music, the latter being by the well known composer Leccoq. Excellent Form. The principals were in excellent form. We never saw amateurs to better advantage in opera. The parts suited them to perfection, showing that the managers had exercised great care in their selection.

Inez, Mrs. R. C. Grieve, and Pepita, Miss G. Strang, were in the leading roles and their singing and acting was all that could be desired. Mrs. Grieve is well known in drama. Miss Strang is no stranger in the concert hall, and last night both their histrionic and musical qualities, and the blending was highly satisfactory.

The same may be said of Messrs. Goodridge (Pedrillo) and C. B. Clift (Inigo). They sustained their characters in a manner which placed them above the average. In song or dialogue they proved themselves masters of their parts. They kept the audience in roars of laughter whenever they appeared.

Not Necessary. We will not throw any bouquets at Messrs. Blackall and Bernard, as song birds, the latter was suffering from a very heavy cold, but if they lacked anything in song they made up for it in character and costume. They were simply immense. Their duet was one of the prettiest parts of the opera.

Chorus Excellent. The volume of the chorus, the tender love songs of Pepita and Inez, the funny situations of Pedrillo and Inigo find themselves in, and the duplicity and dress of Bombardos and Patagues were features of the show, that could not but impress the audience.

The orchestral work was most praiseworthy. To prepare such a piece takes much time and when it is remembered musicians are limited in most cities, the ladies and gentlemen in the orchestra last night are to be complimented.

The musical director, Mr. Allen, conducted affairs without the slightest hitch. Mr. T. H. O'Neill, the stage director, could not have performed his duties more expeditiously or better.

Characters. Mr. W. W. Blackall, Bombardos; Mr. A. E. Bernard, Patagues—rival generals. Mr. H. H. Goodridge, Pedrillo, an innkeeper; Mr. C. B. Clift, Inigo, his brother. Mr. S. G. Hazel, Sergt. Hans. Mr. J. Clift, Mr. A. S. Harvey, Guzman, Prince of the Canary Islands. Mr. A. Summers, Juan, the Miller's Man.

Miss Mary Doyle, Miss Mary Keegan, Catarina, young wife of Patagues. Mrs. R. C. Grieve, Inez, rightful heiress to throne, married to Pedrillo. Miss G. Strang, Pepita, friend of Inez, married to Inigo. Peasant Girls—Misses Gladys Du-

### Nickel Performers Were Well Received

By Big Audience at Last Night's Performance.—Items Well Applauded.

The attendance at the Nickel theatre yesterday was a record one. There were two reasons for this—the excellence of the show and the fact that the entire proceeds were in aid of the Sealers Disaster Fund.

While the theatre was closed it underwent extensive preparations and is now in first class condition. The new hardwood floor looks well, and the walls and ceilings could not be better.

The programme yesterday surpassed anything given there before, and the hundreds of patrons came away charmed, and delighted that the Nickel Theatre was open once more. Initial Appearance. Mr. Walter McCarthy, the celebrated young native vocalist, who won signal honors in the concert halls of America, made his initial appearance and received a very hearty reception. He has lost none of his popularity.

His first number was the charming love story "In the Shelter of Thy Love," which was sung with sweetness and tenderness that thrilled the audience. Mr. McCarthy is a wonderful vocalist and he is a credit to the Colony which gave him birth. The crowds applauded him thunderously and we are confident that his stay in St. John's will be most successful. His rendition of this tender song was nothing short of marvellous. No one should miss hearing him this evening.

Enthusiastic Reception. Miss Etta Gardner also received an enthusiastic reception. She is fresh from Canada with the latest songs of the American vaudeville. Last night she sang New York's latest hit, "You'll have to get out and get under," telling the troubles of an automobilist, which found favor with her hearers. It was sung in her own splendid style, and she was vociferously applauded. Her St. John's friends are charmed to see her again.

The pictures were faultless, all being by the Vitagraph Co. "The Golden Hoard or Buried Alive" is a two reel feature. "A Marriage of Convenience" is a social drama, and "An Interrupted Honeymoon" and "His Wife's Relatives" are sparkling comedies. All found favor with the audiences.

This evening the show will be repeated. Manager Kieley is giving the entire proceeds to the Disaster Fund, which in itself, should be sufficient to draw full houses. We advise all our readers to attend, as they will be given a splendid treat.

OPORTO LETTER. The following letter from Ljnd and Couto of Oporto, dated March 24th, was received yesterday by the Board of Trade—"Our market continues dull, but an improvement should shortly take place. Stocks of British fish, 19550 quintals at the end of last week when there was also 1800 from Norway, are gradually becoming reduced. There is no Norwegian fish in the market, the above mentioned 1800 quintals consisting of Icelandic and some German."

SKINNING KNIVES.—We have the celebrated Joseph Rodgers & Son Seal Skinning Knives and Steels for sale. 'E.O. KNOWLING. 31, etd.

Peasants, Courtiers, Soldiers, Toradors, etc.—Messrs. Strang, F. J. Corlick, Fred Bradshaw, F. Seymour, Pierpont, Herschell, Joy, Snow, Bastery, Bennett, Grant, Black, Masters Cornick and Williams. Peasant Girls, Court Ladies, Cadets, Flower Girls, etc.—Mrs. Cahill, Mrs. Stick, Misses F. Gibb, M. Chaplin, G. Gibb, J. Herder, M. Gibb, F. Reid, A. Morris, H. Morris, A. Ledingham.

Orchestra. Conductor—Mr. A. H. Allen. 1st Violins—Miss S. Johnson, Miss E. Johnson, Miss M. Devine, Mr. F. Bradshaw, Mr. Fred. Emerson. 2nd Violins—Miss A. Bradshaw, Mr. J. M. Patten, Mr. Maunder, Mr. Jago. Cello—Mrs. Melville, Mr. Alex. Mews; Double Bass, Mr. A. Stafford; Flute, Mr. Penman; 1st Trombone, Mr. Morgan; 2nd Trombone, Miss Haullin; Cornet, Mr. Pennessy; Drums, Triangle, Bells, Mr. Snow.

### INSPIRATION AND UPLIFT AT GEORGE ST

Easter Services at the Old Church Were Marked by Good Singing and Masterly Expositions of the Holy Scriptures.

It was very generally admitted that Easter Sunday's services were the best ever held in George Street Church. It would not be a very difficult thing to find some very pertinent reason for this general condition. Perhaps the best reason would be found in the massive organ, so skillfully manipulated by the cultured organist, Mr. Gordon Christian, and the more uniform and better arrangement of the choir gallery and the preacher's rostrum giving a most attractive appearance to the interior of the building.

An Inspiration. As the congregation crowded to their seats Sunday evening and filled the spacious building, some weighed down with the disappointments and misfortunes of the past week, hearing the mighty instrument, as if instinctively, pealing forth its inspiring notes of divine praise, must have caught the spirit of Longfellow's beautiful lines when he wrote—"And the night shall be filled with music, And the cries that infest the day Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, And as silently steal away."

Ocupies Warm Place. On Sunday morning Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite was the preacher. The Doctor occupies a warm place in the heart of George Street Church although he is not the man to tickle people's ears with "smooth emollients in theology." The Doctor is a progressive preacher and his form and venerable appearance give force and weight to his earnest utterances. There is no flagging or nattery in his discussions, rather does he wax warmer and more earnest in his appeals as he approaches towards the conclusion of his sermon.

Masterly Exposition. His sermon on Sunday morning comprised a masterly exposition of John 11: 24, 25. The anthems and solos were about the same in the evening as in the morning's service. The evening service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Bartlett, who gave an excellent discourse from Mark 16: 7; "And Peter." Poor Peter with all his apparent cowardice and failure was not forgotten. There was a word of cheer and encouragement running through the whole service for the poor Peters in the large congregation in attendance and the service will not soon be forgotten.

Excellent Singing. What shall I report of the choir? The choir is one of the most important factors in church worship and what shall be said of them on the present occasion? They performed their part of the service faithfully and well and the wonderful musical uplift to the minds of the congregation, coming through melodious song and cultured voice and artistic fingers may go on as a progressive service until the music of earth shall be blended with the music of heaven.

Solos Well Rendered. The solos in the anthems were very approvingly rendered by Misses Christian, Story and Mr. Steer. Misses Story and Christian are sweet singers and deserve well the meed of praise that will be given to them. Mr. H. Courtenay, who sang "Be thou faithful unto death," (by Mendelssohn) is an excellent platform singer with a very fine voice which he invariably uses with very marked effects.

In closing Rev. Mr. Bartlett paid a very high compliment to all who took parts in the services and announced that the collections for the day, which were all in aid of the persons who had met misfortune and suffering from the recent sealing disaster, amounted to \$339.00.

### Curler's Notice!

The General Meeting of the St. John's (Nfld.) Curling Association, will be held on TUESDAY, the 14th day of APRIL, at 8 o'clock p.m. Business important, and a full attendance is requested. By order, A. H. SALTER, Secretary-Treasurer.

### HON. TREASURER ACKNOWLEDGES SUM OF \$14,000

Contributions Continue to Pour in Daily From All Quarters.—Prospects Good for Raising a Record Fund to Aid Widows and Orphans of Sealing Tragedy Victims.

The Honorary Treasurer of the Relief Committee begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following subscriptions: Job Brothers & Co., Ltd. \$1,000.00; Bowring Brothers, Ltd. 1,000.00; Harvey & Co., Ltd.; and A. J. Harvey & Co. 2,000.00; Sir Joseph Outerbridge 500.00; Ayre & Sons, Ltd. 1,000.00; Western Union Cable System (75 guineas) 383.25; Robert L. Newman 125.00; Mrs. M. F. Smyth 10.00; Geo. O'Reilly, Barnes' Road 10.00; Mrs. W. H. Tobin 10.00; Albert Horwood 5.00; Empire Lodge, S.O.E.B.S. 40.00; R. H. Trappell 50.00; Anglo-Nfld Development Co. 5,000.00; Major W. H. Davenport 25.00; Easter Sunday Offerings, Roman Catholic City Churches 250.00; George A. Hutchings (Job's) 10.00; St. Peter's Church, Fwilllingate, per Rev. A. B. S. Stirling 50.00; Brandram - Henderson, Ltd., Halifax, per Bowring Bros. Ltd. 100.00; Mrs. Edgar R. Bowring 25.00; Collection at King George V. Seamen's Institute, per Supt. Jones 13.50; H. A. O. (sweepstake) 200.00; Terra Nova Council, K. of C. C.C.C. Boat Club 25.00; Philip Hanley 20.00; Gop. R. Williams 10.00; Charlotte Agnes Green 1.00; Clericus 10.00; William Bowman 5.00; T. A. Boat Club 30.00; W. M. Samways 10.00; Globe-Wernicke Co. 25.00; Nfld. Board of Fire Underwriters 250.00; Miss Sterling 5.00; C.C.C. Reserves 10.00; T. A. and B. Society 100.00; T. A. and B. Society (Juniates) 25.00; S.O.E. Dudley Lodge 50.00; Frances Baird (sweepstake) 22.00; Cadet No. 1 Co., C.C.C. 10.00; Robert Walsh, Colonial St. S. & I. G., with sympathy for bereaved 2.00; A Family 5.00; Rose of Sharon, R.B.P. 200.00; Star of the Sea, Placentia 20.00; Peter G. Tessier 4.00; Spencer Lodge 40.00; Nfld. British Society—Adult Branch 50.00; Nfld. British Society—Albert Edward Branch 50.00; Miss Blanche Moore, Cabot St. Joseph Burnstein 20.00; Methodist College Literary Institute 50.00; Dalton Council, No. 1448, Knights of Columbus, Hr. Grace, per F. J. Sullivan, Recorder 10.00; Boot & Shoe Workers Union, Local 482, per Jas. Caul, Secretary-Treasurer 50.00; N. J. Coady 120.00; S. U. F. of Bonavista, Wm. Templeman W.M., per Hon. Sidney Blandford 100.00; Winifred and Marjorie Barker's Tea Party 20.00; James P. Howley 20.00; Employees of the Firm of Bishop, Sons & Co., Ltd., per Alexander Robertson 101.50; Star of the Sea Association of Holyrood, per R. Dwyer, W.P. Secretary 20.00; W. O. Carnell 10.00; J. J. Henley 50.00; Jas. S. Benedict, U. S. Consul 10.00; Otto F. V. Hoskins 1.00; Bricklayers and Masons Union, per John Cochrane, Treasurer 75.00; Miss Ida Priddle 1.00; Church of England Women's Association, Kelligrews per Mrs. F. W. Colley 12.00; Leeming Lodge, L.O.A., per J. C. Puddister, Treas. 100.00; The Daily News 100.00; His Lordship Bishop Jones' Pouch Cove, C. of E. collection, per Rev. C. Jeffery 5.14; Torbay, C. of E. Collection, per Rev. C. Jeffery 3.18; A. Sheard 25.00; Miss Mary F. Kyle, Chicago, per A. Sheard, Esq. 12.00; Dr. Freeman O'Neill, Louisbourg, per Hon. S. D. Blandford 10.00; H. D. Windeler 5.00; Kingan Provision Co., New York, per J. V. O'Dea & Co. 100.00; \$14,158.07

R. WATSON, Hon. Treasurer. April 14th, 1914.

## Easter Opening

VISIT OUR  
UPPER BUILDING SHOWROOM  
For the New Spring Styles in  
**Ladies' Costumes  
Colored Silk Coats  
Sports Coats  
Lace & Bead Tunics  
Silk Blouses  
American Wash  
Dresses  
Black Silk Coats  
For Matrons**  
ETC., ETC.

These are all made up of the most fashionable fabrics, in the accepted leading styles for the season.

Easter Hats,  
Easter Gloves,  
Easter Neckwear

# Ayre & Sons

LIMITED

### PERSONAL.

Mr. J. Morey returned yesterday.  
Mr. G. Somerville returned by yesterday's express.  
Rev. P. Kelly came in from Placentia last evening.  
Rev. Fr. Ashley came in from Argenta last evening.

### THE ENQUIRY

The enquiry into the sealing disaster was not on this morning. It will be resumed at 3 p.m.

### MAGISTRATES COURT

A 75 year old widow, charged with vagrancy, was remanded for 10 days. One disorderly was fined \$5 or 14 days; and another \$2 or 7 days.

### HOCKEYISTS VOTE \$100

A meeting of the hockey delegates was held at the office of President Higgins last night, when Resolutions of Sympathy were passed to those who mourn as the result of the sealing disaster, and the sum of \$100 was voted to the Fund.

### BODIES REACH HOME

From Westville to Hon. J. R. Bennett, Acting Premier: "Personally delivered the corpses by noon Sunday, with the exception of Musgrave Harbor, which will be sent by motor boat as soon as weather permits."

### W. C. WINSOR

METHODIST TRANSFERS. The annual meeting of the Methodist Transfer Committee was held at Toronto on April 9th. The following transfers were made:—J. W. Bartlett, Newfoundland to Nova Scotia; D. Hemmeon, Nova Scotia to Newfoundland; J. K. Curtis, Newfoundland to Montreal; T. B. Moody, Newfoundland to Montreal; B. F. Parsons, Newfoundland to Saskatchewan; V. E. Young, Newfoundland to Saskatchewan; H. Craner, Newfoundland to Saskatchewan.

### OBITUARY.

Stephen G. Jeans. Sunday evening Mr. John Jeans, Cochrane Street, received a cablegram acquainting him of the death of his oldest son, Stephen G., at Warm Springs, Montana. Deceased, who was 54 years of age had been in hospital for a year, and his demise was not unexpected by relatives at home. Mr. Jeans left St. John's thirty-two years ago and became an American citizen. During the wars in the Philippine Islands Mr. Jeans took part in several brisk encounters as a member of the Montana volunteers. He was a sergeant in that corps and was noted for his work. When the volunteers disbanded he was appointed Captain of the Butte Co. of the National Guards, and later was promoted to the rank of Major. To the parents The Mail tenders sympathy. American Consul Benedict cabled that the remains be interred at Warm Springs.

### Sudden End Of Newfoundlander

A message was received on Thursday last from Halifax, of the death of Alfred Moakler, formerly of St. John's. Relative here had no knowledge of his illness, and were greatly shocked when they received the message of his death. Deceased had been employed on the cable steamer Mackay-Bennett for a number of years, and two years ago received a position on shore with the Cable Co. He leaves a wife and sister at Halifax, and a brother here. The remains were interred on Good Friday.

### LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

Mr. Kieley of the Nickel Theatre has procured the "Last Days of Pompeii," one of the greatest pieces of work ever attempted by the "movies," and will present it at the Casino next week. It was made at Turin and Pompeii, Italy, and employed nearly 1,500 men. Every one in St. John's should make an effort to see it.

### SHIPPING.

#### RANGER ARRIVES ONLY 2,000 SEALS

The sealing steamer Ranger, Capt. K. Kneeb, which put into Catalina yesterday where she landed 100 men which refused duty were landed, arrived in port at 9 a.m. She has only 2,000 seals.

#### PARTHENIA LOADING

The S.S. Parthenia is now loading at Harvey & Co's. She will probably be ready to sail for England by Saturday. The Helen Stewart has arrived at Baradoes from Macao. S.S. Swansea Trader sails for Liverpool to-morrow morning.

#### C. L. B. BOAT CLUB

A special meeting of the C.L.B. Boat Club was held last evening. President C. E. Hunt in the chair, when several matters were discussed. It was decided to hold the annual meeting on the 27th inst. A contribution will be made to the Sealing Disaster Fund.

#### B. I. S. TOURNEY

The B.I.S. billiard tourney finished last night, T. Power defeating J. Campbell by 45 points. "Plains" will meet to-night to arrange for the dinner.

#### COLLECTORS MEEA

The meeting of members of societies and unions to arrange for the collections for the Disaster Fund, takes place at the Board of Trade Rooms this evening at 8.

#### WANTED—By May 1st.

A House, East End preferred. Reply to R. D., Daily Mail Office—ap9,14.

#### PICKED UP—A Dory.

April 5th, in the Harbor. Owner can have same by applying to P. MARTIN, at C. F. Bennett's wharf.