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# THE DAILY MAIL

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WEATHER REPORT.

Toronto (midnight)—Fresh westerly winds, fair and much the same temperature.

JUNE 1, No. 58.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1914.

PRICE:—1 CENT.

## TREACHEROUSLY KNIFED BENTON IN VILLA'S OFFICE

Facts at Last Come to Light About the Murder of a British Subject

BENTON WAS SET UPON BY MANY MEXICANS.

Body Was Mutilated After Death—Villa's Share in Murder Not Known.

Washington, D.C., March 21.—The facts of the killing of William Benton, the British rancher, have at last become known here.

Benton went to Juarez to get Villa's permission to bring some of his cattle out of Chihuahua for sale in Texas. What had not been known heretofore is the fact that Benton sought to make it worth while for the Rebel chieftain to let him get his cattle out, offering in return for this permission to see that Villa got a certain amount of arms and ammunition. This proposal was favorably received by Villa.

Discussion of the terms of the arrangements, however, led to a quarrel. This quarrel ended in Benton being killed, not by a revolver as previously reported, but by stabbing. The Britisher was attacked with knives by those in Villa's office, during the discussion. He was stabbed in many places, and after he was dead his body was mutilated in the unspeakable manner, of such frequent occurrences in Mexico.

Whether Benton personally aided in the stabbing of Benton is not definitely known.

The body of Benton was buried in Juarez and is still there, according to this official information.

The investigations of the last few weeks have not only established the facts but have also resulted in the precise place of burial being made known.

## CAMBRIDGE HONORS SCHOLARLY DEAF MUTE

First Man So Afflicted To Get Degree of Master of Arts.

New York, March 15.—A cable from London to The New York Times says: Cambridge University has just conferred the degree of Master of Arts on Armand Mackenzie, the first deaf and dumb man who ever won the Master's Hood in a British University. Mackenzie, who was born deaf and dumb, paid the university fees out of his scanty earnings. He married a deaf wife.

## ORPHANAGE MEETING.

The friends and supporters of the C. E. Orphanage meet at the institution this afternoon when the election of officers will take place.

## Aviator Caught Negro Burglar

Used Aeroplane to Catch and Board Steamer on Which Thief Was Trying to Escape.

Miami, Florida, March 24.—Flying 21 miles an hour in an aeroplane, Harry Schade, a detective of this city, overtook the steamer Miami, after she had left this city on Friday last, and boarded her, arrested a negro hotel employe, recovered a missing brooch belonging to a woman prominent in New York society, and then flew back to this place with his prisoner. The negro was released, as the arrest was made outside the three-mile limit.

## UNIONISTS NOT AT ALL ANXIOUS FOR SETTLEMENT

Speeches and Actions Convey Impression They Do Not Want Peace.

PREACH ABANDONMENT OF IRISH HOME RULE

But Liberals are Absolutely Opposed to Granting Further Concessions.

London, March 20.—Many Unionists convey the impression by their speeches and actions that they do not desire peace, and their doings are carefully calculated to push Ulster over the edge into a civil war. "Fight it out," was the expression used on a typical poster of the Pall Mall Gazette.

The Morning Post preaches that the only possible solution is the abandonment of Home Rule. Other Unionist papers seriously argue that Mr. Asquith's proposal is merely a trick because it would enable the Nationalist majorities in the various Ulster counties to override Unionist minorities and insist on joining the Dublin Parliament.

Liberals Oppose Further Concessions. This ungenerous response to Asquith's offer has not been without a marked effect on the Liberals, hardening them against any further concessions. It is reported that Winston Churchill, who for some time has been the strongest advocate within the Cabinet for Ulster's exclusion, has now swung round to the Ireland National theory, as he is disgusted with the unresponsiveness of the Unionists.

The Unionist attitude is probably however, a stupid tactical move to force further concessions from the Government. Having won much by their threats of civil war they believe that they can gain all. Premier Asquith's moderation has done much to appease the large body of non-partisan Englishmen.

Stand Firm on Existing Offer. Liberal views were well summed up by the Nation: "The Government has

## DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT IS ANTICIPATED

Asquith's Government Can Only Thus Escape From Its Awkward Position.

NOW AN ABSOLUTE DEADLOCK ON HOME RULE QUESTION.

Nationalists Won't Agree to Further Concessions and Government is Powerless to Act.

London, March 24.—Dissolution of the British Parliament has been hastened by the events of the last few days, the surrender by the Government to the officers of the Army, who declined to serve in Ulster, according to the opinion generally expressed to-day in political circles.

Nationalists, it is pointed out, will not accept Home Rule with Ulster permanently excluded, while the Government has found it impossible to compel Ulster to come under the Dublin Parliament. It is argued that the only way out of the difficulty is to hold a general election. None will be surprised if the Government during the second reading of the Bill next week, should offer to dissolve Parliament on condition that the Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment and Plural Voting Bills be passed.

Liberal Dissatisfaction. Dissatisfaction among the rank and file Liberals with the Government's treatment of Army officers is another factor which is likely to hasten a general election. Many radicals would like to join forces with the Labour members and make an appeal to the country on the refusal of the officers to act against Ulstermen, compared with their readiness to act against striking workmen.

The Liberal provincial papers are more outspoken on the subject of the Government's surrender to the officers than are their London contemporaries. The Manchester Guardian says that, with deep regret and some shame, it has heard of Premier Asquith's even partial acceptance of the doctrine that officers have the right to lay down for themselves conditions under which they will continue to serve the King. If they are so treated, because they are rich men, and because they have the prejudices of their class, not only is there, then, no law for the rich man in the Army and one for the poor, but there is no standard for a Tory officer's loyalty to his oath, and another for the laboring man.

one as far as in honor or safety it goes. It is indeed within an inch of a precipice over which its most stout opponents would drive it. We urge it therefore to stand firm on the existing offer. The amended bill is full of deep consideration for Ulster and for the King's possible objections and personal feelings, but neither he or any force in the State can call upon a great British party to yield up its life to its enemies."

## Promises to Table Correspondence

Giving Details of the Settlement Made With the Army Officers Who Resigned.

London, March 25.—Secretary of State for War, Seely, promised yesterday in the House of Commons, he would to-day lay on the table all the material and written documents, which he said would clear the whole mystery of the recent crisis among the officers of the Army in Ireland.

Mr. J. P. Kiely, of the Nickel Theatre, is expected by Saturday's express.

## GUNMAN CAUGHT IN MONTREAL AT FUNERAL

Footsore and Starving, the Fugitive Crept Into Church and Was Recognized by a Constable.

Montreal, March 20.—Fashions have changed since mediaeval days, when a church meant sanctuary to a fugitive from justice.

Joseph Beauchamp, alleged leader of the three bandits, sought for the last six days for the murder of Constable Bourdon, and the attempted murder of Constable Guyon, crept from cover, footsore and starving, into St. Vincent de Paul Church, where he joined the mourners at an early morning funeral service, not to pray but to rest.

He was recognized, and unsuspecting was seized, disarmed, and handcuffed by Constable Choquette, who had come to attend the obsequies of his niece.

Beauchamp, who was taken by surprise but too weak to resist, had two loaded revolvers on him. He said he had nothing to eat for some days but a handful of chestnuts.

At the police station he hungrily ate most of a loaf of dry bread given him. He was too weak to be brought into court at once and practically the whole day rested in a chair, taking no interest in what was going on.

He has not been out of the city, and says he has not seen either Alphonse Foucault or Ismael Bourret, his companions in crime, since they separated over a week ago.

## Case of Leprosy Traced to Wig

Berlin, March 20.—The wife of a government official at Dantzic has been certified as leprosy, and has been sent to a leper's hospital.

The infection has been traced to a wig made of hair recently imported from China, which she wore at a recent carnival masquerade.

The Box Office is now open for "Pepita" at the Atlantic Bookstore.

## SUSPENDED CERTIFICATE OF CAPTAIN

Official Inquiry Into the Loss of the Steamer Cervona Results in Censure of Master.

SHIP WAS STRANDED ON THIS COAST IN DEC.

Evidence Showed She Was Going at Full Speed When She Struck the Rocks.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne, an official inquiry has been held into the loss of the Cairn Line steamer Cervona, through stranding on the coast of Newfoundland on Dec. 12 last, while on a voyage from the Tyne to Portland (Me.) The magistrates were Mr. Walter Lee (chairman) and Mr. David T. Hobkirk, with Commander L. Wood Baydon, R.N.R., and Captain C. J. Benton, R.N.R., as nautical assessors.

The Board of Trade was represented by Mr. W. S. Burton, and the master of the Cervona, Captain C. T. Stooke, by Mr. Lancaster, who also watched the proceedings on behalf of the owners. Mr. C. R. Clayton appeared for the chief officer, Mr. Magnus Johnston, who, with the master, was a party to the inquiry.

Board of Trade Case. Mr. Burton explained that the Cervona was built at Glasgow in 1896. She was 360 ft. long, and was of 2371 net tons. The vessel left the Tyne on Dec. 1 with a cargo of 1220 tons of coal and a small general cargo, and manned by a crew of 38 hands. On Dec. 12 the weather became hazy.

About 4.30 a.m. a dark object was seen by the chief officer and also by the man in the crow's-nest. It appeared, at first, to be a passing squall, but almost immediately a white line of breakers was seen. The vessel struck rocks which turned out to be on the Newfoundland coast, about a mile south of Fermeuse Harbor. The crew were taken off, but nothing could be done for the vessel.

The Captain's Statement.

Captain Stooke said he had been master of the Cervona for 14 years. They did not get any observations until Dec. 10. After Dec. 11 a course was set for a point about a mile north of Cape Race, and a speed of about nine knots was made. Witness was in the chart room when the ship struck. He had been on deck at 1.15, when the night was clear and moonlight. At the time he came off his watch the second officer said he thought it was going to come on hazy. He attributed the loss to an abnormal current putting him out of his course, and to not seeing the land in time to keep out of the way.

Witness had been in the service of the Thompson Line and the Cairn Line for 27 years, and had had a master's certificate for 22 years. He had been in the passenger trade, and had never lost a vessel before. There was a definite written order that if

## Emphatic Reply To Churchill

Smacked in the Face on the Street By An Emphatic Critic Of His Views

London, March 20.—A Wolverhampton despatch says that while the police were escorting Winston Churchill, first lord of the admiralty, to a train after a speech at Bradford, a man forced his way through the police and the dense crowd, and punched Mr. Churchill severely in the mouth.

F. S. Moryenna is due from Halifax to-morrow morning.

## CONCILIATION PROGRAMME OF THE KING

Wants the Ulster Exclusion Term Extended to Twelve Years Instead of Six.

NO LOSS OF MERIT FOR RESIGNING OFFICERS

Expected That Asquith Will Soon Announce Further More Acceptable Concessions.

London, March 24.—It is reported that the King has placed the following programme before the Cabinet for the conciliation of all factions in Ireland.

(1) That Ulster counties be given an additional six years, making 12 in all, during which they might be excluded from the operations of the Home Rule Bill.

(2) That all Army officers who resigned when civil war in Ulster seemed inevitable, be taken back without loss of merit.

The Unionist newspapers boast that the present outcome of the clash over Home Rule, has resulted in a victory for the British Army.

Carson and his followers will now mark time until the Government makes another move. It is believed that Asquith will announce further concessions to the Protestants of the North of Ireland, and there is every likelihood that they will be accepted.

he was wanted on the bridge he was to be called, and on this particular morning he was not called.

Struck at Full Speed. Mr. Magnus Johnston, chief officer, who had been two years in the ship, said he did not call the master, but gave instructions to the second officer to tell the master that it was coming on hazy. The master did not come on the bridge. Witness never altered the speed of the ship. Just before 4.30 he sighted an object on the starboard bow, which seemed like an iceberg. The object was about a ship's length away. Practically the ship was going full speed ahead when she struck.

(Continued on page 4.)

## C. L. B. HOLD THEIR ANNUAL INDOOR SPORTS

Lively Contests at the Armory Last Night—Valuable Prizes Presented by Mrs. N. Alderdice.

SOME EVENTS PROVIDED FAST AND FURIOUS FUN

Programme Was Lengthy and Interesting—Many Contestants Were Entered.

The eleventh annual indoor sports were held at the C.L.B. Armory last night by permission of the officer commanding, Lieut.-Col. Rendell. The hall was filled with friends and supporters of the Brigade. Among the visitors were Mrs. N. A. Alderdice, Misses Nellie Job, Marjorie Franklin, Cecily Rendell and Rev. J. Brinton. The hall was decorated with flags for the occasion and nothing was left undone by the committee for to make the evening enjoyable.

Good Music.

The band under Staff Sergt. Cake was present and the selections they gave were excellent. The members are to be congratulated on their excellent music. All who heard their selections last night speak highly of them and also of their excellent bandmaster.

Each event was well contested. The tug-of-war was very interesting and created much excitement.

The inter-company relay race was closely contested and C Company won by a small margin.

The comic boxing was fun and enjoyment for all and proved to be the best item on the programme.

Inter-Company Hockey. The inter-company hockey was a lively game. Ten minutes play each way was the limit and when time was called the game stood two to two. Ends being changed twelve minutes play off was needed before the winning goal was scored by B Company.

The last item on the programme—"Catch the train race"—was very laughable; twelve competitors were in costumes. For the best costume Clifford Earle (the Darkey) won the prize as "Just Out."

The judges for the different events were: Capt. Alderdice, Bernard; Lieuts. C. B. Carter, Raley, G. Winter and Adj. J. A. Winter. Sergt. Major Dicks was starter and Battalion Sergt. Major Noseworthy, herald.

The events were run off in three divisions—Intermediate, Senior and Juniors. Victor Loderum medal for most number of points in each division. The first race started at 8.15.

Intermediate Division.

Half Mile Race—First, A. Rendell; second, A. Hensbury; third, J. Trebble.

Leap Frog—First, A. Martin, D. Carter; second, W. Hall, H. Rendell. Three Legged Race—First, J. Trebble, R. LeMessurier; second, H. Rendell, W. Hall.

(Continued on page 6.)

Jeff Simply Got Mixed Up on the Word Federal.

By "Bud" Fisher.



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# A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER II.  
The Waiting.

(Continued)  
His first voyage as captain was made with his wife, this voyage was his second, and he prayed brokenly that it might not be Mary's last. The Zoroaster was not a passenger ship; she carried no surgeon. In illness or accident there was no one on whom to rely save the captain himself, who was technically supposed to be able to cope with any emergency. And now, in the moment of his greatest need, he was absolutely alone save for the mate, who was a sailor of the old school (skilled in little save his own particular craft.

It had spread about the ship what was toward, and men moved silently, treading with cautious, making great debouchings to avoid stepping on the deck above the captain's room. A boy let fall a marlinpike on the quarter-deck and the old boatswain, who held it that no woman was fit to live, boxed the lad's ears soundly, and then kicked him "forrard," with grim instructions to stow himself away in the forepeak and never venture forth until he was allowed. The sound of a rope flung heedlessly to the deck was a signal for the mate to step gingerly forward, there to hiss out full-throated curses into the growing darkness. But there was one factor that could not be held in thrall, that refused to obey the voice of authority.

The gale was volleying fiercely in the shortened canvas by now; it shrilled and moaned eerily amongst the spidery rigging, sheets clanked monotonously in the howling greyness overhead. The third and chug of the helm sent a sharp jar from stern to stem of the racing craft; the slow upward leaping, the swift downward flights, as the Zoroaster took the growing waves in her impetuous stride, added to the discomfort. It was gathering up for a blow, and such a blow as few there had ever experienced. When might fell the puffs had culminated into one stupendous roaring, and the first of the storm was abroad hot-foot, eager to devour, to ravage and destroy.

"All hands on deck; shorten sail!" yelled Mr. Steadman into the darkness as eight bells tinkled out on the small brass bell above the wheel-box. "Get her under easy sail, Mr. Vigors." The second mate flew to obey; but, even though the sails above were slatting dolorously, he lowered the halliards gently, that the rocking thunder of their fall should not shake the cabin in the stern. There was no hoarse-throated shouting now—the boatswain saw to that.

"Keep your blasted tongues in your heads," he said vindictively when one man chanted forth a pully-haul song. "The skipper's missis mightn't like it." And thereafter everyman was dumb, feeling, in some blind, half-understood fashion, that sickness was in the midst of them then, and that all a man might do must be done to alleviate the sufferer's lot.

After two hours' mighty battling, they reduced the ship to storm canvas, and then, hot and dripping, those of the watch below went to their odorous forecabin, whilst the watch on deck betook themselves to the poop in obedience to the command, "Watch on deck, keep aft; watch below, keep handy for a call." They squatted down on the port side of the poop in direct disobedience to the old sea custom, which forbids the forecabin to frequent the weather side of the poop, and talked together in low voices.

Vigors stood beside the wheel, watchful, keenly alert, ready to check the helmsman by a motion of his hand, dimly seen in the shifting glow of the binnacle, ready to do all that a young and untried man could do to make the ship more seaworthy, more kindly. But he had his work before him—the Zoroaster was taking the bit in her teeth by this, and her creaking timbers told the tale of her mad strivings with the storm.

"Send down and call me if there's anything wrong," growled Steadman, as he turned to go below. "I'll be dressed. The skipper won't be available. Don't disturb him whatever you do—understand?"

Vigors crushed down the high collar of his oilskin coat, and the light of the binnacle showed his face wet and shining, yet resolute and daring, too. "Yes, sir; I understand. But—I wish it was over; I wish it was over."

"So do I. Did you see that albatross over the mizzen truck to-day? I'm afraid, Vigors; I'm a bit afraid." He stumped away, and though the young second mate strove to disabuse his mind of the old superstition, he could not but reflect on the massed chances against the sufferer below.

"Don't forget to call me," repeated

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

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

### "Asbestol" Gloves.

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

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

"Wash like cloth—dry soft as new."

"Never get hard or stiff, sweat, oil, grease, or water don't injure them."

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



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

the mate dimly through the deafening clamour; and before Vigors' answer could have reached his ears he had tumbled gently down the companionway and was floundering in the narrow corridor that led to his room. He waited silently outside for a moment, listening; then, as a faint moaning reached his ears, he slipped through the open door, divested himself of his oilskins, kicked off his sea-boots, and stole on tiptoe to the saloon.

Here he paused again, his face almost touching the door of the captain's room. From within came a repetition of that moaning, and Steadman, an unemotional man, felt his cheeks grow hot and cold without ap-

parent reason. A new sound broke on his watching now, the snoring of a drunken man. With viciously set teeth Steadman crept away, opened a door, and hurled in a pillow that he had caught up, following the missile with his own bulky form. The steward choked to the pressure of sinewy hands on his throat, and sat up, crying feebly.

night, the clamour was unceasing, and Steadman, still standing outside the captain's door, lifted his clenched hand in useless protest to the God of storms.

The hours passed leadenly, and still the devoted man remained at his self-appointed vigil. The moanings within were drowned now in the elemental upheaval without, but his imagination sufficed to picture the woman's agony, so that he set his teeth hard and ground his fingers into his palms until the hot blood ran drippingly to the floor.

The door opened suddenly; the face of Captain Curzon, white and awed, peered out. Steadman stepped forward at once.

"Yes it's time," gasped Curzon hoarsely. He seemed like a man newly awakened from a hideous dream, his eyes were blood-shot and staring.

"You need me?" asked Steadman quietly, without offering to intrude.

"My God, yes!" Curzon looked about him blindly, and as the ship gave a staggering heave, a sick dive, and a furious twist all in one, he scowled blackly.

"Half a minute, sir," whispered the mate; and he left the saloon handily tacking from seat-back to sideboard on rounded shanks. He gained the poop and strode to the binnacle.

"Watch your steering there!" he yelled. Anything less than a yell would have been unheard. "Mr. Vigors, send for Simms." Someone detached himself from the crowd of packed figures beside the mizzen rigging and faced death along the swirling decks. Five minutes later Simms took the spokes, and left the ship answer to his hand as a restive horse to the bridle.

"I'll do my best, sir," he rumbled. "but—" Steadman could see the oilskin-covered head wagging pessimistically in the sheen from the binnacle lamps.

"Get a hand to the lee wheel, someone you can trust," said the mate; and a man took the leeward spokes, bracing himself for what was coming.

Simms was, perhaps, one of the finest seamen who ever took a trick, but he owned to himself frankly before he had been at the post for a minute that he had tackled the biggest job of his life. But the need for action found him ready. He humoured the staggering hull like a fretful child, showing a thousand tricks of cunning, easing her as she poised buoyantly on the white-topped crest of a raging wave, helping her smoothly down the steep inclines, lifting her, so it seemed, to the upward trend of the combers.

The Zoroaster was like a half-tide rock; she reeled along blindly, parting the hurrying waves with her impetuous bow, crushing them desperate

"Get forrard!" hissed the mate, "or I'll tear your life out." And without further ceremony he dragged the protesting man from his bed, lugged him up the companionway, and flung him on to the cold, wet deck.

"When I ask for quietness," explained Mr. Steadman to himself, "I mean to get it."

But, alas for his hopes! The gale seemed to be playing a game of cross purposes with him now. Every individual timber of the ship spoke aloud a groaning protest to the battering of the lurching seas. The long-drawn bellow of the storm was deafening, the sturging, thunder of falling water shook the ship. It was a hideous

## Spring-cleaning Of Soiled Hats

Hints and Advice for Renovating Headgear.

"Full many a hat is worn and thrown away, which, doctored, might have lived for many a day."

This is true, but the lines are not exactly as the poet wrote them.

Before we invest in a really new 1914 spring hat, there is a "between period" which is rather hard to fill. Why not get over that by doing up our old hats? This little economy would enable us to buy something really good when June comes in. Here are some recipes, tested, and not found wanting.

To clean a white felt hat. Fill a jam-pot with flour, and put it in the oven until it is quite hot. Then quickly, with white flannel, rub the hot flour into the felt very thoroughly, and dust it off with a perfectly clean brush or a white cloth.

The hat will be as new.

White straw hats can be cleaned, and the sunburn removed, as follows: Warm a lemon, squeeze it into a saucer, and add a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur.

Flowers and Felt. Brush this well on the hat, rinse several times in cold water, wipe with a dry cloth, and finally dry in the shade. That hat will be as when you bought it.

Artificial flowers may be restored in many cases—not all—by holding them for a couple of minutes in the steam of boiling water.

Black felt hats can be made quite nice if well rubbed with benzine. Dry in the open air.

Black chip hats, as a rule, only need oiling. Use a little sweet oil, and rub it off with a piece of black velvet.

Black straw hats, if faded, should be treated as follows: Get a piece of good black sealing-wax (1-2 oz.), powder it, and add to it 2 oz. of pure spirits of wine.

Stand the bottle near the fire until the wax is quite dissolved, then brush it on the hat with a toothbrush. Do this near a fire. The hat will be quite stiff and glossy.

Washing Ribbons

Ribbons, if they were good when bought, can be washed in tepid water (potato-water is the best) with the fingers, using, if any, just a little mild soap.

Rinse repeatedly in tepid waters, squeeze in a towel, hang out to dry, then iron, sandwiching the ribbon between two sheets of white paper.

Fur hats should be treated as follows: Warm some bran and rub it thoroughly into the fur with the hand. Do this two or three times, shake, and brush thoroughly. It makes the hat as new.

White fur hats are not at all done for when soiled. Rub these with warm, moist bran until dry, then as above with dry bran. Finish by rubbing well with magnesia.

The above should help us over March and April, months which are often more wintry than December.

ly underfoot, reeling to the gale's mad thrust, soaring nobly through the resonant blackness of the night. But a hundred Simmses could not have made her kindly; she was compelled to obey the stronger power, and so became the gale's great plaything, tossed hither and thither at the cruel will of wind and sea.

Steadman watched her stormy progress thoughtfully for a while. He knew he could do nothing more to ease the travail of the woman below, but he hoped it might be possible to try. He whistled shrilly on his fingers, and dark, impatient forms grew up out of the blackness about him.

"Get the mainsail down," he thundered. "It might steady her a bit."

They did it, but none knew how, for the world seemed to go out in shattering bellows. The ship felt the added weight on her spars, she lost her lightness and boomed along on her beam-ends almost; but, though she was now half under water, she was steadier, and Steadman, who had gone below, said that all would still be well.

"I thought you were never coming," growled Curzon as the mate knocked softly on the door and entered. "Now get a grip on yourself."

Outside the storm yelled and screamed unceasingly. The powers of darkness threw themselves in serried array against the proudly battling ship. They crushed her down, they retired baffled from her noble rallying, but they came on again and again. The thunder of falling seas was like the end of creation; the hiss and seething rush of water made a dismal under-current of sound. And in that dim-lit cabin, their ears filled with the groanings of a woman, two stern-faced men regarded one another with fear-widened eyes.

(To be continued.)

## A BOLD STATEMENT!

There is no better Piano made than the KIMBALL. This statement is supported by the testimony of such famous Artists as Jean De Reszke, Emma Eames, Nordica, Walter Damrosch and many others, several of whom have purchased KIMBALL Pianos for their own use.

THEN WHY PAY MORE?

MUSICIANS SUPPLY CO.,

166 WATER STREET - ST. JOHN'S.

## FREE GIFT PRIZE!

SEALING VOYAGE, 1914.

A Free Gift Prize of \$5.00 Cash will be given to the person who foretells the date of arrival of first steamer from the icefields this spring with a number of seals such steamer brings into port. In the event of no person stating exact number of seals the prize will go to person stating nearest number. Condition of the gift, is as follows:—

The Coupon attached must be sent or mailed to our store and 10 cents enclosed for purchase of an article to this value. City and Outports are alike entitled to enter for this Free Gift Prize and competition will close on 25th of this month. Every Coupon reaching us by this date will be accepted and competition will apply only to steamers reaching destination after midnight of 25th. In the event of a steamer arriving previously with or without seals before this date.

Here is the Coupon, cut it out, send 10c. and receive an article to this value.

FREE GIFT-\$5.00 COUPON

I predict that the first arrival from the 1914 Seal Fishery after 25th March will be the S. S. \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_ seals.

## J. M. Devine

The Right House

Water Street - St. John's, N.F.

## Our Prices Will Interest You.

We offer the following NEW MEATS just landed:

100 brls. Special Fam. Beef

100 barrels Ham Butt Pork

150 barrels Fat Back Pork

75 barrels Fam. Mess Pork

150 barrels Boneless Beef

100 barrels Ex. Family Beef

1000 brls. Am. Gran. Sugar

HEARN & COMPANY

NOT A SECRETARY.

Sam had worked on the farm for nine years, and until his master took to poultry-farming he was quite satisfied with life.

But this poultry business was a bit too much. He had to take the eggs as they were laid and write the date on them with an indelible pencil. And worse than that, he had also to write on the eggs the breed of the hen that laid them.

So one day he marched up to the farmer.

"I'm about fed up," said he, "and I'm going to leave!"

The farmer was astounded. "Surely, Sam," said he, "you're not going to leave me after all these years?"

"Yes, but I am," retorted Sam. "I've done every kind of rotten job on this here farm, but I'd rather starve than go on being secretary to your old hens!"

Important Notice!

The Fraser Machine & Motor Co. for the purpose of reorganizing and enlarging their plant, lately went into voluntary liquidation; the organization is now complete, much more capital has been subscribed to meet the growing demands of the business, and this year double as many FRASER engines will be built as last year. There is no other engine so popular in Newfoundland or Canada as the FRASER, and with the new Company we can promise better service and deliveries than in the past, when many had to wait for their engines, as we could not get them from the factory fast enough. All orders now booked can ship at a moment's notice. FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, LTD., St. John's, Newfoundland, Agents.—Feb. 23

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Let's all go around to Mary Ann's. On the Mississippi. There's Ragtime in the air. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Sit down your rocking the boat. Chic Chic Chic Chicken. Kiss me Good-night. On the Honeymoon Express. He'd have to get under, get out and get under. When the midnight Choo Choo leaves for Alabam. Row, Row, Row. Till the Sands of the Desert grow Cold. When I Lost You. To Have, to Hold, to Love. Pussy Cat Rag. At the Devil's Ball. Why did you make me care. The Little German's Band.

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**Our Daily Mail.**

**NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Owing to the amount of space given over to the reports of proceedings of the House of Assembly day by day as well as to the information on public matters secured during the session and published in our columns, we have got somewhat behind in the publication of the great mass of correspondence that has found its way to our office.

With the closing of the House of Assembly, however, we shall have more space to devote to this correspondence and shall publish all letters of general public interest that are sent to us.

Our columns are open to all our readers. Any man who has something to tell the public is quite welcome to their use. Write us, if you wish to, whether you are adept at writing to newspapers, or not. We'll see that your letter when it gets in the paper is in good shape.

We are especially anxious to get notes of news from our many friends in the Outports. Let us know of the thousand and one little things happening in your neighborhood. Keep your own town and townspeople before the public. The Daily Mail is yours to use for this purpose. It costs you nothing save the little time taken to write your news, a bit of paper and a postage stamp.

We look to our Outport readers, to help us keep up the reputation of The Daily Mail as being the brightest and most newsy paper in Newfoundland.

**ANOTHER FOR CASHIN**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—The F.P.U. Council here passed a resolution to write your paper and express our indignation as a body of fishermen at Cashin making such remarks concerning us in the House of Assembly. We are sorry that the voters of Ferryland should elect such a man to represent them. We are sorry that the administration of this country contains such a man. We shall not forget this in 1917 or whenever we have to mark our ballots again, and we hope the voters of Ferryland will never mark another ballot for Cashin. We find such an insult a trial to our temper, yet we consider ourselves too manly to use any such expression concerning an opponent.

If Cashin ever saw a schoolmaster and got an education, we consider he needs another to teach him how to use it, for the most illiterate would not throw out such a statement on the wealth-earners of this country. He might use his education in a more gentlemanly way and not with an insulting tongue.

We would like to congratulate President Coaker and the Union candidates for their excellent showing on the Opposition side of the House. They evidently realize the duty they have to perform, and hope to have things done better in the future than they have been in the past.

With regard to the price of fish, we as a body of fishermen believe that the President has been the means of the price of fish advancing and there is no man who feels the benefit of the price of fish rising more than the fisherman. But we fail to see any steps the Government have taken to advance the price of fish—we can see some steps that have been taken to pay out money to Government officials which have not been of any benefit to the public.

—F. G. WISEMAN,  
Chairman Local Council,  
Little Bay Island.

**POOR SERVICE**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—We would like to call the attention of the P. M. G. to the way the mail is carried from Old Perlican to Lead Cove. We want to know if he is paid so much a trip, or has he got a permanent salary? In any case I may say it's ridiculous for the mail to be lying in the post-office both in Lead Cove and Old Perlican eight days at a time, although the distance from place to place is not more than four miles. Is this the way that the Government is going to treat us? No wonder that the public is disgusted with the present state of affairs.

—ULSTER,  
Old Perlican.

**FOGO PARADE.**

(Special to The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—Our annual parade took place on Thursday, Feb. 12th. Early in the morning members repaired to the S.U.F. Hall to get it ready for the occasion. In the afternoon we met at the hall where the members fell in line. Starting out we marched to Banks Cove, took the ice to Sergeant's Cove, went to the North Side to Friend Irish's and taking the ice crossed the harbor to Friend Maddox's and back to the hall again where we found the good ladies had everything ready for tea and a good one it was.

After the inner man was satisfied dancing commenced and various other pastimes were indulged in, all spending an enjoyable time.

—OFFICER,  
Fogo.

**BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—**

Then go ahead and place that advertising contract with THE DAILY MAIL at once. Our circulation's jumping daily—

**DISCREDITABLE CONDUCT**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—We learn that Cashin stated that the only intelligent men in Bonavista Bay were those who voted for the Morris party. We would like for Cashin to have to face Bonavista district, and he would find just as sensible men in a fishing punt as there are representing the Government to-day, and they would not be \$380,000 short, as Cashin is on the revenue. We as fishermen and members of the F.P.U. know a cullage fish from a merchantable, but not so with Cashin, or he would not have called the fishermen cullage. A man of his standing should conduct himself better than did Cashin.

—INDIGNANT,  
Flat Island, B.E.

**F. P. U. AT BELLBURNS**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—On the 10th of January we selected new officers. George F. H use was re-elected Chairman; Grant House, Deputy Chairman; Manuel House, Secretary-Treasurer; Albert House, Door Guard; and at the same meeting two members were initiated, Jacob House and Manuel House.

This place is full of Unionism, and even the women wish they were able to vote at the next election.

—LOCAL COUNCIL,  
Bellburns, St. Barbe.

**HARD WORKED.**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—Our teacher ordered us to write letters on what calling they'd like and one pupil chose the fishery. He said it was one of the easiest and laziest trades in the world. Of course this was absurd. Such remarks are only expected from men such as Cashin and Crosbie. The fisherman has to turn out at three or four o'clock in the morning but the official can roll over for another nap till eight o'clock and in most cases hardly has to rise till nine of a June morning.

—STRONG 'UN,  
Flat Is., B.E.

**UNSATISFACTORY.**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—Here at Campbellton we have been probably fooled this winter in our mail carriers. Our mail has been at Lewisporte on Tuesday and we haven't got it before Friday or Saturday.

I think it's time for us to get a little better treatment. Weather has not been the hindrance at all times.

—UNCLE,  
Campbellton.

**UNIONISM STILL PROGRESSES.**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—We are as far North as we can get on this Island and we were too far for the F.P.U. to reach us last fall but we weren't too far to vote Union. Sorry that our votes were lost but we are willing to lose another vote for the cause.

We elected new officers on January 30th. We are all better prepared to fight than ever.

—UNFALTERING,  
Ship Cove, Cape Onion.

**UNION DAY AT BAY DE VERDE.**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—The parade at Bay de Verde was held a few days ago. Starting from the Union Hall we went to the very last house; called on Fr. Donnelly, Rev. Higgett and at the Vice-President's House. 'Twas the best parade ever seen in old Bay de Verde.

After the parade we had a very good dinner in the hall and when dinner was over, dancing and singing took up the evening.

—ONE THERE.

**REPORTS PROGRESS.**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—The Union is still progressing here in Pacquet. It is high time for some one to make a progressive step in political affairs for the dark veil has been kept over our eyes long enough, and we need the light now. No one has ever before opened our eyes to the unseen until Mr. Coaker formed the F.P.U.

We say go on Mr. Coaker though it may cost you much worry and injury to your own nerves and constitution. I can sympathize with you in your great fight for the toilers of this country. May God bless you in all your undertakings for freedom.

—ONE WHO KNOWS,  
S. W. Pacquet.

**KEPT IN THE DARK**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—I wish to draw your attention to the way our road affairs are managed. There has been very little or no money spent outside of Seal Cove, and even some members of the road board do not know how much money comes for our district, only the chairman himself. However we cannot submit to such treatment any longer. We pay taxes as well as he and should get our share of the money. The only way to prevent the continuation of such conditions is to appoint a new road board. Some work on the road around this place and earn \$15.00 to \$20.00, while more cannot earn \$2.00. This won't do any longer.

—FRIDAY'S BAY,  
HERRING NECK PARADE.

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—On Saturday, February 14th inst., we held our annual parade which proved a great success. We met at the S.U.F. Hall in the afternoon and from thence we paraded round the settlement.

Reaching the hall again the Chairman led for three cheers for Mr. Coaker which were loud given and also three cheers for the Union Trading Co., the response to which made even the hills echo.

After tea, the young members and their partners enjoyed themselves dancing which was kept up till late.

—BONNY,  
Herring Neck.

**WORD OF ADVICE.**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—We paraded on the 20th. It was a fine day and although the snow was deep a good number of the members paraded through the harbor. One of the graballs was silly enough to call us "fools" as we passed by. This is not the first time that slippery tongue has been offensive and we advise him to let all honest men alone. He evidently had better pull the mote out of his own eye first as we are fighting for a good cause.

We are glad that a kind Providence has raised up a man amongst us to bring us out of darkness into light. We all know how we were treated and our fathers before us until Coaker came. Under his leadership we will oust Morris from power.

—F.P.U. MEMBER,  
Happy Adventure.

**NOT BY ANY MEANS FOOLS.**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—In looking over your paper some time ago I chanced to see where the Hon. M. P. Cashin called us Northern Union men, ignorant and cullage. I admit we are ignorant in some things, but we are not fools, and I think any one that would say the like about a body of upright fishermen and toilers, is both foolish and ignorant.

How would this be as an epitaph for him?

"Beneath these stones lies / M.P.C.'s bones,  
Oh, death, it's my opinion;  
You never took such a blathering ape  
Into your dark dominion."

—ONE OF THE 20,000,  
Brooklyn, B.E.

**FORGING AHEAD.**

(Editor The Daily Mail)

The most vital phase of your business is its present relative position to its past records. Your self-interest demands that the days that are coming should be the best. The vitality of your business lies in your records and their careful preservation. Plants for scientific construction of office equipment are keeping pace with the times but in this race the "Globe-Wernicke Co." notwithstanding the many rival competitors for public favor, is easily in the lead and, like yourself, is always forging ahead. The Globe-Wernicke "safe-guard" system of taking care of valuable papers is the last word in simplicity and effective and economical equipment. Mr. Percie Johnson will be glad to illustrate this system and also send you the latest Globe-Wernicke catalogues.

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ONE WEEK Positively.

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It is stronger; it uses less fuel; it's a combination Engine; it's built to last; it gives satisfaction; no repairs; no break downs; salt water has no effect on it.

One man writes that he had been out all night in a small boat with water flying all over the Engine, and the Engine never missed fire once.

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**NEW 18 H.P. ENGINE**

THIS MOTOR WHICH WAS NEVER INSTALLED, WORTH \$650.00 BUT WILL BE SOLD AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE IF PURCHASED SOON.

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Apply **H. M. MOSDELL,**  
ADVOCATE OFFICE.

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**Fishing Boat "Helen E. Connors,"**  
27 Tons,

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Who enjoys A GOOD CUP OF TEA

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**LOMAX, (Bro. Or. Pek.)**

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Reserve and Undivided Profits, \$ 13,500,000  
Assets - - - - - \$180,000,000

**West End Branch.**

A Branch of this Bank has opened for business in the Horwood Lumber Company Building.

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Manager.

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The Daily Mail \$2.00 Year

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

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

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

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., MARCH 25, 1914.

### OUR POINT OF VIEW.

#### TREASON OR HEROISM?

The primary purpose of the British Army is for defence at home and abroad. The secondary purpose is police duty at home, in aid of the regularly constituted police force. The latter duty is always unwillingly performed by soldiers. Their aid is never resorted to if the regular police can perform their work.

Partisan news-writers seek to show that the Army is in a state of revolt, because certain officers have tendered their resignation rather than take part in the repression of Ulster. It should be borne in mind that these writers are nearly all of one stripe, so far as the publication of what they write, on this side of the Ocean, is concerned.

What appears to have occurred is this, that certain officers, being under the impression that troops were about to be sent to Ulster to take part in imposing upon the people there a new form of government to which they were opposed, tendered their resignation rather than to violate their consciences!

Is it after all a very grave offence against these individual officers that they prefer to follow conscience rather than self-interest? Resignation to an officer means loss of all that he holds dear, his emoluments of office, his hope of promotion, his future, so far as this world is concerned. Such sacrifices make us talk of men as heroes, if the sacrifice happen to be in line with our own convictions: we talk of them as traitors, if the sacrifices themselves are contrary to our liking.

Can it be said that any British Officer, Irish or English, would be morally wrong in tendering his resignation, rather than take part in a civil war against his own countrymen with whose opinions he agreed?

Would the Irish, for instance, regard as a traitor, any man of their own blood who resigned his office in the British Army, rather than fight against Irish Home Rule? Has not an officer on the other side an equal right to the expression of his own conscience?

Not many months ago certain Non-Conformist preachers and people, in England, refused to pay school-taxes because they were opposed to the English school system.

If we mistake not, many Liberals commended these persons for the stand they took as a matter of conscience.

We should not be surprised to find that writers who are now assailing the British Officers were loud in their commendation of the non-tax paying persons referred to.

And these persons who violated the law of the land did so as a matter of conscience. They violated one duty; that is, to obey the law, rather than to violate another duty; that is, not to violate their own distinction. As a matter of conscience, there is a right of rebellion.

The British Officers have not rebelled in the actual sense of the word, but passively they have done so.

They have simply said by their action that they will not force the Protestant people of Ulster to submit to a form of government which they do not freely accept, at the command of those who are forcing it upon them for political reasons.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The woe of life is dark, but it is shot with a warp of gold.—F. W. Robertson.

#### VERY INTERESTING—

Everybody should head The Daily Mail's correspondence, it's so interesting.

### TO THE EDITOR.

#### POINTS TO BE EXPLAINED.

(Special to The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—There are points in relation to Home Rule for Ireland which I have never heard or seen the answer to, by an Irish Home Ruler. A clear answer in one way would do much to allay anxiety on the matter. I invite some Irishman, or person of Irish extraction, to answer these questions as concisely as possible:

1. Will any measure of Home Rule short of an Irish parliament with complete power over all subjects satisfy Home Rulers and end agitation in Ireland?
2. Will such agitation be ended by the creation of an Irish parliament with the limited powers granted by the Asquith bill?
3. If Home Rule in local matters alone will satisfy Irish Home Rulers, why should not a majority in Ulster have home rule of their own choosing, or remain directly under the British Parliament?
4. If a majority in Ireland should not be ruled by a majority in the Kingdom, why should a majority in Ulster be ruled by a majority in Ireland?

Asking the favour of a good answer, by an intelligent man.

I remain,  
ENQUIRER.

St. John's, Mar. 23, '14.

#### POEMS OLD AND NEW.

##### CONSOLATION.

Thou, O my Grief, be wise and tranquil still.  
The eve is thine which even now drops down.

To carry peace or care to human will,  
And in a misty veil enfolds the town.

While the vile mortals of the multitude,  
By pleasure, cruel tormenter, goaded on.

Gather remorseful blossoms in light mood—  
Grief place thine hand in mine, let us be gone.

Far from them. Lo, see how the vanished years,  
In robes outworn lean over heaven's rim.

And from the water, smiling through her tears,  
Remorse arises, and the sun grows dim;

And in the East, her long shroud trailing light,  
List, O my grief, the gentle steps of Night.

—Baudelaire.

#### ADVERTISE JUDICIOUSLY IN THE DAILY MAIL—A RESULT GETTER.

#### JUST A SMILE OR TWO.

#### BETTER KEEP QUIET.

Lord Boots, who was famous for his long and flowing beard, was disturbed one evening, when he thoughts all the servants were in bed, by shouts of laughter and much cheering. Summoning his valet, he demanded angrily what all the noise was about.

"We were only having a little game ourselves, my lord," the man answered, looking rather worried.

"What was the game?" demanded the noble gentleman.

"I should prefer not to say, my lord."

"Kindly answer my question, Wilson. I desire to know what could have caused so much coarse laughter."

"Well, my lord, if you insist, I have no choice. We had blindfolded the cook and were taking it in turns to kiss her and she had to guess who it was each time. The under-housemaid held up the mop to her face, and—this is what we were laughing at, my lord—cook called out, 'Oh, how dare you, your lordship!'"

#### WASN'T QUITE SURE.

A Scotchman, in search of work, succeeded, after much difficulty, in finding employment at a shipyard in Liverpool.

The job, which consisted mainly in carrying heavy planks, was by no means to the man's liking. After he had been at it for some time, therefore, he went to the foreman, and asked:

"Did Ah tell ye ma name when Ah started to work?"

"Yes," replied the foreman. "You said it was Simpson."

"Oh, then, that's a right!" said the Scot, glancing towards the pile of planks which he had yet to carry. "I was jist a wannerin' if ye thocht Ah said I was Samson!"

## Court Suspends The Certificate Of The Captain

(Continued from page 1)

Questioned by Mr. Burton about the charts, witness said nobody saw the charts but the master. Things were not agreeable very often. The captain would go for days at a stretch and not say a word to anybody. He had had no quarrel with the master.

Witness, continuing, said he had never seen anything wrong with the captain's navigation. The vessel always went full speed ahead in thick weather.

Mr. Lancaster: But if the circumstances require caution, does the master exercise that caution?—Yes.

Commander Baydon: Do you consider you were doing the right thing by allowing the master to remain below for half an hour when you must have been anxious yourself at four o'clock?—I was expecting him, as I had sent an officer to him.

What made you call him at all?—It was the condition of the weather. It was hazy. I knew we would get in an ice belt.

Would that not make you then all the more anxious?—Yes.

#### Second Officer's Evidence

Sydney Nicholson, the second officer, said the ship at the time might have been going anywhere between 9 and 11 knots. Some time after two o'clock in the morning the man on the look-out reported a light on the port bow. Witness could not see it.

The weather was hazy, and they could see no more than about two or three miles. The master was never on the upper bridge at any time during witness's watch. He might have been on the lower bridge, but he could not say. At the time when the mate relieved him at four o'clock the weather was thicker, if anything.

Mr. Burton: Did the mate give you any message to give to the master?—I think I told the mate myself I would tell the master the state of the weather when I went to the chart-room.

Witness added that he told the master that the weather was hazy, and that he could not see very far, and witness thought that he mentioned it came away hazy about two o'clock. He did not tell the master that this report of the weather was made at the mate's request. The master said he was sorry to hear about the weather. The master did not look out to see the weather when witness was in the chart-room.

#### Owner's Commendation

Witness was asked as to the relations which existed between the master and his officers. He said the master was a very peculiar man. He would sometimes go for a few days without speaking to any of them. As far as witness knew he didn't like his officers to interfere with him as regards the navigation of the ship. The captain took it all on his own shoulders. He did not refuse, however, to speak about the business of the ship to any of them. There was no personal friction as far as witness saw.

Mr. W. J. Noble, managing director of the Carlin Line, Ltd., said that Captain Stooke had been employed by them for 27 years, and had a good record. He would not hesitate to put him in charge of any of his vessels in the future.

By Mr. Clayton: What do you know of the mate?—All I know of him is to his credit, and we should have no hesitation in giving him another ship.

#### Judgment

The Court found that the three compasses used were in good order and sufficient for the safe navigation of the vessel, which was also supplied with proper and sufficient charts and sailing directions. The stranding and loss of the vessel were caused by the master, Charles Thomas Stooke, continuing at full speed in thick weather on a course towards the land, neglecting to take steps to ascertain and verify the vessel's position, and being absent from the bridge at a time when his presence was necessary for the purpose of personally supervising the navigation; and by the chief officer, Magnus Johnston, not referring to the chart when going on watch for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the vessel's position and the distance to be run before making the land, and, in the absence of the master from the bridge, proceeding at full speed in thick weather towards the land without taking steps to relieve himself of responsibility by again acquainting the master of the state of the weather.

The vessel was not navigated with proper and seamanlike care, at any rate after 4 a.m. on Dec. 12. The loss of the vessel was caused by the wrongful act and default of the master and the chief officer. The Court suspended the certificate of the master for three months, and severely reprimanded the chief officer.

## Expect Split Of Unionists Over Home Rule

London, March 23.—Rumors have been current for some time, and it is undeniable that the moderate section of the party is not prepared to go the whole way with Sir Edward Carson.

This section's numerical strength and power has not yet been demonstrated, but that uneasiness exists at present, is shown by The Pall Mall Gazette, which is an extremist Carson organ. In to-day's editorial, it says:

"Let us speak plainly upon a matter which may very soon demand clearer language still. In this crisis we do not want twenty amateur leaders of the Unionist party urging twenty amateur policies, most of them quite inapplicable to meet the real difficulties of a situation, which is already stern and may at any moment now have disastrous consequences. The leadership rests alone with those who have higher title to chief responsibility, who, when they have decided the course to be pursued, must be supported by the party as one man."

#### Plain Talk of Dissensions.

"Dissension will only play Redmond's game and would have effects equivalent to the desertion and betrayal of Ulster and the ruin of the Unionist party, with every cause for which it stands. The Government has a tactical advantage—that of possession. Mr. Asquith and his colleagues have so laid their plans that the Opposition policy in Parliament of doing nothing but talk would undoubtedly lead within a certain number of months to the final failure, indelible disgrace, smashing defeat and moral annihilation of the Unionist party, but the policy of doing nothing is unthinkable."

#### Warns the Insurgents.

"The issue at stake are those of life and death. Mere foolhardiness is impossible, but the feebleness and impotence of mere parasites, tempered by talk of waiting at the cost of Ulster's sacrifices for an electioneering event which will never arrive is equally impossible."

To those who can read between the lines the editorial indicates beyond a reasonable doubt that some leaders, probably including Lords Lansdowne and Halsbury are objecting to tampering in the House of Lords with the Army Annual Bill, which the majority of the party regards as the only means certain to force on an early general election.

Advertisements in The Daily Mail, the Brightest and Best Paper in Newfoundland.

## Can You Explain These Ordinary Customs of Life?

Why have you buttons on the sleeve of your coat? Why, if you wear a tailed coat, have you buttons on the small of your back? These are problems most men have puzzled over at times. An expert on costume has just been giving an explanation.

The buttons in the small of your back date from the days, over a century ago, when the "nuts" of the time wore their coat tails so long that on a muddy day it was necessary to loop them up over the two buttocks. They serve no earthly purpose now. They have just lingered on.

Sleeve buttons date from days when men's sleeves ended in long lace flounces. The buttons and the slit ("which is now 'dummy'") were necessary for turning the end of the sleeve up when the wearer needed to do anything with his hands that might soil his lace.

Spats are a relic of the Indian Mutiny. The whole country was ringing with stories of the courage of the Highlanders, and the Highland spat was adopted as a compliment. Till then it had never been seen except on the feet of a kilted Highlander.

The ribbon round a bowler is a relic of times when hats were made in a simpler way. A piece of cloth was cut in a circle and a smaller circle drawn on it.

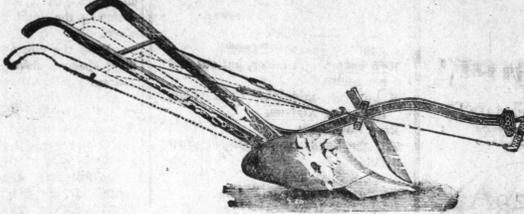
Along the line of this smaller circle holes were cut. Through these holes the hat ribbon was passed, and tied to fit the owner's head. That ribbon, tied with what is now a dummy bow, has lived ever since.

But the oldest of all the meaningless little points about your clothes are the totally unnecessary three lines on the back of your gloves. They are a relic of the steel gauntlet of the Middle Ages.

Evening dress is invariably black, simply because in "Pelham," a tremendously popular and fashionable novel early last century, it was remarked that people must be very distinguished in appearance to look their best in black. Next day the "Nuts" were ordering black coats to a man. They are doing so still.

# MASSEY HARRIS PLOWS!

We are now prepared to supply the above Plows at Our Usual Low Prices.



MARTIN HARDWARE CO., Agents.

## LIGHT PAINTING!

For a real good Table or Reading Lamp get

### The "FAULTLESS" Lamp.

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

## 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.

## MACLAREN & Co.

Merrickville, Ont.

Sample room on exhibition at office of, and orders booked by

## P. E. Outerbridge,

Sole Agents for Newfoundland,  
137 Water Street.

## IF YOU WANT

a good cheap

## MOTOR ENGINE

sold on small profits, no experts and salesman's salaries and expenses tacked on to the price, save from

**\$50.00 to \$150.00**

by buying from

## SMITH CO. LTD.

Water Street West.

## 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, dropper fillers, 70c.

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

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

## Over-seas Novelty Co.,

Wholesale and Retail.  
UNCLE DUDLEY,  
Manager.  
mar11,4m

## NORTH SYDNEY COAL.

Due to arrive on Wednesday, January 14th, ex BEATRICE a small cargo of SCREENED.

## W. H. HYNES,

East End Coal Dealer

## For the Lenten Season

**100 bbls. Pickled Trout**  
**150 Cases Salmon**

## Job's Stores, Ltd.

Grocery Department.

# SALT!

Now Landing at Harbor Breton, ex S.S.

"Nordkap,"

**2500 TONS FISHERY SALT.**

Will Be Sold Cheap Whilst Discharging.

APPLY TO

**JOB BROTHERS & CO., LTD., St. John's,**

OR **H. ELLIOTT, Harbor Breton.**

13, 14, 17, 21, 25

## 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 "Atlanta."

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

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

EVERYBODY TREATED ALIKE—  
Even the advertisers are beginning to realise that The Daily Mail is now fast becoming The Home Paper. The answer is simple—A square deal to all!

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Oats, Feeds, Wines

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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.

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Are You a Modern "Ailment Faddist?"

By WINIFRED BLACK



MISS JULIA MARLOWE started to New York from the West recently to have an operation for appendicitis. When she got to Chicago she found that she didn't have appendicitis at all—only indigestion. Here's looking at you, Miss Marlowe. We're all glad of it—you beautiful, buoyant, wonderful creature, you. Besides, it really wouldn't have done for a woman of your exalted position to have appendicitis. Appendicitis has gone out; it isn't done any more, as they say in England.

### Now It Is "Blood Pressure"

Everybody had uric acid. Did you have the headache after a big dinner? It wasn't what you ate or what you drank that was the matter with you—it was the uric acid. Pneumonia, scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, diphtheria—they all came from our brand new and highly interesting friend, uric acid. It was uric acid that made you lose out in the market; it was uric acid that drove your husband to making love to another woman. It was uric acid that turned a perfectly good wife and mother into a heartless and brainless fiend. It was uric acid that made you stupid when you should be brilliant, and old when you should be young. Just as we had all worked ourselves up into a perfect fury of hatred of uric acid, we found out that it was all a mistake. Uric acid wasn't anything new at all; it has always been and always will be. A good thing it is, too—so some of the doctors say—for if we didn't have it we might all be toothless dotards at eighteen, or some such unalloyed thing. Now it's blood-pressure. Everybody has "blood-pressure." They won't insure you, because you have blood-pressure. They won't sell you a home on the instalment plan, until some doctor has found out about your blood-pressure, to be sure you're going to live long enough to pay the instalments. You can't have anything the matter with you, mentally, morally, physically or financially, that the doctors won't tell you that there is just one thing at the bottom of all your troubles—blood-pressure. You have blood-pressure; your sister has it; your brother is struggling with it; your father would have been twice the man he is if it hadn't been for blood-pressure, and that is the reason your mother died after she'd been thrown out of the automobile. The accident had nothing to do with her death; if her blood-pressure had been all right, she'd have lived with every nerve in her body broken. You may not know you have it; you may think you're all right, but you're all wrong, every way, all the time, and it's blood-pressure that's doing it.

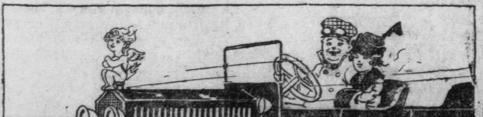
### What Will Be Next?

I can't find out what there seems to be to do about it. If your blood-pressure is bad, it's bad. That seems to be all there is to it. It's too high and you mustn't get excited; or it's too low and you mustn't mope; or it's just in between and you've got to be careful to keep it so. But nobody seems to know just what to do about it anyway. There it is, registered, with the queer instrument that is its special "phop"—and that's all there is to it. Go and get blood-pressure, if you want to be in the fashion. I suppose in a month or so—these things move rapidly these days—we shall find that there isn't any such thing after all, or, if there is, it is the only thing that is keeping the race alive. Like sterilized milk. I've a friend who almost drove her family to madness with the sterilization fad. She boiled everything, even the front door bell, and once, when there was an epidemic in town, she sent her children to school with cotton batting in their ears and nostrils to keep out the germs. One day one of her children, the littlest one, was ill and a real doctor came to see my friend, and he told her that she had sterilized all the nourishment out of the child's food. I don't think the world has ever stood on the same firm foundation to that woman since that fateful day. Remember the old story, don't you, about the woman who went to the World's Fair somewhere, and on one amazing day she attended a congress of religions, a dress reform lecture and a Christian Science meeting. She went home dazed and all night long she lay and muttered, so they say: "No hell, no quinine and no corset! What shall we cling to now?" Appendicitis, uric acid—how soon will blood-pressure disappear from view, and what shall we "ailment faddists" have to cling to then?

## An Up-to-Date Romance

By Tom Jackson

IN a city full of brewers, trolley cars and evil-doers, a young girl wandered at the close of day. She would have walked much faster, but she'd worn out her corn plaster, for many, many miles she'd walked that day. She was tired, wan and weary, sad hearted, pale and dreary. She felt all in and also very blue. She had blown in her last nickel for a cruller and dill pickle; that evening, too, her room rent it was due.



She was having no enjoyment; she was looking for employment—she'd lost her job the very day before. While waiting on some tinkers, she had dropped a plate of "sinkers," and the dairy lunch man said: "Work here no more." As she hoofed along, sad hearted, down the street an auto started. It hit that girl a fearful, awful flap. In the air, well, for a minute, the poor, sad maid was in it—then landed down, plump, in a young man's lap. She was naturally excited, but the young man seemed delighted. He said: "Don't cry, I am not hurt a bit. This is the first time that I've met you, but I never can forget you. With me you've made the biggest sort of hit."

Thus he began to chin her, then he blew her off to dinner. She married him—he was a millionaire. Geel Whizz! It was some marry. Say, don't it beat Old Harry, how some fair maids succeed in getting there!

This once sad-hearted maiden with diamonds now is laden; about her ears she is no more perplexed. In society she's prancing and the tango she is dancing, and goodness knows what she'll be doing next.

## HER HERO :: :: By Michelson



YOU never can tell about heroes until a great crisis comes. Your heroes on canvas, or the heroes of the imagination which you fit into the machine-made armor papa bought in Belgium, never have a chance. When something really happens it is different. Of course, there's always an excuse for heroes. Even the mighty elephant is afraid of a MOUSE. And if you didn't leave the field clear what opportunity would a hero have to prove that he WAS a hero? Don't criticise your hero's gestures in a crisis. Valor is not always graceful. Nerves of steel often express themselves grotesquely. Just murmur to yourself what a wonderful thing it is to be a MAN. Be grateful that SOME ONE is near to face the awful peril, to shield you from a menacing danger. Such moments remind you how essential it is to have a HERO handy.

## Newest Smart Smoking Suits Follow Demure, Girlish Lines

By MADGE MARVEL

TWO sedate, middle-aged women walked slowly through the costume salch of one of the most exclusive big shops in New York. Their attention was arrested by an unlined skirt of dull blue, charmeuse fashioned with the high front draping and having the slight crumpled slash directly over the fastener. It was topped by a straight blouse of cerise crepe meteor with the lines of the middy blouse. There was a pocket at the side, no collar, a V-shaped opening at the neck and buttons of the material which fastened it straight up the centre front. It was caught low on the hips into a band of blue and dull gold and red Oriental embroidery done on black net. The sleeves plain and three-quarter length were banded with cuffs of the same. The ladies admired it. They said it seemed so same after all the minarets and tunics. It might be developed in different and more sedate colorings and would be charming for any one. In different color, such as a darker red with a blue skirt in a deeper shade, it would be just the thing for Mary who was in boarding school. It impressed them as being altogether girlish and unassuming and smart. A tall, elegant blonde, with trailing



Model Showing Simple Lines of New Style

Dead men tell no tales, and what is more terrible, they draw no pensions. . . . Too many literary aspirants want to be cabinet-makers when they are fitted only for rough carpenter work. . . . It is an interesting meteorological fact that the ownership of a mackintosh will prevent rain. . . . The pawn ticket for a chronometer worth \$300 is less valuable as a time-piece than a sun dial.

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## Why Your Muscles Betray Your Character

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG  
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).  
Copyright, 1914, by L. K. Hirschberg.

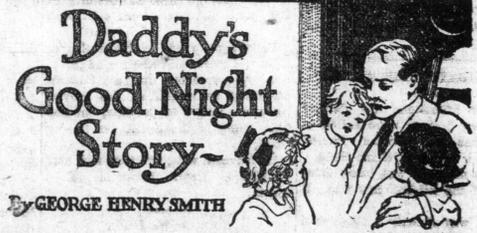
DO YOU believe in fairies?" asks Peter Pan. Of course you do. To believe in fairies is not so bad as to believe in fortune-telling, star-reading, astrology, ghosts and other "credulogenous" nonsense. Santa Claus, Easter Rabbits and fairies are like religious-legitimate objects of belief. All of the other pot-pourri of superstitions are observations misinterpreted. Most of these fallacious "pseudo-sciences" and supposedly supernatural phenomena are facts that you explained by false premises. In fine, when you are predisposed beforehand, or even "dead set agin" a phenomena beforehand, your explanations lean toward the very points of view you most like or dislike. This may not be clear to you for a moment. Yet the moment you think about or against "spirits" your thoughts give these, absurdly, an undue prominence. When, therefore, you sit in a semi-darkened, silent room with a woman in black bombazine called a "spiritualist," you are, no matter how sceptical you may be, half-way in her power. Every Thought Betrayed. When savants such as William James, Sir Oliver Lodge, Alfred Russel Wallace, Cesare Lombroso, Camille Flammarion, Sir William Crookes, Hamilton Garland and others endorse Eusapia Palladino, it is because, in their laboratory experiments and philosophy the peculiar ways and tricks of "spiritualists" are not dreamed of. Hence, lacking a correct explanation, they accept some one else's. Comes now the real point, physiologically speaking, Prof. John B. Watson of the Johns Hopkins laboratory of psychology, says that if the man in the moon came tumbling to the earth and could not speak one sub-lunary language, a good "mind-reader," "magician," "conjurer," "psychic" or "psychologist" would know his every thought. This is true, not because there would be anything occult or mysterious about it, but because these people recognize the value of each muscular twitch, the movements voluntary and involuntary of every muscle in your anatomy. Trained horses and dogs do not need the words of their trainers to perform their stunts. From the corners of their eyes they spot the every muscular quiver, even those which the masters wot not of.

### Answers to Health Questions

W. M.—My father has "disappeared into a shadow" almost. He and I came here from Ireland only a few months ago. Do you think we should return to the old country? No. Stay where you are. Take your father to the university clinic at once. Great loss of weight often presages the same serious ailments in Ireland as they do here. He will, no doubt, be well and strong within a few months. R. H. K.—How can I cure warts? Ordinary warts are easily removed by means of a plaster of salicylic acid, or 60 grains of this acid to an ounce of collodion. If this fails, use acid nitrate of mercury with precautions to limit the range of its destructive action. If warts are moistened with vinegar or strong acetic acid, a stick of alum afterward may destroy them. Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and scientific subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

## Witticisms of Children

"May hat b'owed off," said Margie, in relating a recent experience, "an' I tumbled clear home wiz my head bare-footed." Ethel—Wonder why Good Friday is called Good Friday? Fred—'Cause you s'prise me—it's named after Robinson Crusoe's faithful servant, of course. "Did you divide your bon-bons with your little brother, Mollie?" "Yes, ma; I ate the candy and gave him the mottos. You know he is awful fond of reading." "Mamma!" "Yes, dear." "Where's the wind when it doesn't blow?"



## Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

WHAT are you doing?" asked Jack Rabbit of Billy Bunny one morning. "I am looking for Mister Sunshine Man," said Billy. "You are always calling the sun 'Mister Sunshine Man,'" answered Jack. "Yes," replied Billy. "I have a great imagination. I am writing a story." "What is imagination?" asked Jack. "It is making images out of things that are not real. All great writers have imagination," replied Billy. "You see, when I call the sun by his pet name I am using my imagination." "Is your story about Mister Sunshine Man?" asked Jack. "No," replied Billy. "It is about a good Little Rabbit." "Read it to me," said Jack, sitting up in bed. Then Billy read: THE GOOD LITTLE RABBIT. BY BILLY BUNNY. "Once upon a time there was a Little Rabbit and he loved to slide down the banisters. One afternoon he slid down so fast he went off the end and killed himself. He got up and as he went across the front porch he stumbled over the root of a tree, and— "Wait a minute!—Wait a minute!" said Jack Rabbit. "How could he stumble over the root of a tree if he was dead?" "I didn't say he was dead," answered Billy. "I said he was killed. Now, keep still or I won't read you any more." "Hey there! you boys come down to breakfast and stop your noise!" shouted Brer Rabbit from down stairs. "Let's hurry up and dress," said Jack, "and you can tell me the story while we are dressing." So Billy began again: "After the Good Little Rabbit had gone off the porch he went down to the river and poor little thing was drowned!" "That's twice you killed him," said Jack, laughing. "I didn't say he was killed, I said he was drowned," replied Billy angrily. "Well, what happened next?" asked Jack. "I won't tell you," said Billy. "You can get the rest yourself." "I'll use my imagination!" laughed Jack, as they started down stairs.

# News of the City and the Outports

## SHIPPING

### OCEAN LINER

#### REPORTS A DERELICT.

A wireless to Cape Race from the Franconia recently stated that the liner passed the derelict schooner Carrie M. Wambeck of Lunenburg, N. S., with bowsprit and jury foremast standing. She was in 37.35 N., 44.27 W. The Wambeck our readers will remember was wrecked last month and the captain drowned. The Mail published details a few weeks ago.

### BARQT. E. S. HOCKEN

#### AT BARBADOES

Mr. A. S. Rendell had a cablegram from Barbadoes last evening that the barqt. E. S. Hocken, Capt. Martyn, had arrived there. She was 67 days from Brazil to this port. Her trip here will be cancelled.

### MARY HENDRY ON FIRE TWICE.

The fish carrier Mary Hendry, while discharging cargo at Maceo last month was on fire twice the same day. The vessel was not damaged much but a considerable portion of her cargo was injured by water.

#### Repairs to Argyle

Repairs to the steamer Argyle are going on apace. The work will be finished this week when she will sail for Placentia Bay.

#### John R. Bradley's Cargo

Schr. John R. Bradley cleared from Rose Blanche yesterday with 364,724 lbs. salt bulk of codfish, for Cunningham and Thompson, Gloucester.

Job Mildred is now at Barbadoes.

Barqt. Earlehall is loading fish at Job's for Brazil.

Durango leaves Liverpool on the 31st for here.

S.S. Eaglepoint is due from Liverpool at the end of the week.

By Special Permission (as it is in aid of a Charitable object) "A Daughter of Erin" will be reproduced on this (Wednesday) Afternoon and Night in St. Patrick's Hall.

### BILLIARD TOURNEYS

#### Star

In the Star tourney M. Kelly (spot) defeated J. Dodd (plain) by 21 points. The plains are now 36 ahead.

#### B. I. S.

At the B.I.S. rooms R. Williams (plain) defeated J. M. Walsh (spot) by 4 points. Spots are now leading by 38.

### YESTERDAY'S FIRE ALARM

Yesterday afternoon the Central and Western firemen were called to the residence of Thomas Davies, Rocky Lane, off LeMarchant Road. A child's mattress was being dried in front of the kitchen fire when it ignited. The fire was quickly extinguished by a couple of women and very little damage was sustained.

### BOY INJURED

While racing at the C.L.B. Armoury last night, a boy named Rendell fell. First aid was rendered by Mr. Reeves.

### BEST MARKET FOR BUTTER.

Curiously enough, Newfoundland, with its scant population, was Canada's best market for butter during October last, says a Canadian Exchange. Newfoundland took 60,370 pounds, valued at \$15,299; Great Britain took only 225 pounds, valued at \$65, and the United States 14,000 pounds, valued at \$4,000. The total exports of butter during that month were 112,000 pounds, valued at \$30,000, so that the little colony of Newfoundland took over half our exports of butter during that month.

### MR. DEVINE LECTURES

Mr. M. A. Devine will lecture to the members of the B.I.S. and their lady friends Friday night. His subject will be "Stories from the House of Assembly."

## J. M. KENT LECTURES TO KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

His Subject Was "The Life and Work of Daniel O'Connell."

Mr. J. M. Kent, M.H.A., was the lecturer to the Knights of Columbus at their rooms last night. His subject was "The Life and Work of Daniel O'Connell," which proved highly interesting to the Knights and the friends.

The Grand Knight, Mr. C. P. Egan, occupied the Chair and introduced the lecturer. Mr. Kent spoke for nearly two hours and treated his subject in a most interesting manner.

At the conclusion Mr. W. J. Higgins proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Kent, which was carried by acclamation.

### YESTERDAY'S FUNERALS

#### E. J. Rawlins

The funeral of the late Mr. E. J. Rawlins which took place from his late residence Queen's Road, yesterday afternoon, was a large and a most representative one. The casket containing his remains was of walnut, highly polished and elaborately silver mounted. It was adorned with a profuse supply of choice floral offerings of wreaths and flowers. The chief mourners were his two sons, Rev. John and Mr. Joseph, after which followed Rev. Pippy, Kelly, Nangle, Kitchin, Greene, McDermott, Sears and Sheehan. Revs. Kennedy, Hurley, Ryan and Ennis, of the Christian Brothers. The sad cortege was met at the Cathedral by Revs. Mons. Roche and Conway, accompanied by acolytes bearing lighted candles and a large crucifix. The burial service being finished the funeral wended its way to the cemetery, Belvidere. Interment was in the Rawlins' family plot.

#### John Clarke

The remains of the late Mr. John Clarke were laid to rest in Mount Carmel cemetery under the shadow of the large granite cross.

A large number attended the funeral, including a guard of honor from the Star Association.

#### James Nash.

All that was mortal of the late Mr. James Nash, who died suddenly Saturday afternoon, were interred at Belvidere cemetery Monday afternoon. A large number of mourners were present and showed their last respects.

The funeral service at the Cathedral was conducted by Rev. Fr. Conway.

### OBITUARY

#### Capt. George Manuel

Capt. Levi Diamond had a cablegram from Brooklyn, New York, yesterday, acquainting him of the death of Capt. George Manuel, formerly of this city. Deceased was 81 years old.

Years ago he was in the employ of Messrs. Bowring Brothers and A. J. Harvey, succeeding the late Captain Blandford as master of the Plover. He was a native of Catalina, but has been living in the States for twenty years.

He leaves a wife, two sons and four daughters. Capt. Diamond is a cousin.

#### Norman W. Latter

Mr. Norman W. Latter, representative of the Canada Paper Co., died at Montreal on the 15th. Interment was made at Halifax.

Deceased was well known here.

#### Kenneth S. Walbank

Word has been received of the death of Kenneth S. Walbank, at Melody Manor, Princess Ann, Maryland, where he had lived in retirement for 8 years since he resigned business. Deceased was a son of the late M. W. Walbank of this city.

Already hundreds of seats have been sold for "Pepita." Do not delay in securing yours.

## NOTICE!

All postmasters are asked to open all parcels of Daily Mail and Advocates arriving at their office.

The Mail and Advocate are addressed individually and placed in one parcel addressed to a settlement and all Post Masters should open the parcels and hand each individual his paper.

## PERSONAL.

Rev. Fr. McGuire, Burin, arrived in the city last night.

Mr. S. Elliott, traveller for Harvy & Co., who was visiting the Outports, returned to the city last night.

Mr. A. E. Harris, Manager of the Pulp Works, Bishop's Falls, arrived in the city yesterday on a brief business trip.

Mr. L. R. Cooper, of Grand Falls, is at present in the city. He arrived by yesterday's express and is a guest at the Crosbie.

Mr. Vincent Jones, of Grand Falls, arrived in the city by yesterday's express and is a guest of his uncle, His Lordship the Bishop of Newfoundland.

Mr. J. E. Baum, Jr., who is at present in the city, leaves for Britannia Cove this afternoon to inspect some slate properties there. Mr. J. M. Patten, of Baine Johnston's office, will accompany him.

The Evening performance of "A Daughter of Erin" will not commence until after Prayers this (Wednesday) evening.

## C.L.B. Hold Their Annual Indoor Sports

(Continued from page 1)

Quarter Mile Race—First, A. Rendell; second, J. Trebble.

High Jump—First, J. Trebble; second, A. Rendell.

Victor Loderum—Sergt. J. Trebble, ten points. Prize, silver medal.

#### Senior Division.

Half Mile Race—First, R. Marshall; second, T. Winter.

Sack Race—First, R. Simms; second, W. Haynes.

One Mile Race—First, R. Marshall; second, S. Strangemore.

Catch Train Race—First, R. Marshall; second, S. Strangemore.

High Jump—E. Penney and E. Jerrett, tie.

Cavalry Tournament—First, R. Marshall, A. Rendell; second, R. Downton, D. Carter.

Victor Loderum—L. Corp. R. Marshall, nine points. Prize, silver medal.

#### Junior Division.

Costume Boxing—First, E. Martin, J. Keats; second, F. Stone, T. Hall.

One Hundred Yards Dash—First, T. Hall; second, E. Martin.

Potato Race—First, E. Martin; second, T. Hall.

Quarter Mile Race—First, E. Martin; second, E. Moore.

High Jump—First, T. Hall; second, F. Stone.

Victor Loderum—E. Martin, eleven points. Prize, silver medal.

#### Mixed Events.

Tug-of-War—A Company vs. B Company—Won by C Company.

Relay Race—Inter-Company—Won by C Company: T. Winter, E. Jerrett, J. Trebble.

Tug-of-War (final)—C Company vs. F Company—Won by F Company.

Team: Capt. Alderice, Sergts. Snow, Strong, Col. Sergt. Reid, Corp. Motty, Ambl. Sergt. Reeves, Army Sergt. Simmlison, L. Corp. Downton, Sergt. Major Miles, L. Corp. Ryal. Prize, silver cup.

Hockey (final)—B Company vs. C Company—Won by B Company, three goals to two. Team: Corp. A. Edwards (Capt.), Sergt. Major Dicks, L. Corp. Ellis, Chafe, Ptes. Feild, Rendell and Martin. Prize, silk penant. Referee, Adj. J. A. Winter.

#### Presentation of Prizes.

Mrs. (Capt.) Alderice kindly presented the prizes to the successful winners. Lieut. Carter then thanked Mrs. Alderice for her kindness and three hearty cheers were given by every member present for her.

The prizes were a splendid collection of useful things, kindly presented by Mr. Martin of the Martin Hardware Co.

The committee in charge are to be congratulated on making the eleventh annual sports so successful, both as to enjoyment and financial returns.

At 10.30 the playing of the National Anthem by the Battalion Band brought the programme to a close.

### ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY MAIL

Prospero left Rose Blanche at 7.15 p.m. yesterday, going west. Captain Connors wired yesterday that ice was close to the land.

## LIVE CITY NEWS OF OUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Concerts, Bazaars, Presentations, Lectures and Operas Figure in This Bright List of Things Past and Things to Come.

### COSTUMES ON EAGLE POINT.

The costumes to be worn in the comic opera "Pepita" are coming out by the S.S. Eagle Point which is due at the end of the week.

### CAPT. SAUNDERS WILL LECTURE ON SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Capt. Saunders will lecture in the Congregational Lecture Hall on Thursday evening, subject:

"The responsibility of the Church in relation to the boys under her care" and "How a Canadian boy raised the standard of the Sunday School thirty per cent. in one year."

All Sunday School workers and friends are invited to attend.

### SUNDAY'S SACRED CONCERT.

There will be another Sacred Concert at the Casino Theatre on Sunday evening next, when selections from the Creation will be given.

Mr. F. J. McCarthy and Mr. Fred. Cornick will be the soloists. Miss Russel will again sing Elgar's arrangement of God Save the King, while the orchestra will repeat the Solemn Melody of Davis.

Tickets are now on sale at the Atlantic Bookstore.

### ORPHAN CHILDREN INVADE THE CASINO.

The Casino Theatre was crowded again last evening with an audience anxious to see the beautiful religious picture entitled From the Manger to the Cross.

Every one present was charmed with it and many signified their intention of going again. Invitations have been extended to the children of the C. of E., R.C., and Methodist Orphanages to attend.

The C. of E. children were present yesterday and were charmed with it.

### C. L. B. BAZAAR

The ladies' committee for the Church Lads' Brigade Bazaar met yesterday afternoon at the Synod Hall. In the absence of Mrs. Rendell, Mrs. Clift took the chair.

Various matters were discussed and planned for the comfort and convenience of patrons. There will be a gentlemen's club room, a parcel room where purchasers can have their parcels tied until they are leaving.

There will be numerous attractions including a shooting gallery and wireless telegraph office.

The bazaar promises to be the largest ever held in St. John's.

### "PEPITA"

The costumes for the comic opera are on the "Eaglepoint" due on Thursday from Liverpool. They are valued at \$3,500.00 and are the last word in the costumers art.

The producers of Pepita are under enormous expense, and it is reckoned the comic opera will cost at least \$1,500.00 to put on. It deserves the strongest support of the people of St. John's, who ought to patronize it wholeheartedly.

It must be remembered that an undertaking of this kind is the result of months of hard work and persistent rehearsal.

The seats are selling well at the Atlantic Bookstore, and those who want to procure good ones ought to apply at once.

LeCoco's opera is very amusing, and the music is certain to be popular.

### THE CURLING PRIZES WON THIS SEASON.

Trophy night will be observed next Monday and the members are looking forward to it with interest.

The prizes will then be distributed. The following is the list:

Victoria Trophy, White Division, 22 pts. Bonavista Trophy, Red Division, 7 pts. Greener Cup, Blue Division, 7 pts. Buchanan Cup, White Division, 54 pts. H. D. Reid Medal, Srs. C. R. Duder, 23 pts. Taylor Medal, Mrs. Stan Rodger, 16 pts. Beunett Shield, Red Division, 6 pts. Jubilee Medal, F. W. Bradshaw, 27 pts. Championship Cup, won by C. R. Duder. Cowan Medal, Mrs. Geo. Whately, 25 pts. R. Wright Medal, Mrs. Hon. S. Milley, 14 pts. R. G. Reid Trophy won by All Comers, A. Montgomerie's Team. A. Robertson's Prizes, Pipes, F. V. Chesman, A. Montgomerie, A. Robertson, J. Jackson. Tournament Prizes, Pipes, Dr. Knight, W. Collins, Harvey Jardine.



## Household Specials!

### For One Week Only

### Commencing Thursday

This week we are making a showing of goods usually associated with the Spring House-Furnishing operations.

FOR ONE WEEK we will offer these at special prices.

We will also include some remarkably cheap lines from our hardware Department—articles you are using every day.

If you are starting your "house-cleaning," this sale should interest you.

Particulars in Thursday's papers.



**Ayre & Sons**  
LIMITED

## Today's News Of the Sealers

To Job Brothers & Co. Received by Job Brothers & Co. at 3 p.m. yesterday from the Beothic: "Ship jammed all day; 100 men killed and panicked 1500; other men doubling pans; a fierce day with snow and blowing a gale; on board and stowed down 16,000; eighty flags still on the ice. WINSOR."

Stephano—"Tight ice as far as can be seen. All day picking up yesterday's seals. Average nearly 50 lbs. Nascope and Adventure near by. A. KEAN."

Florizel—"Jammed all day, crew engaged hauling. Total stowed 11,000. Fifteen pans still out about eight miles from us. Average weight young harps at least 50 lbs. This patch cleaned up. Florizel and crew all well. J. W. KEAN."

Eagle—"All pans picked up; total 5,000. Average weight 50 lbs. Seals scarce; ship jammed. E. BISHOP."

Adventure—"Terrific weather, ice heavy; seals scarce. JACOB KEAN." Bellaventure—"Nothing doing. "RANDELL."

Bonaventure—"7,000 on board; patch cut up; chances here poor. Leaving in quest of another patch. PARSONS."

Messrs. Job Brothers had received no messages up to 10.30 a.m.

### IF YOU WANT RETURNS FOR YOUR MONEY, PLACE YOUR WANTS IN THE DAILY MAIL.

DR. LEHR, DENTIST, 203 WATER ST. BEST QUALITY TEETH AT \$12.00 PER SET. TEETH EXTRACTED—PAINLESSLY—25c.

ADVERTISE JUDICIOUSLY IN THE DAILY MAIL

## SCOTCH CONCERT

The Scotch concert by the Ladies' Missionary Society of St. Andrew's Church, was largely attended last night in the Presbyterian Hall.

The programme was:—Solos, Miss Strang, Mr. Goodridge, Mr. McQueen, Mrs. Sheriff; mandolin solo, Mr. Dawe; Solos, Miss Winter, Mr. Anderson, Miss Colton; Reading, Mr. Bryden; Solo, Miss Herder; Quartette, Messrs. Strang, Kerr, Herschel and Young. In the absence of Miss Hanlin, an extra solo was rendered by Miss Colton. The accompanists during the evening were Mesdames Melville and Anderson, Miss McKenzie and Mr. Crocker. The programme closed with the National Anthem, after which the performers were entertained at tea by the promoters.

## Doesn't Believe In Prohibition

Prelate Says it "Never Will Be Enforced in a Christian Country."

New Orleans, March 20.—"Prohibition never will be enforced in a Christian country," said James, Cardinal Gibbons, in a statement made public here to-day. Cardinal Gibbons is paying his annual visit to his brother, John T. Gibbons, of this city.

"While I am an ardent advocate of temperance, I am intuitively persuaded that prohibition cannot be enforced in this country," continued Cardinal Gibbons.

"It is calculated to make hypocrites and lead to the manufacture of illicit whisky, replacing the good material with the bad, while at the same time robbing the government of the legitimate tax."

## MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES.

"How's things, Sam?" asked Bill Bailey. "Haven't seen you since you started on your honeymoon."

"I s'pose they're all right, Bill," answered his friend, in a don't-really-mean-it sort of voice. "I thought we were going to be happier than we are, though."

"Why, what's the matter?" "Well, here am I only married a matter of three weeks, and my wife is already badgering me for money at every hour of the day. One time it's five shillings, another time half-a-crown or else a shilling, but never less than a shilling. She makes my life a regular misery to me, and that's a fact!"

"But what can be the meaning of it, Sam? She was always such an economical girl that I can't think what she spends it all on. Where do you think it goes to?" "I haven't ever given her any yet, but it's a nuisance, all the same!"

## 'City of Sydney' Goes to Pieces In Heavy Seas

The merciless pounding of the heavy onshore seas that frequently swept the entire ship had their expected effect yesterday morning, when the steamer City of Sydney, stranded on Shag Rock, Sambro Ledges, finally succumbed and broke in two, no vestige of ship remaining, says The Halifax Chronicle of the 19th inst. There was a fresh breeze from the northward yesterday and all that was left of the ship finally swept clear of the rock and sank in the deep water beyond.

The first mate of the City of Sydney who has been superintending the salvaging operations on the steamer came to Halifax yesterday from the scene of the wreck and reported that the ship had broken in two through the night. The mate said there was a heavy sea and that it was impossible to approach the ship even in a dory.

The tow boat Togo sailed out to the wreck yesterday morning. Capt. MacDonald, master of the City of Sydney, was a passenger on the boat. C. Brister and Son's steamer Bridgewater was also on the scene. The former returned to port while the Bridgewater put into Sambro.

## ADVERTISE JUDICIOUSLY IN THE DAILY MAIL