

THE DAILY MAIL

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

WEATHER REPORT. Toronto (noon)—Fresh winds, shifting to N. E., unsettled, with occasional rain or sleet to-day and on Tuesday.

VOLUME 1, No. 79.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1914.

PRICE:—1 CENT.

NAVY HONORS MANY VICTIMS OF SUBMARINE

Fleetilla of Warships Hold Memorial Service Over the Spot Where "A7" Sank.

WREATHS FOR WATERY GRAVES

Burial Service Read and Salute Fired in Honor of the Heroic Dead Below.

Devonport, April 15.—The sea will murmur an everlasting requiem over the gaunt grey tomb of the eleven officers and men of the submarine A7.

Under melancholy skies and on a heaving sea, a memorial service was held in Whitsand Bay over the spot where the A7 sank on January 16 last.

There, with her crew of dead, she will lie untouched by human hands in her last resting place, 144ft. beneath the waves, for the Admiralty, after weeks of fruitless endeavour, has decided to abandon the task of raising her.

So, ploughing across sombre waters, came submarines, destroyers, and depot ships to pay a last tribute to the heroes of the A7.

Assembling outside Plymouth break water, a fleetilla of thirteen submarines, with three destroyers and three depot ships of submarines formed in three columns.

Many Mourners

On board the Forth, the parent ship of the Devonport submarine fleetilla, were mourners—widows and orphans and brothers of the men who slumber beneath the white-capped waves of Whitsand Bay.

Came now the tolling of the ship's bell and a thin wisp of sound that cut the silence—the boatswain's whistle.

In long lines the marines and seamen mustered on the Forth before the decks of the officiating clergy. Slowly the grey ships glided on-wards in three divisions.

In the centre was the Forth leading the three lines of vessels, where men stood at attention while bells tolled and submarines plunged after in trailing streaks of foam.

A sharp order from a lieutenant and every man stood with bared head, and marines reversed arms with a clang.

Then, over the surging sea, where a little red buoy rose and fell amid the waves, came the age-old words: "We therefore commit their bodies to the deep."

A word of command and scarlet-clad marines wheeled and faced the sea. Rifles were loaded, and then a seaman led forward a little boy dressed in black—whose father, Artillery Nagle, was in his steel tomb beneath the waves.

The boy held a wreath of white

Gives \$100,000 To Ulstermen

Wealthy Australian Gives Practical Evidence of His Sympathy.

Melbourne, April 18.—Mr. John Sutcliffe Horsfall, a prominent pastoralist, who at his own expense raised a corps of two hundred Australian bushmen for the Boer War, has sent the following telegram to Sir Edward Carson:

"Mr. Asquith, my fellow-Yorkshireman, refuses reference to Ulstermen if they are driven to fight. Very strong feeling here against Asquith's refusal. My London references are Bank of Australasia, Union Bank and Dalgety.—J. S. Horsfall, Melbourne and Kerarbury, Australia."

KYLE RETURNS CRUISE WAS UNSUCCESSFUL

Searched the Ocean in all Directions But Without the Least Success.

WRECKAGE NOT FROM SEALER

Articles Sighted by Bloodhound Found, But Were Merely Drift From Shore.

The S.S. Kyle, Capt. Parsons, arrived yesterday morning after a fruitless search for the Southern Cross.

Minister of Fisheries Piccott who supervised the search informs The Mail that the Kyle searched in all directions but could find no tidings of the Southern Cross.

The wreckage reported by the Bloodhound was found but it did not belong to the Southern Cross or any other steamer.

The flag poles reported were simply (Continued on page 8)

Articles, and as the volley roared out and the silver-tongued bugles sang the "Last Post," the white wreath slipped into the sea and the boy turned and burst into tears, his head in his hands. Thus it was that a sailor's son took farewell of his father.

Then, in the last poignant scene of all, the bugles echoed over the sea grave, and the sun for a moment gleamed like a blade across the purple west.

At the same hour a memorial service was held at the Royal Naval Barracks, Devonport. All branches of the service were represented.

The naval commander-in-chief attended the service on the Forth, and Sir Francis Hopwood represented the Admiralty at the service at the naval barracks.

GUNMEN PAY THE PENALTY OF THEIR SIN

As Easter Monday Dawned the Four Slaying of Gambler Rosenthal Pay Penalty of Crime

IN SPACE OF FORTY MINUTES

All Four Were Despatched and None Confessed His Guilt.—All Bodies Claimed By Relatives.

Sing Sing Prison, April 13.—The four gunmen convicted of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the New York gambler, died in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison at the break of dawn this Easter Monday morning. None confessed his guilt and none mentioned the name of Charles Becker, the former police lieutenant, found guilty of the murder, but saved by court of appeal's reversal. The second who died, Frank Seidenshner, (Whitney Lewis) made the only statement. Even he did not flatly assert his innocence.

"Gentlemen," he mumbled as they strapped him in the chair, "I did not shoot at Rosenthal. Them who said I did was perjurers. For the sake of justice gentlemen I say I did not. The witness Stannish—"Whitney" did not finish the sentence. The witness Stannish—"Whitney" did not finish the sentence. The witness Stannish—"Whitney" did not finish the sentence.

SAW MUCH OIL ON SURFACE OF THE WATERS

Captain of Schooner Believes That It Came From Some Sealer or Other.

LOOKED OUT FOR WRECKAGE

But Could See None.—Did This Oil Come From the Southern Cross?

The schr. Passport, Capt. William Carroll, arrived from Placentia Saturday night.

Capt. Carroll informs The Mail that on Thursday last between St. Shotts and Mistaken Point the water was covered with seal oil.

It was first noticed by one of the men who attracted the Captain's attention to it.

Capt. Carroll went aloft with a spy glass looking for wreckage but saw only one piece of wood which drifted out from the shore.

It was not seen in the vicinity of Cape Ballard.

Capt. Carroll had a bucket of the water taken on board and the grease was quite thick on the top.

Shipping people are of the opinion that it floated from the Southern Cross.

boys were guilty, I will say I do not know. They did not confess to me. As for the Italian I do not believe he was at the scene of the crime. I do not think any of them should have been convicted on the testimony offered."

Dago Frank the First to Die Dawn was just creeping over the hills when witnesses were admitted to the court yard at the death house. (Continued on page 8)

New Church Is For Women

Pastor And Officers Are All Women But It Is Anti-Suffragette.

Liverpool, April 16.—The first woman's church has been inaugurated at Liscard, near here, the opening services being conducted by a woman minister, the Rev. Hatty Baker, of Fylmouth.

This novel church, which is to be entirely controlled by women, is not a suffrage church, though the majority of the committee are suffragists; neither is it intended to be an anti-man church.

Miss Hoy, the hon. treasurer, says the desire is to reach women generally who are outside the pale of the Church, and the service will be free from dogma.

AERIAL FLEET TO MANOEUVRE OVER BIG BEN

Churchill Promised Commons to Show Them Sir Dirigibles in the Air at Westminster

PINS FAITH ON SEA-PLANES

Britain Now Has Fifteen Airships, of Which Three Are Vessels of Largest Size

"I will bring half a dozen airships for a cruise over the House during the session."

This was the picturesque promise reported by London papers to have been made by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons in the course of his speech on the new Navy Estimates—"the largest estimates ever presented."

He would do this, he said, to show members who doubted that the airships were in existence.

The Cabinet had decided to place a battle squadron of eight battle-ships and twenty-four other craft in the Mediterranean, based on Malta.

With regard to Britain's air fleet, Mr. Churchill said the Government's policy was that this country should be masters of its own air. They had—built, building and ordered—fifteen airships, of which three were large vessels.

Growth of Aerial Navy The growth of the aerial navy from 1911 (when Mr. Churchill assumed office) to the present day was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Then, Now. Then: 4 aeroplanes, 5 pilots. Now: 43 aeroplanes, 62 seaplanes, 120 regular pilots, 5 land stations around the coast, 2 stations under construction.

The seaplane, Mr. Churchill said, had a great future, and in this department of aeronautics we were far before any other country. The airship service would from the second stage in the career of flying officers, as aeroplanes were only suitable for the use of young men.

Important reference was made to German naval construction. In regard to this Mr. Churchill's outstanding observation was: "It would have been possible for us to have completed our development at a somewhat earlier period than we now propose to do, but the development of the German fleet organization has not been so rapid as I anticipated two years ago."

Compared With Germany At the end of this year we should have thirty-three battleships in full commission against Germany's twenty-five, with sixteen battleships in reserve, Germany having an equal number in reserve.

'People's Paper' On Up Grade

Meeting With Phenomenal Success In All Quarters.

The Daily Mail continues to grow in popularity. Already, after less than three months' work, it is only a few hundred short in circulation of papers that have been running for thirty years. It is, therefore, not too much to say that by the end of a year our list of subscribers will be far more lengthy than that of any other daily paper in this country.

The phenomenal success of The Daily Mail amply justifies the claim that it is "The Brightest and Best Paper in Newfoundland."

Every day we receive encomiums from readers and agents report that (Continued on page 8)

FIRST OF THE ALLAN LINERS REACHES PORT

Sardinian Here After a Fifteen-Day Trip From Liverpool.—Met Stormy Weather.—The Trip is a Special One.—Ship Will Likely Be Sold.

S.S. Sardinian, Capt. Mowatt, the first Allan steamer for the season, arrived in port yesterday after a passage of 15 days from Liverpool.

She left there on the 4th and had stormy weather from the outset. Gale followed gale all the way across the Atlantic. She took a northerly route and on Tuesday afternoon the first ice was met. An attempt was made to steam through it, but the ice was too thick. She had to run south.

She ran south of the Virgins 30 miles before getting round it.

First Land. The first land met was Cape Ballard.

The Sardinian's daily runs were 215 miles, 138, 164, 211, 211, 185, 202, 142, 116, 131, 70, 71, 105, 80, total 2041.

She brought 917 tons general cargo.

Then we had a second fleet of sixteen battleships against which there was no corresponding item in the German navy.

If war broke out to-morrow every ship could be sent out with its full complement.

The personnel of the Navy was now 146,000, as against 133,717 in 1911, and he now asked for an increase of 5,000.

The Admiralty regarded the effort of Australia to establish a fleet as heroic.

Mr. Churchill suggested the formation of an imperial squadron, the capital ships of which could move rapidly all over the world.

FOUR SEALERS ARRIVE FROM ICE FIELDS

Sagana, Fogota, Viking and Eagle Through With the Year's Voyage.

ONLY THREE SHIPS NOW OUT

Neptune in Gulf and Diana and Kite on Front Yet to Arrive

S.S. Sagana, Capt. Winsor, arrived from the icefields yesterday with 12,000 prime young harps and a few old ones. The old seals have been very scarce. The steamer has gone to Hr. Grace to discharge her fat.

S.S. Fogota, Capt. K. Barbour, arrived yesterday morning, hauling for 2600, principally young. The Fogota as previously reported was short of coal, but had sufficient to bring her to port. She will discharge here.

S.S. Viking, Capt. Bartlett, Jr., arrived at 10 a.m. with 10,500 seals, mostly young.

She made the run from Channel to St. John's in 42 hours.

Eagle S.S. Eagle, Capt. E. Bishop, arrived at noon with 9,000 seals, including 500 old. She put into Catalina yesterday, having to abandon the voyage. Some of the crew were landed there.

The Eagle berths at Bowring's this afternoon to discharge.

The Neptune in the Gulf, and Diana and Kite are the only steamers now out.

so, 33 packages mail matter and the following passengers: Mrs. Dempster, J. Stiek, Miss Seymour, G. F. Gordon, P. C. Mars, Mrs. Mars, Rev. J. Pincock, J. Pollack, Frank Padley, Mrs. Taylor, R. P. Whittington, E. Hansen, E. Olsen, B. J. Jorgensen, N. Olansen and 47 steerage, including 32 Norwegian whalers, 4 Russian Jews and 3 Syrians.

The Officers Captain Mowatt is welcomed by his many friends in St. John's. Mr. Darrick is still chief officer, and Mr. Ross second officer.

The chief engineer is Mr. McMillan, who is also well known in St. John's.

Mr. J. Alexander is purser on the Sardinian. He has been on the Pretorian of late. Two years ago he last visited St. John's.

Dr. Fred Pilot is the ship's physician. He has been with the Allan Co. for a couple of years and previous to that sailed in the City line steamers. His friends will be glad to see him.

Mr. Hartigan is the chief Marconi man.

The Sardinian's trip is a special one and on return to Glasgow she will go out of commission and will likely be sold.

Willie's Little Game.

By George McManus



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**A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!**

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Manners of Stubbs, Second Mate.

(Continued)

"Yes, I'll kiss you and kiss you again," growled Stubbs. "I'll teach you to play fast and loose with me, you—!" The word is not to be written here, but it scared its way into Aileen's brain, all ignorant as she was; left her spent and gasping by the very venom of its utterance.

No one interfered. The man at the wheel was the same young Dutchman who had once given Aileen her chance to display her ability and Stubbs might have devoured the girl limb by limb without his interference. Aileen beat with her feet on the deck, hoping that Steadman, who slept below, might be aroused; but the mate was a deep sleeper in fine weather, and she feared even while she hoped.

And then, as Stubbs's lips were hot on her own, there came a grand new wave of strength to her. She stiffened, swung, wrenched free, and darted away, making for the dark square of the companion. Maddened by the opposition, half frantic with baffled desire, Stubbs charged after her, and then drew back—malignant, breathless—as Aileen came to a sudden rest on her father's broad chest. Captain Curzon recovered his balance swiftly. He felt his daughter quiver in his arms, he saw the sudden check of Stubbs. He was a quick-witted man, swift to draw a conclusion.

"What's this damned row?" he said harshly, and Aileen, even amid her confusion, could feel the tremor of his right arm. No one spoke; but Stubbs retreated inch by inch, licking his lips. He was young, and a giant, Curzon was drawing near his fiftieth year, but t' second mate had no desire for a passage of arms with his commander.

"What is it, Aileen?" But Aileen was sobbing spasmodically, her heart torn with disgust and sadness—disgust at the man, sadness that any sailor should have so disgraced himself.

"Ah, I think I know," said Curzon. "Stand aside, Aileen; don't get in the way."

"What are you going to do?" she panted.

"You'll see," he returned grimly. He moved slowly, but very resolutely, and Stubbs backed still more. Then a hand like a steel claw fell on the second mate's collar, he was wrenched round, thrust to his knees. It was wonderful, but the iron anger of fatherhood was working in the captain's being, and he had the strength of ten.

"Now, you hound, apologise," Stubbs struggled, but in that grip he

was as a child. Not until his nose touched the deck did Curzon let his down-pressing grasp relax in any way, and then he waited.

"No—he was mad," cried Aileen swiftly. The degradation of the man's position touched her on the raw. He was a sailor, and though his work had been disgusting, still he belonged to the brotherhood.

"It's a madness I'll soon cure," was all Curzon said. "Apologise, you dog."

He stammered forth some hang-dog apology, which Aileen writhed to hear. However, it satisfied Curzon, and he flung him aside as if he were putrid vermin.

"If there was another man on the ship qualified," he said icily, "I'd disarrange you and kick you into the fore-castle, only that you'd contaminate the men. Get to windward." Stubbs went, but the look he cast over his shoulder boded ill for both Curzon and his daughter.

"You'll pay dear for that, you hound," muttered the second mate, and then set to work to pace stolidly up and down, fore and aft, his arms swinging, his cap cocked at a jaunty angle. He even ventured to whistle when he was sure Curzon had gone below, and growled out some vile pleasantry to the helmsman, who, being a mere creature, laughed sycophantically in reply.

"Tell me what happened," said the captain, when he had drawn his daughter below. Aileen leaned on the settee speechless, her breast heaving tumultuously. Words would not come, but at long last the hot, swift tears eased her soul of its weight.

Curzon did not press her for an ex-

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which Aileen took as everyday occurrences. They were dragged inshore by the treacherous under-current off one coast, and for all one night they said the good old ship was doomed. They dropped anchors that refused to hold, and still the dead, ominous calms held persistently, and inch by inch the ship slugged in, until the creaming foam of rock-torn breakers was round and about her very rudder. They whistled with distended cheeks for wind that would not come, and after trying all that skill could suggest in means of attempted salvation, they gave the last reluctant command to abandon ship and make for the shore by boat. They swung out the life-saving craft and embarked, they hung off on their raised oars to await the end; but the Zoroaster refused to be left thus ignominiously and managed somehow or other—none could tell how—to keep herself clear of the menace until first one anchor grappled safe holding and then another. Towards the day that chill, good breeze that heralds the dawn sprang up with briskness, and they laboured back, drenched with dew, to the ship, looking about the familiar decks as on something they had never hoped to see again. And the breeze held, they got her clear; once more the ship stood out from the treacherous vicinity of the land, towards the safety of the open sea.

They ran round the Horn in a gale

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CHAPTER XVII.

The End of Aileen's Voyage.

Yes; it was to be a wonderful voyage, that first taken by Aileen after the dawning of her manhood. They sent the Zoroaster from Frisco to New York, and from New York to China, and adventures innumerable happened,

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that blew the Zoroaster hither and thither like a fly. They woke one morning becalmed, to find all around and about grim, implacable icebergs, looming spectrally through thin mist; and they shuddered as they thought on what might have been their fate had the gale still held to dash them crunchingly upon those malignant fangs. But they won through, though once they were all nipped, two vast cathedrals of ice clashing with the sound of rending worlds as the Zoroaster's stern shot clear of the risky passage.

Up past the storm-girt Falklands they ran with favouring breezes, and with every passing day some fresh wonder was born in Aileen's awakening soul. She worshipped the sea, she wanted nothing more. Her boys were her willing slaves, she ruled the entire ship's company, from Greek steward to "bosun," and from carpenter to mate, with a rod of gentle sweetness that not one amongst them all could resist. And it seemed that the ship knew of her presence, too, for Steadman, who had served the Zoroaster for long and faithful years, swore bitterly that never had they had such continued luck.

"She's a mascot, that's what she is," he growled into his beard. "Aileen—Miss Aileen's a luck-giver."

"But why 'Miss Aileen'?" queried

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# OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION; "NEWFOUNDLAND" DISASTER.

Saturday, April 18th.  
Richard McCarthy (sworn) examined by Hutchings, K.C.—I belong to Carbonar, was in the Newfoundland this spring.  
We left the ship March 21st, about 7 a.m. It was fine with sky overcast, sun red eastward. Before we got aboard it was snowing a little. Some of our men went back before this. I was on the pan with them. There was no snow worth while. I thought all were going back, but as they did not I went on with the crowd. Capt. A. Kean told us to come aboard and have dinner. Our ship lay S.E. from the Stephano then.

**Voice From Bridge**  
When we got on board a voice from the bridge said, "Never mind gazing down there; hurry up and get a mug-up or you'll do without it"; don't know whose voice it was. I had heard bread and tea. We were then ordered out on the ice. It was snowing, and I did not think we would leave here.  
Capt. Kean told us to get out, cross her head, and go S.W., to follow their carcasses, and we would come across 1400 seals, kill them and go aboard our own ship.

When on the ice, George Tuff, from the deck, I think, sang out, "Capt., I think we're going to have weather!"; he replied, "No, George, the glass don't show for it."  
The wind was blowing dead on her port bow. We crossed her bow to the port side and went S.W. to the seals. Some men stopped and killed a few seals. I went on with the rest 100 yards or more. We saw about 200 seals. It was then too dirty to do anything, and we wondered if the Stephano was coming for us.

**Give Him the Course**  
Tuff gave Tom Dawson the course S.E. and we started for our own ship. We picked up the path we came out over in the morning and followed it off and on until 5 p.m.

About 4 o'clock I heard a steamer's whistle to windward, and I said, "boys, that's our whistle."  
I heard a man gave out. Tuff was with him. Tuff came up about 5 and said, "boys, why don't some of you stay with him; he's a stranger to me."  
Tuff then told us to make ready for a night on the ice. Our master watch was with us on Dawson's pan, but left us and went over with the second hand. There were 50 or 60 on our pan that night.

About 10 o'clock the first man, Thos. Jordan, died.  
Shortly after the wind veered north and it began to freeze. At daylight 14 or 15 men were dead. I left the pan with others and went to Tuff. My bunk mate, Albert Kelloway, died soon after. Tuff and Jones were there.

**"Old Kean's Fault"**  
I heard Tuff say, "Tis old Kean's fault."  
Six or seven of us went to leeward an hour or so afterwards; about noon it cleared up. Two young men named Jordan with us died at this time. John Hiscock saw a steamer and cheered

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## Bowring Brothers, Ltd.

TELEPHONE 306

us up. We started towards her with Joseph Hiscock, who afterwards died. I went on a pan with some men, and asked for a volunteer to board the ship; no one volunteered. Soon after George Tuff came along and was going to try and board her, and I went with him. He said you may give out. I said I can go as well as the next man.

We only went a short distance and turned back, as Arthur Monland had gone. We returned to the pan, and getting on a pinnacle Tuff waved a flag. Went on a pan where John and Joseph Hiscock were. Joseph was dead. John was beside him, gave him a few shakes and he got up. We with Henry Kelloway tried to take his body to the other dead men, but could not.

**Saw Their Ship**  
We saw our ship to leeward. Tuff went towards her and we followed him. Shortly before dark we came up with a man, who had given out. I saw another ship which I thought was the Stephano, moving about in the ice, but she turned away from us. We lost sight of our own ship also. Saw no lights on our ship that night. Could see lights on two other ships in another direction.

We got under a pinnacle and stayed about an hour, then shifted to another place which was worse. It was blowing and freezing very hard. None of our crowd died that night.

At daylight it was fine and we saw our own ship and three others. Our own was nearest, so we started for her. On our way we passed Bungay, Jones and Squires, who seemed to have given out. We met men from our ship with refreshments, after which we went on board.

**Blamed the Two**  
On board I went aft to the cabin. John Hiscock said to the Captain, "If you had kept your whistle blowing and your father hadn't put us over, this wouldn't have happened."  
The Captain said, "When I saw you going aboard I thought you were on a city."

Capt. Wes Kean states he did everything he could for the men. All he did for me was to give me a drink of brandy. When I was in the cabin some of the men were sitting down eating; no one asked me to have anything. I went down in the hold when a couple of men got my clothes off. The third engineer, Mr. Leary, brought me something to eat. I was in bed then. That was the coldest time I was, and only a small fire in the stove.

**Not Much Consideration**  
When I went to the cabin Mr. Leary took off my cap, which was frozen. I slept 3 or 4 hours, then got up and went to the after galley, and asked the cook if there was a chance for a feed; he gave me a pan of soup which I

drank, and got some more to eat from chaps in the hold which they had cooked for themselves.

John Hiscock took me in the mess-room with him, where he slept, and the cook looked after us. Capt. A. Kean states that he carried us two miles nearer our own ship. I don't see how that could be when he took us S.W. and our ship lay S.E.

To Mr. Mews.—I don't know why George Tuff was sent out in charge of the men; did not know he was leading until we got on the Stephano. So far as I know Tuff had no compass.

It was about an hour after leaving the Stephano that we left for our own ship.

I thought Tuff had arranged for us to stay on the Stephano. We would not go against Tuff, he was our leader. I heard Capt. Kean say, "Hurry up and get on the ice. I want to get back to my men."

When we got on the ice it was blowing and snowing. The men were falling in the water as they travelled along on Tuesday afternoon, and I think the Stephano could have got through the ice to us if she had tried. If the Stephano had enquired of the other ships on Tuesday as to where we were or whether we had got aboard our ship, they would probably have been on the lookout for us.

I think Capt. A. Kean should have reported to the other ships.  
If Capt. Wes thought we were on the ice he should have blown his whistle all night.

The hearing was adjourned at 12.30 until this morning at 10 o'clock.  
(To be continued.)

### 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.

ADVERTISE JUDICIOUSLY  
IN THE DAILY MAIL

The Right Place  
To Buy—  
Provisions, Groceries,  
Oats, Feeds, Wines  
and Liquors

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

Outport Orders  
promptly attended to.

DO IT NOW!  
It is now a recognized fact that the ADVOCATE has no equal as an Advertising Medium. Don't be in doubt about this. Our advertisers are getting results.

## Anchor Brand Cans

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

## Anchor Brand Cans

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

Use No Other Cans But ANCHOR BRAND.

## Robt. Templeton

### ODDITIES IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

BY REV. HAROLD T. ROE

This is the age of advertisement. None of my readers will deny this, for it matters not where one resides, either in town or hamlet, huge posters and highly decorated boardings meet your bewildered gaze at every turn.  
Even if you are flying across the country in an express train you are sure to be reminded, from some flaming poster in field and meadow, that so and so's pills are admirable things for pale people, and that there is nothing on earth like — for curing biliousness!

There seems to be no place in this wide world of ours where the dauntless advertiser has not raised his hoarding, I have not yet had the opportunity of meeting that intrepid explorer Commander Peary, but I should dearly like to ask him, just for my own satisfaction, if he saw anything at the North Pole concerning Beechham's Pills, or Shamrock Plug Tobacco!

Some advertisements are really quite amusing and quite harmless in their way. They give one a chance to be quite cynical at times.  
I remember seeing the following strange announcement in the shop window of a man, who, for obvious reasons we will call "Mr. Gunner." The following is the announcement as it read:

"There are 5683 Smiths,  
And 7859 Browns,  
Also 9874 Robinsons,  
But only ONE Gunner."

What a beautiful opportunity for the sarcastic man. He reads of the thousands of Smiths, Browns and Robinsons, and is then informed that there is "only one Gunner." Could he be blamed if with a piece of chalk he added his thanks to a merciful Providence that this should really be so?

Then there is the type of advertisement which fairly staggers you, and leaves you in a veritable maze of wonderment. Take, for instance, two pork shops, both in the same street, only a few yards apart, and in the window of the one you read:

"Sausages, 16 cents a pound.  
If you pay more you're robbed!"

While in the other window there reads a sign:

"Sausages, 18 cents a pound.  
If you pay less you're poisoned!"

For a full five minutes you do not know which to purchase. No man likes to be robbed, and no living man can stand being poisoned. Yours is the position of an unhappy fly caught in the dexterously woven meshes of a spider's web—you don't know which way to turn, or what to do!

Finally, the truth flashes across your mind, and you see that it really amounts to this: if you pay sixteen cents you prevent yourself from being robbed, but you MIGHT be poisoned, then, remembering that this is a day of bold speculation and audacious experiment, you risk the poison and save two cents and go home a happy man.

Here is another advertisement almost enough to take one's breath at first sight, and cause the heart to beat with the wildest palpitations: Ladies' broken ribs reset . . . 15 cents  
Gents' broken ribs reset . . . 20 "  
New set of nerves . . . 35 "  
The whole frame recovered 50 "  
Gents' whole frame recovered . . . 75 "

Composure steals softly on your agitated mind as you find that it is only the scale of prices as charged by an umbrella maker and repairer!  
Some weeks ago I saw in one of the daily papers that a certain New York book-seller displayed the following novel advertisement in his windows:

"Magnificent bargains in Bibles.  
Satan trembles when he sees  
Bibles sold as cheap as these!"

Rhyme is oftentimes pressed into the service of advertisement, and there was a certain chemist who made a speciality of ladies' "complexion aids," and who wound up an eloquent advertisement exhorting ladies not to grow despondent because of the sallowness of their skin, by this grotesque parody on a well known hymn:

"Little bits of powder,  
Little dabs of paint  
Makes a girl's complexion  
Look like what it ain't."

The last line of that doggerel sums up admirably the art of advertisement, for in many instances the puffing of an article is nothing more or less than a deliberate attempt to make it "look like what it ain't."

OUR PRICE 65c.  OUR PRICE 65c.

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

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

The very latest thing in dancing, the Maxixe or Matichiche  
**65c. each!**  
U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.

  
**RECORDS**


For the Lenten Season  
100 bbls. Pickled Trout  
150 Cases Salmon  
**Job's Stores, Ltd.**  
Grocery Department.

**"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**

**Bargains!**  
In White Marseilles and Satan Quilts.  
A Special Lot of 100  
Sizes: 10-4, 11-4, 12-4.  
Bought at 20 per cent. under the Market Rate.  
In pricing these quilts we are giving customers the advantage of the low purchase.  
Prices: **\$1.50 to \$5.50.**  
SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY.  
We Invite Inspection.



# The Daily Mail

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

**Subscription Rates.**  
By mail, to any part of Newfoundland and Canada, \$8.00 per year.  
To the United States of America, \$2.50 per year.

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

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

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

ST. JOHN'S, NFLD., APRIL 20, 1914

## OUR POINT OF VIEW.

### THE BOWRING'S.

When the Coaker Sealing Bill was before the House of Assembly the past winter Bowring Bros. sent the following letter to President Coaker, Sir E. P. Morris and Mr. Kent:

St. John's, Newfoundland, February 11th, 1914.

Dear Sir:— Referring to the Sealing Bill which is now before the House, we would respectfully point out, as Sealing Ship Owners, that there are several causes in the said Bill which in our opinion are most objectionable, and which we would respectfully submit should be stricken out, viz:—

Section 7. In this Section we are of the opinion that the Hood Seals should come under the same category as the Harps for the following reasons:

- (1) There is no proof that this species is being killed out in any greater proportion than the Harps.
- (2) If this regulation was carried into effect it would mean that the Wooden ships would be placed at a tremendous disadvantage, and in fact practically prohibit the chances of their securing anything like saving trips at the Seal fishery.
- (3) We are of the opinion that it would be impossible to prohibit the men from killing these seals, and the wanton destruction of this specie of seal would result.
- (4) The Hoods are protected to a certain extent at present owing to the fact that the Steel ships not carry guns.

Section 8. If this Section must be put in force it would result in endless confusion and trouble, and an entire absence of discipline, and greatly reduce the Captain's authority. For instance if some of the crew desired to be landed, it might be the means of putting the ship out of a trip of seals, owing to the fact that she might take at least three days to get these men to land, and in her meantime weather conditions might alter so that it might be impossible for her to continue the voyage. Another point is a ship might have some Southern men, the crew may be landed at a Northern port, which would mean that it would be impossible for them to proceed to their homes for a considerable time, and the question would arise who would be responsible for their passages, as they would be practically stranded in a Northern port.

In our opinion when the men are signed it should be with the distinct understanding that they prosecute the voyage to the end if necessary, otherwise Owners of Wooden ships are very much handicapped.

We would also like to draw your attention to Section Four. In the matter of recovering fines, we are of the opinion that the informant should be the Captain or any of the crew through the Captain, and that he should recover the fine and divide it amongst the crew.

We have the honour to be, dear Sir, Yours obedient servants,  
Bowring Bros., Limited,  
JOHN S. MUNN,  
Director.

In reference to Sec. 7, which provided for a close season of two years for Hood seals, Bowring Bros. through Mr. J. S. Munn, states: "We are of opinion that the Hood seals should come under the same category as Harps."

It is therefore apparent that Mr. Munn did not desire any protection afforded the Hood seal. Yet in January 1912 Mr. Munn on behalf of Bowring Bros. signed an agreement made by President Coaker and the Sealing Steamer Owners wherein it was stipulated that no ship should take bitch

hood seals under a fine of two dollars for each seal taken, the same to be paid by the Captain so offending.

In view of this agreement of January 1912, and of Mr. Munn's objection to making any difference between Hoods and Harps, as quoted above, the public will be able to judge as to whether Mr. Crosbie's accusation of bad faith brought against the steamer owners in a speech delivered in the House last winter when he said they signed an agreement they had no intention of carrying out, was altogether an imagination.

Not one of the firms whose honor and integrity had been assailed by Mr. Crosbie in this regard, attempted to defend themselves or deny his assertion.

The above quotation from Mr. Munn's letter to the leaders of the House of Assembly distinctly states that there should be no distinction between Harps and Hoods, yet the agreement he signed two years ago provides that all bitch hoods should be protected and every Captain of Bowring's ships who brought in hood bitch seals were to be fined \$2 each. That agreement was in force when Mr. Munn wrote the above letter and is enforce to-day.

Three months after the agreement referred to was signed the Florizel, Capt. Ab. Kean, arrived and he landed bitch hoods, which matter was well known to Mr. Munn and the public. Did Mr. Munn collect the \$2 per seal from Capt. Kean, as he should in accordance to-day?

The above reference show that Bowring Bros. did not always do the honorable thing, and they should remember that their first duty was to see the mote in their own eye and then proceed to remove the beans in the eyes of others.

Mr. Coaker also included the Kite in the list he named in his letter but Bowring Bros. do not take action because of the Kite but of the Ranger and Viking; but how can they escape the reflections cast against the Kite, a ship they refused to send out themselves but were quite willing to hire out to another?

Mr. Munn states that "it would be impossible to prohibit the men from killing these seals and the wanton destruction of this specie of seal would result."

Now how in the name of common sense could the wanton destruction of the hood result if the law provided a close season for two years. Even if no protection was afforded we fall to see why a wanton destruction of the hood would result any more than has been going on for the last fifty years. There is absolutely no common sense in that statement and it must have been inserted in the letter without thought and probably was one of those brilliant shots from Commodore Kean's wonderful thinking machine. While Mr. Munn states in one breath that it would be impossible to prohibit the killing of the hood seals, yet in the next breath he asserts that the hood seals are to a certain extent protected owing to the prohibition of guns on Steel ships. It would therefore follow that if guns were prohibited from all ships full protection would therefore result. His arguments are therefore nonsensical and worthless.

The wonder will be how a man occupying Mr. Munn's position could have written such nonsense at such an important time, upon a matter that he ought to know at least a little about. The public will be surprised, but the many will conclude that Mr. Munn's anxiety to oblige Capt. Ab. Kean must have got the better of his good judgment and common sense.

Again, Mr. Munn says in Sec. 8— which permitted wooden ships to land part of their crews before April 10th in order to prosecute the hunt for old seals—"was put in force it would result in endless confusion and trouble, and an entire absence of discipline, and greatly reduce the Captain's authority. It might be the means of putting the ship out of a trip of seals owing to the fact that she might take at least three days to get their men to land and the weather condition might alter so that it might be impossible for her to continue the voyage."

What wonderful reasoning. What brilliant conceptions. What tremendous powers of foresight are portrayed in those statements advanced by Mr. Munn.

The Section complained was cut out of the Sealing Bill by the great men of the Upper House, and the conditions as regards the wooden ship crews were exactly as they were for years past, but what has happened this season?

Mr. Munn in his letter above quoted states that Sec. 8 in the Coaker Sealing Bill would result in endless confusion and trouble and cause entire absence of discipline and greatly reduce the authority of the Captain of board of his ship.

Now what is the actual results. The Section was removed from the Bill and all—absolutely all—that Mr. Munn claimed would happen if the Section became law, has happened, because it did not become law—thus the public will in future be able to place a proper construction upon Mr. Munn's reasoning and judgment. If a school

boy could not see as far as Mr. Munn did when he wrote this letter, he would never reach the top of his class or set the Thames on fire after he did leave school, even if he lived to be 80 years old.

If the Hon. E. R. Bowring had been at his desk that letter would never have been sent to the Country's leaders by the firm of Bowring Bros.

Mr. Coaker explained why Sec. 8 was included in the Bill when he addressed the House upon the matter, and he again explained the Section at a meeting of the steamer owners, at which Mr. Munn was present, and Mr. Munn must have realized that in no way could the Section prove beneficial to Mr. Coaker if passed, the sole object of the Section was to aid the owners to make the voyage of the wooden ships as successful as possible, to permit one half of the crew to return home after the chances of securing young fat had passed, and allow them to do their own work in preparing for the fishery instead of enduring the miseries and loss of time by remaining out until May, and afford those who wished to continue the voyage a fair remuneration for the time spent in event of securing any considerable number of old seals.

The Toller who signs for the sealing voyage now is not like the Tollers of twenty-five or even fifteen years ago. Nowadays the most of the experienced sealers refuse to sign on in wooden ships for the front because they know their chances of securing young fat are very small owing to the greater power and weight of the Steel ships, and as soon as the patches of young seals are cut the most of the men want to return as they know that even if their ship secured a half load of old seals they would not make one dollar per day.

Then again, those who do the work in securing old seals—the gunners—who seldom exceed ten in number, and their attendants, are not satisfied to spend three weeks racing over ice and working as hard as they can to secure seals while the other three-fourths of the crew are on board with nothing to do but grow miserable eating hard bread and slat tea. Fifty men for hunting old seals are as good and can do as well as two hundred.

Another reason is that many of the men by returning early can find employment and be sure of earning a fair wage. Fifteen or twenty years ago this chance did not offer as work in spring ashore was not available.

Mr. Coaker knew from the men themselves what they thought and how they viewed matters and he recognized also the necessity of endeavoring to aid the owners of the ships to make two ends meet, he therefore decided that to permit the Wooden ships sailing North to ship their crews in two sections—some for the whole voyage and some to be landed by April 10th would enable the Wooden ships to secure crews, would permit those who desired to return home early in April, and start about their own work or secure employment, to do so would enable those who prosecuted the voyage to the 1st of May to make a few dollars in case some seals were secured, and above all would remove the causes of friction and general dissatisfaction which must exist nowadays on Wooden ships if they do not abandon the voyage by the 10th of April.

Mr. Coaker's endeavors were ridiculed by the men who occupy seats in the Legislative Council—or Dumping Asylum—and by all the steamer owners except Job Brothers, and the result has been that a majority of the crew of the Bloodhound and Ranger "manussed" and compelled the captain to come into port to land them and when those ships arrived the owners could not continue the voyage because the law forbids clearing for the second trip and they had to abandon the voyage. On both ships endless confusion, trouble, total absence of discipline and indifference to the captain's authority resulted.

On the Eagle the same condition prevailed and the majority of her crew boarded the Florizel and were taken to port. On the Diana the same conditions prevailed and one-half of her crew would have boarded the Nascope when coaling the boat for the advice of Mr. Coaker.

Last year when the Diana was coaling the Nascope in the ice floe the Diana's crew gave trouble and the success of the voyage interfered with, while the Erik's crew manussed and compelled the captain to land them at Bonavista; while in 1911 and 1912 the Diana's crew did the same and the voyage had to be abandoned.

Yet in view of those facts Mr. Coaker's efforts to remove the causes and enable the owners to arrange so as the Wooden ships might stand a chance to secure saving trips, were ridiculed and bitterly opposed by all the owners except Mr. Job and in their efforts to prevent the improvements proposed by Mr. Coaker from becoming effective the owners were aided by the captains of the very ships that were recently forced to return to port.

The men who stood by the Captains of the Eagle, Diana, Ranger and Bloodhound were F.P.U. men. This fact will no doubt cause surprise to the wise-

men, but to us it is what we expected, for the F.P.U. men know that they are to do their duty and must respect their organization and build up a reputation for it, and they having signed for the voyage intended to stand by their obligation and their captain. If F.P.U. men refused to go in the Wooden ships the owners would be in a good fix for it would not be an easy job to replace them by men who have had sealing experience.

Why the captains acted so foolishly as regards the Sealing Bill can only be explained by the presumption that they were influenced by the clap-trap of the man who put 120 of the Newfoundland's crew on the ice in a storm and left them to paddle their own canoe, or they listened to the owners who in turn did not like to oppose the far-seeing and exceedingly brilliant President of the Board of Trade—Mr. J. S. Munn.

We will deal with Mr. Munn's remarks anent the sending home of the men, and the matter of the recovery of the fines in to-morrow's issue.

## TO THE EDITOR.

### "BALLROOM" SEALER WRITES

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—While standing on Water Street the other evening I overheard the conversation of two men who had been to the ice. I judged them to be cabin sealers, as they were telling their friends a yarn quite different to the experience of the "ballroom" or "dungeon" sealer. When asked by their friends what they thought of sealing, they said that going to the ice was only a picnic, and couldn't have found much better in a hotel. Hence my idea that they were "saloon sealers" and their ideas as to the real seal haulers' life aboard and on the pan, cannot be taken with any degree of certainty.

We read quite a lot of talk by the saloon sealer, who has his clean warm bed, his water warmed for his bath, his meals cooked for him, plenty of fresh meat, soft bread, tinned foods, etc., all night in, little, if any toil—"and his share." If these people want to write the real thing, sign in one of the old ships and live in the dungeon, eat the common fare and kill and haul his share of fat, and I think he will then forget his hotel and write the facts.

### Different Story

We, in the Terra Nova, found it quite different from the saloon sealer, and by no means thought her no hotel, although we had good fortune, and as things went, it was the undisputed idea of most every man that if we had no interest in any ship but the Terra Nova, we could have been home, away ahead of the time of the first arrival. But considering the fate of the poor fellows who are no more, and for whom we are very sorry, we should be thankful that things went as they did with us, and of this I will say no more. We struck well into the patch on the 14th of March, and at about 11 in the forenoon began our work of destruction, and before dark were all aboard with 11,000 panned which was a fair start.

### In "The Dungeon"

At this time I was amongst the boys in the main hold, and if one of our friends from the quarter deck had been sleeping and eating with us, he would write or tell his friends how fine it is to sleep "neath an open hatchway, wind and snow blowing into his bunk, together with Cardiff coal dust, as the "coal shift" hove the coal out of her, how he lay with cold feet and his head muffled in order to escape the coal dust which was as thick as fog, and how pleased he was when his coal shift came round and he could warm himself by working. The boy or small stove which was situated so that the smoke stack led up through the scuttle forward of the main hatch, was thrown on deck as we were sending fat below there, so that every man got a heavy cold on his lungs, which in many cases, lasted the whole spring. Our friend could then enjoy the joke of the second hand, when he came at daybreak and roused all hands out to get breakfast.

### "Some' Grub"

Breakfast consisted of a bowl of black tea, in sealers' parlance called "sluts", hard bread and butter, and when it was light enough, take to the pan with hard tack in your "nunny bag," toil hard till almost dark and come aboard, all hands glaring voraciously at the quarters of fresh beef lashed well up in the mizzen rigging, and vowing in our beards that we are in condition to eat the toughest meat or the hardest duff afloat. We swam like hungry pirates over her sides and ask the cooks what's for supper. They look vacantly at us and point to the tea kettles, sole occupants of the galley stove. We are speechless and drag our tired frames down to the ball-

room or dungeon, where we sit on our old sea chests, with bowed heads and groan, or pour sea blessings of the deepest water on the cooks and those responsible, and big quarters of meat in the mizzen rigging, big coppers laying idle, capable of holding sufficient beans on brewse for all hands, and three or four fat cooks boiling tea.

### Great Arrangements

However, we relieve our minds and get our kettles and pans, and then a wild scramble of perhaps a hundred men or more, each trying to get a berth for his kettle or pan in the galley, and the last man or moss may have to wait till ten or eleven at night for his "scoff" to be cooked, and then its his turn to pass coal or stow fat. This happened several times through the spring, and we were very lucky if on coming aboard, we got a pan of pea soup, or beans, or pork and duff. We had raisin duff twice, and the second one contained no more than two raisins in a heavy slice. The pork was real good, and besides our pork and duff three times a week we got about a pound a man per week for our own cooking. Beans were served out each meal, but they were very dirty and several sacks appeared as though they were swept with the usual particles of hay and wood, flour, etc., laying about in ships' holds and freight sheds, and we cooked very little of them. Potatoes were served once a week, but for the first two weeks they were frost-burnt and almost unfit for food. Codfish was served twice for the spring, in all about four pounds per man, this was good fish. Our mess of three men got butter twice, as we didn't get much of it, but it was fairly good.

### No Fresh Meat

We didn't taste fresh meat for the spring. We had fresh bread thrice a week, but most of it was very sour and sometimes badly baked, and were it not for our own cooking we would have fared badly. I and all my shipmates thought it about time that men working hard from daylight till dark should at least have some kind of a warm substantial meal cooked for them when they come aboard, as we are the people who do the real work to produce the wealth of the country, and from a reasonable point of view should have at least as good living as the afterguard or the "saloon" sealer. Is it reasonable to think that as a sealer with a cake of hard bread and a mug of black tea in his stomach can follow a second hand or a master watch with his belly full of fresh meat, etc., more in his nap-sack and a good feed when he gets aboard? Can he, with such food, stand the hardships of a night on the ice after using all his energy through the day killing and hauling seals? Or can he stand on Water Street and tell his friends that going to the ice is a picnic? A sealer can't do it, but no doubt a "saloon sealer" can, as there is a big difference in the two varieties.

### Not Up to Scratch

We had amongst us, a lot of what is advertised as "the ice-grain boot," which article shows how far the manufacturer will go in order that big dividends may be had, for although a few pairs in the hundred may be good, the rest are worthless, and often the cause of serious consequences to the man on the pan. Most every man in our ship vowed that never again would he have such boots, even should he get them for nothing. The heel stiffening was the vilest kind of material and after a day on the ice the heel fell like a rag, and turned over on the rough ice and where a boot wanted strength and stability to protect the foot, it was no better than a moccasin when the foot went into a crack when jumping over rough ice.

In many cases the outer sole was worn off in a few days, owing to the quality of leather, and men who were on the front, some of them from the Ranger told me that men were forced to stay aboard ship as their boots were totally gone. The boot is saturated with oil or grease to such an extent that in frosty weather it draws so much frost that the upper leather is as hard as iron and contracts on the foot so that a man on the ice has to be constantly on the move or else he gets his feet burnt, and we men in the Terra Nova often talked of the consequences of a frosty night on the pan, with such boots.

### May Cause Death

A pair of bad boots may be the cause a man's death, for with toes or feet frostburnt a man is far more liable to perish than a man with good warm feet. When turning out of our bunks in the morning we were often compelled to take our greasy boots to the galley and thaw them as they had frozen near our bunks, when the old skin or leather boot was alright.

'Tis about time that people should be prevented from selling such stuff, for big money is made off such inferior goods, and the idea of some people seems to be to get money anyhow.

Mr. Editor, I hope you will give this room in your paper, as I think we are justified in making a kick and telling the truth, and giving an idea of sealing conditions as experienced, not seen from a high poop by a saloon sealer, but by a man who has slept and eaten and toiled with the real men, and lived in the dungeon.

—A SEALER.

St. John's, April 20, 1914.

## LESSONS OF THE DISASTER

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—As the sad news of the "Newfoundland" sealing tragedy has come to us and has caused heartfelt sorrow amongst us, allow me thru the pages of your valuable journal, on behalf of New Bonaventure Local Council, to express our deep sympathy for the grief-stricken ones who have lost their loved ones. And also as the Southern Cross has doubtless been taken by the angry waves with her lady Sons of Toil, so will we join in sympathizing with the bereaved families who have lost their breadwinners while trying to earn a livelihood.

Dear Mr. Editor, as time rolls on, men become enlightened in all matters. New ideas sought out and worked. But after all the inventions sought out and worked, none can stay the cold hand of death. The gigantic Titanic with all her equipment, on which you would feel as safe as on land. Yet death found many of her people in a short time. And the wonderful Titanic sank to the bottom, and sank as easy as though she were only a jolly boat. No doubt there will be new sealings laws presented and passed in our Legislature in the future, maybe for

every steamer to have wireless. But it is not until a lesson is taught do we try to remedy past evils.

Can new laws bring back the dead?

But one thing death does, it sets an example to the living. Maybe no one is to blame for the Newfoundland disaster. But a lesson should be learnt from it; for as we cannot call back the dead, we should try to preserve the living. For in all disasters that happen on this rock-bound coast, it is the poorest class who suffers. The rich can give money, but you cannot bring a dead body to life.

While many were sitting by the glowing firesides toasting wines to their friends, many a sealer was lying motionless on the frozen pans of the broad Atlantic. And why was he there in that stormy weather? You may say to earn a livelihood. Yes, but is that all? The cream of the poor Tollers labor goes to enrich the gentlemen who is clothed in purple and fine linen.

And so the poor underdog is kept just a bit from hand to mouth. If he makes agood year's wages he is in the same position right along. All because he does not receive the rewards of his labor.

Then death claims him on some icy floe or in some lumbering area, and then what a calamity! Donations are handed out to the bereaved.

But can they fill the vacant chair? I am sure, Mr. Editor, this awful calamity should give us warning, both on temporal and spiritual lines and thus prepare ourselves to be more ready for the future.

HENRY GEO. KING,

Chairman F.P.U. New Bonaventure.

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## A Lively Frolic for Easter Vacation Days

BY ELIZABETH LEE.

EASTER is a specially joyous season, coming as it does at the end of the long weeks of Lent, and many social affairs are planned to mark its arrival; from the simple Humpty Dumpty party dear to the hearts of the wee tots to the important Easter dance given to their elders with all sorts of entertaining, both formal and informal, coming between. Of course eggs figure largely in Easter frolics for children and next in number is the bunny rabbit. Which reminds me of a centrepiece that made an end of fun as a child's party last year. The hostess fashioned a huge lettuce from green tissue paper in different shades, the lightest forming the heart, and set it over a tin-pan filled with simple souvenirs tied to narrow green ribbons ending at the covers in tiny yellow chicks holding name cards in their beaks. Evidently feeding upon the lettuce sat a furry rabbit, the kind that is made to jump. The bulb was concealed in the leaves of the lettuce and as each child was requested to pull the ribbon the hostess squeezed the bulb and, of course, the bunny jumped. These furry creatures only cost 25 cents each, and the chicks a cent or less. A very little outlay for decorations at once so attractive and so amusing. The children were all small and their first game was a rabbit hunt.

Rabbit animal crackers were hidden about rooms and hall and at the blowing of a tin horn the chase began, each child carrying a small bag made

## Summer Housing of Winter Garments

BY LOUISE GOODLOE FALCONER.

HERE is one duty which confronts us each spring, which to many is a real hardship—and that is the packing away of winter garments. The uncertainty of results is what is most discouraging to most of us, for we can't all afford cold storage, so some methods must suffice, even though we do have a chilly sensation when our spines some hot summer afternoon, when we think

of all our hard-earned money invested in one small piece of fur, and we wonder how much the moths will have left us by autumn. But after all, it is not so difficult if ordinary precautions are taken, the most important by far being the early care. Procrastination in this case is not only the thief of time, but it is the thief of all your furs as well.

Blankets are much simpler. First they should be thoroughly cleaned, then folded and wrapped in blue tissue paper. This keeps them white. A few pieces of gum camphor or some moth balls folded between the layers, is an extra precaution. Over the tissue paper put a second wrapping of heavier paper, or put in a moth-proof bag. Then lay in your cedar chest.

## Some of the Newest and Prettiest Spring Shapes

BY ETHEL DEMAREST.



THE fashionable hats have nothing in it but variety, as the group of representative shapes shown here plainly testifies. Upon one thing, however, they seem undoubtedly agreed, and that is size. They must be small, so small in fact that many are pulled down tightly on the head and safely worn without pins. The high crowned shape on the upper left was of Russian green Milan straw and boasted for ornament two cut ends of self-tone mohre ribbon twisted about two pencil-like quills extremely long and equally slender.

The center shape shows the wide daring brim turned back abruptly and partly hidden behind a cascading bow of mohre. This was effective in all black.

On the right we have a summer-like design in the picturesque shape of black Milan straw, whose bowl-shaped crown is covered with satiny variegated colors; a row of these concealing the bandana. This is one of the newest and most popular shapes, rather shapely with a rakish tilt to the quaintly colored model on the lower left. This is of natural colored straw and trimmed in pleatings of pale blue meline and a wreath of quaint little pink and blue flowers and their foliage.

Pleat-edged ribbon was deftly joined to compose the all-white hat on the lower right. The stiffened frame was covered entirely with this ribbon, and the ornament at the front was made by covering a piece of any white material used for steering with rows of the pleated ribbon.

## An Attractive Menu for Easter Day

BY HILDA BARKER.

EASTER eggs are symbolic of the re-creation of spring," says an antiquarian, "and the practice of presenting them to friends at Easter is Persian. Christians adopted the custom to symbolize the resurrection, and they color the eggs red in allusion to the blood of their redemption." This explains why eggs play so important a part at the table as Easteride.

Like Christmas and Thanksgiving, special dishes are looked for at the Easter dinner table. The occasion demands something dainty but also substantial, which the following menu would seem to suggest:

Clear Soup  
Roast Chicken  
Asparagus Creamed White Turnips  
New or Mashed Old Potatoes  
Water  
Bird's Nest Pudding  
Rhubarb Tart  
Cheese  
Coffee

The clear soup can be prepared the day before and warmed up when ready to serve. A chicken for roasting should be from one year to eighteen months old, not older, and a covered baking pan for roasting will be more satisfactory than an open one.

Shake pepper and salt lightly over the bird, and dust with flour. Fill with stuffing or not, as desired. Truss wings and legs close to the body and lay in the pan breast downwards, with a little fat of any kind. Roast for about one and a quarter hours (less if the oven is very hot) then remove the top of the pan, turn the chicken over and let the breast brown nicely.

Creamed turnips are white turnips boiled then cut into dice and reheated in a simple white sauce. A little sugar out into the water is an improvement.

The best method of cooking asparagus is to tie the stalks into a bundle (after washing and scraping) and stand upright in boiling water, the tips coming above the water.

Being more tender than the other parts, the steam will cook them sufficiently and none will be lost as is often the case in boiling.

To make the salad cut the whites of hard boiled eggs into petal like strips. Keep out one of the yolks and mash the rest. Mix the latter with mayonnaise and form a centre to the "bird."

Cut lettuce leaves to simulate lily leaves and lay a blossom on each. Serve in small glass dishes to represent water. Put the single yolk through a sieve and drop a little over the white petals.

For the bird's nest pudding make the day before one quart each of stiff jelly and blanc mange. Color some of the latter, brown, pink and green with chocolate, pink syrup and spinach juice, respectively. Empty egg shells and fill them with the blanc mange and some of the jelly. Weave the egg shells inside before filling. Set them upright to cool in a pan of flour to get firm.

Next day break off the jelly irregularly and lay in a few flat glass dishes to look like a nest of straw, then remove the shells from the eggs carefully and arrange them in the nest. Serve with whipped cream.

## Making the Guest Room Comfortable

IF for some unexplainable reason the guest room is usually the most unattractive in the home, this fact is not due to lack of thoughtfulness on the part of the hostess, for the best of furniture and the prettiest of ornaments adorn the room. The reason may be traced to the fact that the chamber is too "stiff" and uninviting.

When escorted to a chamber of this type one has the sensation of entering a feudal manse. The dismal, empty fireplace shrieks of loneliness. Of course there are happy exceptions to this general rule, but frequently we find the guest room bearing painful signs of disuse. Every woman should aim to remedy this breach of hospitality by making her guest chamber the most livable room in the home.

The keynote to furnishing the room is comfort. Care should be observed to provide plenty of easy chairs and a couch, that the guest need not use the bed when desiring to rest for an hour or two. Never fill the bureau drawers and clothes-closet with heavy linen and the best frocks. In a small home, where space is valuable, this is a great temptation. When the visitor arrives, she must remove all these belongings or crowd them into a smaller space to provide room for the guest's clothes.

Have a plenty of cushions scattered about the room—they radiate comfort. And a writing-desk is almost a necessity in the guest room. This must be well appointed. The inkstand should be freshly filled, the blotter efficient and a variety of pens and paper, both letter, note, and card size, generously supplied. In fact, the room should be so arranged that the guest will leave it with a desire to return to it again in the future.

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Hints on Beauty Culture

Right Perfume Adds to Charm of Daintiness

By MAGGIE TEYTE

Prima Donna Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.



MAGGIE TEYTE

There is scarcely a woman who has not an innate fondness for perfume. I wish there were more who had this liking in better control, for the deluge of scents which assails our nostrils when we go abroad is often almost overpowering. But the use of a little well chosen perfume is not only right, but adds to the charm of daintiness, which should be a well defined feminine characteristic. Moreover, there is a good, sensible reason for the use of perfume. The men of medical science say it has certain powers of fumigation which chase disease germs. I would not advise the trying out of perfume making, as I have the creams and face tonics, but there are many little secrets which are well to know and give luxury without great expense. Last season saw the old-fashioned rose jar brought back to favor, and there is surely nothing more delightful than to imprison the perfume of the flowers which have given pleasure by their beauty and brought thrills of sentiment into one's life. If you happen to go to the country this summer, there is no excuse for your not combining beauty culture and pleasure by early rising to pick roses, for the perfume of the exquisite blossom is most powerful when they are with the dew. The best for a foundation is rose oil. Put the dried petals in with alternate layers of fine salt. Stir the rose leaves gently each day. When the rose leaves in jars let the mass stand ten days, with the daily stirring. Then, at the end of this period, take the roses out and mix them with spices, an ounce of cloves and allspice ground coarsely and an equal amount of shredded stick cinnamon. Place them in a clean jar in alternate layers. Set it away in a dark place for 21 days. Then mix together a fourth of an ounce of mace, allspice and cloves, an ounce of powderedorris root, and a quarter of a pound of dried lavender, coarsely ground, half a grated nutmeg, and a pound of dried lavender. Mix the mixture of spices, and on each layer dropping a little oil of rose and geranium. When the jar is filled pour an ounce of rose extract over the whole. You will find it a constant joy, and the odor, whenever it is opened, will revive the memory of much happiness. There has recently been a fad for the perfumed beads made of rose petals which have chiefly come from California. From a friend who has made dozens of the beautiful chains, I have the following simple rule: Dry and powder the rose petals till you have six ounces. Then mix with enough gum tragacanth to mould into spheres, add a drachm of musk, and tinct with camellia. Pierce them by inserting a hat pin before they are dry and be careful to have them the same size. If you wish to make them ornate, there is the possibility of rolling them while they are moist over some raised design which will leave an impress which has the effect of something quite Egyptian. For the woman who has a fondness for hellebore sachet here is a rule which is delicate and lasting: Half a pound of rose petals and one-fourth as much tonka beans, mixed with one pound of ground orris root. For extra strength and lasting qualities add four ounces of vanilla and a little musk. Mix well together and let stand for a month in an airtight receptacle in order that the blend may be perfect. This quantity should last a year.

C. C. C.

Grand Big Dance

(Entire proceeds to the Marine Disaster Fund. By permission of the Lieut. Colonel.)

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Correct Methods of Using Furniture Polish

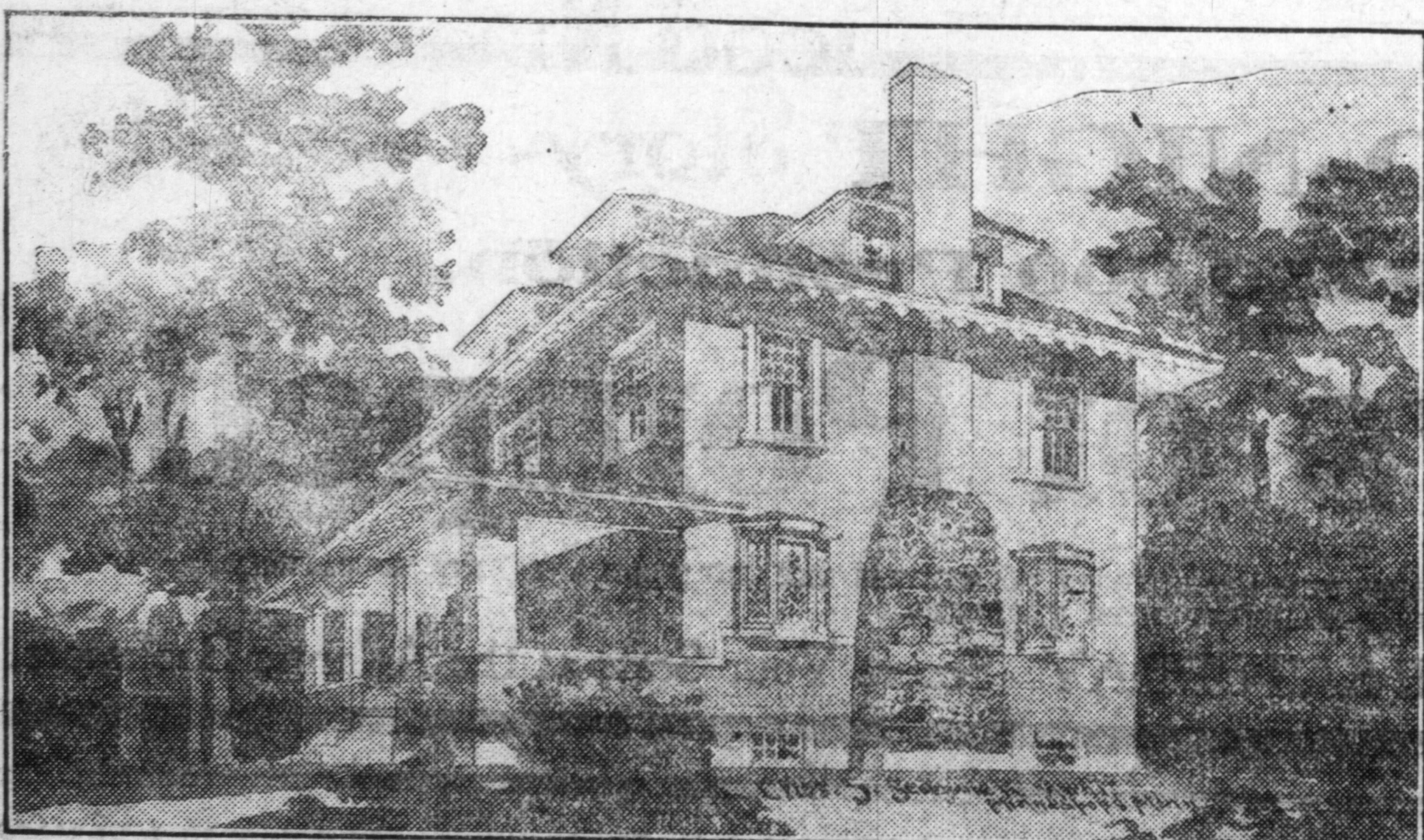
BY HELEN HOWE.

FURNITURE should always be used sparingly. A little will be quite as effective as much, and will do much less labor, for it is no use applying oil unless the wood is rubbed until all greasiness has disappeared. As a matter of fact, it will not be necessary to use a polish oftener than once a year if the furniture is washed off occasionally with cold or lukewarm water. The former should be used on such highly polished woods as the piano, but when the furniture is very much stained warm water will be better. Only a little should be washed off at a time, drying as quickly as possible. Any light scratches will disappear if rubbed over with a rag moistened with kerosene oil. When furniture has been brushed the wood can be brought up again by applying moisture and heat. Lay a cloth squeezed from warm water

on the spot and hold a hot iron just over it. The cloth should be large, as to protect the wood from scorching with the iron, but not necessarily all over. Repeat the process until the surface is smooth and even. The polish may become a little discolored, and if so, it can be restored by applying raw linseed oil with a flannel rag. It should be left for several hours in the sun, then be rubbed thoroughly, polishing in the usual way. It may be well to mention that soap should never be used upon wood finished with shellac, varnish or furniture wax, because it will eat away the coating and destroy the beauty of the polish. Some people, I know, hesitate to use water on polished furniture, but as an actual fact it is beneficial in another way beside cleansing it. Furniture tends to shrink if it becomes too dry, hence the moisture is good for the wood. Cold tea is often preferable to water when the surface is dark, and in washing furniture always wipe in one direction, and when possible with the grain of the wood. Never use a dry chamamois on any highly polished wood. It may be used damp, but not dry. The result will be streaky and the streaks will be hard to remove. If a piece of denim is tacked to the back of the piano such dust will be kept out of the instrument. To prevent the keys from getting yellow keep the piano open a good deal and wipe off once a week or so with alcohol. Water will answer if carefully done, but it should not be allowed to run between the keys for obvious reasons. To clean paint wash with warm water and whiting. Soap or washing powders should be avoided because they are apt to remove the paint. If

A BRICK AND CEMENT EXTERIOR

DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. REDGWICK, ARCHTCT.



THE use of good rough Oriental brick or dark sewer brick for a house exterior, carried up from the grade line to first-story window sill course and from this point to the top of the walls finished in cement stucco, makes a very pleasing exterior, gives a substantial look and is quite a popular treatment at the present time in good residence work. The design illustrated has a front of 34 ft. 6 in., the main part being 28 ft. in depth, exclusive of the wide piazza across the front, and the kitchen which extends back 7 ft. In this design there is a cut stone or sill base at the grade line, then the brick are carried up to the window sill course and capped with either cut stone or hard brick on edge in cement.

The projected chimney at the side is faced with houlder stone up to the second story, these stones to be selected of different shades and adding very much to the artistic appearance of the house. The roof is low pitched and the hips with wide overhang to the cornice of 3 ft. and the rafters showing on the underside and the same treatment carried out with the dormer windows and piazza. The front facade is symmetrical with a central entrance into a vestibule and wide triple windows on each side lighting the front of the living room and dining room. There is a central hall opening through with staircase in the rear, arranged with the combination feature with the grade entrance, basement stairs under porch and section of stairs from

kitchen up to the main landing. The living room on the right is 14 ft. by 24 ft. with wide open fireplace in the center and a projected Dutch girdow on each side. The dining room on the left is 13 ft. by 14 ft. with wide recessed window at the end and recessed sideboard. These two rooms are finished with beam ceilings. The kitchen at the rear connects with the dining room through the pantry. This main floor is finished in Mission oak. The second floor has four good chambers with ample closets and large bath room and all finished in white enamel with birch floor. The attic story has ample space for rooms, but not finished. The estimated cost exclusive of heating and plumbing is from \$6,500 to \$6,900.

A Few Helpful Moments With the "Get There" Club

BY NED PADGETT.

Beware of the Ray-Window, Horace! Do you find it somewhat uncomfortable, Horace, to bend over and get your shoes? Have you had to let out your belt a notch or so? When you sit down, do you find yourself slumping, with a curve in your back, instead of bracing it full against the chair? Have you an inclination to shortness of breath, and do you involuntarily exhale it in short quick gasps? As you walk along do you catch yourself, every now and then, balancing first on one foot, then on the other—just a little bit, but enough to be noticeable to those aware of the symptoms? If so, Horace, then beware—you're getting a "ray-window!"

A fine, likely lad you were, not so long ago, lithe and graceful and without even a promise of protuberance, round and complacent, between your hips and the second button on your shirt. Fresh from school or play or college, you were—with your muscles pliable and free of fat. When you were measured for a suit of clothes you listened eagerly for the tailor to call off your chest measure—with never a thought of what the tape would measure around the waist!

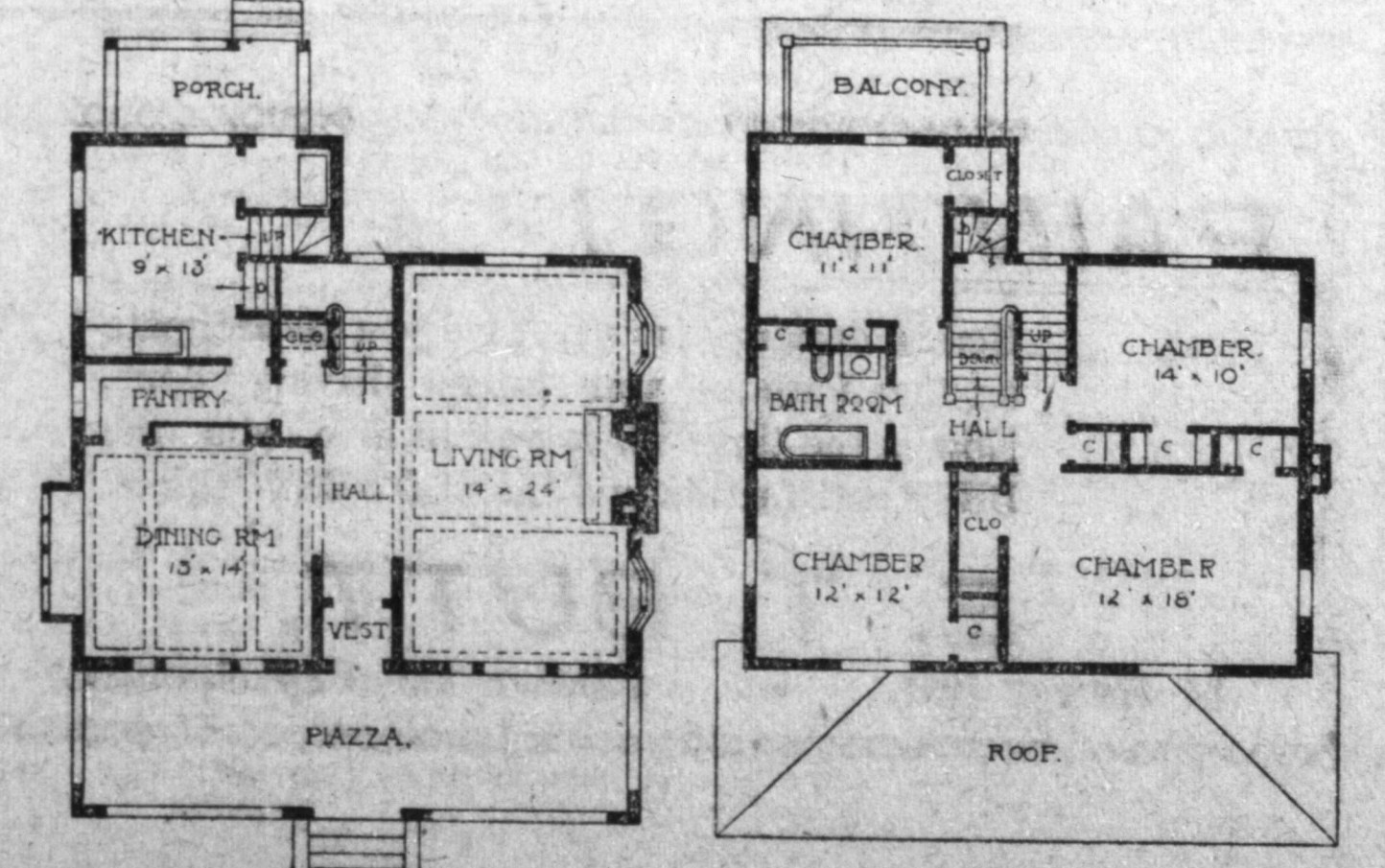
Well, you became interested in your work, and went serenely along, untroubled by the fact that the muscles once called upon every day to grow taut and then relax, were becoming soft and flabby from disuse. Business duties were so exacting during the day; and as for your evenings, why they were all too short for your social and convivial engagements! You likewise developed several habits—little insignificant ones—which had you stopped to consider them, you would have known were guaranteed to tear down muscle and substitute flabby tissue. At lunch hour, for example, you rushed up to a dairy lunch counter, grabbed a sandwich or two, something to drink and a piece of pie with, maybe, some ice cream on the side.

Moreover, you bolted it down with supreme indifference to the teachings of one, Fletcher. Whenever possible you rode in the street car instead of walking. And, mayhap, at night you felt you simply couldn't go to bed without a little "snack" and something to drink. And so it went. Then, all of a sudden, you became vaguely conscious that your trousers were getting tight around the waistline. No, they could hardly have shrunk! Why, bless me, it must be that you were getting larger; there!

One little reminder after another, Horace, and finally you woke up to the fact that you had the beginnings of what promised to be a fine young "ray window!" Oh, the horror of it! The awful realization that, somehow, the curve that used to be on your chest had now moved down to the second floor!

In desperation—and likewise with rare caution and a pretended indifference to the calamity—you rushed off to do something, anything, that would move that curve up again where it ought to be! Walking is a splendid reducer, you learned; so you walked it down to the office and back again, if, mind you, you had the time, etc. Yes, you admitted it—you were a fat man!

The wood-work is in very bad condition a kerosene rag will remove the larger amount of soil afterwards washing off with the water and whiting. If at any time it is thought soap is necessary, but one is doubtful whether to use it or not, substitute Fuller's earth. It is perfectly harmless, and is quite as cleansing as soap. Flannel cloth or chamamois should be used to clean paint in preference to cotton goods, which leaves lint and sticks to the paint. Old under-wear makes good house cloths. There are many good home-made furniture polishes, but one of the most simple is made by mixing two parts of sweet oil with one of turpentine. This is good for all kinds of polished woods.



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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 on FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, LTD., St. John's, Newfoundland, Agents.—Feb 28

NOTICE!

The Ex-members of the C.L.B. who are interested in organizing a corps under the auspices of the C.L.B. Old Comrades Association, are invited to attend drill at the Armoury this Monday night, under command of Capt. R. F. Goodridge, late of 4 A. Company.

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

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HEARN & COMPANY

New Cottons Rival Silks

LATEST WORD FROM MAKERS OF FASHION

By Madge Marvel



so much has been said and written for many moons, has passed into oblivion. During it this year means spending more than an elaborate costume silk would cost. Indeed, when I went shopping the other day I was pleased with the prices of the new silks and staggered by those of the cotton goods.

WOMAN quickly realize, after looking through the dress goods sections of the department stores, that dressing well "on nothing a year" is a difficult matter, even if one sticks to cottons. "That simple little wash frock," about which

be dry cleaned. I said as much to the salesman. "Oh, yes, to be sure, madame," he agreed, "all gowns look better by being cleaned than they do by being tubbed. In fact, madame, I do not think tubbing summer dresses has been very much favored for the past two seasons." However, they love them, as I say, is unequalled. Every shade and every weave which have made the silks and wools and velvets such wondrous stuffs for costumes have been repeated in the best goods, the other threads being silk.

Advertise in The Daily Mail The Daily Mail, \$2 a Year.

Hustle, or Move On

By Tom Jackson

WHEN chuck steak cost six cents a pound and bacon sold for ten, when one cent to consumers brought an egg fresh from the hen, then one might loaf upon his job and work a little slow, but now the price of eats keeps on a-bustling after dough. Besides, in this Progressive age a person must have speed; live wires are the only kind of men the bosses need. "Get-a-move-on-all the time, if fortune one would win, and "Take It Easy" must slip out, while "Hustler" he steers in.

These are the days of rush and dash, dyspepsia, too, no doubt; but one must keep up with the pace or else step down and out. We hear of many nervous wrecks a-scattered 'long the shore, but big is big, and for its sakes there will be



many more. The stage coach days were easy ones, and healthy, too, we own, but then they had no railroad trains, airplanes and telephones. They could not talk by wireless across the ocean wide, or have a little box at home with opera stars fixed in an easy rut 'till it was time to die. But now the Hustler is on deck; at work he always keeps. He's doing something all the time, excepting when he sleeps. This is the day of mighty things, of experts and technique—one must be right up on the job in draw any every week. The stage coach days have passed away, are stricken from the list; they people then lived healthy lives, but think of what they missed!

JUST RECEIVED

Carload of

Washboards!

(Wood, Zinc and Glass.)

Clothes Pins, Tubs, etc.

Lowest Prices to the Trade.

Direct Agencies, Limited



Utterly Dumbfounded at What the Tape Said.

kept to those good resolutions of yours for an amazingly short time. So many things interfered to prevent your carrying them out. In fact, everything seemed to be in league against you. Once in a while when you went to your tailor you would be utterly dumbfounded at the fact that now the waist-line measure was far more important than the chest. And what rare caution and a pretended indifference to the calamity—you rushed off to do something, anything, that would move that curve up again where it ought to be! Walking is a splendid reducer, you learned; so you walked it down to the office and back again, if, mind you, you had the time, etc.

Yes, you admitted it—you were a fat man!

# “THE DAILY MAIL” MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY.

## Hints on Beauty Culture Aids for the Complexion May Be Made at Home

By MAGGIE TEYTE

Prima Donna Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.



MAGGIE TEYTE

HOW to make complexion-aiding preparations is a question which confronts many women who have a desire to have a clear, healthy skin. It is not difficult work, but it demands care and time. There is no use in trying to hurry through the operation of making a cold cream and expect success. One must also follow the directions closely. The manner of mixing is another thing which demands close attention.

One of the best authorities says all good cold creams have fat as their basis. Another says never should wax or spermaceti be used, as they simply fill the pores and make it difficult for the skin to throw off impurities. Before a woman decides on making a cold cream just because she has the recipe, it is wisdom for her to find what is needed in her skin. Some skins are starved for oils. Others need something to lessen the oily secretions. There is no general rule for a cream which can be applied to all skins with the same result.

Whenever cold cream is to be made it is necessary to have a double boiler, which should be of some porcelain instead of metal substance, unless it is of aluminum, a silver fork and an accurate measuring cup. It is also well to have an egg beater, for there are many times when the mass can be made creamy only by the thorough and vigorous beating which is possible with one.

In buying the ingredients always patronize a druggist in whom you have

## Some Gold and Little Dross

By Harvey Reese

When the head of the firm employs a book-keeper is that "three mathematians?"

He thought she was pinning for him, when, in fact, she was sprucing up for the other fellow.

The way to rest depends less upon the knowledge where to begin than on the proper appreciation of where to stop.

The really polite man is the one who has just forced down the last morsel of some delicate midnight treat and then asks his hostess for the recipe of it to take home to his wife.

The young lady exhibited her "works of art" to her newest friend:

"They are quite ingenue, my dear," she was told, and she liked the compliment very much until she looked in the word in the dictionary and found it to mean artless. Then she put that newest friend on the cutting list.

## Novelties in Afternoon Gowns

By Madge Marvel

HERE is an imported afternoon costume which shows several of the dress novelties of the season. There is the bolero with the long, close-fitting sleeve, the double tunic, the odd



An Imported Design of Simple Lines.

each arrangement which gives the upward front skirt and is tied low on the skirt in the back, making the effect of bouffant drapery, and the neckband of black velvet, which many women are wearing for street dress when the neck is collarless.

The little blouse gathers simply into the neck with a ruffle of the millie which forms the blouse and it is held in place with a narrow ribbon. The gown also illustrates the popularity of two

## EACH LIFE HAS A MUSICAL KEY



Anna Bussert

## Singer Explains New Theory of Success

By Cecile Manning

THERE is a distinct musical key for each and every human life. Success, prosperity, all depend upon whether you are in tune with yourself and in musical harmony with your associates. We seek expert aid in bringing the faulty instrument back to its right key. Yet lives out of tune go on in jangling discord, and no one seems to know what is the cause of the lack of harmony. Least of all does the individual himself know.

"Comparatively few persons know the musical key in which their life is written," she said to me. "That accounts for many discouragements in spite of earnest efforts. It also accounts for more than half the unhappy marriages. We all know how distressing it is to listen to a musical instrument which is out of tune. No matter how skillful the player, there is nothing but dissonance and discord. And these others don't know where the fault lies. Persons who belong in the lower register, the low, deep, rich tones, live quavering and breaking and fluting in an attempt to keep in the upper register. They don't belong there. They have no place there. They are out of their element. Yet it never occurs to them to find their right key and live it. 'How shall one recognize her key?' It is such a possible problem I can hardly reduce it to a rule like that for making a cheese souffle or a long marriage life. But I believe each person can set herself in tune if she will honestly try. We must do our best possessions, our jewels, our houses, our plans, we would come nearer an approach to harmony. We would gradually find the key in which we are written, and have fun doing it, keeping in tune should be comparatively easy, unless we are totally out of tune."

## Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

### Don't Think That All Who Pay You Attention Are in Love With You.

Dear Annie Laurie—A young man has been paying me a good deal of attention. He takes me to picture shows and places like that, and every once in a while he comes to the house to spend the evening.

He seems to think a good deal of me, but he never says a word about it. What do you think of the matter? How can I encourage him to tell his love?

ANSWERED.

With him—and let it go at that? When he falls in love with you he'll let you know it all right, and he won't have to get wrecked at sea and send you a wireless to do it either. Can't you girls think of a thing on earth but desperate love affairs? There's so much in the world to enjoy, so much to see, so much to do—why must you insist on dragging every poor, inoffensive young man who tries to be nice to you, just because he is nice, and wants to think that you are, to the very verge of the altar with you?

I don't blame men for wearing mental blinders these days. Some girls think a man is going mad with love of them if he just offers them a piece of fudge. Sighs, hand holdings, looks that speak volumes—these, they're common coin of the realm. It's a game—the whole thing with most young fellows and the girls they admire. Just a light-hearted, foolish, sentimental, comparatively harmless game. Why don't you play the game with your partner and play it according to the rules? You know them well enough, if you'd only stop and think a minute. You know when a man is really in love with you and when you're just making yourself believe he is. Be careful; sometimes he doesn't like that sort of make-believe.

## Great Novels in a Nutshell "Sense and Sensibility"

Condensed from the JANE AUSTEN novel by HELEN S. GRAY.

THIS NOVEL deals with the sense and sensibility of her sister Marianne. At the opening of the story Mrs. Dashwood is left a widow with three daughters, and only £10,000 to support them. Her husband's son, by a former wife, inherits the bulk of the property. He and his family take immediate possession. His wife, Fanny, is so selfish and disagreeable that Mrs. Dashwood moves to Devonshire, where a cousin of hers, Sir John Middleton, has written her he has a cottage for rent. Meantime her eldest daughter, Elinor, and Edward Ferrars, who has been visiting his sister Fanny, fall in love with each other. He is a good-hearted young man with many admirable qualities, but very shy. One day when the old lady chooses her day or two to his house. It is there that the Dashwoods meet Col. Brandon, a man of high rank and fortune. He is soon to be married to Miss Grey. This is a terrible blow to Marianne. Not long after Col. Brandon calls and tells Elinor that W. H.oughby had seduced a young girl whose guardian he, Col. Brandon, is. She is now in the hands of a man who he expected to be heard of the end—she declared she would disinherit the man who had seduced the girl. This refused to do. Thereupon he left suddenly for London and began courting an heiress.

Edward Ferrars's mother and sister are planning what they consider an excellent match for him with a girl who has £30,000. They are very impatient to Elinor in order to show their disapproval of her as a prospective wife for Edward. They are prostrated when they hear that he is engaged to Lucy Steele. Thinking she is sincerely attached to him, Edward is too honorable to break the engagement, and his mother disinherits him as his eldest son in favor of his younger brother.

Marianne has indulged her grief so much that she now has an attack of fever, but recovers.

News now reaches the Dashwoods that Lucy and Edward are married. Edward shortly arrives. He says his engagement to Lucy was the result of his extreme youth and of idleness, that he had long ceased to care for her, and now she has eloped with his brother. He asks Elinor to marry him and is accepted by her. Brandon, who is rich and influential, gets him a position as a clergyman. Lucy's flatteries effect a reconciliation with Mrs. Ferrars. So it turns out that the coxcomb son is rewarded for doing the very thing Edward was disinherited for. Marianne marries Col. Brandon.

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## Study Your "Instincts;" Make Best Ones Habits

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

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THERE are many words in the English language. Many persons use many words with little thought of their real meaning. Indeed, it is extraordinary how seldom the thoughts which lie behind words give a true reflection of the word's meaning.

Instinct and intuition are two such words. Ask yourself their real portents. You will confess that you do not know. Yet the one has to do with apprehension and the other with inheritance.

There is, too, this word apprehension. It does not mean, as you suppose, to understand. It means to be in way of your senses. Inheritance, likewise, is not thoroughly appreciated. It concerns not what happens to you only because your father or your mother did so and thus.

Briefly, inheritance is that which comes to you through the remote past from ancestors beyond the second and third generation.

Even Shakespeare errs and Homer errs in the use of the words "instinct" and "intuition." "Instinct," opines Falstaff, "is a great matter. I was never a coward by instinct."

Coriolanus puts it thus: "I'll never be such a goatin to obey my instinct, but stand, as if a man were author of himself and knew no other kin."

Instincts are the hereditary blends of all of the helpful, therefore, to be sure, oft-repeated, habits of the past.

What Instinct Is.

Ants, bees, wasps, spiders and other creatures when born arrive at once at a well-nigh perfect stage of work and cooperation. This is the accumulated inheritance in each "species" of race.

An unattached chick pecks its way out of the eggshell by this instinct. A cat curls up before a fire for the same reason. Some savants maintain that instincts are inherited reasoning.

The spider's touch, now exquisitely fine, feels at each thread, and lives along the line; in the eye how that sense, so subtly fine, how instinct varies in the growing spider? "Forward, in reasoning, elephant, with thine! To that that reason what a nice thine! To ever separate, yet forever near."

Many instincts are transient. It is at the time that an instinct shows itself, things are favorable for its adaptation and growth, a habit is formed in its place.

In short, an Instinct useful and pleasant grows into a habit. Most instincts, however, are smothered out, changed, or switched into a new track.

Even in the better world a new environment and changing conditions are always at work to modify, annihilate, or exaggerate instincts.

The natural instinct of kittens to pursue mice may be easily directed into less harmful channels. The mere association of the example of Prof. Terkes, of the "happy family" of the circus is an example.

Prof. Watson, and the other physiologists, have exhibited abundant proof that, unless, even wicked, instincts, if taken in puppyhood, can be made valuable.

Right Conduct Necessary.

Dr. Montessori has applied this idea in a concrete way to children. She has merely adopted the discus-throwing feats of Greek children and the modern psychological discovery that mankind learns more quickly, more permanently, more fruitfully, so times in the hundred, from muscular touch.

The very day a child is born, it like a kitten, a kitten, or a bee, shows some instinct. The caterpillar may nibble a leaf, the mosquito may dry its wings. But an infant will cry, suck its thumb, take cold and light, and be afraid. The kicking, squirming, rolling, yell-

ing, never ceases until the child has a responsible of aromatic spirits of stimulants when the headaches cease. Put a little often and drink occasionally. Have your frontal lobe carefully examined by a nose specialist. Wear glasses constantly and take two tablets of active acid germ.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. If there is a subject of not general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of this office.

## Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

IT WAS Sunday afternoon and Brer Rabbit was taking a snooze when the door bell rang. Up jumped Brer Rabbit, as if some one had fired a gun. "I wonder who it is?" he said to himself, as he went to the door. There were the Squirrel children all in a row.

"Please, Brer Rabbit, we came over to have you tell us a story," said Sammy Squirrel.

"My! My!" exclaimed Brer Rabbit, "Where did you children hear about my stories?"

"Billy told us about the Indian stories," said Sammy, as the Squirrel children came in. Billy and Jack Rabbit came from up stairs and the children all gathered around as Brer Rabbit told them this story:

"Silver Star, the Indian boy, and his sister Ka-wash-a were in the cave which they used for a play house. They had a piece of venison which they were going to cook for supper, and how do you suppose they started the fire?"

The children all guessed that Silver Star started the fire with a match. "My dear little folks, Indians did not have matches. Silver Star had his bow and arrow and he took a stick instead of the arrow and placed the end of the stick on some dried leaves. He placed the string of the bow in such a way as to make the stick go round and round. This made the point of the stick so warm that the leaves became hot and they soon made a merry little blaze.

"Ka-wash-a put some wood on the fire and a flat rock over it and in a few minutes the venison was sizzling over the fire.

"But the Indian children had not thought that their home was full of dry leaves and that the fire might spread. Silver Star, brave boy that he was, did not get frightened. Rushing to the back of the cave he seized a blanket and running up smothered the fire. He then pulled Ka-wash-a to the open air.

"We have lost our venison," sobbed Ka-wash-a. 'Yes,' said Silver Star, 'but we are safe, and the next time we will have to make a stove so that our fire will not spread.'

"Ka-wash-a put her hand in Silver Star's and they went home together."

"What a beautiful story!" said Sammy Squirrel.

"Haven't we a great father!" exclaimed Billy Bunny.

All the Squirrel children gave Brer Rabbit a kiss and a hug and he was very happy.

# News of the City and the Outports

## St. Mary's Helps Disaster Fund

Collections Yesterday Will be Handled Over to the Committee in Charge

The services at St. Mary's Church both morning and evening were very impressive and well attended, the collections throughout the day to be devoted to the Disaster Fund. The announcement that a collection was to be taken up on behalf of this Fund was not considered till the Easter meeting on Wednesday evening last, when quite a number of parishioners had already subscribed. Had it been announced on Sunday last the parishioners of St. Mary's Church would have made a much better showing towards helping the afflicted by the terrible disaster.

The preacher was the Rector, Rev. H. Uphill, who took his text from John, 20 chap., part of 20 and 21 verse: "Then were the Disciples glad when they saw the Lord. Peace be unto you."

### Touching Sermon.

From these words he preached a very touching sermon and in conclusion again referred to the terrible calamity, in which he said, the voice of the widow and the fatherless children in this our Colony arise not in vain, thank God. It is affecting the world, but especially us their kith and kin.

Every man who goes to the seal-fishery goes not alone for himself or the merchant, he goes for you and for me, for us all, for we are all dependent upon one another. In this dangerous enterprise 250 bread-winners have lost their lives, and others are maimed for life. Their loss is our loss; their sorrow is our sorrow too. Their care is our care, and we want them to feel that today we want to give tangible proof that we mean what we say. God does not expect what we cannot afford.

The collection was then taken up while this beautiful hymn was sung:

There is no sorrow Lord too light  
To bring in prayer to Thee;  
There is no anxious care too slight  
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou hast trod the thorny road,  
Whilt share each small distress;  
The love which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less.

The sum of \$140.79 was collected which will be handed over to the Secretary Disaster Fund.

## MEASLES ON ALLAN BOAT

A little girl named Derckett, who arrived by the Sardinian with her parents, was found to be suffering from German measles. She was attended by Dr. Pilot, and on the ship's arrival Dr. Campbell ordered the patient to hospital.

## "PEPIITA"

"Pepita" received its final presentation Saturday night. There was a fair attendance and the opera was very creditably performed.

After the show the managers entertained the members of the company at supper. Tables were set on the stage and a very pleasant time was spent. The catering was attended to by Mrs. Burke, Bond St.

## TO-DAY'S NICKEL.

As will be seen by advertisement to-day the Nickel Theatre has an attractive programme. "Loved by a Maori Chiefess" is a story of life among the Maori. There is only one white man in the picture, all the rest are natives. Miss Gardner sings "How long have you been married?" and Mr. McCarthy "I miss you most of all."

## LAST DAYS OF POMPEII AT THE CASINO

The thrilling story of ancient days, "The Last Days of Pompeii," is the attraction at the Casino Theatre this evening. It commences at 8.15, and as there are eight reels there will be one performance.

It is a spectacular display, costing \$250,000 to produce, and employing 10,000 people. The pictures are marvellous and when first produced was in great demand in the large cities. No one should miss it, as it is one of the best pictures of the age.

Another great feature will be given at the Casino Theatre next week when Capt. Scott's trip to the Antarctic regions in the Terra Nova will be given.

## Monthly Meeting Holy Name Society

Members Listen to an Appropriate Discourse from Spiritual Director.

Yesterday being the 3rd Sunday of the month the above named society met in the Cathedral at the usual hour 8.45 a.m., in very large numbers and performed their religious duties. Then again at 3 p.m. they assembled in the Cathedral when the Rev. spiritual director delivered a most learned and instructive lecture, taking for his subject "Easter, the Prince of Festivals." The discourse was most appropriate and was listened to with marked attention.

These monthly lectures recently inaugurated by the spiritual director are certainly a great means of educating the members in the teachings of the Church and its history from the early ages. Next month's discussions will be on the four evangelists—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

Benediction of Blessed Sacrament was then imparted by the Rev. lecturer.

The singing of appropriate hymns in unison by the large body present was most creditable.

The regular business was afterwards gone on with in the society's rooms adjoining the sacristy. The executive council are negotiating plans whereby the society may meet once a month on a week night instead of Sunday afternoon for the transaction of business, etc.

This idea meets with the approval of all interested and certainly will be a progressive measure. An adjournment was taken at 5 o'clock.

## Kyle Returns Trip Unsuccessful

Wreckage Seen Was Not From the Missing Southern Cross

(Continued from page 1)  
round sticks. There was also a biscuit box. It was apparent that all had floated out from the shore.

The bottle which the Bloodhound sighted was not seen.

The return of the Kyle means the all hopes of seeing the Southern Cross again are given up.

## "People's Paper" On the Up Grade

Phenomenal Success is Attending The Daily Mail in all Quarters

(Continued from page 1)

their sales of The Daily Mail are only limited by the quantity sent them to sell.

Here are some bits of evidence from Conception Bay agents:  
"The people are much pleased with your paper," writes one. "Please send me three dozen, instead of two dozen."  
"We sell five dozen a day," writes a second agent. "There are more inquires than papers, so kindly send us one hundred papers from now on."  
"Three dozen papers will not supply the demand," writes in a third. "You had better send us five dozen each day."

The Daily Mail is "The People's Paper."

## A THANKFUL ACT.

When Constable O'Flaherty went on duty at 2 p.m. o'clock yesterday on Military Road he noticed quite a lot of heavy ice that had slid from the room of Mr. Wm. Comerford's residence and became entangled in the electric and telephone wires. The officer assisted by Master St. John soon had this dangerous matter removed.

## Annual Easter Concert St. Joseph's Church.

"Our night shall be filled with music And the latest songs of to-day."

A concert will be given at St. Joseph's School-room, Hoylestown, on to-morrow (TUESDAY) evening, consisting of Songs, Choruses and Recitations, with Musical Drill and Figure Exercises by the Boys and Girls of St. Joseph's School.

Musical Gems, with Piano accompaniments, will be rendered by a Lady Whistling Soloist, also choice "Mandolin selections."

Tickets to be had at the door. Price Thirty Cents.

Door open at seven o'clock. Concert will commence at eight sharp—ap120.11

## Many Messages Of Condolence

The Whole Island Mourns With the Bereaved by the Disaster

### L.O.B.A. CONDOLAS.

At a meeting of Jubilee Lodge, No. 1, Ladies' Orange Benevolent Association, held at Victoria Hall on Friday, April 17th, the following Resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS so many of our brethren have been stricken by this terrible disaster;

BE IT RESOLVED That Jubilee Lodge No. 1, place on record its profound sympathy with the relatives and friends of those who lost their lives in this recent disaster;

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED That the sum of Thirty-five Dollars (\$35.00) be donated towards the Marine Disaster Fund;

BE IT FINALLY RESOLVED That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the press.

(Mrs.) ANNIE M. THORNE, Rec. Secretary (Mrs.) MARGARET BASTOW, W. M.

### FROM OCHRE PIT COVE.

WHEREAS a terrible disaster has befallen our sealers belonging to the S.S. Newfoundland, resulting in the death of 77 of her crew and the physical suffering of a number of others;

AND WHEREAS much sorrow and anguish have been caused thereby in the homes of those bereft by this disaster as well as leaving mothers, widows and orphans unprotected;

RESOLVED That P.W.M. L.O.L., No. 7, place on record its deep sorrow and heartfelt sympathy for those who lost their lives and for the mothers, widows and orphans left behind to mourn their loss;

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED That his Lodge donate the sum of \$20.00 as its first contribution towards the Sealing Disaster Fund, to assist those requiring aid.

### HARBOR GRACE SYMPATHISES.

At a meeting of the citizens of Harbor Grace, held in the Court house on April 19th, the following resolutions were adopted unanimously:

WHEREAS This Community is distraught and oppressed by the awful extent of the recent marine disaster, whereby such large numbers of our heroic sealers suffered loss of life at the icefields or at sea;

AND WHEREAS we pray that laws will be enacted and enforced, with a view of reducing to a minimum the many dangers that beset our intrepid sealers;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED That the deepest heartfelt sympathy of the citizens of Harbor Grace be extended to the relatives in their deep sorrow and bereavement—

RESOLVED also that a committee of the Town's people be appointed at his meeting to make collections in aid of the sufferers;

RESOLVED FURTHER That humanity which find a voice in every heart applauds to the echo, the noble efforts, the people at home and abroad are making to alleviate the distress of those who are bereft of their bread-winners;

RESOLVED FINALLY That a copy of those Resolutions be supplied to the press for publication.

### CHANNEL SYMPATHISES.

At a meeting of the members of the Parish of Channel held in the Parish Hall last night, the following gentlemen were appointed as a Committee to solicit subscriptions on account of the Marine Disaster Fund, viz: R. T. Squarey, J.P.; H. H. Mackay, Emanuel Pike and the Chairman and Secretary. Prior to the close of meeting the appended resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote.

WHEREAS the whole Island has been plunged in gloom by the terrible and appalling disaster to the crew of steamship Newfoundland at the Northern ice-fields whereby seventy valuable lives were lost, and

WHEREAS the foundering of the ill-fated steamship Southern Cross on her voyage from the Gulf seal-fishery to Harbor Grace has added to the holocaust one hundred and seventy-three other precious lives, and

WHEREAS by these unprecedented calamities hundreds of families have been suddenly bereft of their bread-winners and thousands of sorrowing relatives left to mourn;

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED That the sympathies of the congregation of the Anglican Parish of Channel be hereby tendered the bereaved and

## PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Mars returned by the Sardinian yesterday from their trip to the Old Country.

Mrs. S. K. Bell, who was called to Charlottetown on account of the illness of her sister, is returning by to-day's express.

Mr. J. Stick and Miss May Seymour, who were purchasing goods in the Old Country for the Royal Stores, returned by the Sardinian.

Mr. H. R. Rendell, of the Western Union Cable Co., Heart's Content, is at present in the city. It gives The Mail much pleasure to announce the engagement of Mr. Rendell and Miss E. C. Payne, Pleasant Street.

Capt. Joe Kean, of Bowring's Bros. coastal steamer Portia, leaves to-morrow for Montreal to consult a specialist. For some time Capt. Kean has had a slight ear trouble, and he is anxious to consult a specialist before the ailment reaches a serious stage. Capt. Kean is a popular navigator and all who have had the pleasure of travelling with him, hope that he will soon return fully recovered.

Mrs. Dempster, wife of the manager of Knowling's East End Grocery, who has been wintering in the Old Country, returned by the Allan steamer yesterday. Mrs. Dempster as previously noted, has not enjoyed good health of late, due to the shock she received on receipt of the news of her son's unexpected death. It was Mrs. Dempster's first visit to the homeland for many years, and it proved a sad one.

## SHIPPING.

### WHALENS ARRIVE.

Capt. Olaf Neilsen and crew arrived by the Allan Liner yesterday afternoon. Capt. Neilsen replaces Capt. Bull in the S.S. Cabot to prosecute the whale fishery. We wish the venture every success the coming season, and bid Capt. Neilsen welcome.

### A FINE RUN.

The Olinda, Capt. Courtenay, 20 days from Barbados, arrived yesterday with a cargo of molasses for Messrs. Steer Bros. Capt. Courtenay had fine weather.

### PORTIA FROM WESTWARD

S.S. Portia, Capt. Connors, arrived from the Western ports yesterday afternoon an unpleasant trip. Fog was met for the greater part of the trip.

The Portia brought small freight and the following passengers: Mrs. Miller, H. Coady, J. J. Bishop, S. Gibbons, R. Coady, P. F. Healey, C. Martin, Mrs. Meehan, Mrs. Wiseman and 16 steerage.

### ALLAN.

S.S. Pomeranian left Liverpool Saturday.

S.S. Sardinian leaves for Philadelphia to-morrow.

S.S. Florizel sails for New York to-morrow afternoon.

S.S. Harso, 13 days from Cadiz, has arrived to Morey & Co. with salt.

S.S. Meadow Field is bringing a cargo of salt to Messrs. Bowring Bros.

S.S. Lake Simcoe arrived at Pernambuco, Saturday, after a fine run of 33 days. She calls at Barbados on the way back for molasses.

### TAKEN TO HOSPITAL

Miss M. Kenny, 121 Cabot Street, was taken to the hospital in the ambulance yesterday.

stricken one, with the prayer that God will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED That a Subscription List in aid of the General Disaster Fund for the relief of the widows, orphans and others dependent on the earnings of those who have been taken, be opened by this Parish, and that the same be kept open for a period of one month from this date, and

BE IT FINALLY RESOLVED That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of proceedings of this meeting, and further copies sent to St. John's Press for publication.

W. J. READ (Rector), Chairman. C. T. JAMES, Secretary. Parish of Channel, Apt. 17, '14.

## The Coming of Spring

Means the arrival of New Goods in all Departments. Our two Showrooms are bright with the marvellous creations for this season.

## Shirt Waists

French Hand-embroidered Waists, with real Irish insertion. Beautifully made in every way.

## Shirt Waists

We show a charming variety of American Waists, in Black and Col. Silks, Ninons and Muslins.



## New Ready-to-Wear

Hats. Flowers; New Shoulder Scarfs. See the new Tango Bow

## Sport's Coats.

These extremely smart Coats in Orange, Emerald, Cerise, Purple, Sage, Mustard, Nile Green—

\$4.80 to \$15.00.

See Window in Upper Building

## Gunmen Pay The Penalty Of Their Sin

(Continued from page 1)

Many were aghast and trembling. From a printed list a clerk read off the names of those who were to see the first man die. A moment more and the door of the death chamber had closed behind them. Warden Clancy had announced that "Gyp the Blood" would die first, followed by "Lefty Louie," "Dago Frank," and "Whitney Lewis," but, as it transpired, the man who first came thru the little iron door at the right was "Dago Frank." He had shown signs of collapsing and it was deemed expedient to shield him from the ordeal of waiting.

"Two of these have told me they will make a statement," announced Clancy, "and under no circumstances must any one ask them questions." Head Keeper McInerney acting on a signal from the warden, went to the death cell. There he found Circofice in prayer with Father Cashin. The condemned man clutched a crucifix in each hand as he was led into the presence of death. He had to be supported by two keepers. In the death cells could be heard the murmur of the other slayers in their supplication for mercy. The warden and attendants stepped back from the rubble mat.

"O God, I meet my God," gasped the Italian. The state electrician turned the switch.

"I pronounce this man dead," said Dr. Farrin in a low voice. It was 5.43 o'clock. The group of witnesses left the death chamber and the body of "Dago Frank" was lifted by white coated guards and taken to the autopsy room.

The doctors said Circofice had made little resistance to the electric current. Of the four he died the easiest. He had intended making a statement, but the mental process had failed him.

"Whitney's" Unfinished Statement

A new lot of witnesses filed in. Thru the little door presently came "Whitney Lewis." He was garbed in a black suit of death as "Dago Frank" had been. The statement that he never finished was on his lips as he entered. The attendants fearing a shocking spectacle of hysteria, cried "Sh, sh" and sought to soothe him.

"Let him make his statement," said the warden. Whitney's lips continued to move and in the brief interval before death he had made his declaration that he "had not shot at Rosenthal." A current of 1920 volts, with a slightly higher amperage than had been used on Circofice took his life after two contacts. The switch was first closed at 5.47 and he was pronounced dead at 5.52.

Again the chamber was emptied and again filled with witnesses. At 5.56 "Gyp the Blood" was brought in. He had a Jewish prayer book in his left hand and Rabbi Goldstein walked by his side. "Listen, Israel, there is only one God," murmured "Gyp" in Hebrew. His staring gaze swept the faces, but aside from the prayer, he made no statement to the witnesses. The preliminaries were quickly arranged. The current was applied. The body stiffened under the leather straps and the hand-lightened on the prayer book. Two shocks were given and at 6.02 o'clock physicians pronounced the man dead.

"Lefty Louie," the last of the four to die, and accordingly the keenest sufferer by reason of the dreaded interval of waiting, entered the chamber at 6.07. The Jewish prayer book which he grasped, he handed to Rabbi Kopstein before the guard strapped him in the chair. Like "Gyp" he mumbled a prayer in Hebrew. The theory that the strongest shall die last "Lefty" bore out by his uncanny resistance to the current. The first contact was given at 6.08, but it was not until 6.17 that he was pronounced dead. Three contacts were necessary.

"He died hardest of the four," said the physicians.

The only relatives of the gunmen who were in the prison at the time of the execution were "Dago Frank's" mother, sister and brother, John and Paul, and "Whitney Lewis'" brothers Morris and Louis.

All the bodies of the gunmen will be claimed by relatives.

SLAPPED HIS FACE.

A Conception Bay Editor called at The Herald office Friday last. A row with the editor of that paper followed, and the outport man boxed P.T.'s ears. The Herald employees rushed to Mr. McGrath's aid and pulled him out from under a desk where he had been knocked.

## COASTAL BOATS.

### REIDS.

Bruce leaves North Sydney tonight.

Lintrose arrived at Basques at 7.30 a.m. yesterday.

The express is due at 3 this afternoon.

### FISHERMAN DROWNED

Deputy Minister of Customs LeMessurier had the following message from W. R. Andrews, Gaultois, Saturday:

"Arthur Garland, of Saddle Island, was drowned in Monday's storm by his skill being swamped."

### DONATES \$50.00

(Editor The Daily Mail)

I enclose a cheque for \$50.00, as a donation to the Marine Disaster Fund, from Grand Falls Local No. 38, I. B. of P. M.

Also please accept our deepest sympathy on behalf of the bereaved relatives and friends from the members of this Local.

### NORWEGIAN FISHERY

April 20, 1914

Lofoden . . . . . 11,600,000  
All others . . . . . 48,308,000

Total . . . . . 59,908,000

1913

Lofoden . . . . . 10,000,000  
All others . . . . . 30,600,000

Total . . . . . 40,600,000

1912

Lofoden . . . . . 15,100,000  
All others . . . . . 50,100,000

Total . . . . . 65,200,000

### OPORTO MARKET

Stocks (NHd) . . . . . 10,620 14,160  
Consumption (NHd) . . . . . 3,465 3,580  
Stocks (Norg.) . . . . . 12,040 2,410  
Consumption (Norg.) . . . . . 4,290 2,470