

Newfoundland's Wrecks.

The loss with all hands of the German oil-tank steamer Helgoland in St. Mary's Bay, Newfoundland, on Jan. 10 was only one of many wrecks that have occurred on this rugged, dangerous coast. The last half century records a long list of marine disasters, most of them attended with loss of life, and the number of ocean-going ships, apart from coasting vessels piled up here forms an eloquent proof of the dangers of seafaring life.

The Helgoland wreck was especially tragic however because of the circumstances surrounding it—the fact that four of her crew were visible for hours and could see and be seen by the coastfolk, who were powerless to render them assistance; the further fact that for six days and nights the mystery of her identity was unsolvable so stormy was the weather in the vicinity; and the fact that though weeks have now elapsed it has been impossible because of the tempestuous weather to recover the bodies of the seamen which are seen in the hills to be cast ashore on the rocks. Thirty-five human beings went to their last account with her and up to this time not a particle of evidence has been obtained looking to the identification of any of them.

Of coast line notorious for disasters St. Mary's Bay possesses the worst repute. A rapid current supposed to be part of the Gulf Stream runs into it, a dangerous, treacherous, uncharted current varying in its force and direction with every wind that blows, and in almost every instance hurrying the incautious mariner to his doom. All the shipping crossing the Atlantic either way and sailing on a great northward circle makes Cape Race as a land fall or object, and around it centres more marine traffic than around any other North American signal station except that of Sandy Hook. On a voyage from the Atlantic coast ports, with a current such as has been described it is not strange that many a ship is set westward fifteen or twenty miles and with the skipper thinking her well east of Cape Race runs up into the wide expanse of St. Mary's Bay and dashes herself to pieces against its rocky coasts.

Of, course, to the one ship that is lost ten escape, mainly through the unconscious instrumentality of the fishing boats, which during the summer and fine weather are a few miles off the shore with their horns going if it becomes foggy and their riding lamps showing a fringe of lights right around the Avalon Peninsula, from St. John's to Placentia after nightfall. Unusually the first knowledge a ship master, unfamiliar with the region, has of his proximity to the coast is the presence of these boats, and when a storm sweeps along and the heavy sea makes fishing impossible for some days and the fishing boats run to harbor, the result often is the running ashore of one or more ocean steamers. On one occasion in 1898 three west-bound freighters went on the rocks north of Cape Race, within a few hours of one another and within a distance of ten miles.

'You're welcome, sir,' exclaimed an old fisherman to the captain of one of these ships, as he rushed hatless down the beach to greet the seamen as they came ashore, 'you're welcome! We've been waiting up for you these three nights.'

This was a frank confession of the truth. The fishfolk knowing what was certain to happen, had been waiting for the wrecks. As they could do nothing to prevent the wrecks, they were determined to make the best of their opportunity when they found the ships on the rocks. It is a remarkable fact about these people that they think no risk too great to undertake in the endeavor to save the lives of shipwrecked mariners, and their hospitality is prodigal to the survivors of disaster who may land on their shores; but they will then turn to and loot a ship on the rocks with the dexterity and completeness only born of long experience. One steamer which went ashore on the coast last summer had a lot of champagne in her cargo, and she was ransacked from end to end by the coast folk, eager to enjoy a draught of this much-praised beverage for the first time. In their search they came upon a large quantity of mineral water, bottled, and this was taken for the sought-after grape vintage and quaffed in gobletfuls. When the real champagne was at last discovered they were so sickened of these previous experiments that they wouldn't touch it and they freely exchanged two and three quart bottles of it for a flask of whiskey with the sailors who came up in the wrecking tug from St. John's.

Salvage from wrecks is universally recognized in Newfoundland as a means of supplementing the regular pursuits of the

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN!"

What more appropriate name could be applied to that most insidious and universal of diseases—Catarrh—which affects nine hundred in every thousand of our people.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has proved itself a wonderful power in lifting the burden—a dove of peace in the battle of life.

It makes life worth living—it helps in a hurry and it cures permanently—relief in 10 to 60 minutes.

So called cures come and go and hardly a week passes but some new claimant as a cure for catarrh presents itself, only to

fail in its mission, add another disappointment to the long list of disappointments in the line of permanent cures for this most universal and distressing disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been for many years before the public as the surest, safest, most harmless, quickest and most permanent treatment for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness,

Headache and Tonsillitis. That it has proved its work thousands of times, east, west, north and south over the whole continent, is allowed by the thousands of unsolicited testimonials that have been received by those who have suffered from the Catarrh malady in all its forms, and for periods of suffering, whether the limit of a few days of Influenza or Cold in the Head to the cure of stubborn and deep-seated Catarrh of the Head and Nose, covering the almost incredible period of fifty years.

Apart from the splendid evidence of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder received from people of all ranks and conditions of men, from the laborer in the street to the judge on the bench. The most eminent nose and throat specialists concede it the greatest cure, give it their

people. As an instance of this the following story will serve, it having the special merit of being true.

'How will your people get on this winter?' asked the late Mgr. Power, Roman Catholic Bishop of St. John's of Father Henneberg, the parish priest of St. Mary's who is now dead.

'Very well, my lord,' replied the father, 'with the help of God and a few wrecks.'

Sometimes a wreck is a bonanza but often it fails to yield a dollar's worth of property to the venturesome salvagers. It all depends upon where and when the ship strikes. The east coast of St. Mary's Bay from St. John's into Holyrood is a veritable ocean graveyard, most of the eastbound ships going ashore there and none ever coming off again. A stern forbidding coast it is. Iron bound cliffs upstanding for hundreds of feet sheer from the water's edge present their basalt faces to the ceaseless fretting of the waves beneath.

For miles on a fine day the traveller passes these natural ramparts, hewn as if by giants and unscalable by man or animal. They are topped with green verdure and a fertile plateau extends inland. But see them when the gales sweep in from the Atlantic. Then it is a coast for a ship to steer wide of.

Unfortunately, however, they do not do so and it is the lack of caution and error in navigation which has proved the ruin of many a ship. Every mile of the coast marks a wreck. Every foot of the bottom, fathoms below, is strewn with the rattle from the battered hulls of the craft which have piled themselves upon the rocks here. Every cove and cranny is the burial place of some victim of the ocean. Every fisherman in the hamlets up the bay has his stories of disasters to relate. As tragic almost as the wreck of the Helgoland is the story of the loss of the John Knox. She, too, drove ashore on the rocky southern coast in the thick of a midnight snow storm. She struck the edge of a reef within 200 yards of a fishing hamlet and the cries of the sailors awoke the slumbering fisherfolk. Help they could not give; no boat could live amid the waves which swept the beach; and through the glare of a distress signal fixed in the ship's main, rigging she could be distinctly seen, the huge combers pounding her to pieces and carrying off her crew one by one. When daylight came nothing remained but the upper works of the ship, battered and slowly going to pieces as the hull below was dismembered. Another ship which went down with all hands was the Cantana, sixteen years ago, and she struck within 200 yards of where the Helgoland was lost. This was the only wreck on the coast during the last generation which had any element of inhumanity attached to it. The bodies of the captain, mate and such men as were washed ashore were stripped of watches, money and valuables. The revelation of this crime aroused a storm of indignation throughout the island and brought down on the perpetrators such punishment that there has never been a repetition of it. A tug laden with police was dispatched to the scene under charge of Judge Prowse, the city magistrate, a man as remarkable for his moral as his physical backbone, and noted the island over as a dispenser

of cheap justice—rough and ready, but impartial.

'I went down among them,' said the Judge, in subsequently describing the affair, 'and arrested them in their own houses though they had loaded guns ready to shoot me. I tried them across their own kitchen tables and sentenced every one of them to six months' imprisonment with hard labor and we rounded up the whole gang and carried them back to St. John's, where they were incarcerated in the Colonial penitentiary and served their time to the last day, and a dead body has never been mishandled on our coast since.'

Four years ago when the Dominion Liner Mariposa was lost, all her silverware was immediately appropriated by the coast folk when they boarded her, and the Judge was again commissioned to put down lawlessness. He could not act so stringently on this occasion because customs of the country permit a large latitude in the matter of salvage. Fifty per cent is allowed to those who save property from wrecks but in this particular form of loot there was great temptation to keep it all. The Judge in his report of the proceedings said:

'I made some interesting discoveries in pursuing my investigations; among others to the leaders in Israel were the most finished wreckers along the coast. The Methodist local preacher, a powerful exhorter at prayer meetings, he secured the largest quantity of silver knives, forks and spoons, which I dug out of all conceivable hiding places in the house. The Episcopal lay reader was no whit behind, having in his possession a large and varied assortment of soup tureens and chafing dishes, which the Catholic ped-

agogue lacked only opportunity to distinguish himself, he living further away and so being late in arriving, which accounts for his contribution being less valuable than that of his confreres.'

When the cable steamer Robert Low was lost in November, 1876, the coastfolk helped themselves generously to everything in sight, but the bodies of the dead were respected. The ship struck the shore at Gull Island, within a few yards of where the Helgoland met her fate. She was out from Placentia, in the next bay, only twelve hours, and her loss was due to faulty navigation, for which her master, Capt. Tidmarsh, paid with his life. Of the thirty-three persons on board, fifteen perished after she struck, and another was drowned in landing the next morning, so that seventeen were saved. A strange circumstance about her loss is that it occurred at 4.17 a. m., her cabin chronometer having stopped the moment she struck. She ran up against the sheer cliff, and the first impact was with the starboard anchor, a fluke of which was broken off. Then her bow was punctured above the water line, but as she ground her way into the cliff her whole stem was beaten in and when she rebounded she started to sink, but her bottom was caught on a jagged rock and she hung suspended for days half full of water. Those who were lost were washed overboard by the seas in the first rush; the survivors launched a pumace and gig and lay in peril under her lee the whole night waiting for daylight before attempting to land on the rocky shore. When the coastfolk boarded her the next day the electricians' room, with its display of novel apparatus, obviously very valuable, proved intensely interesting to them. Their curiosity found vent in handling the wires and knobs until one fisherman accidentally established a connection and received a charge from a powerful electric battery which left him writhing on the floor. A companion, unaware of how the mishap occurred, but satisfied the apparatus was responsible, promptly demolished the offending machinery with a blow from his hatchet, and his example being followed by the others, property to the value of several thousands of pounds was destroyed in a few moments, the vandals contenting themselves with picking out the pieces of copper, brass and silver which formed the ornamental portions of the fixtures. Then the more familiar portions of the wreck were looted with the result that rich hauls of silverware, napery, wines, cabin stores, etc., were obtained, besides the articles of ship fittings found on every wreck that strikes the coast which are a prime consideration to a seafaring population.

When the Anglo-Saxon went ashore at Chance Cove, near Cape Race, almost fifty years ago, and 480 people were lost, the fisherfolk showed themselves in a different and much more favorable light. She struck into a cleft at the bottom of a cliff nearly 400 feet high, and down on the face of this the more daring of the residents were lowered. They battled with the surf and threw lines aboard the wreck, by means of which they got the few survivors to the beach, whence they sent them up to the hilltop in baskets fixed to the ropes, which were managed by their comrades there. The steam-

unqualified endorsement and show their practical faith in it by using it in their daily practice.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder goes right to the seat of the trouble. It attacks the disease, removes the cause, cleanses and heals the parts, quickly and permanently. The treatment is simple, the applications are easily made, perfectly painless, and in ten to sixty minutes after applying, relief follows. It's so wonderfully searching, and yet so soothing, comfort comes like magic.

Mrs. Greenwood, of 204 Adelaide street west, Toronto, says, in substantiation of the claims of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: "I am so well pleased with Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and the good results derived from it, that I hardly know how to express myself. For years I was a great sufferer from Catarrh in the Head and Throat. I tried many remedies without getting relief until I began using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. A few applications gave me great comfort and relief. I continued using it, and now every vestige of the trouble has gone, and words fail me to express the gratitude I feel at being freed from this loathsome disease."

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stops palpitation, smothering, shortness of breath, pains about the heart, gives relief in 30 minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment—When the skin seems fairly on fire from itching skin diseases, one application will give quick and permanent relief.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure liver ills; 20 cents for 40 doses. Sold by E. C. Brown.

er had a number of wealthy cabin passengers on board bound to the United States, and most of them perished, but their bodies were nearly all identified and identified, the valuables found thereon being forwarded to their relatives. The steerage passengers, being chiefly emigrants bound for America, could not be so easily identified, and in the little cemetery at Ferryland they were buried.

Country Ahead

of the city for residence. But alas, neither place is proof against coughs or colds, and so Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is welcome in both localities. 25c. all Druggists.

Ministers of War.

American cabinets are seldom able to survive the excitement and destructive criticism of war-time. President Lincoln made several changes in his cabinet during the Civil War. President McKinley also has brought new men into his cabinet in consequence of the war with Spain.

British ministers are equally vulnerable during a war of real magnitude. In the Crimean War there were ministerial crises and upheavals as the result of military mismanagement. It is not likely that the Salisbury ministry can emerge from the war in South Africa without reconstruction.

There are four strong men in that ministry. Lord Salisbury, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Goschen. They are surrounded with a group of ministers who are equal to the ordinary conditions of peace, but are not fully equipped for the supreme emergency of a great war.

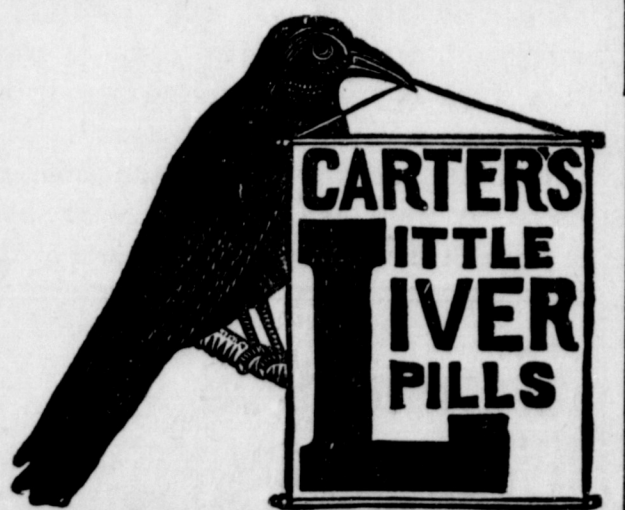
The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, secretary for war, are fiercely attacked in England already, and they will not find it easy to retain their cabinet seats if there are fresh reverses, or if the war is prolonged for many months.

There is another official under fire, who is not connected with the ministry. This is Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army. He is reproached for many things for which Lord Lansdowne is more directly responsible than himself. Unless he succeeds in proving that he is not at fault, there will be a strong movement in military and political circles against him.

This is one of the fortunes of war. When there is public criticism of the conduct of military operations, some Jonah has to be thrown overboard from the ship in response to popular clamor and disappointment.

A ministry under a monarchy is not stronger in the emergency of war than a cabinet under a republic. Indeed, it is weaker in anything; for a President at Washington is independent of Congress, and can stand by Cabinet ministers or generals when they are attacked justly or unjustly; whereas a prime minister in England is the chief of a government supported by the majority in Parliament and is compelled to conciliate public opinion.

THERE IS NO UNCERTAINTY about Pny-Pectoral. It cures your cough quickly. All bronchial affections give way to it. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietor of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.



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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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