TRAVEL

CANADIAN PACIFIC

HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS

FROM MARITIME PROVINCES TO WESTERN CANADA

TICKETS ON SALE EVERY WEDNESDAY

March 3th to October 25th TO WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY EDMONTON, ETC.

Tickets good for Two Months from date of issue

TOURIST SLEEPERS FROM MONTREAL

For full particulars apply to Agent or write M. C. HORNER, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N. B.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

ALL-THE-WAY-BY-WATER.

FRONTIER LINE

Service Temporarily Discontinued

INTERNATIONAL LINE

S. S. CALVIN AUSTIN

Leave St. John Thursday at 9 a.m., Eastport at 2.30 p.m., for Lubec, Portland and Boston. Return, leave Central Wharf Boston, Monday at 9 a.m.

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE

Between Portland and New York Steamships "North Land" and "North Star." Reduced Fares, Reduced Stateroom Prices. Schedule disturbed. Information upon request.

F. E. CHADWICK, Agent, Calais, Me.
A. H. LEAVITT, Supt., Eastport.
C. B. KINGSTON, Commercial Agent, Eastport, Me.

CHANGE OF TIME

Grand Manan S. S. Company

Grand Manan Route—Season 1915-16

After October 1, 1915, and until further notice, the steamer of this line will run as follows:

Leave Grand Manan Mondays at 7.30 a.m. for St. John, via Eastport, Campobello and Wilson's Beach.

Returning, leave Turnbull's Wharf, St. John, Wednesdays at 7.30 a. m. for Grand Manan, via Wilson's Beach, Campobello and Eastport.

Leave Grand Manan Thursdays at 8 a. m. for St. Stephen, via Campobello, Eastport and St. Andrews.

Returning, leave St. Stephen Fridays at 8 a. m. for Grand Manan, via St. Andrews, Eastport and Campobello.

Leave Grand Manan Saturdays at 7.30 a. m. for St. Andrews.

Returning same day, leaving St. Andrews at 1 p. m., calling at Campobello and Eastport both ways.

Atlantic Standard Time

L. C. GUPTILL, Manager
Grand Manan.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

On March 3, and until further notice, the S. S. Connors Bros., will run as follows:

Leave St. John, N. B., Thorne Wharf and Warehouse Co., on Saturday, 7.30 a. m. for St. Andrews, calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbor, Back Bay or Letite, Deer Island, Red Store, St. George. Returning leave St. Andrews Tuesday for St. John, calling at Letite or Back Bay, Black's Harbor, Beaver Harbor and Dipper Harbor, tide and weather permitting.

AGENT—Thorne Wharf and Warehouse Co., St. John, N. B,

'Phone 2581; manager, Lewis Connors, Black's Harbor, N. B.

This Company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the Company or Captain of the steamer.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS,
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

George F. Hibbard, Registrar
Minerva P. Hibbard, Deputy Rgr.
Office hours 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., Daily.
Sundays and Holidays excepted.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF

Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte:—

CIRCUIT COURT: Tuesday, May 9, 1916, Justice Barry; Tuesday, October 3, 1916, Chief Justice K. B. D., Landry.

COUNTY COURT: First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year.

Judge Carleton.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster

Office Hours from 8 a.m to 8 p.m.

Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours.

Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5 cent rate applies do *not* require the "War Tax" stamp.

Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card can be used. Post cards two cents each, to other countries. The two-cent cards do *not* require the "War Tax" stamp.

Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces.

ARRIVES: 12.10 a.m.
CLOSES: 5.10 p.m.

All matter for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the closing of ordinary mail.

Readers who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of THE BEACON will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Beacon Press Company, St. Andrews, N. B., Canada.

The Beacon

VOL. XXVII — SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1916 — NO. 41

LOOK ALOFT

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eyes should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft!" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If thy friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each Joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look Aloft!" to the friendship that never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft!" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft!" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And [illegible] when death comes in his terrors to cast
[illegible] the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eyes, "look aloft!" and depart.

J. LAWRENCE.

THE SKIPPER OF THE *AMULET*

I has been my lot, in the course of a fairly comprehensive experience of sea-life in most capacities between lamp-trimmer and chief officer, to serve under some queer commanders, but of all that I ever endured, the worthy of whom I am about to tell was, without doubt, the most amazing specimen. I have been told, on good authority, that the tag about fact being stranger than fiction is all bosh, but for once I am going to disregard that statement. No fiction that I have ever read has told me anything half so strange, in my poor judgement, as the career of Captain Jones during the time that I was unfortunate enough to be his mate, and therefore I shall stick to fact, at least as much of it as I can tell that will be fit for publication.

In order to launch my story fairly it is necessary to go back a little. On my return to London from my last voyage, with a pay-day of some £20, I had done two important things, though with the easy confidence of youth, and especially seafaring youth, their gravity had not impressed me. I got married and "passed" for chief mate. Neither my wife nor myself had a friend in the world, any certain employment or a stack of "plenishing." And after a honeymoon of a day or two the tiny group of sovereigns nestling at the bottom of my right-hand trousers' pocket dwindled so that I could hardly jingle them. There were plenty of ships in London at the time, but although I walked the soles fairly off my boots around the dreary docks never a one could I find where a second mate even was wanted. I found a good many where the officers were foreigners, Germans or Scandinavians, still more "where they didn't keep the officers by the ship in dock," and one day I was offered a *chance* to go first mate of a 1500 ton tramp to the Baltic at £5 a month! In spite of the shameful inadequacy of the salary I rushed off to the Surrey Commercial Docks after the berth, and arrived on board of her breathless, only to find that another man had got to windward of me, having earlier information. Sadly I trudged back again and recommenced my search, my funds all but gone and no credit obtainable. But now I couldn't even get a ship before the mast! Gangs of ruffianly dock-wallopers fought like tigers at the "chain-locker," whenever a skipper seeking a hand or two poked his head out of one of the doors, flourishing their discharges (?) in the air as they surged around the half scared man. Anxious and indeed almost despairing as I was, I could not compete with that crowd, and I don't believe I should ever have got a ship, but that one day a stalwart, pleasant-faced man opened the door. When the gang began to mob him he roared, "I don't won't navvies—I want a sailor-man; git t' hell out o' that, and let one o' them behind ye come here." Instantly I flung myself into the crowd and thrust my way up to him. He took my proffered discharge, but handed it back at once saying, "I don't want no steamboat sailors." He didn't understand the thing, being a Nova Scotiaman. I steamed back the truth at him, and pushed my way past him into the office, my heart fairly thumping with excitement at the prospect of £3 a month to go to Nova Scotia in the middle of winter. I winced a little when I found that she was only a brigantine, but the advance note for £3 was such a godsend that I could only be thankful.

Of the passage across in the *Wanderer* I need say nothing here except that the seaworthiness of the little craft (the smallest I had ever sailed in) amazed me, while, except for a disaster in the shape of a cook, the general conditions of life on board were most comfortable. After twenty days we arrived at Sydney, Cape Breton, and upon entering the harbor noticed a vessel lying disconsolately apart from the little fleet at anchor there. She was a brig belonging to Workington, exactly like an exaggerated barge as to her hull, and bearing all over unmistakable evidences of utter neglect. In fact her general appearance suggested nothing so much to me as the nondescript craft common on the Indian coast, and called by sailors "country-wallahs." She provided us with plenty of material for our evening chat, but in the morning other matters claimed our attention and we soon forgot all about her. As we had come over in ballast our stay was to be short, and on the second day after our arrival news came that we were to proceed to Lingan, a small port down the coast, in the morning, and there load soft coal for St. John, New Brunswick. But, much to my surprise, just after supper, as I was leaning over the rail enjoying my pipe, the mate approached me mysteriously and beckoned me aft. As soon as we were out of hearing of the other men, he told me that if I liked to put my dunnage over into the boat, he would pull me ashore, the skipper having intimated his willingness to let me go, although unable to discharge me in the regular way. He had heard that there was a vessel in the harbor in want of a mate, and hoped that thus I might be able to better myself. Being quite accustomed to all vicissitudes of fortune I at once closed with the offer, and presently found myself on the beach of this strange place without one cent in my pocket, in utter darkness and a loneliness like that of some desert island.

I sat quite still for some little time, trying to sum up the situation, but the night being very cold, I had to move or get benumbed. Leaving my bag and bed where it was I groped my way into the town, and after about a quarter of an hour's stumbling along what I afterwards found was the main street, I saw a feeble light. Making for it at once I discovered a man standing at the door of a lowly shanty smoking, the light I had seen proceeding from a tallow candle flickering in the interior. Receiving my salutation with gruff heartiness the man bade me welcome to such shelter as he had, so I lugged my dunnage up and entered. He showed me an ancient squab whereon I might lie, and closing ths street door bade me good-night, disappearing into some mysterious recess in a far corner. I composed myself for sleep, but the place was simply alive with fleas, which, tasting fresh stranger, gave me a lively time. Before morning I was bitterly envious of the other occupant of the room, who lay on the bare floor in a drunken stupor, impervious to either cold or vermin. At the first gleam of dawn I left, talking a brisk walk until somebody was astir in the place, when I soon got quarters in a boarding-house. Then as early as possible I made for the shipping office, finding to my surprise that the vessel in want of a mate was the ancient relic that had so much amused us as we entered the harbor. After a good deal of searching, the commander of her was found—a blutf, red-faced man with a watery, wandering eye, whose first words bewrayed him for a Welshman. He was as anxious to get a mate as I was to get a ship, so we were not long coming to terms—£6 per month. Her name I found was the *Amulet*, last from Santos, and now awaiting a cargo of coal for St. John, New Brunswick. No sooner had I signed articles than the skipper invited me to drink with him, and instantly became confidential. But as he had already been drinking pretty freely, and even his sober English was no great things, I was not much the wiser for our conference. However, bidding him good day, I went on board and took charge, finding the old rattletrap in a most miserable condition, the second mate in a state of mutiny, and the crew doing just whatever they pleased. I had not been on board an hour before I was in possession of the history of their adventures since leaving England eighteen months before. I found too that I was the fourth mate that voyage, and judging from appearances I thought it likely that I should be the last. As soon as he had finished unburdening himself to me, the second mate, who seemed a decent fellow enough, started to pack up, swearing in both Welsh and English that he was finished with her. Of course I had no means of preventing him from going even if I had wished to do so, and away he went. Then I turned my attention to the ship, finding the small crew (seven all told) desperately sullen, but still willing to obey my orders. Oh, but she was a wreck, and so dirty, that I hardly knew whether it was worth while attempting to cleanse her. Three was abundance of good fresh food though, and one of the men helped the grimy muttering Welsh lad who was supposed to be the cook, so that the meals were at least eatable. According to my orders I was to report progress to the skipper every morning at his hotel, and next morning I paid him a visit. I found him in bed, although it was eleven o'clock, with a bottle of brandy sticking out from under his pillow and quite comfortably drunk. He received my remarks with great gravity, graciously approving of what I had done, and assuring me that he was very ill indeed. I left him so, thinking deeply over my queer position, and returned on board to find the second mate back again in a furious rage at not being able to get at the "old man," but resigned to going with us to St. John as a passenger. Well, as time went on I managed to get her in some sort of trim, received the cargo on board, bent the sails, and made all ready for sea, the second mate lolling at his ease all day long or in his bunk asleep. Every morning I saw the skipper, always in bed and always drunk. Thus three weeks passed away. When the vessel had been a week ready for sea, during most of which time a steady fair wind for our departure had been blowing, I had a visitor. After a few civil questions he told me he was the agent, and proposed giving the captain one day longer in which to clear out, failing which he would on his own responsibility send the vessel to sea without him. I of course raised no objection, but seized the opportunity to get a few pounds advance of wages which I at once dispatched home to my wife. The agent's threat was effectual, for at noon the next day my commander came on board accompanied by a tugboat which towed us out to sea, although a fair wind was blowing. No sooner had the pilot left us to our own devices than Captain Jones retired to his bunk, and there he remained, his cabin no bad representation of a miniature Malebolge. Details impossible.

Unfortunately I had so severely injured my left hand that I could not use it at all, and the second mate, though perfectly friendly with me, would do nothing but just keep a lookout while I got some sleep; he wouldn't even trim sail. The first day out I took sights for longitude by the chronometer, which I had kept regularly wound since I had been on board, but I found to my horror that it had been tampered with, and was utterly useless. It was now the latter end of November, fogs and gales were of every-day occurrence, the currents were very strong and variable, and I was on an utterly strange coast in command for the first time in my life. When I saw the sun, which was seldom, I thought myself lucky to get the latitude, and Sable Island under my lee with its diabolical death-traps haunted me waking and sleeping. My only hope of escaping disaster was in the cod-schooners, which, as much at home in those gloomy, stormy waters as a cabman in London streets, could always be relied on to give one a fairly accurate position. Then the rotten gear aloft kept giving out, and there was nothing to repair it with, while the half-frozen men could hardly be kept out of their little dog-hole at all. Only one man in the ship was having a good time, and that was the skipper. Hugging a huge jar of "chain-lightning" brandy he never wanted anything else, and no one ever went near him except the poor little scalawag of a cook, who used to rate him in Welsh until the discord was almost deafening. But if I were to tell fairly the story of that trip round Nova Scotia it would take a hundred pages. So I must hurry on to say that we *did* reach St. John by God's especial mercy, and her alongside the wharf.

I am afraid I shall hardly be believed when I say that Captain Jones reappeared on deck at once and went ashore, promising to return by six o'clock. Now the tide rises and falls in St. John over thirty feet, so when night came the *Amulet* was resting on the mud, and the edge of the wharf was very nearly level with our main-top. I had prepared a secure gangway with a bright lantern for my superior's return, but about eleven o'clock that night he strolled down and walked calmly over the edge of the wharf where the gangway was not. All hands were aroused by his frantic cries of "Misser Bewlon, Misser Bewlon, for Gaw' sake safe my lyve!" After much search we found him and hoisted him on board out of the mud in which he was embedded to the armpits. No bones were broken, and next day he was well enough to climb ashore and get into a conveyance which took him up town to another "hotel." A repetition of the tactics of Sydney now set in, except that I did not visit him so frequently. The second mate and one of the men got their discharge out of him and left us, in great glee at their escape. Then I think some one must have remonstrated with him whose words were not to be made light of, for one day he came on board and tried to get all hands to sign a paper that he had got drawn up, certifying that he was a strictly sober man! He was *so* hurt at their refusal. Finally he re-embarked, bringing a tugboat and pilot with him as before, and the startling news that we were to tow right across the Bay of Fundy and up the Basin of Minas to Parrsboro', but no sooner were we abreast of Partridge Island than again my commander disappeared below. All through the night the panting tug toiled onward with us, the pilot remaining at his post till dawn. Fortunately for my peace of mind I knew little about the perilous navigation of this great bay, the home of the fiercest tides in the world. But when, drawing near Cape Blomidon, I saw the rate at which we were being hurled along by the fury of the inrushing flood, I felt profoundly thankful that the responsibility for our safety was not upon me. However, we arrived intact that afternoon and proceeded up the river, which was as crooked as a ram's horn, and only began to have any water in its bed when it was half flood outside. As we neared the village the pilot asked me to what wharf we were going, as we could not lay in the dry river-bed. I knew no more than he did, and neither of us could shake any sense into the unconscious skipper. So we tied her up to the first jetty we came to, and pilot and tugboat took their departure. There was a fine to-do when the wharfinger heard of our arrival, and I had to go up to the village and ask all round for information as to where we were to lie. I got instructions at last, and shifted to a berth where we were allowed to remain. Next day the old man went ashore again, saying nothing to me, and I remained in ignorance of his whereabouts for ten days. Meanwhile lumber began to arrive for us, and a scoundrelly stevedore came on board with the skipper's authority to stow the cargo. He and I quickly came to loggerheads, for I did not at all fancy the way he was "blowing her up," and the dread of our winter passage to Europe lay heavy upon me. But I found that all power to interfere with him was taken out of my hands, and I just had to stand by see potential murder being done.

At last one day at dinner-time the old man paid us a visit, characteristically announcing himself by falling between the vessel and the wharf into the ice-laden water. Of course he wasn't hurt—dind't even get a chill, but he was taken back to his "hotel," and came no more to see us. With the completion of our deck-load my patience was exhausted, and as soon as she was ready for sea, I hunted him up and demanded my discharge. I felt prepared to take all reasonable risks, but to cross the Atlantic in December with a vessel like a top-heavy bladder under me and myself the sole officer, was hardly good enough. Of course he wouldn't release me, and the upshot was, to cut my yarn short, that I remained ashore penniless, while he towed back to St. John, engaged another unfortunate mate, and after a week's final spree, sailed for home. As I had expected, she got no farther than the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. There her old bones were finally broken up in a howling snowstorm, in which several of the crew were frozen to death, but he escaped to worry better men again.

Two years after in the Court of Queen's Bench we met again, when I arose, the one essential witness to his misdoings, and made him feel as if my turn had come at last.—From *A Sack of Shakings*, by F. T. Bullen. London: Collins. 7d. net.

St. Andrews Bargain Carnival

Every Merchant has a Bargain FOR YOU

Saturday May 6

Dry Goods
Groceries
Hardware
China
Smokers' Requisites
Novelties

Help The Man Who Helps You

Spend Your Money At Home

A Bargain On EVERY Counter In St. Andrews. Don't Miss This

Chance to Save Money

It is a Day Arranged For Your Benefit— PROFIT BY IT

Saturday May 6

All Roads Lead —To— St. Andrews By-The-Sea

News in Brief

——London, March 31.—British casualities in March, as compiled from the published lists, amounted to 1,107 officers and 19,137 men.

——Toronto, April 4.—Berlin, Ontario, cannot change its name. The private bills committee of the legislature to-day rejected suggested legislation to authorize a change.

——Victoria, B. C., March 31.—A huge petition appealing for a moratorium with respect to all debts, was presented to the legislature last night by A. H. B. Macgowan of Vancouver.

——Amoy, China, March 30.—Reports from Swatow, province of Kwangtung, say that fighting is in progress there, and that foreigners are warned not to enter the city. The United States gunboat *Wilmington* is in the harbor there.

——London, April 4.—King George, who is a devoted philatelist, recently gave the gem of his stamp collection to an auction sale of stamps in aid of the Red Cross. It is a 9d. stamp of 1865, unused and very rare. It was sold to a collector for £280 ($1,260).

——San Francisco, March 31.—A cablegram from Hong Kong received here tonight by a local Chinese newspaper, said the governor of Canton province had been assassinated by his troops, and that the province had declared its independence of the central government.

——Ottawa, April 4.—Nearly 300,000 men have so far enlisted. The aggregate up to the end of March is 295,680. During March enlistments totalled 33,705. In the last two weeks of the month, 16,637 men were enrolled, of which the maritime provinces furnished 1,513.

——London, April 4.—The arrival at Bombay of Baron Chelmsford, who in January was appointed viceroy of India in succession to Baron Hardinge, is related in a Reuter dispatch from Bombay. Baron Chelmsford was received by the ruling native chiefs and the naval, military and civil authorities. Large crowds greeted the new viceroy.

——Victoria, B. C., April 4.—Depositors in the Dominion Trust Company will receive a proportion of their deposit money back, even if the government cannot obtain money from the bonding companies, said Mr. Bowser. The appropriations for the year include a re-vote of a quarter of a million dollars for this purpose.

——London, April 4.—Great Britain has declined to release thirty-eight Germans, Austrians and Turks removed by British warships from American steamer *China* off the Chinese coast. The right of the British government to seize subjects of enemy countries returning home to take part in the war is said to be insisted on in the British note handed to the State department. The American government is expected to dispute the contention.

——London, April 4.—The explosion of a powder factory in Kent has caused the death or injury of 200 persons.

The following statemement was given out:

"The ministry of munitions reports, with great regret, that during the week-end a serious fire broke out in a powder factory, which led to a series of explosions in the works. The fire was purely accidental. It was discovered at midday and the last of the explosions took place shortly after 2 in the afternoon.

——Brantford, Ont., April 1.—Alexander Graham Bell vindicates Brantford's claim to be the "Telephone City," despite Boston's recent celebration. He writes here in connection with the coming unveiling of the Bell memorial: "Brantford became my thinking place. Here the telephone was invented, the first draft of the patent specification prepared, the proper relation of parts of the telephone to enable it to be used on long lines worked out and the first transmission of the human voice over miles of telegraph line actually accomplished. Here also the first public demonstration of this result was given to the world."

——London, April 2.—The British liner *Achilles* was sunk Friday. Four members of her crew are missing. The captain and sixty-two other persons from the steamer have been landed.

The *Achilles* was in the trade between Australia and England. She was a vessel of 7,042 tons gross, and owned by the Ocean Steamship Company, of Liverpool. She sailed from Sydney, N. S. W., January 19 for London and Liverpool.

——London, April 1.—Lloyd's reports the sinking of the Norwegian steamship *Memento*, 1,076 tons gross. All the members of the crew were saved except one man, who was drowned.

The sinking of another neutral vessel, the Norwegian steamer *Norne*, 1,185 tons was also announced this afternoon. All the members of the crew were saved.

The British schooner *John Pritchard*, was sunk off the coast of Greece by a submarine on Thursday. The crew was saved.

——London, April 1.—The large British steamship *Rangatira*, from London to New Zealand, is ashore on Robben Island in a heavy fog, and efforts are being made to get her off, says a Reuter dispatch from Cape Town.

The *Rangatira* is owned by the Shaw, Savill & Albion Co., of Southampton. She is of 10,118 gross tons, is 470 feet long and 61 feet beam, and was built in 1910 at Belfast.

Robben Island is an islet off the Cape of Good Hope, at the entrance of Table Bay.

"Did that fortune teller you consulted give you any satisfaction?" "None whatever," answered the pessimist. "Maybe she doesn't know her business?" "I fear she knows it only too well. She said I was going to have all kinds of hard luck." —*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

News of the Sea

——Havre, April 5.—A German submarine has sunk the Norwegian steamer *Baus*, a vessel of 1,287 tons, in the English Channel. Four of the crew are missing. Fourteen others were saved.

——Tokio, April 3.—The steamer *Wakatsue Maru*, bound from Nagasaki for coastal points, has been wrecked on a sunken rock. Eighty-nine of her passengers and sixteen members of the crew are believed to have been drowned. The *Wakatsu Maru* was a vessel of 252 tons.

——London, April 2.—Lloyd's reports that the Norwegian steamer *Peter Hamre* was sunk Saturday night while at anchor. One man, the sole survivor of the crew of fifteen, has been landed from Kentish Knock Lightship.

The *Peter Hamre* had a tonage of 1,089 gross, and was 234 feet long.

——London, April 2.—A Reuter dispatch from Almeria says that the crew of the Norwegian steamship *Norme* has been landed there. The *Norme*, the sinking of which has been previously reported, was torpedoed by a German submarine in the Bay of Biscay on March 26. The men were allowed ten minutes in which to leave the vessel.

——Halifax, N. S., April 2.—The Norwegian ship *Svaland*, 2,240 tons, which was dismasted off Sable Island, was towed into Halifax harbor to-day by the United States revenue cutter *Seneca*. The *Svaland* is in balast and was on her way to New York when she encountered a series of storms, the first of which carried away her canvas, and the second took the masts out of her. She is a steel ship and the hull is intact.

——London, March 31.—During the blizzard of Tuesday night last between forty and forty-five bluejackets belonging to the British light cruiser *Conquest* lost their lives while attempting to return to their ship.

The men were being towed out in a large cutter when the hawser broke. The cutter drifted away and presumably capsized.

——London, April 2.—The British steamship *Ashburton* has been sunk by shrapnel shells fired by a German submarine. Five members of the crew have been taken to the hospital. The vessel was not armed. The *Ashburton* sailed from New Zealand, February 23 for London. The vessel was 4,445 tons gross, and was built in 1905. She was 392 feet long, 50 feet beam, and 26 feet deep.

——London, April 5.—The Norwegian steamer *Arena*, has been sunk in the Cattegat, says a dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company from Copenhagen. The crew was saved.

The correspondent adds that as a result of the destruction of a large number of Norwegian ships it has been decided to increase the rates on Norwegian war insurance one hundred per cent.

——London, April 2.—The Board of Trade's summary of casualties to British shipping, reported in March, shows that nineteen steamers, aggregating 44,609 tons, and eight sailing vessels of 1,865 tons, were sunk by enemy warships. Ten steamers of 13,927 tons, were sunk by mines. One steamer of 2,131 tons was sunk either by an enemy warship or a mine.

Forty-three lives were lost in the case of the steamers sunk by warships, and eighty-one in steamers sunk by mines.

——London, April 2.—The British steamer *Goldmouth* has been sunk and her crew, two members of which are suffering from injuries, was landed at Penzance says a Lloyd's dispatch from that place dated Saturday.

The *Goldmouth* was of 7,446 gross tons. She was 471 feet long, and was owned by the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, of London. She was probably in the government service. Latest shipping records give her sailing from Port Arthur, Texas, October 28, and Norfolk, November 4, for Dartmouth.

——Paris, April 1.—The hospital ship *Portugal* has been suuk in the Black Sea by a German torpedo boat or submarine, with a large number of wounded aboard, according to an announcement of the Official Press Bureau last night. It is said that the *Portugal* had Red Cross signs conspicuously displayed.

The *Portugal* was owned by the Messageries Maritimes of Marseilles and had been placed st the disposal of the Russian Government.

The *Portugal* was 444 feet long and had a gross tonnage of 5,553 tons. She was built at La Ciotat in 1887.

——Wellington, N. Z., March 31.—A wireless dispatch from the *Aurora* says:

"We are setting towards Snare's Island, under the influence of wind and sea. We are unable to manoeuvre the ship, owing to damage to the jury rudder."

The authorities are sending a tug to the assistance of the *Aurora*.

Snare's Islands lie in the South Pacific Ocean, south of New Zealand, the easternmost being in latitude 48.3 south, longitude 166.30 east. A wireless dispatch from the *Aurora*, the auxiliary ship of the Shackleton Antartic expedition, dated March 30, reported the vessel 250 miles southwest of Port Chalmers, N. Z.

——London, March 30.—Five vessels are reported to have been sunk during the past 24 hours—Three British steamers, the *Diadem*, *Kilbrida* and *Lavinia Westol*; the Dutch steamer *Dulseland*, and the small Russian schooner *Ottomar*.

The *Diadem* was 3,752 tons gross, and was last reported on her arrival at Marseilles, on February 15, from Penarth, Wales. She was 349 feet long, was built in 1906, and owned in Newcastle.

The total number of British ships sunk since the beginning of the new German submarine campaign is 20. In addition, there has been a considerable toll taken by the submarines from shipping belonging to Great Britain's allies or to neutral countries.

——London, April 3.—The Norwegian steamer *Ino*, of 702 tons gross, has been sunk. There were no casualties.

——New York, April 3.—The Nantucket Lightship to-day reported by wireless that the British steamer *Pinemore*, from Manchester, would arrive here today with the crew of the British schooner *Annie E. Larder*. According to reports the schooner was abandoned at sea, sinking on March 27. The schooner was last reported at Gibraltar on February 9.

——London, April 3.—The British steamship *Perth* has been sunk. Six members of the crew were lost and eight were landed. The *Perth* was unarmed.

There are three British steamships *Perth*, the largest, 1,799 tons gross, is owned in Melbourne. Another of 1,693 tons, is from Dundee, and the third, 653 tons, is owned in Glasgow.

——Shanghai, March 31.—The big trans-Pacific passenger steamship *Chiyo Maru*, grounded in a fog at 4.35 this morning, on one of the Lemia Islands south of Hong Kong. Mine tugboats and launches from a British torpedo boat destroyer, have gone to her assistance, and took off her 229 passengers, from San Francisco, and Manila.

The *Chiyo Maru* owned by the Toyo Kisen Kabushiki Kaisha, of Yokohama, is a vessel of 13,431 tons gross, is 558 feet long, 61 feet beam and was constructed in 1908, at Nagasaki. She left San Francisco on March 2, for Yokohama, arrived at Manila on March 18, and left that port for Hong Kong. Capt. Bent was in command.

*** The vessel has since been reported abandoned.

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