

Who is the Leader?

A POLITICAL COMEDY IN ONE VERY SHORT ACT.

Scene.—The Council Chamber.

Dramatis Personae.—The Executive Council.

The members of the Council are scattered about the room in various attitudes.

All seem greatly engrossed.

The first to break silence is Mr. Coaker, who, from his position on the hearthrug where, with his back to the fire (it is mid-August), he is effectually keeping all the heat from the other occupants of the room, says:—

"In case you don't know why you're here, I'd better tell you."

It is to elect an acting Premier. And one who will not sell you. So now you'd better choose a chairman."

Who'll prove in all things quite a fair man?"

Mr. Warren stops in the act of removing a chocolate from a paper bag and says from the depths of his comfortable chair.

"I say, you know, as before very long I'm going away on a lengthy sojourn. Don't you think that as chairman you'd better have me?"

For you chaps I'll do it and not ask a fee."

A short consultation follows. Mr. Warren's generous offer and he is finally elected chairman of the meeting.

Mr. Warren: "Now as chairman I'm elected I must see there is selected."

For a temporary leader. One who is not such a speeder. As the Minister of Marine. Who put us in the soup tureen."

Mr. Coaker. (Hotly): "Here Warren this won't do at all. You say too much for one so small."

Mr. Warren. (Ignoring interruption): "I want a man who'll hold the reins firmly, yet sees that Squires retains the leadership. Now you'll all agree the right man for the job is—"

All (except Mr. Halfyard who with-out attention is either rhyme or reason cries "Coaker.")

"HE."

Mr. Warren: "If that's the way that you all feel there is no need for further spiel. On my part. All that I can do is to let each state his claim to lead."

And then, if you are all agreed I'll say who, in my mind's the one to take the job, and then 'tis done."

After further discussion all are of the opinion that this is the best way out of the difficulty and they agree to abide by the Chairman's decision.

Mr. Coaker now rises to state his claim. He strikes his favourite Napoleonic attitude, rubs the back of his head, and says:—

"If anyone should have this post—Then it is I. Of backing I have got the most. Who'll say I lie? The North is with me to a man. Now who is better fitted than me for this post?"

All (except Mr. Halfyard): "A rotten boast."

Mr. Coaker. (Unheeding): "Am I not suited for this job? Don't you all know I'm the Nabob Within this land."

Now here I stand. Claiming only what is my due. Do I not win?"

All But One: "What rot, pooh, pooh."

The One (Who happens to be Mr. Halfyard): "Belov'd chief, you do, you do."

Mr. Warren: "Your own opinion of your fame is not backed, Coaker. Who's next to claim?"

Mr. Coaker, feeling hurt, retires in high dudgeon, slamming the door behind him with such force that the flowers on the wall paper immediately lose all their petals and the coils in the coal scuttle shake audibly.

Mr. Halfyard: "If Coaker goes, then I go too. But, mark my words, this day you'll rue."

He follows Mr. Coaker out, and all

present heave audible sighs of relief. Dr. Campbell daintily removing the paper from a stick of chewing gum, and closing the book "How to Waste Money on Bulls" which he has been perusing, next states his claim.

"I've done nothing but 'spend money since I joined the Government. And although it may sound funny I've got taught for what I've spent. And this is the claim on which I base My right to lead. There is my case."

Mr. Warren: "I'm sorry Campbell you won't do. Your present job, I think, suits you."

Dr. Campbell takes the decision cheerfully and continues his reading.

Dr. Barnes now modestly comes forward and states his case as follows:

"As I'm an intellectual. I think that I ought to lead. I'd make a most effective Leader. I'm sure you're agreed."

Mr. Warren: "Barnes, you are far too modest. That's why as leader you are 'non est'."

Mr. Foote, with his hands in his trousers pockets is the next to come forward. He begins:

"I have been a silent man. Since this Government began. For I've never got the chance I really should have."

Now I see there is great need. For me to assume the lead. And then I'll do what off I've wished I could have."

Mr. Warren: "I have made my choice at last. He is one who has no past. And will not be led astray. He is Councillor GEORGE SHEA."

All gaze blankly at one another and some start to protest, when

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Fish Regulations in a New Guise.

We have rarely read a more impracticable speech than that about nationalizing the exportation of our fish. One would think, in view of past experience, that Mr. Coaker would not dare to make such a proposition, especially at this juncture when the foreign buyers of Newfoundland fish have so fresh in their memories the treatment accorded them during the past three years.

Nationalizing of codfish exports is only another name for the same old Fish Regulations that were taken off the Statute Books last session of the House. In fact, the proposed Nationalization is worse than the Fish Regulations, because it takes the exporting of fish out of the hands of the Fish Merchants altogether. It kills all enterprise and all individual initiative, and reduces our merchants to the status of servile barter-men, who may spend all their money and risk all they have in outfitting and buying fish, but shunts them out from selling where, when and to whom they may like.

We do not think that the merchants are going to submit to this treatment and certainly the representatives of the South West Coast will not tolerate it if they have any consideration for their constituents. If Hon. Mr. Coaker wants this as an election slogan, by all means let him have it, but there ought to be enough sane people in Newfoundland not to allow him to ruin the trade of the country for the sake of his political aspirations.—Trade Review.

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PHONE 131.

Newfoundland and Its Blind.

(By J. M. Howley.)

Article III. THE BLIND HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

In the present article I find it necessary to present an amount of statistical information regarding the care of the blind. Realizing that figures are apt to be uninteresting, I have endeavoured to restrict their use as far as possible, with the object of creating interest without boredom; and if I have made use of a seeming surfeit of statistics, I crave the indulgence of my readers. The information I have gleaned is not always up to the minute, but it is sufficient to show that other countries have adopted the right spirit in regard to what is undoubtedly a great national question to each of them. Comparisons are odious. But when comparison incites effort to emulation or betterment the odium may well be overlooked. It is with this idea in mind that I propose to give my readers a short resume of what the condition is like to the blind in our island home, and in those other countries of the world, concerning which I have in a short time been able to obtain definite facts.

As far as the blind in Newfoundland are concerned, beyond the opportunity of fitting themselves to take their place, side by side with the seeing fellow men in the great struggle of life, which has been afforded to some few through the medium of the Halifax School for the Blind, little or nothing has been done for them. This resolves itself into the claim made in a previous article to the effect that their condition is due to neglect to provide means for the blind to receive the benefit of their training after having graduated from Halifax. The time has come for our rulers and our people to erase the stain of past omissions by interesting themselves in and helping along the cause of the blind.

The following statistics will tend to prove the truth of the statement here made for the second time. In the year 1887 Newfoundland decided to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the School for the Blind at Halifax, and since that time two Newfoundlanders entered the institution. Our country has since that date maintained annually an increasing number of our blind at Halifax—the total in recent years reaching eighteen. I understand that provision is made for twenty and the annual cost to the colony at the present time is three hundred dollars for each student. In the past thirty four years sixty five of our blind have entered the Halifax institution for training. Of this number thirteen have passed to the great beyond, either before or after their courses at Halifax had been completed. Four have, through the mercy of Providence, had their sight restored, and eleven are still in attendance. We have therefore, to consider the position of thirty seven who have passed on as trained men and women to make their way in the world. Of these, nine have left the country and are supporting themselves in other lands; seven are known to be self supporting in their island home; while twenty one are not self supporting. It is natural to enquire why the latter group, who they have not the means to put into practice the training they have received. They are not in the position, as are seeing men, and women, of placing themselves in employment, or of obtaining the requisites for working at their trades in their homes. Here is where the next comes in, and where the establishment of the Newfoundland Institution for the Training and Employment of the Blind will show its worth.

Each blind person has cost the country for training, approximately one thousand dollars. Seventy five per cent of those who should be capable of making a good return for this investment, are unfortunately not in a position to do so. And perhaps the saddest feature is that of the twenty one who comprise this seventy five per cent, SOME ARE RECEIVING PAUPER RELIEF. Where, then, does the benefit of training appear? And what is the excuse for the waste of money expended on training? Far be it from me to deplore the action of spending money for the training of the blind. In no way, to my mind, could expenditure be better justified. But the absence of after care, as is made apparent by the figures I have quoted, is certainly deplorable. I wonder, if, as a people, we think it is the consummation of our duty to train the blind and then pass up these people, who do the red-blooded men and women of Newfoundland think that the condition of the twenty one is a fair return for the investment made on their account. I wonder how long it will be before we all realize that this estate of affairs is not good enough.

To the present I have only dealt with those who have had the opportunity of training, numbering sixty five. As previously stated, there are at least three times as many who are eligible for training. And with the facilities afforded by the School for the Blind at Halifax, it will be long years before these cases can have the consideration they deserve. And whilst these are being attended to other cases will arise, for the census shows an average increase in the number of our blind of about six per year. How the existing state can be overcome, I hope to be able to show in a later article. Overcome it should be, and at the earliest possible opportunity. And the Newfoundland Institution for the Training and Employment of the Blind is the most feasible means to that end. For the present Newfoundland's case rests here. I have not endeavoured to paint a gloomy picture, but have merely quoted undeniable facts, which taken in their entirety do not reflect to our credit as an up-to-date civilized country. Following I shall endeavour to give my readers an account of what has been done in other countries, leaving to them the obvious conclusion as to our duty to the blind.

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old axiom. We advise the use of a good little, named "Brick's Tasteless". Price \$1.00; postage 20c. extra.—advt.

WRESTLING BOUL.—News recently received from Texas states that a wrestling bout is to take place there this week between Young Olsen, who is well known here, and the champion of the Lone Star state.

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Our own make. (Former price \$4.40.)	Girls' Black Calf Laced Boots . . . \$2.95 (Former price \$3.80.)
Boys' Black Kid Laced Boots at . . . \$3.00	Girls' Black Kid Blucher Boots . . . \$2.75 (Former price \$3.25.)
Our own make. (Former price \$4.00.)	Girls' Black Calf Blucher Boots . . . \$2.75 (Former price \$3.55.)
Boys' Box Calf Laced Boots at . . . \$3.20	Girls' Black High Cut Laced Boots . . \$3.75 (Former price \$5.40.)
Our own make. (Former price \$4.80.)	Girls' Black High Laced Boots . . . \$4.00 (Former price \$5.70.)
All Solid Leather	Girls' Black Calf High Laced Boots . . \$3.50 (Former price \$4.20.)
Special attention given to Mail Orders.	Girls' Black High Cut Button Boots . \$4.00 (Former price \$5.70.)
	Girls' Tan Kid Button Boots \$2.95 (Former price \$4.30.)
	Girls' Black Kid Button Boots . . . \$2.75 (Former price \$3.60.)
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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

SAFER HIGHWAYS.

Someone who has a driver who has a reputation for finding fault the other day with a n automobile fast driving.

"I wouldn't go with him for anything," said the critic. "Why he went up town in 50 minutes the other night, and you know perfectly well that means you have to keep up an outrageous speed."

"Just the same," said the Author, "I would rather go 40 miles with him than 35 miles an hour with some people I know."

And I agreed.

Parker Riding With Him.

For the man in question has driven for about 12 years, and has all the skill that 12 years should connote.

Moreover he makes his speed by driving an open stretches of road, but he is exceedingly careful in congested districts, and in regard to corners and crossroads.

He never cuts in ahead of another car around corners.

He always slows up and blows his horn before coming to a blind crossroad.

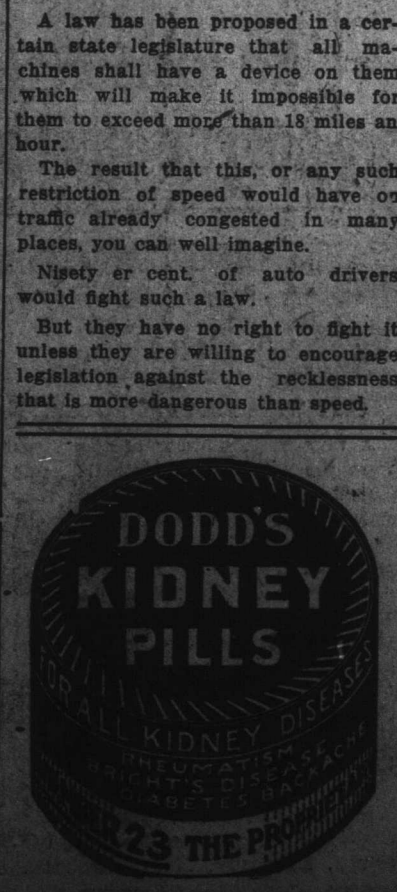
He says strict attention to what he is doing when he is driving.

He is never under the influence of drink, with the resultant loosening of inhibitions, and recklessness.

He always keeps well to his side of the road.

He is careful of wet skiddy pavements to use chains and to avoid, if possible, putting himself where he will have to throw his brakes suddenly.

And I would rather drive 40 miles an hour with a person who observes these rules than 35 miles with one who is careless about them.



A law has been proposed in a certain state legislature that all machines shall have a device on them which will make it impossible for them to exceed more than 18 miles an hour.

The result that this, or any such restriction of speed would have on traffic already congested in many places, you can well imagine.

Ninety per cent of auto drivers would fight such a law.

But they have no right to fight it unless they are willing to encourage legislation against the recklessness that is more dangerous than speed.

Rules I Should Like.

Can't we have such vigorous laws against cutting in around corners against going without brakes to perfect conditions, against the road who goes slow and the speeds when someone tries to pass him, doubling the hazards for everyone concerned (the driver referred to considers that this should be a crime offense); against being on the side of the road, against crawling at crossroads, that people want to be strict laws about the granting of licenses and some sort of speed restriction for beginners?

Something has got to be done to make the highways safer. The man who seems to want to commit crimes by the automobile method has got to be restrained, and far more important than that, people who want to use the highway as pedestrians or as drivers in a reasonable, sane manner have got to be protected from the