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Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir—Recent issues of your influential journal containing editorial comment on Newfoundland's productive possibilities are undoubtedly having a tonic effect on the public mind, and it is good to see that optimism will not be an unknown quality in any future recasting of the country's industrial horoscope.

Every leader from your industrious ranks has the ring of sincerity about it and sounds a patriotic note pleasant to the ear, while at the same time leading to the hope that thus will we as a people shed that apathy and lack of interest altogether too evident in the past where the public weal is concerned. In a recent issue of the Evening Telegram appeared an editorial which must do much towards arousing in the public mind a sense of what we owe to ourselves and the great Empire of which Newfoundland is a component part; and in pointing to the fact that Newfoundland iron ore is passing Great Britain's shores, destined for countries which are her greatest and keenest industrial, political and diplomatic rivals, you bring the whole matter within the scope of Empire jurisdiction, separating it, I submit, from a question which otherwise might be considered from the purely local or parochial viewpoint. The considerations involved are too weighty and too widespread, affect too much the vital interests at stake, to admit of any other outcome.

The evil inherent in disposing of our resources to all-comers, regardless of consequences, may not be after all an unmixt one, and may, I verily believe will, contain an element which will eventually redound to the benefit of the country. Inter-Imperial relations were never more closely knit, and while there is free and frank discussion of questions at issue as between the various Empire states and the Motherland, there is always evident the cardinal principle of the well being of the whole. This being so then Newfoundland's position as an important factor in the industrial and economic life of the British Empire will have been established. Millions within the Empire, ignorant of the fact before will realize that Newfoundland is a great iron producing country and once their appetite for more enlightenment is whetted, they should be, no doubt will be, informed, that Newfoundland has splendid possibilities in other directions, and that her great natural products can be converted into sources of wealth capable of adding greatly to the stability of the Empire.

What I have said above applies with equal force I feel to another great potential asset of Newfoundland—her coal. On several occasions I have perused, with interest and pleasure letters and articles in the Telegram dealing with this most important matter. Only within the past few days was there averted what might have amounted to a catastrophe

to the English-speaking peoples of the world, a coal famine, through the complete tie up of the mines in England, the United States and Canada as the result of a widespread strike.

And such a disaster has not been averted, it has only been postponed through compromise and this at the last moment. Coal especially in the rugged winter and cold and inclement fall and spring months is absolutely indispensable to Newfoundland. Without it there would be widespread misery and almost total unemployment, and contemplation of such dire possibilities has brought forcibly to the public mind the consciousness that Newfoundland has great coal resources, for which only enterprise and capital are waiting to properly develop. None for a moment will dispute the fact that the late James P. Howley was a Geologist of eminence, and that he stood high in the regard of scientists of international repute, and Mr. Howley staked his reputation on the existence of coal in great if not vast quantities on the West Coast of this Island.

In letters written to the Telegram by T. J. Freeman, Secretary of the St. George's Coal Fields, Ltd., that gentleman has gone into voluminous statistics as to the presence of coal at Robinson's, and quotes from the excellent geological reports compiled by Mr. Howley to show that hundreds of millions of tons of coal exist on the West Coast and can be mined cheaply and economically, and yet if anything untoward occurs at Sydney or elsewhere to-morrow, we are without this prime necessity in our industrial and social life though possessed of millions of tons of it at our very doors. Is it not time for us to be up and doing in this connection? The opening up by the present Government of new inter-roads is I think a project which should have a very beneficial effect on the opening up of the mineral resources of the country bringing as they will men of wealth and capital into touch with centres endowed with mineral and industrial possibilities. If our coal areas could at this juncture be opened up for even initial development the labour-giving features would be of incalculable benefit, and an industry would have started which would have almost immediate beneficial effect on our industrial life.

This is a matter which should be outside the domain of party politics in its discussion, and should be treated as one of national importance. It is one, I hold, which no Government should hesitate to help, and I am not afraid to assert that any legislative body which takes the initiative in this matter it will be a difficult matter to divorce from public confidence and esteem. Other features bearing on this most important subject occur to me, but fearing I have already taxed your generosity too much I will defer them till a later date and for the present, while thanking you for the courtesy of publication will subscribe myself, Truly yours, LABORITE.

Aug. 6, 1925.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WHAT GOT INTO MARIE!

"I don't know what has got into that child," complained Marie's mother.

That child, a small feminine person aged eight, had been left behind when her grandmother while her mother went on a trip. Mother, after the fashion of the modern mother, had been keeping in touch by telephone and had just been informed thereby that Marie had been dreadfully naughty the night before. She had said she had heard some kind of a bug flying around her room and had refused to be comforted until grandmother slept in the room with her.

Her mother was upset by the episode because she knew that grandmother very much minded being disturbed in her sleep. "I don't think there was a thing in the room," she fretted. "I don't know what makes Marie have those silly ideas. I shall certainly have to punish her, if this keeps up."

I Saw Marie's Mother.

Across my mental moving picture screen, as she said that, there flashed a throwback.

I saw Marie's mother fleeing across the room to the protection of Marie's father because a Junebug was in the room. And my movie spoke, I heard Marie's mother begging her father to get that horrid bug out and heard her explaining to her guests that she was simply frightened to death of a Junebug while Marie's father laughed and drove out the Junebug, and small Marie watched and took it all in.

And yet her mother can't understand what makes Marie have those silly ideas!

Her mother does Marie an injustice. She is not a stupid child. She is a very bright child and quick like all children to assimilate and imitate.

Born With Only Two Fears.

There is nothing that children absorb any more quickly than fear. Children are born almost without fear. There are just two inborn fears, the fear of falling and the fear of loud noises.

The rest of their fears they get by experience and by imitation.

One of our bears people say that children inherit a fear of this or that. The psychologists tell us that is impossible. "Nonsense," says the mother who is afraid of thunderstorms. "Look at my three children. Every one of them is just as nervous as I am when there is a thunderstorm. Do you suppose that's just a coincidence?"

But Not Of Heredity.

Of course it isn't. Far from it. It is an absolutely natural working of cause and effect, of example and imitation but not of heredity. Ever since those children were babies they have had an example of fear in thunderstorms put before them. They have seen their mother rush to close windows and even seen her put the legs of her chair in tumbler to insulate the chair, they have seen her turn pale and tremble. It is natural that they should regard a thunderstorm lightly!

Of course some of these minor fears may not do us any great harm but fears are surely excess baggage in the journey of life. Most young people accumulate enough of them by their own experience without being loaded down with a lot more that they get by imitation of ours.

The G. F. S. Jubilee Picnic will be held on Wednesday, August 12th. Will members wishing to attend kindly send their names to Mr. Herbert Outerbridge or Miss Annie Hayward, not later than Wednesday, August 12th, conveyances will be provided. Particulars will be in the daily papers later. —aug8.11

The Deluge

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S.S. Sabie I. leaves Halifax to-day for Boston.

S.S. Cueta leaves Montreal on the

12th inst., for here, via Charlottetown.

S.S. Newfoundland arrived at Halifax at 11 o'clock Thursday night, making the passage from here in thirty six hours.

S.S. Digby is now at Liverpool.

S.S. Canadian Sapper has arrived at Montreal from this port.

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