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**J. J. ROSSITER,**

Our Motto: "Suum Cuique."



("To Every Man His Own.")

**The Mail and Advocate**  
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**AT THE HOUSE**

**YESTERDAY** Mr. Clift and Mr. Jennings delivered splendid speeches, dealing with the policy of the Government respecting war, finance, pit props and prohibition. Mr. Jennings' speech was the best he has yet delivered in the House and was an eye-opener to those who heretofore spurned the idea of having fishermen sitting as representatives of the people.

The Premier closed the debate on the Address in Reply with a laboured speech of half an hour. At the close Dr. Lloyd asked the Premier what steps were being taken by the Department of Justice, or the Inspector of Police, to run down the squad of thieves now operating so successfully in this city. The Premier replied in his usual style, that he had not heard anything of such occurrence, but would ask the Department of Justice for a report.

Mr. Coaker objected to this style of doing business and asked that immediate steps be taken to protect the property of citizens in the city, which for two weeks has been subject to a band of thieves operating with much success. He thought the two police detectives were doing good work, but they could not deal with the matter entirely, and if those robberies were to be ended a greater effort must be made by the Inspector General and the Justice Department. It was time to wake up after realizing that four or five such crimes were being daily committed with apparent impunity.

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**RUSSIA**  
**REGENERATA**

A NEW Russia is evidently being born out of the tears and sufferings of the war—a Russia of fair government, progress and economic stability. Just a few days ago the Czar opened the Duma in person and welcomed its members in the name of victory.

It is difficult for the Westerners to understand the true significance of this, as no potentate occupies a position with regard to his subjects as does "The Little Father" (the name by which the Russian mujik calls the Czar).

War has its horrors; but, in the case of Russia, at least, it has been the alchemist of good; for great reforms have grown out of the

bloody struggle which is now focussing the attention of the world. When Lloyd George said that "German arms are blasting the fetters off backward Russia," he uttered a truth whose full meaning can be evaluated only by a review of Muscovite history.

It was the constant incursions of the Tartars which led to the consolidation of old Russia about Moscow; and a reign of terror in the first half of the XVIIIth century led to the foundation of the House of Romanoff, under which the Russian Empire has grown to its present greatness. A century later the war with Sweden brought the nation to a realization of its need of Western ways. Under Peter the Great the Swedish struggle resulted in the permanent alignment of Russia with the nations of the West, instead of the civilization of the East.

With the Napoleonic Wars Russia took several more steps out of her semi-Asiatic condition. The Crimean War brought a further spread of enlightened ideas and much to do with the famous emancipation of the serfs. The feudal system received further blows at the end of the Turkish War of 1877-78. As a climax, to the Russo-Japanese War came the bloody revolution of 1905, the birth of the first Parliament (the Duma) and the seeming dawn of freedom. But it was a false dawn; and there followed reaction of the most terrible sort—pogroms, wholesale arrests, the suppression of Liberal ideas and wholesale exile of intellectual leaders to Siberia.

This era was passing away at the outbreak of the War. In the spring of 1914, the Duma refused to pass the budget; and it fought with reactionary government on almost equal terms. The War caused the Liberal leaders to consent to delay; old institutions were allowed to stand unchallenged in the hour of crisis, when every nerve of the nation was needed in the gigantic struggle for national preservation. The war brought a wonderful change; and the ignorant mujik who seldom went more than fifty miles from his native village, has travelled to the battle front and come in contact with all sorts of men whose existence he had never before dreamed of.

The suppression of vodka has wrought marvels. The older peasant, instead of spending his evenings in besotting revels, now takes his place in a little group around some man or woman who can read (illiteracy has been the plague-spot in Russia) and listens to the latest news about the war or hears words of wisdom from some volume purchased at the neighboring town by the joint contributions of many poor folk.

Russia is now moving and stirring; and the world is bound to hear more of the Slave. The huge successes which have been achieved by Russian Arms in Armenia have been an inspiration to the people; and Westerners have awakened to the fact that the Russian soldier is by no means such as we have been accustomed to regard him. The Grand Duke Nicholas has proven himself a master of modern warfare; and the soldiers under his command have manifested a spirit of discipline and enthusiasm that we never associated with the Slav.

Though the population of Russia at the hour is in the main ignorant to-day, we cannot deny its possibilities in the days to come. The Slavs are destined to play a most important part in the history of the future. Europe to-day has about 130,000,000 Slavs to 70,000,000 Teutons. In Russia the rate of increase in population is 2.01 a year, whereas in Germany it is but 1.40, and gradually falling. The birthrate of Russia constitutes an insuperable force; and it has resources greater than all the rest of Europe put together. These resources are almost wholly undeveloped. As the Slav consciousness finds itself, and modern ideas spread, Slav influence in world affairs is bound to grow.

**OUR FISHERIES**

THE Morris Government has been very lavish in its expenditure of public monies on "Exhibitions." It has subsidized Agricultural Exhibitions, Poultry Exhibitions and what not; but the greatest industry of the Country has never been favored with even a thought in connection with these Exhibitions by our present political dabblers.

Pages have been written (and paid for handsomely) to "boom" our forest and agricultural possibilities; but very little has been done either to educate our own people regarding our fisheries, or to advertise them abroad. There has been, we believe, an attempt to push our fish products in foreign markets by trade agents; but we have never seen any detailed report of the efforts of these agencies.

Our friends in the Maritime Provinces have travellers on the road to boom the fish trade; and some of the American firms have a regular agency service to display and sell their products, or what are supposed to be American products. Possibly our people are not aware that a good deal of the best quality of fish which the Americans put up so attractively comes from Newfoundland; and we get no credit for the supplying of the material for the sale of which American people get the credit and the proceeds.

President Coaker during his recent visit to the United States went into this business very thoroughly; and his investigations will be made public in due course. He has already stated that a certain Gloucester firm is evading our laws, and at the same time jeopardizing our fishery business in the United States. Instead of buying our fish outright, as was the case some few years ago, this firm has handed over the ownership (nominal) to some Newfoundland skippers who have access to our waters and our bait supply, on the same footing as our own people. This matter will likely be the subject of an inquiry at an early date. We do not blame the plucky young fellows who become party to this *modus operandi*; but we insist that there should be no evasion of the law. As long as the Bait Act is to be enforced against Americans, why should we tolerate this subterfuge?

To return to the theme we set out to discuss, we ask why Morris has never given attention to the matter of a fishery exhibition. Potatoes, turnips, hens, etc., are all very desirable things to exhibit; but as far as we can gather, the only people to profit by the poultry exhibitions in our midst are a few city folk who are raising eggs at fifty cents a-piece! We were informed recently by a one-time poultry advocate that he had gone out of the hen and chicken business, as he got nothing in return but bills for feed. Of course, we admit that there may be money in the business; but we do not think that faddists will keep their ledger with the balance on the right side. Yet we find all the society folks in the city in the run for "ribbons" at the poultry shows. Why should we spend money on this sort of things? Were it of general benefit we should not raise any objection to it; but as it is being done for the exclusive advantage of a few individuals, we think the game is not worth the candle.

Let us have a good, genuine fishery exhibition; and this may be made of practical benefit to our people generally. Now that we have experts in the cooking business, otherwise known as Domestic Science Teachers, we should be able to make this exhibition of some practical value. It is being done elsewhere; and we should try the experiment here.

Exhibiting our fishery products in London (as was done some years ago) was a pure waste of money and effort. We have not been able to ascertain what this cost us; but we know that Newfoundland Commissioners, as a

rule, are not serving the Colony for the sake of their health. We have no altruists amongst us. The only person who has ever given gratuitous service to the Colony abroad, as far as we know is, Sir Edgar Bowring.

Now is the time to begin preparations for a fishery exhibition, which should be held some time towards the end of next October, or early in November, when our outport fishermen may have an opportunity of seeing just what we are doing, and what may be done in promoting the fishing industry.

The Canadians have been showing what a fishery exhibition can effect; and from a recent issue of The Canadian Fisherman we can form an idea of the usefulness of such an exhibition.

From the speech delivered by Hon. Mr. Hazen, delivered at the annual meeting of the Canadian Fisheries Association, we get the following interesting account of what was accomplished:

"The fishery exhibit (at the Toronto Exhibition) was admittedly one of the leading features. I had the pleasure of speaking there, and I was extremely proud to do so, as I felt that the officials of my Department had carried out the ideas in a way that left nothing to be desired. We have no officials unfortunately to represent us at any such thing as a fishery exhibition; some of the people in the Maritime Department would hardly know a mackerel from a tom-cod).

"As it was felt," continues Mr. Hazen, "that the educative effects of the exhibit would be clinched if an opportunity were given to the visitors to taste their fish properly cooked, and to give the people of Ontario, and the Interior Province, an opportunity to taste fish cooked as they should be cooked, it would be a step in the right direction."

"Those of us who come from the Atlantic side of Canada (Mr. Hazen hails from New Brunswick) know nothing more delicious than salt cod that has been properly cooked; but where is the housekeeper that knows how to cook it properly? Where is the housekeeper that knows any of the dozens of ways to properly cook salt codfish in a way that makes it palatable and one of the most excellent breakfast dishes in the world?"

"The Department last year arranged for the operation of a large first-class fisheries-restaurant on the Fair Grounds, where an excellent fish dinner could be procured for twenty-five cents. This restaurant was a splendid success; and I had the pleasure of sampling a dinner there myself, and you can go to the Ritz-Carlton or the Chateau Laurier and you could not get as good a meal for a dollar-and-a-half as you could get for twenty-five cents at the Fisheries restaurant at the Toronto Exhibition."

"During the term of the Exhibition over twenty-five thousand meals were served at it. I believe that the twenty-five thousand people had the privilege and opportunity of getting fish dinners at that restaurant—fish that was properly cooked—went away advocates of the Canadian fish for their own tables."

"This was the first time there was a 'Fisheries Day' at the Exhibition. In 1914 when I was at the Exhibition, they had arranged for an 'Agricultural Day,' a 'Live Stock Day,' and I said to my friend Mr. Oliver, 'Why don't you have a 'Fisheries Day' at the Exhibition?' The Fisheries are one of the greatest natural industries of this country. You want to develop it. (We commend this to Mr. Morris and his 'ally,' Mr. Piccott).

"The result was that the 'Fisheries Day' was installed last year, in accordance with the fitness of things, on a Friday, and steps have been taken to make 'Fisheries Day' a feature of the Fair in future."

"My Department has taken up the question of educating the

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housekeeper as to the best methods regarding the cooking of fish, and it has issued 250,000 copies of the booklet 'Fish and How to Cook Them,' nearly all of which have been distributed. The demand for this booklet has been so great that the first edition has been practically used up, and further editions will have to be printed. We have had several requests for an edition in the French language; and an edition in both languages will soon be issued."

Why does not our Government wake up to the necessity of such admirable work? Simply because we have nobody in the Councils of the Country who cares a babble for the industry. Morris started out on a tour of the outports some years ago; but his "visitation" was barren of results. The people were quite awake of Edward's "self-sacrificing efforts" on their behalf. Edward was just trying to jolly the electorate, and his tour was simply an election dodge. He rehearsed the same little song everywhere he went; but the song had become so monotonous at the end that the audiences were very often in the arms of Morpheus before the "Man of the Hour" had arrived at its most important part.

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**"DARGAI GAP"**  
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**BULLDOGS,** hark! Did your courage fail?  
**BULLDOGS,** hark! Did your glory pale?  
 What of the slander that says, "Decayed"  
 And "Gone to the dogs" since the Light Brigade  
 For the blood and the bone that humbled Nap.  
 'Twas there again boys, in the Dargai Gap.

Did you hear the swish of the flying shot,  
 The roar of drum and the rattle of the pot?  
 The music that rose clear o'er that yell  
 And thrilled thro' the ranks and stirred up hell.  
 Come Highland Laddie, head up and step forth

—the last bar.  
 If Morris had spent just a fraction of his wasted energies in trying to do something for our fishing interests, his name would not be the "mud" in the outport districts to-day.

A crown of glory—Cock of the North.

You Cock of the North, ave, pipe away  
 With both stumps gone, and you won the day;  
 You may lean your back against comrades now;  
 They'll moisten your lips, and they'll kiss your brow.  
 For they fought like men, and a man may weep  
 When he lays a man to his last long sleep.

Bulldogs, who sleep on the Dargai Ridge,  
 Fall in, quick march, and over the bridge!  
 The pipers ahead and the same old air  
 To pipe you to Heaven, and the veterans there.  
 And you'll tell the bullies that humbled Nap  
 The glorious story of Dargai Gap.

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 You may scheme, deceive, connive and contrive until your hairs whiten, but you will never find a substitute for hard work.—Hubert Kaufman.  
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