

The Opposition are Played Out Already Knowing Their Game of Bluff is Up

(By AJAX)

The Star is beginning to fag, being played out, by its continual contortions and twistings, and exhausted in its long pantomimic burlesque. It's assuming a new garb and starting out by assuring the Fishermen's Protective Union that they are "making good," and that their Union must eventually lead to their own welfare and success. See the point, fishermen? Time is passing—threats and promises, and howls, at your existence all fall through, their execrations towards and abhorrence of your leader, Coaker, they hope you'll forgive, and as the interval is becoming short when they want to use you for their own ends, the last twist is made—the twist of sophistry and deception.

The Star and News, since the day that Squires and Gibbs and company made that sore attempt to embarrass and injure this country, at a time when the whole world was in tumult, have ever since filled their columns by every means they could employ with language so abusive and so fraught with vituperation against the fishermen and their representatives, that no wonder now, as they see the day of the "verdict"—with those same fishermen the jurors—they are beginning to whine under what they must expect from men whom they have held up in public scandal—as something beneath humanity. The News and the Star, and the scribes they pay, have exhausted every execrable phrase and word in English parlance to denounce, and kill if possible, the faith and confidence the fishermen so splendidly centred in their leader, Coaker, who from the beginning was the one, and the one too vigilant, and no wide-awake, to the little crabbed game they were on to, and in which they excelled so admirably, in the past when Coaker was "non est" and when the unfortunate fisherman was

their football. They see now at this the eleventh hour, reports coming in from every quarter of the Island, extolling and proclaiming Coaker and no other as leader of the fishermen; they find they must bend to the inevitable and make a last drive, a dying hope to make friends with the fishers.

Even Calchas is despairing and beginning gradually to drop away from his column, I am very sorry for this, as no man did more, even the funny little doctor himself to copper fasten Coaker forever, as the strongest and most faithful and reliant leader, for position given him by the unanimous voice of thirty thousand fishermen of the country, who proclaimed him—chief and head of their body during his life—poor Squires and Co., and Mosdell and the boys who shinned in through the back doors of the meeting loft near Adelaide Street, must feel crest fallen of late, to find no advancements to their hopes, no further enticements as they gather nightly, confronting the four, leaders, who snap and bark at one another, in a manner which makes fun for the boys assembled, and become the standing-jest of the public corners later, to the disgust and annoyance of the neighbors and passers by. And who are the boys assembled? Printers' clerks, and get-in-out-of-the-cold-lankies; and urchins who are permitted to make all the racket they are capable of, so as to deceive the pedestrian into the belief of having a full house; the only thing noticeable outside the four leaders, is a big placard in a very prominent spot marked, "No Chewing" nothing else, and to a new comer the sign is very indefinite. It didn't mean the "weed" because if it did the lads assembled would not have been in evidence.

And these are the men, and this the electorate, that the Star and the News, flaunt as worthy opponents of the capable and able administration which hold the reins of Government to-day, and in whose keeping every right thinking man throughout the breadth and length of Newfoundland, have placed confidence in the proof of which will be apparent, let it be either in the spring or fall, when the test comes and the public are called upon to decide between the rights of the people who stand for democracy or the "class" who shouts—"self and family aggrandizement."

Look back, reader—back as far as your memory will allow you—look back in all fair play, and what will you discover? the one and same class monopolising and running this country, year after year, and with such a tremendous scoop to themselves and their circle, of the plums to be found, that they are today up in arms, as if all the riches of the earth should be their's by right, and that their fellow man, because in a humbler walk of life shouldn't dare trespass. In all fair play, reader, is not that the picture if you look back in politics since responsible government? One class had all—the middle and poor man forever excluded from a toss of the coveted spoils. But everything comes to the end of its tether in this world, and if things continue, as I see them now, the autocrat and graballs' day has declined, and a new era is brightening up for the masses.

The fishermen of this Island will have their say at the polls the next general election, and no small say. They are determined, and even itching now to show their strength. I predict that in every district, North, South, East and West, where a local man will be nominated as a fisherman candidate, he will be returned, not only easily, but very likely by acclamation. By this turn of affairs every district, every harbor will be doing well for itself, for what man, or what housewife, will keep his own house more tidy and clean than he or she.

What avail I ask is it to have a representative living and away from the people, whom he represents, for four years; he knows nothing of the shortcomings of these people, and he cares less; he never again perhaps, may want to visit them, and they may go hard for his promises. His time is served. Not so with a local man, a man of the people; he knows exactly the wants and requirements of the people to whom he must return and live and move amongst, their wants are his own, and doing for them, he is advancing all that belongs to himself, and his constituents place that confidence in him, knowing their man before making him their representative.

Is not all this, straight fair talk? Is this not common sense and logic? No man can have done for any district in Newfoundland, or any other land as well or as readily as he, who understands its requirements, and who will have to share himself in its improvements or shortcomings.

WANTS STRAIGHT TIME FOR WOODS

Dear Sir,—Please allow me space in your valuable and interesting paper, the Advocate, to say

a few words concerning the lumber woods and wages. Concerning the woods work, any one who knows its hard work—swinging the axe from daylight to dark and low pay makes it harder. Before starting, the woods they offer you \$35.00 a month and instead of getting paid by the month you are paid by the hour. I don't think that's fair; I think every man

should get straight time. The way it is now there you want to stay in three months to get in two months in time worked. If a man was laid up in the camp for wet and dirty weather his pay was stopped. Why do they offer you payment by the month and then pay you by the day or hour? Because they are afraid they won't get any men to write for them

The bosses have it alright; its the men have the worst of it. To pay a man in the lumber woods he wants to get \$45.00 a month and straight time. If every man stopped from the lumber woods only one winter they would get more pay than what it has been lately. Before the Company closes down they would rather pay more wages. I won't say any more

about the woods now, but I could say more. If any lumbering man who ever he may be, thinks I have said any thing wrong please contradict me. Wishing Mr. Coaker and his paper every good luck, Yours truly, 10.1.13.5.19.—11.9.14.7. New Bonaventure, March 24th, 1919.

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