

Everybody's Friend

TO THE FRONT ONCE MORE.
TO THE CIVIC ELECTIONS OF ST. JOHN'S.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN—As you were kind enough to give me your valued support on the many previous occasions I sought election at your hands, I have decided to again solicit your esteem and confidence for four years more as one of your civic representatives.

During the several terms I have had the great honor of being a member of the Municipal Council Board I have consistently practised the policy of conforming to your desires in so far as the civic revenue permitted.

I shall be very pleased indeed to again do my utmost towards bringing about many more essential improvements that are still necessary, and, therefore, feel that as you have so highly approved of my civic record in the past you will be pleased to again remember me on polling day.

A SPECIAL WORD TO THE LADY VOTERS.
You may have many friends to choose from ladies, but as a special favor will each one of you please be kind enough to record a vote for me.

James T. Martin
EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.

Old Colony Club

At the Old Colony Club on Saturday afternoon, a large gathering of members heard from Miss Morris the romantic story of Pamela Fitzgerald. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a child, described as "the prettiest girl in all England" was sent, through the offices of a secretary at the British Embassy in Paris, to be a companion to the children of Philippe, Duke of Orleans, for the purpose of helping them to learn English. This child, known to womanhood, and famous for her grace and beauty, became the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the Duke of Leinster. The register of the marriage gives the name of the bride as Pamela Simms, born in Fogo in the island of Newfoundland.

The parentage of the lovely Pamela had always been a mystery, and people were not wanting who declared that she was in reality the daughter of the Duke of Orleans and of Madame de Genlis, governess of his children. A book of Pamela, written by two of her descendants, and recently published, support this view.

Now for the other side Miss Morris read an article by the late Canon Pile which may uphold the proverb that truth is stranger than fiction. At Fogo, in 1876, Canon Pile heard from the lips of an old fisherman-planter, named Simms, certain facts which the latter had been told by his father. This older Simms had a sister named Nancy, who, without benefit of clergy, became the wife of an English captain, stationed at Fogo, in connection with some coast defenses. After the birth of a little daughter, the mother and child were taken to England, landing at Poole and going on to London. Here the captain later deserted his wife and child, and the woman earned her livelihood by working as a seamstress. It was during this period that the striking beauty of the little one attracted notice, that she was sent to France and adopted. In subsequent years letters came from the mother to her relatives in Fogo, telling of the welfare of the child. A letter was also received at a later date from Louis Philippe, asking for information regarding the Simms family of Fogo, but this was never answered, because, as the narrator explained, his father was not a "knowledgeable man."

The hundreds of people in Newfoundland who knew the late Canon Pile will agree that with his particularly alert and penetrating mind he was one of the last men to be imposed upon by a concocted tale, yet he was convinced and published his conviction, that Pamela was born in Fogo. Similarly it will be recognized as extremely improbable that a fisherman in a northern outpost, in those remote days

when communication was difficult and news of the outside world very limited, would know anything of affairs at the court of France, or even of the name of one of its kings.

A warm vote of thanks was accorded Miss Morris for her most interesting address, after which teas were served by Mrs. H. Outerbridge and Mrs. L. C. Outerbridge. For next Saturday Miss Ada Horwood has kindly promised to give a talk on "Wembley," illustrated by lantern slides. The Club programme will then be suspended until after the Christmas season.

Should Christmas Presents be Taxed?

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—I wish to draw your attention to a great hardship under which many poor people suffer at Christmas time. In olden times small Christmas presents came in duty free. Many servant girls in the United States make an effort to send their widowed mothers a small Christmas present—perhaps a pair of boots or stockings or other small article. These parcels are ripped up and overhauled and the poor widow is charged as much for her pitiful present as a wholesale merchant in the shoe trade. All parcels for business men should be taxed, but the pitiful little presents sent by absent children to their parents and relatives should be let in free. The few dollars collected do not half compensate for the misery and inconvenience caused poor people at the festive season, by having their poor little gifts torn about and in many cases damaged. With the glowing accounts of super-revenue collected this year, is it possible to make some arrangement whereby packages containing small presents, calendars, etc., should come in duty free at Christmas time?

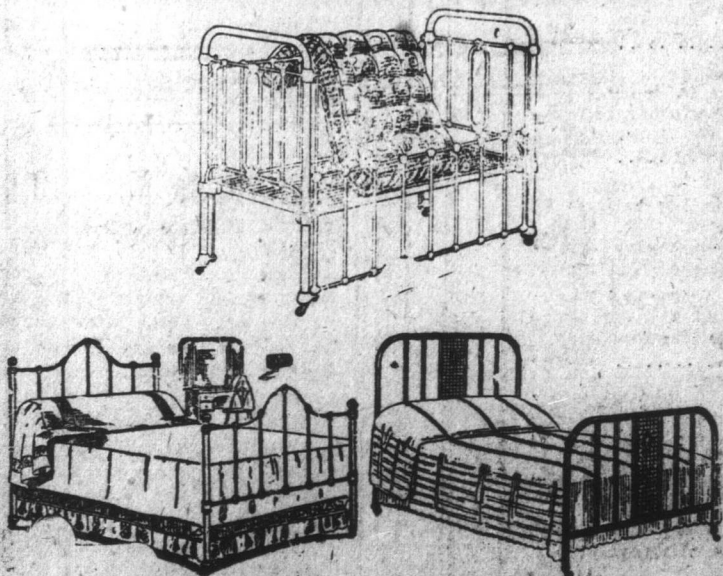
December 7th, 1925.

Shipbuilding in Ulster

Ten vessels, with an aggregate of 57,600 tons have been launched this year from Belfast shipyards. This number has been shared equally between Messrs. Harland and Wolff and Messrs. Workman, Clark and Co., the tonnage respectively being 31,400 and 26,200. At Queen's Island there are at present five vessels on the stocks, while Workman, Clark & Co. have three. However, fresh orders are slow in coming forward, and the prospects for the winter months are not very encouraging.

CONFEDERATION LIFE.
nov23,tf

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Mr. Dowden on Civic Affairs

THE HOUSING QUESTION.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Mr. Editor,—To-day, with your permission I will deal with the housing problem, and one or two other matters. St. John's is not alone in this housing difficulty, for it is well known that more pretentious cities are up against the same trouble. It has been felt here for a number of years, but was accentuated during the war and after, when building was at a standstill, and many of our soldiers returned with young wives or serious intentions of being married. Houses were not to be had for love or money, and consequently rents soared. The scarcity was such that the rents offered for houses was in not a few instances double and treble their worth.

Ex-Mayor Gosling, Hon. John Anderson and their associates helped to some extent to relieve the situation and because of their efforts forty or fifty houses were built. The cost, however, was so great that the project could not be continued. It is a well known fact that one of our large business firms who guaranteed the cost of eight houses found in the end that instead of costing them \$1500.00 each as they understood the cost was \$3000.00 and by the sale of them they dropped \$11000.00. In view of this, unless we have some similar philanthropic and generous citizens in our midst I fail to see how the problem will be solved in the near future. It must be apparent, too, that if workmen's houses are to be built, they must be erected in close proximity to Water Street. To erect them in the back of the city is non-sensical, for these men have to be out early in the morning and to walk from say Merryweather Road to the water front on a stormy day, or have dinner and get back to work in an hour is out of the question. No, Mr. Editor, the houses must for water and sewerage, within easy distance of Water Street, will have to be removed and replaced by others and this will mean such a colossal expenditure that I am afraid no City Council can grapple with it, at least not for years.

It is only right, I think, that before concluding my letter I should say something about taxation. Many improvements are needed I will admit, but unless citizens are prepared to be taxed heavily, alterations are out of the question. Personally, I am strongly opposed to any increase, for the majority to-day are only able to make two ends meet. I do not wish to be unduly pessimistic but I am convinced that there are hard times ahead and the present winter will be a severe one. One of our large importers told me the other day that his firm has not made a cent profit for four or five years. A local fisherman, for whom I endeavored to secure employment a few weeks ago made only

\$84.00 at the fishery last summer, and he has a large family to support. Another, fine strapping young man, a War Veteran, too, told me only on Saturday that for the last two years he has not been able to get steady employment, while another has averaged only \$10 per week during the last twelve months. These are cases that I can vouch for; no doubt there are many similar and I feel the public will agree with me, in view of what I have written, increased taxation on these at least is out of the question.

In conclusion, I would like to say that the city, at the present moment, needs men who will jealously guard expenditure. It is not a good policy to run into debt, and I for one favor the idea of cutting the garment according to the cloth.

Thanking you for all your kindness, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
REG DOWDEN.

"Two heads are better than one," so vote for FANNIE McNEIL and MAY KENNEDY.
nov23,tf

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

GROWING WISE.

The day I reached sixteen I thought No question could arise To baffle me, and that I ought To offer counsel wise. I marvelled much at each mistake The other fellow used to make.

At twenty I was clever still At least I seemed to be, I thought no other one could fill The place assigned to me. But I admitted, now and then I blundered, too, like other men.

And when I'd come to twenty-two More carefully I walked, I'd lost that faith in what I knew, Especially when I talked, I'd learned that wiser men than I Were slow to state or to deny.

At thirty I had come to see Where I'd been blind in youth I'd found it difficult to be Full-certain of the truth. I thought I knew, which I grow I seem to me the less I know.

Now should I reach three-score and ten, With faculties still clear, I know I shall not know off then What in my sixtieth year, I thought I knew, which I surmise, Is what is meant by growing wise.

M. Connors wishes to acknowledge receipt of \$5.00 conscience money, through Rev. Father McGettigan.—dec8,tf

The purse most used is a beige antelope pouch bag, gathered into a tortoise shell frame and hung over the arm by antelope straps.

The woman who is well dressed pays much attention to the coiffure.



"Look, bunny boy," cried Lady Love, the little rabbit's pretty mother, pointing to an evergreen tree, as she and her bunny son hopped up the Old Cow Path. "There's a Ruby-Crowned Kinglet among the branches."

Sure enough, when the little rabbit turned his head, he saw a plump little grayish, olive green bird, smaller even than Jenny Wren, and not very much larger than a humming bird. Yes, here and there about the evergreens fluttered the beautiful bird.

"Let us hop over to see him," said Lady Love. "Perhaps he will show us his ruby crown." So across the old log that spanned the Bubbling Brook, now frozen over with a thick coat of ice, hopped the two little bunnies. I guess Kinglet saw them coming, for the next minute he perched on a twig, now and then lifting and flitting his wings. He had seen very few rabbits, having been hatched out so far north that until he had arrived for the winter in the Shady Forest, he had never met a bunny boy nor a lady rabbit.

"Won't you show my little boy your ruby crown?" asked Lady Love, with a smile.

"Pleased to oblige a lady," answered Kinglet, lifting the dark feathers that nearly hid from sight the little patch of red feathers on the top of his head. "See my ruby crown?"

"Yes, yes," shouted the happy little rabbit. "But, do you know, I once saw a golden-crowned Kinglet."

"Oh, yes, he's a relative of mine," answered Kinglet, and with a chattering chatter away he flew, probably provoked that the little bunny should have mentioned another king in his presence.

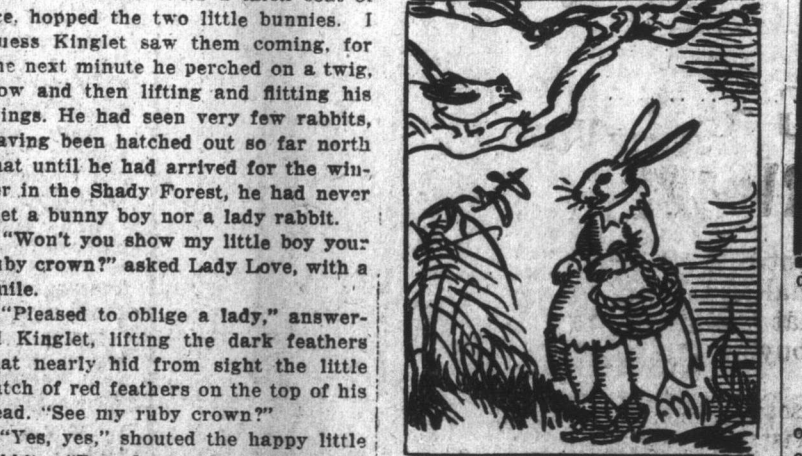
"Where has he gone?" asked the bunny boy, wondering why Kinglet had left so suddenly.

"To the Kind Farmer's orchard," imagine, answered Lady Love. "He will condescend to join the Nuthatches and Chickadees in search for grubs and insect eggs hidden in the fruit trees' bark. These birds are good friends to the farmer. Yes, indeed. They destroy many eggs that otherwise would hatch into grubs and in-

sects to feed upon the leaves of the fruit trees."

Then, turning about, the little lady rabbit hopped across the Pleasant Pasture and up the hill to Cousin Cottontail's neat little bungalow under the Big Brush Heap. All of a sudden the bunny boy spied Tree Sparrow. He had made no mistake, for on the centre of this winter chip's gray vest was a faint black spot. Besides, the upper half of his bill was black, while the under side was yellow with a black tip.

"There's Tree Sparrow, Mother," shouted the little rabbit. "He must have just come down from the North."



"Pleased to oblige a lady," answered Kinglet.

He will find plenty of seeds on the crab grass and fox tail grass."

"Oh, yes, he'll never starve," laughed Lady Love. "Even when the snow is ankle deep he'll get a comfortable living from the weed stalks that lift their heads above the snow."

Pretty soon the two little bunnies reached Cousin Cottontail's bungalow without a mishap. I'm glad to say, for all the while your Uncle Dave has been writing this story he has feared that Danny Fox in his tip-toe sox might be hiding behind a tree. And in the next story you shall hear whether anything disagreeable happens to our dear little rabbits.



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Reg.	\$13.50 each.	Sale Price	\$10.13
Reg.	\$14.50 each.	Sale Price	\$10.88
Reg.	\$15.00 each.	Sale Price	\$11.25
Reg.	\$16.00 each.	Sale Price	\$12.00
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"Old Rowley"

In English history Charles II has only one peer among Kings in the evil-living to which he devoted himself that Charles II was not so completely contemptible as George IV. He had brains, he had good humour, he certainly had wit.

In his "A Short History of England," Mr. G. K. Chesterton says of Charles II:—

He was rather an eighteenth century man than a seventeenth century man. He was as witty as a character in a comedy; and it was already the comedy of Sheridan and not of Shakespeare. He was more modern yet when he enjoyed the pure experimentalism of the Royal Society and bent eagerly over the toys that were to grow into the terrible engines of science.

Rowley," reminds us that Charles would discuss architecture with Wren, religion with Burnet, and philosophy with Hobbes. He loved music, he had a certain interest in natural history, and his verbal wit has been carefully recorded. His personal popularity may be gathered from Pepys, and it was due to the fact that the English, a good-humoured, pleasure-loving people, welcomed a good humoured, pleasure-loving King and willingly forgave his vices after the dour nightmare of Puritanism.

The King is said to have gained his nickname of Old Rowley from a coat that used to live in the Royal gardens, though another story has it that it was derived from a horse in the Royal stables. The fact that he never resented the nickname is sufficient proof of his easy going tolerance.

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