

Sir Robert Bond's Speech IN SECONDING THE MOTION FOR AN ADDRESS TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V. ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE KING.



RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT BOND, P.C., K.C.M.G.

SIR ROBERT BOND.—Permit me to say, Mr. Speaker, how sincerely we who sit on the opposition side of the House unite with the honourable members of the Government side of the House in their tribute of loving homage to the memory of our late Sovereign Lord, King Edward VII., who, since we last assembled here, has passed from time to eternity, leaving a blank, not only in the Empire but in the world that probably never can be filled. Some one has said: "The greatest man of Europe has passed and left no successor." I think, Sir, that high as in this estimate, it scarcely did justice to our late Sovereign. The most kingly of kings, the most many of men, the most perfect of gentlemen, he was undoubtedly the central figure and the most attractive personality in the whole wide world. We Britisners mourn him as the father of his people, as the wise Constitutional Ruler whose personal magnetism drew closely to him more than four hundred millions of the human race, who rejoiced to acclaim him as their King. The civilized world mourns him as the "Peace-maker," the "great Conciliator," and the future historian will not doubt attribute his real greatness to the exercise of his remarkable qualities of heart and mind in the interest of the world's peace. At no former period in the world's history was such a force making for peace more indispensable, for the tendency of national ambition to-day is to excel in the construction of vast armaments and in the mobilization of vast armies. It is a sad and striking commentary upon our twentieth century civilization, that whereas for nineteen hundred years the gospel of peace has been proclaimed from the pulpit and platforms of Christendom, yet to-day the great nations are bristling with bayonets and bending beneath the weight of war taxes. When we consider that there are twelve million soldiers in Europe ready to take the field; that the annual expenditure in England, Germany, France and the United States on account of their armies and navies approximate ten hundred million dollars; that the war debt being carried by Christian nations is nearly thirty thousand million dollars; and that the interest on this debt, plus the cost of maintaining armies and navies, means at least nine hundred million dollars a year, or six million dollars per day, wrung from the world's weary toilers, it is not surprising that the best minds in the world have ranked as truly great the monarch who devoted his talents to the maintenance of peace among the nations of the earth, and the emancipation of mankind from one of its greatest scourges, a suicidal rivalry in armaments. Within the past few weeks the heartstrings of civilization have been vibrating to the touch of that great philanthropist, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has dedicated ten million dollars of his wealth to the cause of universal peace. A section of the Press of both continents has been conjecturing how this munificent gift can possibly be used in promoting the object for which it was donated. It will be used doubtless in the education of the world's public opinion, the only foundation upon which the world's peace can be permanently established. Our late King recognized this; the last nine years of his life were devoted to this great cause, and by the kindness of his heart and the majesty of his mind he so moulded public opinion as to maintain the peace of Europe and to lay the foundation upon which the temple of universal peace will yet be based. I believe am correct in stating that in no part of His Majesty's wide Dominions was sorrow for his decease more general or more sincere than in Newfoundland. I have formed this opinion from the evidences of loyalty and affection that I have seen in the homes of even the poorest of our people. In the course of my political life I have visited such homes in every creek and cove and hamlet of nearly every district in the island, and there

was scarcely one in which a coloured plate or other picture of our late King and his Royal mother did not occupy a conspicuous place. These tokens, simple and inexpensive in themselves, conveyed to my mind a wealth of loyalty and devotion on the part of those who possessed them. The warm and generous feelings of our people for His Majesty were by him as warmly reciprocated; of this fact I had personal knowledge. I was my high privilege to be honoured by His Majesty with an expression of his kindly interest. My last interview with the late King was shortly before I left England for this Colony in 1907. When leaving the presence of His Majesty he said to me: "Tell my people in Newfoundland that I am deeply interested in their happiness and prosperity." When I had an opportunity of addressing the people from numerous platforms, and of delivering this Royal message to them, the enthusiasm that was manifested spoke most eloquently of their heart's true feelings. The great King is dead! but he will never be forgotten while fidelity to duty holds its place in the grateful recollection of our race. We may be quite certain, Sir, that the loyalty and devotion and love of this people will not be withheld from the great King's successor, His Majesty George V., for it is only a few years since His Majesty and Queen Mary honoured this Colony with their presence, and by their unaffected kindly bearing, graciousness and tact charmed and won the hearts of all. It has been said, and truly said, that no monarch who has sat upon the Throne of England ever brought to the duties of that high station such an intimate knowledge of the outlying portions of the Empire as our present Sovereign. That this knowledge will be turned to practical account His Majesty has already demonstrated, and we may therefore confidently expect that the bond between the King and the nation will grow stronger and stronger as the years advance, eventuating in a greater Empire than yet hath been. It is not, Sir, a greater Empire territorially of which we dream, but an Empire made greater and stronger by the closer weaving together of these silken cords of loyalty and affection, and by the welding together in one firm bond of brotherhood the various links that form the chain of British Empire.

Sir, I am sure that there is not a member of this House but will join in the prayer that the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, out of the fulness of His riches and grace, may grant unto our Sovereign Lord King George wisdom and length of days to fulfil the high ideals of kingship and humanity that have been bequeathed unto him by his illustrious father.

I beg to second the motion that this Address do pass.

Typhus at Witless Bay.

As the public are already aware, we had a case of typhus fever at Witless Bay. The patient, who was 60 years of age, succumbed to the disease, although all possible was done for him by Dr. Giovanetti and Nurse Johnson. Hon. M. P. Cashin, member for the district, was most prompt and kind and rendered every assistance. The houses were since fumigated—that where the patient died by Nurse Johnson, and the house where the disease originated was fumigated by Dr. Giovanetti in person, who also assisted in preparing the remains and removing them from the death chamber. In this latter work the neighbours kindly assisted. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the doctor and Nurse Johnson for their kind attention and the sacrifices they made to save the life of the poor patient. Dr. Behm was sent out by the Government and was also very kind in the case.—Com.—February 7th, 1911.

Holiday Notes for 1910.

I. C. MORRIS.

Chapter V.—We Return to the Station, and are Openly Charged With Stealing the Flowers.

In the meantime the train was coming due, and we had to wish our kind hostess and her daughter farewell. So far we had spent quite an enjoyable afternoon. We had seen the Beach Stone Industry, and had been admitted within Fair Haven, and had visited a scene of the long ago, and we had escaped without any spice; but the end was not yet, for we were now approaching the hero of the day—a man whose rashness marked him as one of the most extreme we had met for the thirty-three years.

The scene was near Manuel's Station, and it being a little early the place was quite forsaken. In our journey back my little girl lingered a few paces behind me, and had in her hand the lilacs which the kind lady of Fair Haven had given her earlier in the afternoon. Just then we saw a man, whom we are sorry to be unable to call a gentleman, coming out of a garden nearby. In doing so he stooped down to pass under a beam which lay across the top of the gate, I was just about to turn more directly towards him and wish him a friendly good evening, when I heard his voice in very angry tones addressing my little daughter. At a glance I saw that the man was certainly rude, and that it was time to show him a firm front. How any man could have spoken so rashly to a little girl, is indeed, hard to fully understand. Certain it was that he was in a very bad temper, and was only deterred from a rash act by my firm hand and deliberate coolness.

However, to tell the story in its truest light we cannot do better than put it in the same controversial manner as it occurred. The man angrily addressing the child said to her: "Did you take them flowers from Villa Nova?"

The child looked astounded, and, of course, somewhat afraid, and could only look to me for protection, and for an answer, as she did not know Villa Nova from any other place.

I immediately halted, and met the conditions of the situation, and answered the man saying "No! She did not get these flowers from Villa Nova." He then addressed her again and claimed that she had knocked down his fence and let the sheep in on his ground, and taken the lilacs, and his tone was still more angry.

I again answered him by saying: "She did not get these flowers from Villa Nova, nor did she knock down your fence, nor let the sheep in. The flowers are not yours." At this he became still further enraged, and addressing me, said:

"Do you mean to tell me that I do not own my own property?"

To which I replied: "I don't know anything about your property, nor do I say that you don't own your property, but I do say that she did not get these flowers from Villa Nova." With this he stated that he would swear that there was not a lilac growing on the South Shore only what he had at Villa Nova.

I wondered what the man could mean, for I had seen lilacs growing from St. John's to Holyrood for fifty years, and then as he spoke the same flowers were in bloom in sight from where we stood, and just over the track, on the grounds of the hotel conducted by Mrs. Squires. But the man was, evidently, not to be put off, and seeing this I doubled my coolness, and still holding his eye, and leaning comfortably on my stick, I further said to him: "Do you think that you own all the flowers along the Shore, surely you don't mean to claim that no other person grows flowers around here?" But he was obstinate and was inclined to angrily continue the dispute. Knowing my ground I gave him plenty of line, and when I considered that he had gone far enough, I looked at him still firmer, and then asked him if there was a place around here anywhere known as Fair Haven, and if within its grounds any lilacs grew, and if he had any doubt about it, to go to the lady in charge of it and ask her if she did not give this little girl these lilacs. My answer killed him. He was beaten on his own grounds, and without a word of apology he slunk away and left us to the quiet of the spot. I forgive him, but at the same time I am fully persuaded that if the little girl had been alone, he would have snatched the flowers from her. When he acted so rashly towards her in the presence of another person whom he must have known to be her guardian at least, he would have certainly gone further had she been alone.

Perhaps somebody had removed his fence that very afternoon, and had caused damage to his estate, and because of that he had given way to bad temper. But the incident only tended to deepen the interest of our 1910 ramblings, and it afforded us a picture that is not always to be met with, and

which for the entertainment of our readers we will try to describe. The hour was near sun-down, the spot was on the incline near Manuel's Station. The weather was ideal, and all nature was at its best. Every prospect was pleasing, and "only man was vile." On the summit of the incline stood the angry man, and just before, and a little below him, stood the humble waiter, who at the moment had fortitude enough to face such a man as the one in question. At an angle from him stood the innocent little girl, attired in white dress and long red jacket. Her hat was carelessly adjusted on her head, and in her right hand she held the flowers which Mrs. Squires had given her at Fair Haven. On her face was a look of wonder, as childlike she stood, with mouth half open and eyes almost fixed. Her simplicity and trust were in deep contrast to the loud talking man who was accusing her of robbery, and also in contrast to the stern, un-beaten man who was defending her. The man's anger was a mockery in the presence of nature's beauty and childhood's innocence; but when it had spent itself, we were none the worse of it; and now that it is past, and we have forgiven him, we will go a little further and thank him for the picture he has afforded us. We learned a dozen lessons from him as we looked on him, and we doubt not that some good has been imparted to at least a few of our readers. The man was angry, but he was not the only one who indulges in such a falling. Somebody had evidently done injury to his property, and as is sometimes the case, the wrong person was blamed for it; and perhaps the incident has taught him a lesson that may serve him, and debar him from such rashness in the future.

In closing this chapter it may not be out of place to state for the benefit of our younger readers that Villa Nova has delapidated property, and is unoccupied. Sixty years ago it was in great opulence, and for half that period later it held its own as a holiday resort. It was then known by the name of Belle Vue, and was established and conducted by the late Mrs. Squires. Governor Hill spent a month there one summer; and one of his successors, Governor Maxse, went there for the good of his health, which at best was very delicate, and there in the quiet of the summer morning hours he breathed out his soul in death.

After the death of the old lady, who ran it and who made a success of it, the place changed hands, and was shortly after taken over by the late Bishop Power and given in charge of the late Father Morris for the purpose of a home for orphan boys. It was then called Villa Nova, and for a while, the project worked well, but disease and fever attacked the orphans and the zealous guardian fell a victim to malaria and died a martyr to his post. Father Morris was an energetic in ecclesiastics as is his brother, Sir Edward, in politics, and like most men of ability he had his enemies. When Father Morris held the institution waned, but from it has emanated the present and more commodious Mount Cashel. The buildings at Villa Nova are beyond repair, but the grounds are very fine, and there are those who think that in the not far distant future the place will be the scene of an up-to-date Hotel and summer resort.

THE JEAN ARRIVES.—The Sch. Jean, Capt. Kennedy, arrived here at 2 p.m. yesterday after a run of 26 days from Bahia. She had fine weather until this coast was reached when for over a week the severe frost covered the sails and running gear, with ice and it was difficult work trying to navigate the vessel. She is in ballast to Crosbie & Co.

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