

The Evening Advocate

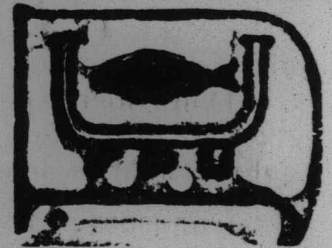
The Evening Advocate.

The Weekly Advocate.

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Our Motto: "SUUM CUIQUE"



("To Every Man His Own")

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ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, THURSDAY, SEPT. 30th, 1920.

FINEST QUALITY OF COAL

It was splendid news yesterday to the people that a seam of the finest quality of coal had been discovered near Grand Lake, and it goes to show that the Government do not intend to let the grass grow under their feet in testing out, without fear or favour, our coal areas, and get some definite information about supplies. For some reason, there has always been a suspicion in the minds of the people that a wet blanket had always been thrown over the suggestion that we had any coal in this country. We had men who swore by actual knowledge that we had plenty of coal here, but in some manner or other, it was never developed, and there was a mystery about the whole matter and most people put it down to a desire of certain interests to keep our coal areas undeveloped. It remains for the Liberal Reform Government to put life into the matter and as a result the public have been hearing more about coal during the last six months than for the past ten years. The public are aware that Newfoundland mines are now actually working and supplying some coal for the railway, and this development is going to continue until this country finds itself able to supply its needs in coal, and when this time comes, it will prove one of the biggest blessings ever conferred on this poor, neglected country, spoiled up to now by selfish politicians with no initiative, and no courage to attempt anything that would benefit Newfoundland. We have had too much of the Tory "wait and see" policy, too much of the Tory idea of waiting for a smash instead of trying to prevent one.

In this coal discovery, it is a good thing that it is on land which belongs to the Colony, and the people would doubtless welcome the news that instead of risking the tying up of the mine by putting its development into the hands of private concerns, the Government decide to work it for the country and open up the fullest possibilities of the mine without any delay.

A CURE FOR PESSIMISTS!

The notes from Port Union published in yesterday's Advocate go to show that the fish-shipping season has opened in real earnest and that all is hustle and bustle in this centre of commercial activity. Already two fish-laden ships from the Union Export Company have cleared for the markets and there are 10,000 quintal of fish stored at Port Union at the present time, some of which will be shipped in casks on board the steamer Sneffeld, now due, and on which Messrs. Ryan, Templeman and House are making large shipments. And it is not only at Port Union that fish is being taken by the Union companies. Every Union store throughout the North is collecting fish and an example is set which certainly does not justify the tales of woe continually doped out to the public by the pessimistic alarmists of the Cashin sheets.

Mr. Coaker is a believer in his work. His fishery regulations are enacted for the benefit of the whole country. The Exportation Board are daily sustaining the price of fish by insisting on the securing of the regulation prices and on outright sales. If they relented and sold fish below the regulation prices, fish would "slump" in this country and all would be confusion, the price then being at the tender mercies of the men abroad and the political gang intruding with them at home.

Those are not the days when the howl of pessimists and spite propagandists are needed. Those are the days when public men must serve their country and set examples for others to copy.

Therefore, we refer all to Port Union, the centre which the fishermen themselves control. There is no despondency at Port Union; nor do the conditions warrant despondency anywhere. There is real justification for optimism. There is no justification for a propaganda which can have no other object than the reduction of the price of fish to the fishermen.

THE REAL REASON

The Telegram continues its lamentations under the heading "The Tragedy of the West Coast." The Telegram is vague, and it has not produced one strong argument yet to show how the Fish Regulations are responsible for any depression that exists on the West Coast. In any case we have reason to know that things are not quite as bad on the West Coast as the Telegram represents them, and we doubt very much if the people on the West Coast will thank the Telegram for publishing and misrepresenting their worries to the whole country. The cause of depression in trade on the West Coast is not due to the Fish Regulations. It is due to the fact that West Coast business firms are receiving scant (and in some cases none whatever) accommodation from the Banks. They are absolutely tied up for money

With the Imperial Press Conference Through Canada, 1920

(BY THE EDITOR.)

VII.
We arrived at Calgary, the largest city in the Province of Alberta on August 19, and the warm welcome of the reception committee was made more manifest by the fact that there was no settled programme for the afternoon of that day, so we were free to look around for ourselves. Calgary is a progressive city of 80,000 inhabitants, another instance of marvellous growth since 1884. It owns its 82 miles of electric street railway, its water system and light and power plant. About forty miles from Calgary is the ranch which the Prince of Wales purchased during his Canadian tour of 1919.

There seemed to be quite a few Newfoundlanders at Calgary. Mr. Alfred Peters, son of the late J. E. P. Peters, is manager of the Bank of Montreal there with about 60 clerks I think, and is one of the prominent men there. He and his wife attended the dinner which was given us by the City in the Palliser Hotel that night. I also met Fred Carter, son of Mr. H. D. Carter, one of the Matthews boys and Dr. Fraser's son. I was down on the list of speakers at the dinner and took occasion to remove the erroneous impressions which many of the delegates had about Newfoundland, especially regarding its climate and express our regret that the Press tour had not included Newfoundland. I was able to tell them that we had enjoyed almost continuous sunshine this summer and assure them that there is no "native dress" other than that in which Sir P. T. McGrath, Dr. Mosdell and I appeared! There is no doubt that our island has the reputation of being a weather-beaten rock, surrounded by fog and icebergs most of the year, where it would almost be impossible for anyone not a native of the place, to live. We need advertising and lots of it, with heaps of illustrations of our scenery, of which I am more sure than ever, we can be proud, and which will compare with almost any country in the world.

After the dinner I had the great pleasure of meeting a very distinguished Newfoundland in the person of the Venerable Bishop Pinkham, who was present and who came over to shake hands with me. He is the first Newfoundland to become a Bishop. He spent 21 years here, then went to England, came out to Winnipeg and has been in Canada ever since. I think he is about 77 now. He is a relation to the Ellis family here. He was very interested to hear of Newfoundland.

The next day, August 20, we left for Banff 80 miles distant, by motor car. For many days we had been travelling through flat, rather uninteresting country as the prairies are, with trees very scarce nothing but fields of wheat visible on either side of the train. Now we were to leave this and get gradually higher until the Rockies came in view. About three hours after leaving Calgary we entered a section of the country that reminded us of "home" had had anything so far, and we had picnic lunch by the side of the Bow River amid scenery of green trees and undulating landscape very much like so many sections of our own country. After lunch we continued on, and soon began to enter the Rocky Mountains. What is noticeable about the mountains is that they seem to be one solid grey coloured rock, and that there is no vegetation whatever growing on them. While the mountains we passed were 8 or 9,000 ft. above sea level, yet we had reached an altitude of 4,500 on the road. Of course the snow capped Rockies are magnificent. It was a different world altogether from the low-lying prairie land, the great busy cities and the pleasant fields of the Maritime Provinces. The air was purer, less dense and nature seemed very close, whether in the silent solemnity of those ancient mountains or in the roar of the Bow River as it comes down from great heights, taking its way in the beautifully wooded green valleys.

We arrived at Banff, which is a summer resort for thousands, though its standing population is only about 1,400. A luxurious hotel is kept open, I think, until October. When we were there, there was no room in it for us so we had to sleep on the trains. One of the great attractions is a bathing establishment, in connection therewith being a sheltered warm sulphur pool, supplied by piping water from the Hot Springs on Sulphur Mountain at the rate of 1,165 gallons per hour. The water is 86 degrees, and though the sulphur is supposed to be beneficial to the body, I certainly felt as heavy as lead after a couple of swims. The pool is used by bathers of both sexes at almost every hour of the day or night and as the terrace of the hotel overlooks the pool, the many lookers-on make one wonder if the "beauties" in the pool are the attraction rather than the beauties of the Rockies.

The weather was propitious and on the second evening at Banff we witnessed a picture such as a Turner would paint, with all the gorgeously tinted haze of mountain scenery. We saw the purple and pink of "the glory" of "His handiwork" in very truth. And then the shouts of the bathers, the splash of a diver, brought one to a realization that this was 1920 and the "eat, drink, dance and be merry" jazz bands raised to the pinnacle of eminence!

My South African friend Levi es chewed all the delights of the summer resort, and being a mountaineer, hied him up 3,000 ft. with a can of sardines and a biscuit for company. He said the view repaid him for the exertion. I had made arrangements to leave the party at Banff and return home, and accordingly left on Saturday, August 21, on one of the trains which run from Vancouver to Montreal. Dr. Mosdell also returned on the same day. We had reached to within a day's journey of the Pacific and about 4,000 miles from home.

(To be continued.)

FROM LABRADOR.

The schrs. Greenwood, 700 qts., George, 800; Commodore, 450; have arrived at Greenspond from Labrador, all salted Labrador.

TWO FISHERMEN DROWNED

Schr. D. W. Owen has arrived at Little Bay Islands from Labrador. Two of her crew, Capt. Piling Wiseman and James Locke were drowned on Aug. 30th.

and that is one reason why they cannot purchase fish, lay in stocks and grant supplies. We are not just now concerned as to why the Banks refuse advances, but it is only fair to place the blame in the proper place—on the Banks and not on the Fish Regulations. The argument against the Regulations does not hold water. Splendid prices have been obtained for fish in Oporto whither most of the West Coast fish goes, outright sales have been obtained and at the prices paid by the firms West to the fishermen. The trade up there stands to make splendid profits. In other words their export business has been conducted with the minimum of risk, delay, loss and the maximum of profit. West Coast firms have exported fish and as advantageously as the firms North. But with little or no cash and most of their money tied up in stocks which they cannot easily unload, they are not in a position to buy much fish on a cash basis or to grant supplies. Hence the tie up and depression which exists in certain sections. Not due in the least to the Fish Regulations, but due rather to the financial stringency brought on by the action of the Banks in refusing liberal advances. Had the Banks been as liberal this year as last there would be no talk of depression on the West Coast. Business men would not have been tied up for money. They would have purchased fish as usual, all that was offering, stocked up, and advanced supplies to the fishermen, and because of the Regulations have experienced the best year in their history as far as the export of fish concerned.

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THE 'DAILY NEWS' AND CONSORZIO

(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,—There is only one construction to be placed on the attitude of The Daily News towards the Minister of Marine and Fisheries in his dealings with the Consorzio and that is that The News is out to fight the battles of the Consorzio in Newfoundland no matter at what cost or damage to the trade, the fishermen and the country.

Some few weeks ago the British Isles were startled by the announcement that the London Daily Herald had in its possession £75,000 of Bolshevik money. In other words that The Daily Herald newspaper was in league with Bolshevik Russia, and all that it meant: disorder, anarchy, the destruction of industry and the subversion of all those principles which the British race holds so dear.

I hope the day will never come when we shall wake up some morning to find that The Daily News is the paid agent of the Consorzio here and subsidized to fight every effort the country is making to procure a price for fish that will repay the fishermen and protect our commercial fabric from disaster.

The publication by The Daily News of an alleged cable to the Consorzio from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries is detestable in the extreme and is quite in line with the action of the pious faced hypocrites of The News in publishing private circulars sent to F.P.U. Councils.

The News will stop at nothing. The Government cannot hesitate. A censor must be appointed at once and a curb placed on the irresponsible and ignoramous who are editing the Opposition papers.

Thanking you for space,
Yours truly,

BEDFORD.

St. John's,
Sept. 30th, 1920.

The Telephone and the War

(The New York Times.)

An anonymous writer, whose article is reprinted in the Living Age, tells of a recent conversation of his with a man prominent in German political life. They were talking about the war, and the German said: "It was the telephone that ruined us." Asked to explain, he reasoned that at the outbreak of the war communication between Berlin and Petrograd and Paris and Vienna and other cities was too easy and rapid. If the German authorities had had to write old-fashioned diplomatic notes, which took time to deliver and more time to answer, they could have kept their heads in the crisis and averted the war. But when everything was touch and go, instant communication by wire between the foreign offices was too much for the nerves, and the situation got out of hand.

ASTORY CURRENT

The story got current around town yesterday that the tragedian of The Telegram was so overwrought by so many tragedies that it was advised that he should take another trip to the West Coast for the purpose of recuperation. It continued to the effect that those closely associated with the peculiarities of this "tragedian" offered the opinion that the West Coast was not the most suitable section for his complaint, pointing out that No. 231 did not feel particularly rejuvenated after his November experience in Burgeo District, where he was personally known to every elector, and also remarking that, upon the occasion of his recent visit, he has been the victim of "cruel tragedies" all of which he has been depicting, with sundry interruption, since he found himself in town.

It occurs to some people, that since Charl could not find the north congenial to his tastes, he might adventure the expedition which he is said to have planned some years ago and which had reference to fixing up the Irish situation.

There is another side to the question, however. It is true that out of 1659 voters, the tragedian only mustered 231 heeleders who voted for him, but, now, that the "sops" are cancelled, it is admissible that a very small proportion would rally to the banner of Charles, should he be prevailed upon to undertake the once vaunted exploit.

The suggestion, it will be noted, does not originate here. Close associates suggest that the tragedian be given opportunity to display himself to the world and they argue that the fact that his exploit in Burgeo District was a miserable failure, is no reason why another adventure should not be undertaken.

What is certain he is not a writer of tragedies, whatever success he has in enacting them.

What has given rise to such concern for No. 231?

Well, on Tuesday, Charlie "brightened up" but on Wednesday he plunged himself into another of his "tragedies" and so horrified his associates that they say he is an "undesirable" and will ruin the paper.

But, if this Don Quixote emigrate, we presume it will, of course, be because of the fish regulations, and as he is so adept on this subject, it is to be hoped that he will, of his usual kindness, make a short comment of the exodus of one, who, having been refused in his own country, seeks adventure in other lands.

PETER PAN.

The wise business man advises in the newspaper that reaches the greatest number of readers. Just try an ad in THE ADV.

How Lincoln Dressed.

(English paper.)

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has written an interesting study of Abraham Lincoln's personality. He gives a quaint picture of the great man in his early days.

His hat was brown, faded, and the nap usually worn or rubbed off. He wore a short cloak, and sometimes a shawl. His coat and vest hung loosely on his gaunt frame, and his trousers were invariably too short. On circuit he carried in one hand a faded green umbrella, with "A. Lincoln" in large white cotton or muslin letters sewed on the inside. The knob was gone from the handle, and when closed a piece of cord was usually tied round it in the middle, to keep it from flying open.

In the other hand he carried a literal carpet bag, in which were stored the few papers to be used in court, and underclothing enough to last until his return to Springfield.

He slept in a long, coarse, yellow flannel shirt, which reached half way between his knees and ankles. It was probably not made to fit his bony figure as completely as Beau Brummel's shirt, and hence we can appreciate the sensation on seeing him thus arrayed for the first time, observed afterwards that "he was the ugliest figure I ever saw."

One other little touch to complete the picture: it is the story of Lincoln's hat. The hat of Lincoln—a silk plug—was an extraordinary receptacle. It was his desk and his memorandum book. In it he carried his bank books and the bulk of his letters. Whenever in his reading he wished to preserve an idea he jotted it down on an envelope or stray piece of paper, and placed it inside the lining. Afterwards when the memorandum was needed, there was only one place to look for it.

In Albania the women are treated with the utmost consideration. To such an extent, indeed, is the respect of women carried out by the Albanians that it is contrary to their sense of propriety ever to make women the subject of jokes or humorous stories.

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