

Municipal Matters.

Of No Particular Importance

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir—I have been tickled today by a remembrance of the days of my youth and of one of the characters who contributed to its joys. He was a most estimable old fellow and had not a single foible in the world, save two: he had an uncommonly short temper, and he mortally abhorred the sound of a whistle. It need hardly be stated that this double-barrelled weakness of his could not for very long be concealed from the boyish population of the town, and it equally stands to reason that when once this precious knowledge was acquired it had to be put to the test of practical experiment; and the oftener the experiment was repeated the richer would be the joy of the young devotees of practical science. Whenever a happy chance would lead Joey across the path of a couple of graceless lads wending their way unwillingly to school for a morning, a sea of events which seldom varied in their procession would ensue. Marching briskly past Joey without bestowing the smallest token of recognition upon him, both lads would concur in uttering a single shrill whistle. And then, before you could say "J—", there now! I had very nearly done it! I know that Thomas Babington Lord Macaulay was quite commonly known in his day as Tom Macaulay. I know that the Lord Mayor who owned the cat is still affectionately remembered as "Dick" Whittington. I know that the President of the United States is very commonly spoken of as Bill Taft. And yet, with all these precedents before me, I still tremble when I think how narrowly I just escaped the peril of invoking our Consummate Editor by a title which not only disrespectfully diminished the dignity of his first name, but absolutely neglected his middle and most imposing one. The plain fact is that Joey and the boys would always take to their scrapers at the sound of the whistle with a precision that nothing except a good start for the Derby ever equalled. For Joey always took. Whether the chase would lead you in safety in school or lead you all around the town until dinner-time was always problematical; but whatever the event was, the memory of its excitement and vicissitude remains with me still, and it has been renewed in all its force this very day. For I have just had a somewhat similar adventure. The Daily News, for some purpose of its own, was bent on compelling me to make a public disclosure of my identity. I, on the other hand, stood on my right to be anonymous if I chose. I insisted in an argument, if it was worth anything, ought to be judged on its own merits, and not prejudiced by any considerations arising out of its authorship. I urged that the disclosure of the name of a writer in a newspaper was liable to be quite irrelevant to the subject he was discussing. I did not attempt to prove my thesis. I was content with illustrating the effect that a disclosure of authorship would have upon the Daily News, the paper which was pressing for a disclosure in my case. The proof of my thesis I left to the News itself, being inspired by a confidence which the event has—more than justified. But perhaps I did a little more. I think that possibly I went the length of mildly twitting the News. In fact I whistled, and the News took it rather badly, too, as readers of this morning's issue of that paper can testify. But, as I said, it proved the thesis which I enunciated and it denied. The gush of timid eloquence which burst upon me did not do much harm, for I may claim to be a seasoned vessel, but the mere splutterings of the shower which drenched me would so horrify the novice in newspaper correspondence as to deter him from any further adventure into so dangerous a region. No, the News has demonstrated the proposition that if a man writes to a newspaper he should take the utmost pains never to be found out. Perhaps the safest course for him is not to write at all.

But, after all, I am sorry to be at odds with the News. I love the News; it is a perennial delight to me. I don't so much care for it when it descends to the common subject of our daily life, for there it sometimes flounders like the deep-sea sailor man whom adverse fate dooms to navigate coast-wise and brave the dangers of rocks and shoals and currents. I love to see it proudly navigating the mighty ocean, where it has plenty of sea room and nothing in its way and the chance of picking up some coast, some time, somehow. Imperial politics is its native sphere. When I see it pat Asquith on the back and tell him to be a good boy and that he will be moved up to a higher class next term, I hardly know whether I should most admire the gracious condescension of the Patron or the modest deference of the Premier. But when it assumes its sternest aspect and says, "Master Balfour, take down your 'un-chivalrous'!" I tremble with sympathy for the leader of the Opposition, who is so weakly fortified, if only may judge from his portraits, against the assaults of the ferret. Humbly admiring the newspaper as I do, you may imagine how my soul is racked by the thought that I have been adjudged worthy of its censure. I do not worry so much because it has attributed to me views I never held, aspirations I never cherished, vanities that never stirred me. These are things I could bear with some approach to equanimity. But to call me "un-chivalrous!" Surely, surely, dear Daily News, you do not so stigmatize me in real anger. You must have said it in a joke, for the term actually conveys a joke, and if you look very hard for it you will find it. It is a poor joke, it is true, but it is quite in your line. Do not, then, in sober earnestness, dear Daily News, dub me "un-chivalrous." If I may choose from amongst the honorific titles you so graciously offer for my acceptance, let me be dubbed "Plattitudinarian" by the master of the craft.

And now I hope this digression is over. I propose to return, with the permission of the News, to the question I was originally discussing. I shall take up the matter of the bearing of these analysts' reports upon the creation of the Windsor Lake Reserve. I do not propose, as the News suggests, to tilt against Professor Starkey and Professor Winslow. In the first place I am not able to meet these distinguished gentlemen on their own ground, and in the second place there is no necessity for me to do so. I only propose to show that the interpretation which the News and the Council put upon the reports of these men of science is unwarranted; that the creation of the Reserve around the Lake is, under our present circumstances, indefensible, and that the News' vindication of the Council's action in the premises is absurd. I shall take the last point first, but I must defer it until my next letter.

Yours truly,
REFORM.
Sept. 22nd, 1910.

ated and it denied. The gush of timid eloquence which burst upon me did not do much harm, for I may claim to be a seasoned vessel, but the mere splutterings of the shower which drenched me would so horrify the novice in newspaper correspondence as to deter him from any further adventure into so dangerous a region. No, the News has demonstrated the proposition that if a man writes to a newspaper he should take the utmost pains never to be found out. Perhaps the safest course for him is not to write at all.

But, after all, I am sorry to be at odds with the News. I love the News; it is a perennial delight to me. I don't so much care for it when it descends to the common subject of our daily life, for there it sometimes flounders like the deep-sea sailor man whom adverse fate dooms to navigate coast-wise and brave the dangers of rocks and shoals and currents. I love to see it proudly navigating the mighty ocean, where it has plenty of sea room and nothing in its way and the chance of picking up some coast, some time, somehow. Imperial politics is its native sphere. When I see it pat Asquith on the back and tell him to be a good boy and that he will be moved up to a higher class next term, I hardly know whether I should most admire the gracious condescension of the Patron or the modest deference of the Premier. But when it assumes its sternest aspect and says, "Master Balfour, take down your 'un-chivalrous'!" I tremble with sympathy for the leader of the Opposition, who is so weakly fortified, if only may judge from his portraits, against the assaults of the ferret. Humbly admiring the newspaper as I do, you may imagine how my soul is racked by the thought that I have been adjudged worthy of its censure. I do not worry so much because it has attributed to me views I never held, aspirations I never cherished, vanities that never stirred me. These are things I could bear with some approach to equanimity. But to call me "un-chivalrous!" Surely, surely, dear Daily News, you do not so stigmatize me in real anger. You must have said it in a joke, for the term actually conveys a joke, and if you look very hard for it you will find it. It is a poor joke, it is true, but it is quite in your line. Do not, then, in sober earnestness, dear Daily News, dub me "un-chivalrous." If I may choose from amongst the honorific titles you so graciously offer for my acceptance, let me be dubbed "Plattitudinarian" by the master of the craft.

And now I hope this digression is over. I propose to return, with the permission of the News, to the question I was originally discussing. I shall take up the matter of the bearing of these analysts' reports upon the creation of the Windsor Lake Reserve. I do not propose, as the News suggests, to tilt against Professor Starkey and Professor Winslow. In the first place I am not able to meet these distinguished gentlemen on their own ground, and in the second place there is no necessity for me to do so. I only propose to show that the interpretation which the News and the Council put upon the reports of these men of science is unwarranted; that the creation of the Reserve around the Lake is, under our present circumstances, indefensible, and that the News' vindication of the Council's action in the premises is absurd. I shall take the last point first, but I must defer it until my next letter.

Yours truly,
REFORM.
Sept. 22nd, 1910.

Passed in First Aid.

Last evening Dr. Macpherson kindly gave the Telegram a list of those who passed in the "First Aid" exam, held in the Court House, by Dr. Duncan, on Friday night last. The following passed:—Blackall, W. W., Chafe, W. L., Churchill, Ethelbert, Grimes, William, Supt. of Police, McNab, T. A. (Medallion), Martin, Const., Macpherson, Harold, Neary, Edward, Moseworthy, Sergeant, Nugent, Const., Peddigrass, H., Rumsey, A. H., Stevenson, Lorenzo, Tucker, J., Wadden, M. F., Williams, F. A. A new class is now being formed here, and next week the first lectures will be given. All who wish to join should communicate with Dr. Macpherson, the Hon. Secretary. Steps are being taken now to form classes on Bell Island. This should be of great benefit to a place where of necessity accidents must frequently occur.

CHOIR PRACTICE.

Members of Gower St. choir are reminded of the usual practice to-night in the church.

Whales Very Plentiful.

Whales were again plentiful in Conception Bay yesterday, and this was especially the case up around Harbor Grace Island. Yesterday the Port Saunders brought one fish, a very large hump, to the Harbor Grace factory. The hump was also in the Bay yesterday, and people who came by last night's train say she must have captured one or more fish.

Electric Restorer For Men.

A French Remedy PHOSPHONOL

restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. PHOSPHONOL will make you a new man. Price \$3.00 a box, or two for \$5.00. Mailed to any address. The Schoell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.—mot,fr.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Is now completely stocked with the seasons

Newest & Most Fashionable Goods.

Critical buyers and particularly those who are open for Good Values are asked to call.

Ladies' Millinery Hats.

You are wondering what sort of a Hat to order for Winter wear.

We can give you The Best Idea

if you will come and look at the Pattern Hats. We will tell you what they are wearing at the fashion centres and tell you how cheaply

We can make you a Hat that will be Becoming and Fashionable.

Fashions Latest in Ladies Motor Caps.

Let us show you The Latest for Winter wear. We have them at ALL prices.

Misses Millinery & Jaunty Headwear

form one of the most important displays in our store this Fall. Something distinctly natter and better than the headwear you will see in ordinary stocks.

Our Line is at its BEST now.

Something Particularly New & Striking are the Dress Goods we are Showing.

MARSHALL BROTHERS.

Shannahan Writes on Plastering in General.

"In future," said Mrs. Tucker, "we in this conglomeration must write in doleful strains, and all our party must put on serious countenances with plenty of wrinkles, for a man has held me up on the street and told me that our effusions are nonsensical and without point."

"You had a right," said Delaney, "to tell that 'willow tree' to take a long walk for himself in around the Asylum, for if he doesn't like Shannahan he needn't read it. Shannahan articles are always headed Shannahan. No one need be taken in, and 'tis likely that 'willow tree' will get the worth of his cent by perusing the other 52 columns in the paper."

"This town," said Tucker, "is gloomy enough already without Shannahan adding to the dose, and if we are going to change our policy I'll go over to the other side and start a party of my own."

"What's wrong with you, Tim, you're as stiff as brewis; surely the hint of that ignorant aint troubling you," said Mrs. Tucker.

"You know," Mrs. Tucker, "this is a grand old town, there's a certain class around here who try to impress you with the idea that their tastes are very refined. Something deep they like to talk about, but generally the public discovered in time that they are genuine bores, and soon give them wide berth. Anyway, I'm going to propound on a very heavy subject this week, something startling that will suit the heavy man, and that subject will be of no less importance than the Hague Treaty or the French Shore Question."

"What is the subject," asked Delaney; "surely 'tis not about the waters of Winsor Lake?"

"Not a bit of it," said I. "Reform and the Editor of the News are in a scrimmage over that now, and 'tis likely with a little fuel added 'twill

hold out for the winter. My subject is: 'How can Sergeant Dawe know a chimney is bad from looking at it from your back yard?'"

"Enough said," said Mrs. Tucker, "that man can see as well a mile off as he can right up against you. He has full power to condemn any chimney; he can bar up a street and make people go right around the town to get home, and no one can say but to him. One day he came into our yard and told me I had to get the chimney fixed; I knew him and also knew 'twas no use growling or hectoring him, matters worse, so I simply hired a man to slobber some mortar on the outside, and let some of the streaks come down over the roof; and the

next time he came around he said he wished there were more people in town like me."

Delaney laughed till his braces—a Friday bargain pair—exploded, and said Mrs. Tucker hauled it over Sam.

"You know," said Mrs. Tucker, "that chimney business puts me in mind of a lot of other things run on the same style in this man's town. Outside show counts an awful lot. Do you know there's an awful amount of faith put in an umbrella by some of our brilliant men. You never saw such a town for umbrellas, just watch. There's a wave about a closed up umbrella that makes up for deficiencies in the strength of the man. Perhaps you don't quite understand me. Well, I'll translate. Your trying to be important, trying to be heavy, well you have to be rigged to play the part, just as play actors have to be dressed to suit their. Now, there's nothing so artful that you can carry on hold a candle to an umbrella on a fine day, providing 'tis used with tact in saluting a man who doesn't know too much. Many and many's the politician who owes his success in no small degree to an umbrella."

"Well," said Delaney, "there may be something in what you say, but I think that success is gained more often by pull than by outward appearances. You just get some big fellow to take a hold of you, to praise you up and blow your extraordinary qualifications, and ten chances to one you're as safe as on H. All he has to do is to plaster on the mortar of guff and away she goes. It often struck me how interesting it is to watch the social scale around here. 'Tis simply wonderful how 'tis kept up in a little town like ours where all hands know each other so well. But 'tis here the wave of the umbrella comes in, for 'tis easier, much easier to wave an umbrella than to lower yourself by speaking; not lower yourself exactly, but put yourself in too easy-a-reach, and they think the poor man can't see anything. Of course some people will say this is nonsense, too, but ask the politician who wants to hold a vote, but who doesn't want to be owned, how the umbrella does its work. There's a lot of mortar passed over men in this community whose actions should be brought to light. We hear a lot of fuss kicked up now and

Sensational Insurance Story.

Special to Evening Telegram.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.

An extraordinary tale of adventure, including as an essential part an unusual insurance risk, is to be laid before the Supreme Court of the United States next month, when that Tribunal will be asked to decide whether an insurance company is liable of a policy taken upon a steamer against the perils of capture on a voyage from San Francisco to Vladivostok during the Russo-Japanese War. The vessel in question was the British ship, M. S. Dollar. Late in 1904 it was desired to send the steamer to Vladivostok with a cargo and in order to protect the owners from loss by capture they took a policy against this peril with the Maritime Insurance Co. Ltd., a British institution. The vessel was seized off the coast of Japan about 4 days sail from Vladivostok and subsequently condemned. It is contended by the insurance Co. that it is not liable because the vessel not only carried papers, showing Vladivostok as her real destination, but also another set of papers showing, Messrs. Janin is the destination. The Circuit Court of Appeals for the ninth circuit decided that the Company was liable. On account of the conflict of law on the subject the Supreme Court will be asked to direct the Circuit Court of Appeals to send the case to it for review.

Mr. Allen's Concert a Great Success.

An appreciative audience greeted the performers in Mr. Alfred Allen's Annual Concert, at the Methodist College Hall, last night. Rarely has such a treat of good music been given to a St. John's audience before. Every number on the programme was a gem, and the different performers rendered the music in an excellent manner. The programme was divided into two parts, each part being opened with an Organ Solo.—Mr. Allen gave a Chorale Prelude from Bach in the first part, and Mr. F. J. King a Tocata and Fugue, from the same composer, in the second part. Both pieces were well rendered; Mr. King's in particular bringing out the great power and splendid tone of the organ. To the vocalists, one and all, we extend congratulations on the manner in which they rendered their solos. Mr. Frank Seymour gave two numbers, and his sweet tenor was much appreciated; his enunciation being very clear. Miss Elsie Herder sang three songs; her voice, a rich contralto, being heard to great advantage. Miss B. Story sang twice and pleased all with her rendition of the music. Of Mr. P. J. McCarthy suffice it to say that he sustained his former reputation and brought out the splendid volume of his fine baritone voice. Miss Jean Strang contributed four songs and charmed the audience with the clear, rich and sweet quality of her tones. Words fall us when we try to give expression to the pleasure Miss Sybil Johnson gave with her violin solos; her excellent bowing and fingering, the beautiful tone and interpretation of the music first delights one, and then gradually one loses all thought of everything else in the charm of the music. As in other things so in music all the accessories must be in keeping, therefore, it is that we compliment Mr. Allen on the manner in which he accompanied the soloists and his excellent rendition of the Pianoforte solos; his accompaniment to Miss Sybil Johnson's violin solos was superb.

We hope that we shall not have long to wait before Mr. Allen and his talented assistants of last night will give us another treat.

Fleet of Airships.

Special Evening Telegram.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.

John Barry Ryan, son of Thos. F. Ryan, the New York multi-millionaire spent to-day in the War and Navy Departments and succeeded in driving the officials into a state of enthusiasm over the proposition to provide the Army and Navy with a fleet of airships that would augment tremendously the offensive and defensive powers of the twin-service. The attractive feature of Mr. Ryan's proposition was its economical side, he did not ask a dollar of the Government in return for the creation of a reserve of about a thousand aeroplanes that might be called immediately into service by the Government in time of need. What he did want was the moral support of the dept. in the creation of the aeronautical reserve, and this was promised him. The idea is to have an officer detailed from each branch of the service to act with the aeronautical reserve in an advisory capacity, and to assist in the reorganization of the reserve on military lines. Regular plans for campaign are to be mapped out, and there will be manoeuvres and drills to prepare for actual warfare.

Gaynor for Governor.

Special to Evening Telegram.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

Gaynor sentiment took form and assumed direction in Democratic circles here to-day, more rapidly than at any other time since his name came to the front as a possible candidate for Governor. State Chairman John A. Dix had brought word of how large a figure of the Mayor bulged from a distance, but until to-day New York leaders had been reticent. Partly they were restrained by the continued silence of the Mayor himself and partly by hesitation as to how they would fare with Mayor Gaynor at Albany and John Mitchell acting Mayor in his chair. But to-day there were two developments of interest. In the first place there was much open talk for Gaynor among district leaders, who gathered at Tammany Hall, and those who heard it could only account for it on the assumption that it had warrant from those higher in the councils of the society. In the second place Chas. N. Murphy the taciturn leader of Tammany publicly admitted the strength of the movement towards Gaynor, while carefully reserving any declaration of his own attitude.

A Few Specials

That Stand Out To-Day.

Tomatoes.

30 baskets Delicious Red Tomatoes, ripened to a nicety. They can't last long at 9c. per lb.

Oranges.

3 barrels Jamaica Oranges, fine flavor and juicy, only 25c. per dozen.

Plums.

Due by Bruce Express on Thursday 100 baskets Preserving Plums. Orders now booking.

If you want to secure any of these you will have to ACT AT ONCE.

T. J. EDENS,
151 Duckworth St., Phone 411
112 Military Rd., Phone 411a

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE'S DISTEMPER.

Claims \$100,000 Damages.

Special to Evening Telegram.

MONTREAL, Sept. 22.

The Montreal Street Railway entered action for libel against the Montreal Star to-day in the Superior Court, claiming \$100,000 as damages suffered by it, on account of statements made by the newspaper at various times. The Street Railway alleges that for some months the paper has conducted a systematic campaign against it, by printing unfair headlines, distorting facts, and giving incorrect reports of accidents or legal proceedings, in which the campaign was involved.

CRICKET MATCH.—The St. Bonaventure and Fieldian cricket teams will play for the Johnson Shield this afternoon, weather permitting.

ONLY ONE ARREST.—The police made only one arrest for drunkenness last night. He was taken to the Lockup.