

About Things in General

And Public Men and Matters in Particular.

By SCRIBATOR.

Deliver not the tasks of night,
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day
The sitting girl with double light.
"Make knowledge circle with the wide,
But let her herald, reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds."

According to Dean Inge, "a man must be very blind not to see that a revolt against democracy is already in being all over the world."

The Archbishop of York says:—"The devil has an uncommon way of getting round the best intentioned legislation, especially in these days of party strife and financial stringency." The past month has been one of horror and crisis, during which one almost feared to open the papers. But it is not all insipid gloom. One gathers that, after Tokio and Corfu, what the public chiefly want to know is whether any special effort is to be made, before winter comes, to relieve the unemployment situation.

Some one has said that Premier Warren talked so loud on the occasion of his recent visit to the Humber that "he could be heard from Corner Brook to Carleton Place." But a reporter on "the other side of politics" states that although he stood well to the front, the only way he could hear the Prime Minister was to put his hand behind his best ear. More and more one becomes convinced that some one has been indulging in inexactitudes about the Premier. The result, however, is disappointing to the Opposition reporter. It recalls a verse from an old-time poem—

"But as some muskets so contrive it
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And, though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide and kick their owner over."

The time has come for the old political parties to make their choice between a Government for the people with individual liberty and prosperity as the cornerstone thereof, or a Government for the money-maddened, bronze-hearted few who seek to submerge the country's best welfare for their own personal purely selfish financial interests.

Every recent election has brought out this issue more plainly and has advanced it to the point of being a fact, and to the first political party which appreciates this fact—be that party led by Warren or Higgins, or anybody else—will fall the mantle of power of the combined strength of two hundred and sixty thousand people, the voters among whom, all over the island, are awakening to the conception of the great Creator's purpose in the existence of humanity upon earth.

It is needless to say here that the people have long and patiently been asking why something cannot be done. Everybody knows how universal is the sentiment. Their voices are being more and more pentant, for they cannot understand why there has grown up in this country a political feudalism equal to that of the Middle Ages. Why so many magnificent residences cast their darkening shadows over so many hovels of poverty and despair? Why to-day in hundreds of homes there is nothing but work and weariness and want, nothing but crusts softened by tears? Why writhing human beings are crying out for succor, when greed and vice and corruption continue to squeeze out the very last drop of the former's life-blood in order to further line the latter's coffers with, in too many cases, ill-gotten gold?

Reader, don't you see the point? Don't you see that there, right there, is issue enough to fire the heart of the dullest, and when some great political party has the sense to arise out of the present cloud of political obscurity, with a leader of inspiration, calling them on with a clarion call to a full conception of the betterment of our brethren along the way? Yes, and with a heart and conscience aching for the individual's welfare and comfort and happiness of the thousands of "common people"—as between such a multitude and the handful of selfish, self-centred, world-viewing rich men who control the political situation to-day—will there be an upheaval such as we have needed for many years, such as we had in 1889—the benefits of which we enjoyed from that time till 1905—and such as some one now perhaps in the preparation stage will carry on to a glorious finish? Just one word more in this connection:—Solon says: "If any man by prodigality squanders his own money, he is not to be trusted with the money of the State."

Some time ago, in an article on the "Newfoundland Seal Fishery," I referred to the ruthless slaughter of our hood and harp seals and predicted their extermination in the not far distant future unless the Legislature stepped in and made a close season compulsory. Now, I observe that Henry T. Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, in a report on the "Vanishing Wild Life of the World," strengthens my position by saying:—"Nothing in the history of creation has paralleled the ravages of the fur and hide trade, which, with the bone fertilizer trade, now threatens the entire vertebrate kingdom. Furs are now a fashion. They are worn in mid-summer purely for ornament and personal adornment. The skins sold in three years reach the surprisingly large figure of 107,659,927. To properly show the slaughter that is taking place, one must allow for animals which were killed and not sent to market, and also for wounded animals. The final cause of the "Close of the Age of Mammals" can be arrested only through the creation of a sound and far-reaching sentiment and education of the children and of women, in the same manner in which the National Association of Audubon Societies has arrested the destruction of birds."

An American paper asks the question: "Has any prince ever gone abroad, before, like the Prince of Wales, with no uniform and no tail hat?" But His Royal Highness's desire for informality is indicated by the very title which he has chosen, for the barony of Renfrew is the lowest of the Scottish territorial dignities. The barony is also the latest of the titles, dating from 1604, when Robert III. bestowed it on his son James (afterwards James I.); the Dukedom of Rothesay and the Earldom of Carrick are both four years older.

Thomas Carlyle was a very practical man, and had very clear views as to what should be done in politics, although, unfortunately, no one would listen to him. His fundamental doctrine may thus be stated:—"Enlist your paupers, and employ them under conditions strict as soldiering on useful public works. That is the first step. Till you take that you will make no progress, only stumble on from bad to worse, till the mutinous masses, led by mutinous talent, overthrow your economic edifice, precipitate unrest, inaugurate discontent and demoralize the whole civil service."

We must keep in view the fact that the world lives by the exchange of services. Progress consists in meeting increasing wants with greater intelligence and better methods. Commerce or trade exists simply by the law of service. The fundamental principle by which it lives, moves, and has its being is the motive of service. By the power of the almighty dollar, secured in requital for honest work, man holds at his service, under the force of competition, the capital of the bankers of the world—the ships that pass over the seas—the whole railway service, the energy of the merchants and the tradesmen—each competing with the other to supply his wants at the lowest price with goods of the best quality that his intelligence will enable him to choose. This is the law of service, which is really the soul of trade.

True, the Prohibition Act has not put an end to drunkenness; it has not abolished the liquor traffic altogether in St. John's. But, in spite of the Government's big booze distributing concern on Duckworth Street and the half-heartedness of the Police Court in enforcing the law, it has made the streets of the city safer, quieter and cleaner; it has removed allurement from the young; and pitfalls from the path of the weak and tempted; and it is easier to do right and harder to do wrong by reason of it. Why, the abolition of the licensed public house alone has been a boon and a blessing to the community!

Some of us still remember the prohibition days of half a century ago and less, when rum was "consumed like water." A half pint was given to every day laborer, when his employer wanted to "make things hum." In all families, rich or poor, it was offered to male visitors as an essential part of hospitality, or even good manners. Mothers took it occasionally as a stimulant, and crying babies were silenced with hot toddy, then esteemed an infallible remedy for wind in the stomach. Every man imbibed his morning dram; and this was regarded as temperance!

The clergyman, too, in those days, smoked his "church-warden" and took his "nightcap" regularly before retiring to rest. He also, occasionally, took a hand in politics, and no one questioned his right to do so. Politics has a moral as well as a civil aspect. The clergyman is a social as well as a religious reformer, a patriot—as well as a preacher, and he knows that the permanence of our civic institutions rests on the intelligence and virtue of the people. He has at heart the temporal as well as the spiritual prosperity of those committed to his charge. They naturally look up to him as their guide, philosopher and friend. His education, experience, and sacred character give weight to his words and example.

Getting back to politics! It is believed that Liberalism will be reconstructed through a programme rather than a pact between its dissident halves. The programme itself must wait on events. Other things apart, there is no magic which will arouse the interest of the electorate in a Parliamentary programme until the crooked channels of trade and work have been cleared. Till then, the principal change will be an apathetic drift towards Radicalism as the party with the least apparent responsibility for existing conditions.

The need of a revision of the Civil List is very urgent just now—more so, perhaps, than at any other period in the recollection of the present generation. In several important departments of the public service the remuneration is low and the demands upon brains and intelligence are high—and that, too, where things are managed in a very satisfactory manner. The official in some departments must be a composite of business man, lawyer and statesman. But the rewards, in too many cases, are only to be found in the satisfaction that comes from duty well done.

However, a certain grim philosophy prevails among patriotic public officials, and it is recognized that the best reward that can come to the faithful servant of the Commonwealth as he nears the end of his career is the approbation of his fellow-countrymen. If those who knew him best, who have shared with him the ups and downs of official life, the vicissitudes of party changes, of prosperity and adversity, appraise him as a real man, when his place in the office is occupied by some one else and his name is dropped from the pay roll, then the good and faithful servant of his country may well trust his fame to the verdict of history.

SOMEbody's DARLING.
I sat by my gate in the gloaming, in comfort and contentment; a noble, worn out by his roaming, applied for a pie and a bed. His raiment was vile and in tatters, his whiskers were ragged and brown. He spoke of such difficult matters as I had not beaten him down. He told how misfortune had stayed him and made him a wandering wretch; a trick of his language betrayed him; I cried, "You're Theophilus 'Sketch'!" In childhood we'd

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THE ROYAL TRUST EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES

rambled together, and he was a hero to me, and oft I'd be wondering whether my hero I'd see again see. And he was so wondrously gifted, so handsome and noble and gay, the eyes of the children were lifted to him in a worshipping way. And I can recall how his mother regarded her offspring with pride; there surely was not such another in all of the universe wide. And here by my side he was sighing, all broken and weary and worn; some old dream forever is dying, there's always occasion to

Huge Electric "Mules."
Electric turning locomotives, for hauling vessels through the locks, are among the interesting features of the Panama Canal.

On Buying Eggs.
The best test of all for the egg is its appearance after it is broken—if it is white and yolk run-together, it is evidence that the egg is not strictly fresh, though no odour is perceptible. But that is too late to save money, if not to avert an actual catastrophe. One way to tell a newly-laid egg is by the "glow" or "bloom" on the shell.

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