



Evening Telegram

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Tuesday, January 20, 1920.

On Guard, Electors!

St. John's West does not desire any recrudescence of Toryism. Enough of the pernicious effects of this revival has been shown since the Coaker-Squires Government was sworn in, and the electors into whose hands the future of the dominion now lies, are not wishful that there should be a return to the black days following the Bank Crash of 1894, when the men of this city were compelled to demonstrate against the Tory Government then in power and demand Bread or Work. But should there be any faltering, any holding back, any indifference on the part of the voters on the coming Thursday, so sure as night follows day, so sure will there be a return to the blighting conditions which prevailed in the winter of 1895, when Newfoundland was actually thrown on her beam ends because of the defalcations of men in high places, which brought about the financial catastrophe of the previous December.

It is but a quarter of a century ago since Black Monday broke on the city of St. John's, swiftly and unexpectedly like lightning out of a clear sky. The year of 1894 was one fraught with disaster and dread and its closing month witnessed such a crashing and tumbling of commercial fabrics, bringing more ruin in their fall, than did the great fire of eighteen hundred and ninety-two. Ninety-four will be ever memorable for the crop of election trials, resulting out of the ninety-three contest at the polls, no less than for the collapse of the Union and Commercial Banks. The result of these trials was that a majority of the elected members of the Whiteway Government were unseated by judgments of the Supreme Court, but it is notable that in every district, with but two or three exceptions, in which bye-elections were held, the candidates of the Liberal Party, under the leadership of the late Hon. D. J. Greene, were returned by overwhelming majorities. Before they took over the Government, however, the Bank Crash occurred. Tory times were hard times then, in earnest, and St. John's well experienced Tory vindictiveness. So much so that it does not wish for a recurrence of Tory domination.

Nevertheless, for the short period of two months, Tory times have returned, and there is not a jet or tittle of difference between those of ninety-five and those of nineteen-twenty. Labor suffered in the lean year subsequent to the commercial failure, consequent upon the undermining of the local Banks by fish speculators, and labor has suffered and is suffering since the assumption to power of the lineal successors of the Tories of the black years. But Labor has now its opportunity. It is ranking with one of the political parties of the dominion; has been vouchered for and received into association with

the men who believed in its right to representation in the People's House. The Government of Coaker and Squires, the heirs to the Tory heritage, refused to recognize Labor and declined to give it a chance to assert itself in political life. They solicited its votes, but that was all. Nothing was farther from the purpose of the men who, at the moment, control the administration, than to give to Labor its proper place in the Government. They did not care to be associated with Labor candidates, but they now are making specious promises to the wage earners and by every means in their power attempting their political seduction from the party which gave Labor its first lift toward winning for itself a place in the Legislature of Newfoundland. But Labor has seen through their transparent promises. The incontrovertible fact that there is a dearth of employment in the city, must be placed to the charge of the present Government, whose sole aim and object appears to be the utter destruction of all trades and labor prospects of work, and the turning of the city into a wilderness and a desert, from which men will flee in despair. That being the object, electors, be on your guard and do not permit, do not allow your god-given heritage, your inalienable right to be taken away by men who are merely the pawns of one who has threatened to make grazing ground of the streets of St. John's, and whose threat is now in a fair way of accomplishment. High prices and no work do not conduce to either property or comfort. The Tory dead line has been drawn. Wipe it out with your ballots on Thursday by voting for MARTIN and LINEGAR, the accredited champions of your rights and privileges—your own men.

A Fateful Day For St John's West.

Thursday next will be a day of weal or woe for St. John's West, and the electors, according to the way they mark their ballots, will either bring stagnation and depression on their district or will raise the feeling of misery and despair that has been gradually sinking into the hearts of the people since Squires and Coaker secured control of the Government. We have had two months and a half of it, and goodness knows that is enough. Four years of this rule and Coakerism would indeed make the grass grow on the streets of St. John's.

Messrs. Squires and Brownrigg can see the tide of public indignation rising against them, and are making desperate attempts to stem it. They are holding out all kinds of inducements to the shop-keepers, and the fact that some of them were venal enough and weak enough in principle to go back on the Opposition, only serves to keep the old supporters remaining more steadfast, and to fill their minds with contempt for those few weak-principled money lovers, who could be so easily purchased. These will be sadder and wiser men before very long, and their chagrin will be increased when they find out after the election is over and their vote secured, that Squires and Brownrigg have no more use for them. To fulfill all the expectations of purchased tradesmen would require more money than the distributions of the Board of Works over all Newfoundland.

These are not the people who can elect candidates, though they pretend to have influence, but beyond their own vote we do not believe that they can control the votes of their own relatives. It is the Labor men of the West End who are going to decide this election. They have the chance of their lifetime, and are more determined than in the previous election to

return their men, Messrs. MARTIN and LINEGAR. This will be the beginning of a new party—a Labor Party in the House, the representatives of which, knowing the requirements and the aspirations of their fellow laborers, will be in a position to get legislation enacted that will better their condition and give them a standing in the community.

Looking back over the past twenty-five years, it is pathetic to recall how the laborers of the city have been played upon, cajoled and fooled by selfish, designing politicians, and during all that time gained not a step of foothold in the political life of the country. They have been played upon by Messrs. Gibbs, Anderson and James McGrath, and they are trying to work the same old game to-day at the behest of Squires and Brownrigg, but the laborers have now their eyes wide open and are determined not to be fooled any longer. They are not interested now in securing Messrs. Squires and Brownrigg in their \$5,000 and \$3,000 jobs, and all the other emoluments and pickings that these two gentlemen are so well qualified by nature to look out for. The laborers are looking now to their own welfare and advancement, and goodness knows it is high time they did.

Labor's first great day will dawn on Thursday, January 22, when they will strike the blow that will break the chain that Coakerism is fast forging on the necks of the people of St. John's West. Fine weather or foul, they are grimly determined to go to the polls. Others may stay away on account of a snow storm, but Labor will be there, as its whole future is at stake. The tide of victory is surging high to-day, and Squires, Brownrigg and their Tory profiteering friends are trembling in their shoes. The chance to skin the people on food prices and to make fortunes out of the new fish exporting plan at the expense of the people of Newfoundland, particularly of St. John's, is slipping away from their grasp. The Tory adherents who want to control everything in this country and grind dollars and dollars in extra profits out of the people, are beginning to realize now that to keep Coaker and Squires from staying the hand of food profiteers and breaking up their iniquitous fish exporting monopoly that is ruining the country. The Consorzio has already beaten them: now let St. John's West give them the knock-out blow, and it will be a fortunate day for Newfoundland. Voting for MARTIN and LINEGAR is the way to do it.

That Funny Advocate

Yesterday's issue of the Duckworth Street Coaker organ was the joke of the season. Two blank pages—absolutely blank—but what could be expected after the heavy, double-leaded lines on the front page. Great sensation, brother, but not good enough to capture the electors of St. John's West on Thursday. Saturday evening, on Water Street, a newsboy was heard offering three Advocates for a cent, with no buyers. Yesterday the lads were unable to give away the delectable journal, notwithstanding that it contained Mr. Cheeseman's denial that he had not brought any petition signed by hundreds of voters in his district, protesting against the Fishery Regulations, for which the Telegram gave the junior member for Burin space on Saturday. But will Mr. Cheeseman deny that he brought no petition whatever along from men who are interested in the export of fish in the district which he represents?

The Advocate's new vein of humor is strongly reminiscent of its real funny days of last spring, when it never missed an issue without a reference to

"The Bottleswasher." How about that same "Bottleswasher" now, brother?

The Brilliant "Star."

Last evening, with characteristic blurt and effrontery, the Star reprinted word for word the fable about the mails appearing in the morning issue of the Post, even to using the identical statement that "all foreign mail matter was dispatched by the 'Runa' sailing Saturday night." The genius who allowed this stuff to pass him, when a 'phone message to the office of Shea & Co. would have brought the information that the 'Runa' was still at the dock there, is incomparable as a modern truth to the mark journalist. The 'Runa' sailed at 7 o'clock this morning, and according to the Advocate, is not far behind the 'Kyle.' Only three days or thereabouts, and the Canadian mails which should have gone by the 'Kyle' on Saturday, will not be dispatched until the sailing of the Rosalind at midnight to-morrow. A week's delay or so does not matter much, does it 'Arris? And yet you think that you can 'ope to 'oodwink the electors of St. John's West.

The Wonderful Story of "Klim."

Milk is the one kind of food above all others upon which you are most dependent.

Milk is both a food and a drink. It is used with every meal. Most recipes for cooked foods contain a certain amount of milk. It is a necessity in the diet. Yet it is a never ending problem to get an adequate supply of milk in pure form and at a reasonable price.

The greatest development in the milk industry in the last ten years is the process of removing the water and fat from milk and drying into powder form the solids which have the flavour, the colour, and the body-building food value of separated milk. The result of this process is "Klim"—pure pasteurized separated milk in powder form.

You can get it at all up-to-date grocery stores at 55 cents per tin which makes a full gallon of pure delicious milk at a saving of 41 cents per gallon over the milk-man's price.

Along the Railway.

During yesterday the worst storm of the season was raging along the line, being at its height at Brigus, where considerable damage was done. West of Bishop's Falls the telegraph lines have been down since Saturday and for this reason nothing came through from Port aux Basques yesterday. All trains are held up and plows had to cease operations until the abatement of the storm. Between Clarendville and Gambo the rails are snow-covered to a depth of from four to twelve feet. The express which left Port aux Basques on last Wednesday is still hung up at the Gaff Topsails. There is a big stock of coal on hand there the engine is kept going, heating the passenger cars. An extra-large supply of food, taken aboard at Port aux Basques to meet such a contingency, is sufficient for the passengers and beyond the delay their plight is not so bad, though all are anxious to get to the city in time to vote for MARTIN and LINEGAR on Thursday.

What Does Labor Think of This?

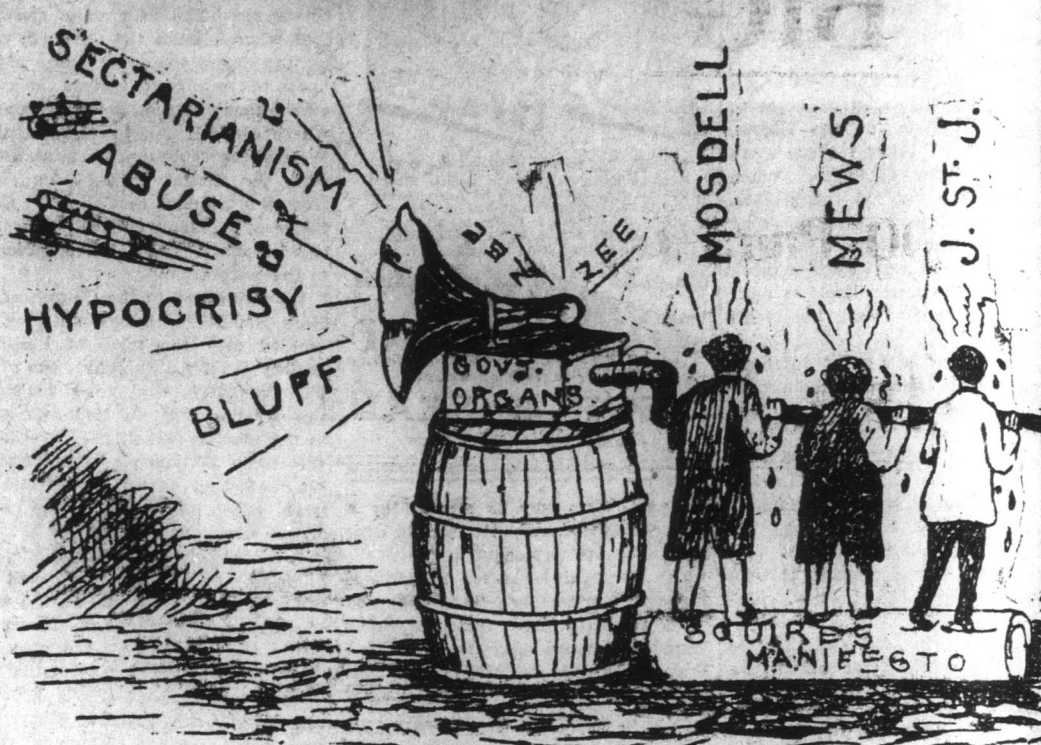
At the Majestic Theatre on Wednesday night last, Mr. Brownrigg, among other rash statements said: "Compare the four men at present in the field—Squires and Brownrigg against Martin and Linegar. Why! the comparison is odious." Presumably the comparison is odious because Labor's choice—Messrs. Martin and Linegar—do not enjoy the full share of this world's goods as do the two representatives of the Coaker clique. But Brownrigg and Squires will both remember, and remember well on the 22nd that Martin and Linegar enjoy the confidence of the electorate and of labor particularly. And when the votes are counted the comparison will certainly be odious to the Ring and its hesters.

Nothing Doing.

Henry J. Brownrigg, the Coaker candidate for St. John's West in the coming bye-election, is in the general provision business and deals extensively, we understand, in flour, and presumably like all others in the flour business, makes contracts ahead for future delivery. To date we have not seen any evidence, or even heard of any "philanthropic" effort on his part to supply flour to the people of the West End at the old price of \$14, either out of the lot which he has at present in stock or ex his "to arrive" lots.

For a good Tailor-made Suit or Overcoat there's no better place to get it than at SPURRELL'S. A splendid line of Tweeds and the best Serge in the country. Prices range from \$50 up, but you get the best in goods, cut and workmanship. SPURRELL, the Tailor, 365 Water Street. Jan 15, 1920.

THE BARREL ORGAN TRIO.



"The Daily Grind."

A Gem From Shakespeare.

Shakespeare must have had Coaker and Squires in mind when he wrote the following some hundred years ago:—

"My soul aches.
"To know when two authorities are up
"—Neither supreme—how soon confusion
"May enter twixt the sayings of both,
and take
"The one by the other."

In Memoriam.

THOMAS F. DUNPHY.
Saturday the sad news reached the city of the sad drowning of a popular young West Ender in the person of Thomas F. Dunphy, son of Mr. Patrick Dunphy, master cooper at G. M. Barr's, and Mrs. Dunphy. The bearer of this doleful message to the grief-stricken parents was the Rev. Fr. Wilson, of St. Patrick's, whom a pleasant one, considering their two sons Jack and Edmund made the supreme sacrifice, and are now buried side by side in far-off France. Tom, as he was well known and called, was well liked, having been employed with the Reid Mfd. Co. as engineer before leaving here, where he was a general favorite with his fellow-employees, his bright and genial disposition not only endearing him to his co-workers but meriting for him the confidence and respect of his employers. After leaving here four months ago, he proceeded to New York, there joining the S.S. Maxman as third engineer, bound to Greece, and as there are no particulars to hand it is presumed while on this voyage he met his fatal end. His remains lie in the depths of foreign waters far from those who are near and dear to him, but nevertheless his memory will be ever green in their hearts. Before sailing, he wrote a racy letter home to mother, asking her to remember him to all his friends and his comrades of the G.C.C. Corps, of which he was one of the oldest members, but sad to say it was his farewell message. To the grief-stricken parents, three brothers and two sisters, we can only offer the consolation of our sympathy, and that we are assured they have from the whole community. When time shall have worn off the keen edge of sorrow, they will be able to recall the fact that their dearly beloved son and brother died at the post of duty. Requiescat in Pace.

—W. F. C.

Give a Thought to Music!
The festive season of Xmas will soon be here. Have your piano put in good shape and help to brighten up your home with tuneful music. A trial of my services will convince you that your work can be done with care and precision.

MARMADUKE H. FINDLATER,
182 Water Street, and Ordnance Street. Phone 649A. eod.12

They Are Afraid!

Linegar Has Them Nervous and Restless.

The continuous newspaper attacks on William Linegar by the Star, Post and Advocate are indicative of one unmistakable fact: They are afraid of him. If they weren't they wouldn't be paying him so much attention. That is undeniable. If the Star really believed that Mr. Linegar was not going to receive the votes of the 1000 odd men who voted for him in November it certainly would not devote column after column of cold calumny, abuse and misrepresentation to him. It would leave him alone, content to know that he wasn't going to receive those 1000 votes. Is that so or not so?

The truth of the matter is this: The Labor vote—meaning by that the 1000 votes which Linegar received last election—will be the deciding factor of the whole bye-election. Those who voted for the Cashin party last time will vote for the Cashin party to-day. Those who voted for the Squires party last time will vote for it this election. The Labor vote will decide.

Recognizing this, the Star, which is the mouthpiece of Hon. R. A. Squires, has been trying hard for the past few weeks to turn the Labor vote from Linegar to the Squires party. What ever success it might have had—had the proper tactics been observed—cannot be known. It is known, however, that its cowardly tactics of abuse, calumny, misrepresentation and attack on Mr. Linegar have resulted in the cementing of the 1000 loyal, true-blue laborites who voted for Linegar. They are more determined now than ever to vote for him, and the more vile and the more cowardly the Star's attack the more determined those 1000 men will be to vote for their favorite. However indifferent and half-hearted they might be if the Star said nothing about Linegar, it

is certain that the result of the three weeks' of studied misrepresentation has been to make those 1000 men a one man.

The Star's style of campaigning consists of the various editors, writers and hangers-on about the office to fill its columns daily with a seditious chorus—a sort of chant—"Squires Can't Lose" being the refrain. Between breaths they manage to work in an attack on somebody and so the game goes merrily on. The Star writers are entrenched in the bowels of the office where they meet the chronic hangers-on and cronies of the party, every one of whom is "certain" of victory.

These writers, who keep up their monotonous chant of "Squires Can't Lose," never get out around the district nor among the workmen of the district. They do not meet the 1000 voters who voted for Linegar and when they exclaim that they voted this time will not be polled by Linegar but for their party, it is a case of the wish being father to the thought.

If their chant begins to wane the bosses order a new tune-up, and the writers put on a fresh spurt and another glaring type and eccentric article result.

Undoubtedly these tactics will be some voters—principally the men ignorant and unthinking. In the election the same tactics won them the victory. The voters of St. John's West see through it now, however, and despite anything the Government may do or anything the Star may say those 1000 true-blue laborites will vote this time as they voted last—for LINEGAR, as well as for MARTIN and the Workingmen's Men!

Coastal Boats.

F. H. ELLIS & CO.

S. S. Sulu left Catalina early this morning, coming south.
S. S. Ingraham, with the schooner Primavista in tow, left Catalina early this morning, coming to St. John's.

GOVERNMENT.

S. S. Portia left Burin at 8.30 to-day.
S. S. Prospero is at Conche.

REIDS'

Clyde at St. John's.
Glencoe left Port aux Basques yesterday afternoon.
Home at Port Union.
Kyle arrived at North Sydney at 5.40 a.m. yesterday.
Meigs at North Sydney.
Petrel at Heart's Content.
Saguna at St. John's.

Special to Evening Telegram.

CAPE RACE, To-day.
Wind North, light, snowing; a three-masted schooner passed in yesterday and S.S. McKee, that lay here all night, went west this morning; Bar 29.70; Ther. 22.

HARRIES.

On Jan. 18th, at Wesley Parsonage by Rev. W. B. Engden, Emily J. Britton, to Norman R. Bastow.

IN LOVING MEMORY

of our kind and loving brother, Edward Noseworthy, son of the late Edward and Jessie Noseworthy, who lost his life on the Ethel, January, 1912, age 22.

The heart has lost its feelings,
The home has lost its joy;
A lonely mother kneeling
Is praying for her boy.

—Inserted by Jas. N.

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A ONE-POUND TIN MAKES 4 QUARTS OF MILK.

