

No More Picnics That is What the People Say

Patsy and the Banks Again.

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir.—The editor of the Herald still goes on shrieking indefinitely about a Bank Crash. Will he say what means by a Bank Crash? Supposing for argument sake that on the advent of a Bond Government, at the instigation of Cooker, all the fishermen in the island who have money deposited in the vaults of the four Canadian Banks at present doing business here were to draw all their monies from these Banks, surely he doesn't mean the public to believe that such a course would result in a Bank Crash. And again, to come to the Savings Bank, about which institution he seems particularly anxious, if all the fishermen with funds there were to adopt the same course, does he want the people to think that even then we should have a Bank Crash? All this writing of the Herald about a Bank Crash is so palpably an election scare that, as we have already said, it is cruel writing for simple folk to read who don't know better and for whom it is especially intended, and it is an indication of sheer desperation when one considers that it emanates from a paper supporting the Government of the day.

Have the Banks themselves nothing to say in the matter? Most people who think at all would say that they have some interest in the question. Governments may come and governments may go, but the Banks here are well able to take care of themselves, and they are not having any sleepless nights now waiting for a Bank Crash that is according to Mr. McGrath, due to arrive here next fall if the Bond Government wins at the polls. One would suppose on reading the Herald that the Bank Crash of 1894 was brought about by the Government of that day? It is rather a late hour now to go into the causes that led up to that dreadful calamity, but who will say that the Government had the remotest connection with them. It is simply an insult to the intelligence of the people of this city that such articles should find their way in a local paper.

If Mr. McGrath must have some election bugaboos to let off his frighten

the children during the election campaign, surely he can find something better than the Banks.

Let Bond Bring Order Out of Chaos!

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir.—I have listened to a conversation held by the commodore captain of a large shipping firm and one of the principal owners, referring to the part of the fishermen would spend about a Bank Crash. And again, to come to the Savings Bank, about which institution he seems particularly anxious, if all the fishermen with funds there were to adopt the same course, does he want the people to think that even then we should have a Bank Crash? All this writing of the Herald about a Bank Crash is so palpably an election scare that, as we have already said, it is cruel writing for simple folk to read who don't know better and for whom it is especially intended, and it is an indication of sheer desperation when one considers that it emanates from a paper supporting the Government of the day.

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A Call to Terra Nova.

Men of Great Britain's Ancient Colony.
On you a stricken, suffering country calls.
Ringed round with wrongs whose magnitude appals.
Rouse ye from sleep; your bounden duty see.
In righteous wrath arise, and manfully
Sweep clean from graft the legislative halls.
Crush down the power that holds you in its thrall.
And hurl the heelers headlong to the sea.
Now is the time and now the appointed day.
That you must prove your love for public weal.
Let tyrants fall before the onward sway
Of gallant patriots fired with public zeal.
Shame on the recreant souls content to bow.
Enslaved by greed's corrupting influence now.
Vain would it be for you to draw the sword
Or couch your lance, unless you thrust them straight
Through wrong's black-hearted legions, which await.
Entrenched, your onslaught at your captain's word.
Fear not to face their fierce and lawless horde.
Or pause their evil strength to estimate.
Right must prevail your cause will make you great.
Engage then with your enemy abroad.
Might has no force to wrest the crown from right.
Our leaders brave can never know defeat.
Rare trophies will reward the victor's fight.
Rich prizes will be strewn before your feet.
In serried ranks arrayed behold your foes.
Since you are freemen, strike your mightiest blows.
—J.W.

Some one said that Morrison's Fort is too green to burn. Every body knows that his memory is like a pine-tree's withered branch!

Bond Can't Lose

That's What the People Say

Political Crumbs.

MORRIS AND PATSY.
"They stood in beauty side by side," Morris, — McGrath is a muck-raker.
McGrath, — Morris was reared on Poor House scraps.
Donald the fakir and drony speech-maker.
Must bundle and go.
In matters of Government the Pict-Nie Party are like children; in matters of Bondie they are like Pirates!
VOX POPULI.
Morris faces the setting sun:
The people say his race is run!
We understand that P. T. McGrath

despises Puritanism though he brags with Puritanic favour of his particular brand of total abstinence. If that is not open to suspicion, it yet accounts to some extent why he goes to extremes in other ways. Note, for example, his rapacious cupidity on the one hand, and his capacious putridity on the other.
"ANGELS EVER BRIGHT A N D FAIR."
D. Morrison, forgetting the law!
A. W. Piccott, trying to cheat Gibbons!
J. C. Crosbie, buying spurs for \$28 and selling them to Government for \$2.00.
E. P. Morris, canvassing for votes in old clothes.
P. T. McGrath, emerging from a gutter.
M. R. Cashin calling people Cullage.
Donald the fakir eloquently vindicated his name and character by forgetting the law! He is still Minister of Justice though his memory is none the less capricious on that account!

When Donald's old head strikes the Bottom of the Poll he'll have the satisfaction of knowing he dug the hole himself—if he does not forget!
FOR E. P. MORRIS.
"Try not the Pass!" the people said;
Dark lowers the tempest overhead.
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!
And louder still the people cried,
MORRIS MUST GO!
FOR PATSY.
"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his shifty eye.
But still he answered with a sigh,
"My name is mud!"
MORRIS AND RUM.
If Morris lets P. T. McGrath do his best to break the Banks when both are in their sober senses, what would they do if they were outside that Jar o' Rum?
E. P. MORRIS.
"I will not lie and calmly rest,
Till they count votes in St. John's West;
"I'd lick the dust, or eat a stone—
"To get a vote."—And then a groan—
"My race is run
My day is done."

A SEA WITH A REPUTATION.
Patsy McGrath ought to take a bath in the Black Sea! That's the lowest and basest water we know of. It is inland, too, and very likely he would run up against some Timber-Sharks like Morrison. Moreover, the Black Sea is liable to sudden and violent storms—just like Patsy's election storms. It has a bad reputation, and that is another reason why he ought to bathe in it. He could prove beyond a doubt also that two Blacks don't make a White, and then he could live with the Turks in a mud-hut.
Patsy's name is mud at last.
The people say the die is cast!

Cable News.

Special to Evening Telegram.
BUENCHENBUREN, To-Day.
Four were killed and several badly injured here to-day by a military aeroplane. The machine was being used in connection with manoeuvres of the 16th Imperial Army Corps, and had just left the ground when the pilot lost control and plunged into a crowd of spectators.
LONDON, To-Day.
Earl Loreburn, six years Lord Chancellor under the Liberal Government, in a long letter to the Times, appeals to both parties for a conference with a view to a settlement of the Irish question by consent on the ground that the present Home Rule Bill cannot provide a permanent solution.

Cable News.

Special to The Evening Telegram.
NEW YORK, Sept. 11.
William Gaynor, Mayor of New York, died on board the steamer Baltic, of heart failure, in mid-ocean on Wednesday afternoon, according to a message sent by wireless by his son, who had sailed with him. He left New York on the morning of Sept. 4th. Up to an hour before he sailed, only one man, his secretary, knew of his plans outside the members of his family. He announced his purpose was a brief vacation on the ocean, and felt that the effect of the salt air would restore him in some measure to health. The Baltic is due at Queens-town to-day. He died as she was nearing the other side, and the news of his death was sent by wireless to Cuxhaven, and relayed to New York. Before the Mayor sailed his secretary issued a statement, denying reports of his serious illness. The recent attack of his old throat trouble due to a wound inflicted on him on August 9th, 1910, by James D. Gallagher, just as he was about to leave this city for a vacation to Europe, had entirely disappeared, according to the secretary. Mayor Gaynor was born on a farm near Whitetown, N.Y., in 1851. He had to help his family in the struggle for existence, and during the fight had to take time for his own education. His career as Mayor of New York bore the imprint of his personality in many striking innovations.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.
Commenting editorially on the action of the Canadian Immigration officers, in deporting Harry Thaw, the Tribune says: "This country must take off its hat to Canada. It has found a way to put a summary end to the Thaw game of trifling with its courts and while the Thaw lawyers were talking fighting the issue in a leisurely way through the Colonial courts, and thence to London, the Immigration officers suddenly cut the whole tangle of technicalities, and lumped the bewildered lunatic across the border line, leaving a lot of attorneys and alienists sorrowing for the loss of vast prospective fees. Canadian swiftness dazzles us, inspired to the worship of legal red-tape as we are, and has this to commend itself. Justice has been done and done promptly. What would have taken months, and perhaps years to accomplish here, has been accomplished at once. The Canadian legal system has been spared the disgrace which would have sprung from seeing its processes employed to defeat justice." The Tribune says: "Thaw and his money-bedecked administration of justice in New York for seven years, but a little more than three weeks proved enough for Canada."

PEKING, Sept. 11.
Japan's demands, growing out of the killing of several Japs at Nanking, were presented to the Chinese Government to-day, though the full details regarding the nature of the note are not available. Sufficient information has been gleaned to show that the demands are tantamount to an ultimatum for an apology, an indemnity and punishment of the guilty soldiers and officials at Nanking. It is demanded, it is understood, that China must accept the terms without any bartering.

HALIFAX, Sept. 11.
The steamer Bonaventure, from Hudson Bay, arrived here to-day, reporting a fair voyage to and from the north. She is here to refit, and sails again next week. She does not report the Sindbad or Cerange, which sailed from here recently.
LONDON, Sept. 11.
J. Foster Stakehouse, who was associated with the late Capt. Scott in originating the South Polar expedition, is arranging an expedition to start from London, August 1914, to explore King Edward VII. Land. The party will be away about two years, and will sail in the steam yacht Polar, built for navigating in Polar regions.
WEST ORANGE, N.J., Sept. 11.
Thomas A. Edison is ill at his home, the first time in eight years he was unable to go to his laboratory, and is suffering from a cold, but not seriously ill.

Mother! Is Child's Stomach Sour, Sick?

If tongue is coated or if cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."
Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour waste.
When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul waste, the sour bile and fermenting food passes out of the bowels and you have a well and playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" clean and sweet.
Keep it handy, Mother! A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so surely look and see that yours is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contentment any other fig syrup.

WANTED—A Boy about 14 years old for Drug Business at STAFFORD'S.—sep5,13

The Shooting Season Will soon be here.

Are you intending to buy a new Rifle or Shotgun this year? If so 'tis time to be thinking about the kind of rifle you're going to use. We have just opened a new shipment of Sportsman's Supplies that are worth attention.

S. & D. B. Breech Loading Guns,
Stevens Rifles, M. L. Guns,
Springfield Rifles, Game Bags,
Reloading Sets, Cartridge Belts,
Brass Shells, Paper Shells, K. B. Cartridges,
Bonax Cartridges, Eleys Cartridges,
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Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

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Felt Hats.
Unprecedented Values.

Ladies' UNTRIMMED
FELT HATS.
SEE THEM EARLY.

A. & S. RODGER.

Season 1913-1914.

We have always been noted for the exclusive style and finish of all our Ready-mades, but our advance fashions in Ladies' Coats for Fall and Winter wear surpass any of our previous showings.

"These Coats are built on the newest lines, many are of the modish two-toned tweeds and blanket cloths; large, roomy and mannish looking. The popular style for coming fall—they have large shawl, sailor and storm collars, deep cuffs, trimmed, buttons, etc.

"Then there is an exquisite selection of handsome wraps, in Brocaded Velvets, Seal Plush Broche, etc., lined with Brocaded Satin—but these must be seen to be appreciated.

Call in and look over these beautiful Coats. You'll be delighted.

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