

St. John's East.

Higgins, Vinnicombe & Fox

The Committee Rooms of the Liberal Progressive Party, C. C. C. Hall, King's Beach, will be open daily, Sunday excepted, to friends and supporters.

sept 25, 19

Funny Old Trinity

(Continued.)

The selected stories of my last article, that brought from the musty past pleasant recollections of some of the old people and their funny sayings and doings, have, I find, been read with so much pleasure by so many people, that on the eve of my leaving Trinity to take up work again in Cape Breton, I give as my last contribution the following odds and ends.

When I was a boy, some fifty years ago, St. Patrick's Day was one of the March holidays. I say March holidays because with so many men having gone to the ice, and so little to do at home, it was not difficult for a saint with St. Patrick's reputation to receive due recognition during that month. As boys we were only too sorry that there were not two or three such saints, as we had sufficient material for several programmes, such as trouting through the ice at Newcastle Pond, bowling in one of the long store lots, a royal game of cat on the south-west arm, or a visit to Robin Hood to see Thomas Northover's Harp.

As, however, there was only one St. Patrick's Day, the programme was often the same, viz, to walk across the ice to Brown's Cove to inspect the new schooner and on to Robin Hood to see the Harp.

Father, John White, William Hart and other heads of departments at Brookings', plus John Murphy from "the Kingdom of Ireland," and myself as a highly privileged boy, usually constituted the party.

Upon arrival at the dock yard at North Side, the party collectively, individually, and one by one, examined the new schooner and gave expert opinions. One would call attention to her graceful lines, another would hold forth on her cargo capacity, etc. In the meantime Mr. Murphy who had been critically examining the hull from every possible view point would be asked by someone—"Well Mr. Murphy, what do you think of her?" To this question John would invariably reply "She'll be a fine schooner when she's tarred."

Then the party would go on to Robin Hood to see the Harp. Mr. Northover had seen a travelling harpist in Devonshire, when he was a boy, and he was so impressed with it, that after settling down in Newfoundland, he undertook to construct one. He did it with marked success, and for years it was one of the local attractions of Trinity Bight.

After welcoming the holiday trippers, Thomas would produce the Harp, explain its structure and mechanism and twang the wire and twine strings, as the real cat gut strings were beyond his means.

Then leading up to the climax he would say—"gentlemen, the main post of the instrument is solid. This top, however, come off and as you will see gentlemen, if you look into it, the cup shaped top is hollow in order to make more sound."

We looked into it, as directed, and

Walter Baker Co's Preparations.

PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, ¼ lb. and ½ lb. cakes.
CARACAS SWEET CHOCOLATE, ¼ lb. cakes.
BREAKFAST COCOA, ½ lb. tins.
SWEET CHOCOLATE POWDER, ½ lb. tins.
MOTT'S CHOCOLATE, ¼ and ½ lb. cakes.

WILLIAMS' TOILET PREPARATIONS:—
Toilet Soaps, Shaving Sticks, Shaving Cream,
Shaving Powder, Cold Cream,
Dental Cream, Talcum Powder.

Due by S. S. Lady of Gaspe:
200 barrels GRAVENSTEIN APPLES.

C. P. EAGAN,

Dockworth Street and Queen's Road.

way home from work, he unexpectedly met Mr. Lockyer coming up the road. As he passed Sammie he saw several herring tails sticking out of Sammie's side pockets, and in pretty plain language he indicted Sammie with the crime of stealing. But Sammie said—"No, Mr. Lockyer, I would never steal from you, because you have been so kind to me." Then said Mr. Lockyer, "how came those herring in your pockets?"

Poor Sammie, who had not been aware of the fact that the tails were visible, stammered out—"Well! Well! Well! Mr. Lockyer, they, they, they must have jumped out of the bag when I was sawing wood."

And of course they had done so. George Lockyer had not thought of that possibility with Labrador herring. —W. T. L.

Make Life Worth Living.

Editor Evening Telegram

Dear Sir,—The time is ripe for a big political educational campaign in Newfoundland, in the interest of humanity. I am not yet allied with any political party, as I stated at the Casino recently, but I am going to work hard for the party that will clearly pledge itself to establish compulsory education in St. John's at least; one good United or Interdenominational Training School for Newfoundland; Scholarships for both teachers and pupils; Technical, Industrial and Commercial Night School (Interdenominational) in the large centers of industrial activity in the country; United Public Schools where possible by a referendum or special vote of the people concerned; increased salaries for teachers; a united Board of Examiners; District Inspectors; playgrounds for the great future schools of the country in such settlements where land is available; Naval, Technical, Chemical School; and last, but not most important of all, a department of education, to organize and carry out these desiderata for this loyal, worthy, and oldest Colony of the Empire, the Dominion of Newfoundland.

May our country be well represented in the coming election and may a Liberal progressive Government be returned that will bring it and keep it abreast of England, the United States and other progressive countries in the matter of remedial legislation. Other matters I would advocate are:—The regulating of the employment of children in factories and shops; aid to the building of workmen's homes; and the encouragement of shipbuilding, fishing and agricultural industries; a maximum number of hours of work a day for men and women under certain conditions—this should also be considered; the development of our great resources and industries by the introduction of more capital and manufacturers to give employment to all. Then our workmen and their widows and orphans should be provided for when their support is taken from them through a child labor law or through old age, sickness, misfortune, or accident. (My heart yearns to help poor souls I know in this country suffering in this way to-day, yes, children too, who are the most important of all.) Let us get together, do our best and try to help everybody fairly and squarely.

Something will have to be done to lessen the cost of living by reducing, and in some cases removing, the tariff, and substituting in its stead a system of taxation which will fall on those best able to bear it. A bureau of labor and capital combined is needed to prevent strikes and to establish a minimum wage law to strengthen the needy against temptation and dismissal, for humanity's sake. Yes! raise up men with mental powers and the spirit of their convictions, brave enough to advocate the advancement of our social and industrial condition; men who will appeal to the very heart and soul of the people and show them by evolutionary and, if need be, revolutionary methods what can be done for the country by means of progressive legislation!

A great United educational effort is needed now. Therefore work for a progressive government that will pledge itself to carry out such a manifesto that will strike at the very roots of poverty and disease, and give us education and health to do everything that a Government can do to make Newfoundland a better, nobler, and happier country, and life worth living.

Yours faithfully,
P. G. BUTLER.

St. John's, Sept 30th, 1919.

Poor John!

Editor Evening Telegram

Dear Sir,—Yesterday's Star announced the fact that Mr. J. M. Devine is the Standard Bearer for the Opposition in the district of Placentia. Poor John. He should remember that Placentia don't vote unanimously for Prohibition. To mention this now may be like hitting below the belt, but that's where Prohibition got the people of Placentia and other parts of the Dominion as well. Thanking you in anticipation.

Yours truly,
CASHINITE.

Sept. 30, 1919.

George Findley Is Convinced By His Experience

Believes Tanlac Will Help Anyone Who Gives It An Honest Trial.

"Tanlac has completely overcome my trouble after everything else I tried during the past six years had failed to give me any relief at all," said George Findley, a well known employee of the firm of Pickford and Black, who lives at 15 Cornwallis Street, Halifax, while talking to a Tanlac representative the other day. "With the wonderful experience I have had with Tanlac," continued Mr. Findley, "I am thoroughly convinced that it is a real medicine and will help anybody who gives it an honest trial. My kidneys have been giving me trouble off and on for several years, and recently, this trouble has been very bad. I got to the point where I had a pain in the small of my back nearly all the time. Then, too, I had a case of stomach trouble, and everything I ate disagreed with me. Sometimes I would be so badly bloated up with gas I could hardly get a good breath. Sometimes this gas would get up into my chest and I would have sharp, catching pains all around my heart. Then there were times when I would have the worst sort of cramping pains in the pit of my stomach. I tried every way I could think of to get rid of these troubles, but just gradually got worse the time instead of better. "I had read so much in the papers about Tanlac, and the good it was doing so many people that I finally made up my mind to buy a bottle of it and see if it would do me any good. Well, sir, I never saw or heard of anything to equal the way Tanlac has helped me and built me up. Why, I have only taken three bottles so far, but it is the honest truth, my troubles have been completely overcome, and I am as well and strong now as I ever was. My stomach is in such fine condition that I can sit down and eat three hearty meals every day and never suffer the least bit afterwards. My kidneys must be all right, too, for I never have a sign of that pain in the small of my back any more. I have gained a lot in strength, and am gaining in weight right along. The truth of the business is, I never felt better in every way in my life, and I am more than glad to give Tanlac credit for it all." Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors under the personal direction of a special Tanlac Representative. —adv.

Reply to Mr. Hefferton.

Editor Evening Telegram

Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 26th inst., I notice a letter from Mr. S. J. Hefferton, Editor of The Industrial Worker, in reply to a letter from Mr. F. J. Woods, President and Delegate of the Protective Union. In the issue of the 26th inst. Mr. Hefferton says:—

"Apparently to judge from the tone of Mr. Woods' letter the present Editor is much inferior to his predecessor because he is not chummy with Mr. Wood's himself—too bad."

As a very wrong impression may be caused by these words of Mr. Hefferton I pray you to allow me the privilege of making a few remarks in reply.

The reference Mr. Woods made to Mr. Hefferton's predecessor (myself) was as follows:—

"I can justly claim most of the credit for what has been done for the firemen since they entered the N. I. W. A. The former Editor of The Industrial Worker can, I know, prove this for me as he is a straightforward man who will give due credit to the right person." Mr. Woods also made reference to the "bosses" of the N.I.W.A. getting me off the paper when they found they could not make me conform to their narrow ideas and today to their petty intrigues. Mr. Woods likewise mentioned the fact that Mr. Hefferton had "scabbled" on me when I sought to get a living wage and improved office conditions.

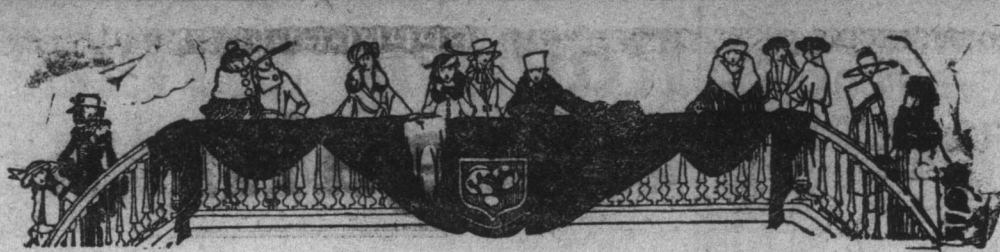
The "tone" of Mr. Woods' words does not show that he regards Mr. Hefferton as being my inferior because he and Mr. Hefferton are not what Mr. Hefferton calls "chummy." Mr.

THIS WEEK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said I could not stop that. I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for three months and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness." —Mrs. J. WOODRIDGE, 2942 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays, there are so many demands upon their time and strength, that the result is invariably a weak, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, backache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a woman to her normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Woodridge.



FALL MILLINERY.

FASHION for Fall opens up treasures of opportunity never before enjoyed in the lifetime of woman of to-day. Such ample provision of attractiveness, richness, superb style, and rare artistry in both the designing, the making and in the wealth of fabrics and attendant trimmings, gives us the most becoming offerings to place before you, and to which we cordially invite your inspection and approval

of Our Complete Showing

of All Autumn Ready-to-Wear.

MILLEY'S



THE WINDSOR PATENT OF THE PRESENT IS JUST LIKE THE WINDSOR PATENT OF THE PAST. Newfoundland's Best Real White Flour.

Woods simply makes a clear cut statement that he regards me as a straightforward man. This, I may say, I have always tried to be and with straightforwardness I have always coupled the quality of fearlessness in expression of my ideas and sentiments, and please God, while there is life in me, I will continue to do so.

What the "tone" of Mr. Woods' letter did show is that Mr. Hefferton is very much my inferior in point of manly principle and practical test of Union ideals, and Mr. Woods is right. A person (I won't say a man) that cuts under a family man who is looking for a living wage, as Mr. Hefferton did with me, certainly deserves all the rubs he gets and the stigma that years will not separate from his name.

Mr. Hefferton says that the real accusation was reported five months ago. This is not so, some of those whose willing tool he became attempted at a N.I.W.A. meeting, to justify him, but the whitewash did not stick. True Union men still continued to regard with abhorrence his unmanly conduct. In regard to Mr. Woods, the N.I.W.A. and the firemen, all I have to say is this. During the twelve months I was in a position to know practically all that transpired in negotiations between the firemen and their employ-

Personal.

The Rev. Dudley B. Ashford, who has been spending a month at Topsail, will resume his ministry at Queen's Road Congregational Church on Sunday next. On Sunday evening he begins the first of a series of four special sermons on the Romantic Story of the English Bible. Fuller details of these sermons, which will be most interesting and instructive, will subsequently be found in our columns. Mr. Ashford is making a special appeal to all friends of the Congregational Church to be present on Sunday next, which is to be a great "Rally Day."

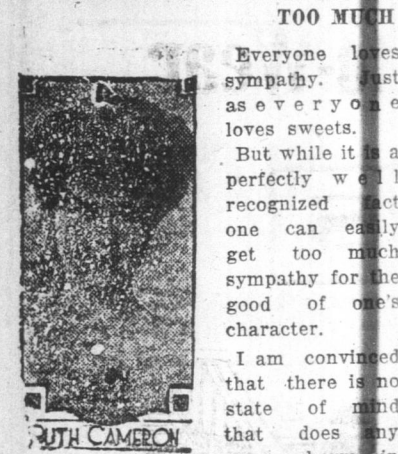
From Bar Haven.

The Rev. Francis Cacciola is in town to-day and tells in glowing terms of the splendid ceremony of dedication of his beautiful Church at Bar Haven. We had the pleasure of seeing a very neat souvenir booklet of this occasion most artistically printed, and enclosed in green gold and purple. It is a review of the ecclesiastical history of Bar Haven and illustrated with cuts of the new Church, Pope Benedict XV., Archbishop Roche, and Father Cacciola. It should prove an interesting memoir to those who attended the occasion.



SATURDAY OUR Readymades.

Side by Ruth



the world than self-pity. And sympathy is sympathy is given in the most judicious way, it often leads to self-pity.

Too Much Sympathy And A Sure Paw.

Here is an example that shows how unconscious and natural this reaction is. My neighbor has an Airedale dog who one day cut his paw on some glass and came into the house leaving a sizeable trail of blood. Of course, the paw was duly washed and fussed over and the dog was petted to his heart's content. For several days after that, when he met him on the street we all said, "Poor Doggie," and asked him how his paw was. And no matter how firmly he had been stepping on his paw, the minute he heard that sympathetic tone he would begin to limp.

You see, our sympathy made him think of his paw and remember how sore it was.

Too Much Sympathy And A Sick Child.

Again, I had a friend with a small son visiting me this summer, and when the fellow showed some light indisposition one day I started to sympathize with him: "Oh, don't do that!" his mother warned me in a hasty aside, "he'll begin to sympathize with himself if you do and before you know it he will be really sick."

In my own case I have often noticed that when I am having rather a hard row to hoe and some kindly hearted friend gives me an overflow of sympathy—tells me I do too much, says what a strain this or that condition must be, etcetera—I find

HERE'S A SUIT JUST YOUR SIZE, SIR! IT'S A BARGAIN—ONLY FORTY DOLLARS!

