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Some Irish History and a Reply.

Editor Evening Telegram

Dear Sir—My attention has been called to a letter, published in the "Evening Advocate," some time ago, and written by P. J. Griffin of Conception H.R., in which he makes an attempt to prove that the bull "Laudabiliter" was a forgery and he uses practically the same arguments as J. A. Gibbs who wrote some time previously on the same subject. In one portion of his letter, Mr. Griffin says, "The general opinion is expressed in the concluding lines of the article on Adrian IV. in the most recent edition of the Britannica, where it is stated beyond the shadow of a doubt, the much discussed bull is not genuine." I beg to say that while Mr. Griffin claims to be a teacher, he is evidently a misinformed reader; for he has certainly misunderstood the wording of the article in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which is as follows:—"According to the elaborate investigation of Thatcher, the facts SEEM to be as follows. Henry asked for permission to invade and subjugate Ireland, in order to gain absolute ownership of that isle. Unwilling to grant a request counter to the papal claim (based on the forged Donation of Constantine) to dominion over the islands of the sea; Adrian made Henry a conciliatory proposal, namely, that the King should become hereditary feudal possessor of Ireland while recognizing the Pope as overlord. This compromise, did not satisfy Henry, so the matter dropped; Henry's subsequent title to Ireland rested on conquest, not on papal concession, and was therefore absolute. The much discussed bull 'Laudabiliter' is, however, not genuine."

Thus we see that the Britannica does not state "beyond the shadow of a doubt," as Mr. Griffin says, but merely gives Owen J. Thatcher's investigation and says "according to him the facts SEEM to be," which is rather different from Mr. Griffin's distorted rendering.

Mr. Griffin also asserts that, Gerald de Barry (Giraldus Cambrensis) "is responsible for the statement that Adrian's successor, Pope Alexander III, confirmed the gift of Ireland to Henry." This is not so, because the letters still exist, and are preserved in the Black Book of the Exchequer. Also Pope Urban III, recognized Henry II's authority, when he sent a crown of Peacock's feathers to Henry's son, John, who was to be crowned King of Ireland. Again, Mr. Griffin says, "This finishes the case and

the obstinate may yet hold what opinion he will." This does NOT, however, finish the case; for, as if he feared anyone may dispute the legality of the "Bull," this point was settled definitely by Pope Paul IV, who granted to Mary Tudor, for good, his so-called sovereignty over the Island of Saints. Therefore history shows us that four separate Popes had on different occasions recognized England's authority to rule Ireland, namely, Adrian IV, Alexander III, Urban III, Paul IV.

Finally, Mr. Griffin, in conclusion, says, "This is the man (Henry II.) that English history, until quite recently, told us was commissioned by the Pope to Christianize Ireland and to inform her people in good morals." That Henry II. was not a model Christian, does not prove his inability to subdue the Irish and teach them good morals, as, for all practical purposes Ireland was half civilized compared to the nations which she affected to despise so heartily. Polygamy, marriage of brother and sister, slavery of hostages, allowed by Druidical custom, had never been entirely suppressed by the efforts of the Christian missionaries. Periodically, whenever the power of the church was shaken by some invasion or civil war, the Celts relapsed into their ancient vices and a new evangelization was needed to correct them. As late as 1567 Sidney, one of Elizabeth's lieutenants, wrote to the Queen: "There was never a people of worse minds, for matrimony is no more regarded in effect than conjunction between unreasoning beasts. Perjury, murder, and robbery are counted allowable."

I cannot find that they make any conscience of sin." Mr. Griffin continues: "At this very time the Irish nation had risen up against an Irish King and had driven him out for an act of adultery." This was certainly a noble act on the part of Ireland, when we consider that there were Kings held to high in esteem and popular preference, who also had this crime to their record. This kind of remembrance makes us think of the persecutions of Ireland. In the ninth century, Norwegian pirates came to ravage the shores of Ireland, and, needless to say, their methods were not gentle. Thereupon there arose the legend of a personage in whom every cruelty was incarnate: Turpin the Viking. An Irish manuscript records the story with detail, then the story is taken up and embellished by the Monk Jocelyn, and also Giraldus Cambrensis. This is a first specimen of those national

complaints, in which Ireland figures perpetually as the persecuted victim, and of which the rest of her history is simply another edition. Now, no research has ever been able to prove that Turpin ever existed! There is no trace of him in any other chronicle nor in Scandinavian Sagas. But, on the other hand, there was at that time in Ireland, besides the usual endemic war of clans, never very humane, one Fredlimid, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, who, in order to become supreme King over the whole island, put it to fire and sword, devastating and pillaging with extreme ferocity. At last it was realized that the best part of the atrocities ascribed to the mystical invader Turpin bore a remarkable resemblance to those of Fredlimid, whose praises were still being sung by his hands and chroniclers. This is the first of the "persecutions" of Ireland—a sorry precedent for the veracity of narratives to come!

The Middle Ages pass, and gradually we approach the fatal day when the Irish lost their independence for good and all—if independence means killing one another with great perseverance. This loss is called "The Bull Laudabiliter."

Trusting you will do me the honor to produce this in your columns.

Yours sincerely,
G. LUFF.

March 7, 1921.

The Irish Question.

Editor Evening Telegram

Dear Sir—God help Ireland is the thought that rises in the heart of every one who reads what is daily happening in that terribly afflicted country. Homes are being devastated, buildings burnt down, men and women murdered, wives made widows, children orphaned, sweethearts losing their lovers, and why? Because a little common sense is not being used to settle differences which should easily be settled. It takes two people to make a quarrel. If one of two quarrelling ladies stops talking the other soon holds her tongue for lack of argument. It seems to me that the two stories of the two goats is very applicable to the condition of the first two goats meeting on the narrow ledge found and fell to destruction. When the second pair of goats met one laid down and the other passed over its body and both safely reached their destination. If England and Ireland fight, then certainly Ireland will suffer, and possibly England. Let one lie down and both are saved. It matters little which lies down. Pride should not stand in the way of settlement. There is one thing certain there will be no Republic of Ireland. Realizing that fact the men who allow other men to be killed for that purpose are so much their murderers as if they plunged daggers into their hearts. Look at the valuable lives brains that are being daily lost in Ireland, lives which she can ill afford to lose. It is horrible to contemplate the suffering that is being caused. It should be stopped. If England will not give in, let Ireland give in. Nothing can be gained by going on. If those who advocate an Irish Republic think the United States are going to help Ireland against England they are mistaken. They are sacrificing Irish lives for no purpose. Whoever counsels Irish men to keep up their fratricidal war are nothing short of murderers. The past does not matter. Forget it! The present is all we have to deal with. Revenge is not a Christian spirit. Brotherly love is. So long as some are agitating, so long will there be bloodshed, hatred and all other attendant ills. Short of allowing it to disrupt the Empire, England is prepared to give Ireland anything she wants. It would be madness for England to permit Ireland to break away from the Empire. Let hot headed Irishmen realize that. Cool headed Irishmen have realized it long ago. Let them get together and settle on what they want and they will get it, but for either side to be burning homes, killing each other, desolating the country, is a disgrace to humanity. Is this the fruit of the teaching of the past two thousand years? If so it is rotten and has failure written all over it. Is there any wonder that other religions do not embrace that which produces such results as we to-day see in Ireland. Let differences be forgotten, get together and let Englishmen and Irishmen and all lovers of the Empire cry in unison: "God save Ireland and the Irish people."

Yours sincerely,
GEO. W. B. AYRE.
March 8, 1921.

The Last Baby?

It is said of Dr. Knox, the retiring Bishop of Manchester, that he used to pay an annual visit to an incubent who possessed a full quiver of offsprings, to which additions were made at fairly regular intervals. Upon one occasion the Bishop could only remain for a very short time. "Oh, but Bishop," pleaded the "incubent's" wife, "please do not go just yet; you have not seen my last baby." "No, madam," came the prompt and gallant reply, "and I do not suppose I ever shall."

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Woman Suffrage.

An address delivered by Mary Johnson, the noted historical novelist, to the House of Governors at Richmond, Virginia.

"Your Excellencies—If there are two things in the world inextricably intertwined, they are men and women. Neither of us can live without the other. To tell the truth, neither of us wishes to live without the other. We talk of the man in the abstract, and of woman in the abstract, and all the time there is no such thing as an abstract man or woman. It is a monster that doesn't exist. Men and women are concrete persons, here and now, human beings anchored and welded together. All men are the sons of women and all women are the daughters of men. Every man here was born of a woman and a man, and every woman here was born of a man and a woman, and we inherit equally from each; and that means, as any biologist will tell you, that we are each Woman cannot contain man without containing herself, and man cannot contain woman without containing himself. Man and woman, we are co-heirs, we are kings and queens—not kings with a queen-consort walking behind, and not queens with a prince-consort walking behind, but fellow sovereigns—Williams and Marys, Ferdinands and Isabelas!

That is our contention. That is what we stand for to-day to uphold. That is the heart of the woman movement. That is what, over all the world to-day, woman, awakened and struggling for her best, is crying to her mate, is crying to the future!

What is at the root of the world-wide unrest among women? What is at the root of the Woman Movement? The oldest thing in the world is at the root of the Woman Movement. Evolution is at the root of the Woman Movement—growth, the divine yearning outward and onward and upward. Stop it? Still it? Stop the ocean with your hand; stop the wind with a straw; stay the great mind of the world with your plaintive "Day before yesterday was just the right weather!"

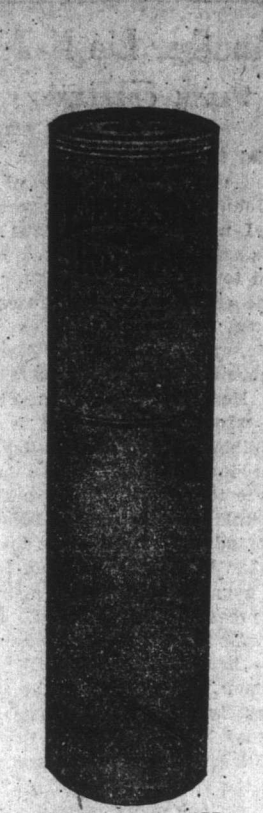
It did not come up in a night, the Woman Movement, and it is in no danger of perishing from view. It is here to stay and to grow. It is not the work of a few fanatics and faddists. It is a perfectly logical phenomenon, born out of the fullness of time and the larger mind of the world, evidencing itself in all the countries of the world and under the most diverse circumstances, participated in by individuals of every social stratum, by the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the young and the old. It is indestructible, it is moving on with an ever-increasing depth and velocity, and it is going to revolutionize the world. It has many sides—educational, economic, industrial, eugenic, political. In a thousand and speeches we could only slightly touch the iridescent, many-angled Woman Movement. To-day we are to speak, and that most briefly, only to its political aspect in our own country. Then, what are we asking, here in America, here in Virginia? We are asking that a democracy be a democracy. We are asking that the government of this country be by the people, and for the people, and not by a few men, and not a government of, for, and by half the people. We are asking that we who live under laws which we must obey and which affect our relation in life—may have something to do with the making of those laws. We are asking that we who pay a very considerable portion of the taxes of the State and of our country may have a voice in the apportionment of those taxes. We are asking that we who work may have a say as to the conditions under which we work—conditions which, even now, are largely under political control.

When the 20th Century Began.

The twentieth century began on the first day of January, 1901. In common usage the century means the years A.D. 1—100; the second century the years 101—200; and the nineteenth century the years A.D. 1801—1900. The fifth century before Christ was 500—401 B.C. A century begins with the beginning of the fifth day in its first year, and does not end until the close of the last day in its hundredth year. The mode of reckoning is often confused with the common mode of stating the age of a person. A person born at the beginning of the Christian era would be called one year old during his second year, that is during the course of the year two; he would be called two during the year three; and forty during the year forty-one, etc.

From the Ranks to the Throne.

Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, who died on March 8, 1844, as Charles XIV. of Sweden, may be regarded as the most fortunate of all the children of the French Revolution. Certainly he did not rise as high as Napoleon, but what he gained he kept; and upon the whole nobody to whom 1789 opened the doors of opportunity took better advantage of his chances. The son of a lawyer, he was born at Paris in 1764, and, while yet a youth, enlisted in the army, in which at that time none but nobles



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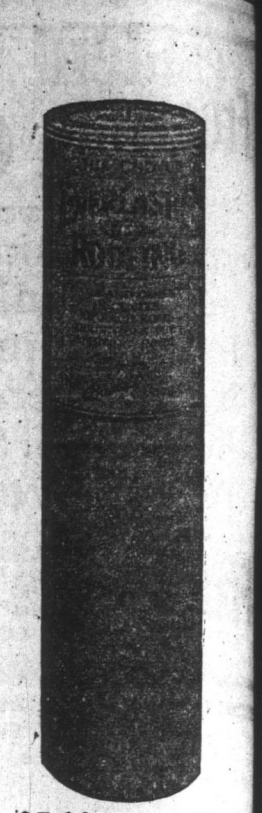
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could expect to reach commissioned rank. The Revolution, however, altered all that; and Bernadotte, who had been a non-commissioned officer for years, found himself in a brief while commanding armies. Later he was War Minister, and, although he took no share in the events that made Napoleon First Consul, the fact that he and Joseph Bonaparte had married sisters proved of substantial advantage to him. In 1804 he received his marshal's baton, and in 1808 he was made Prince of Ponte Corvo. Four years later he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden by the Riksdag. The most equivocal part of his life was when he joined the Allies against Napoleon in 1812; while throughout the subsequent campaign of 1813 he caused much suspicion by his intrigues to succeed Napoleon, and his attitude throughout was "enigmatical." However, his plans came to nothing, and he had to content himself with annexing Norway, and began a reign marked by good and careful government, whereby he won the respect and confidence of both nations, so that he ruled for 26 years with complete success and handed on the heritage to his descendants.

Household Notes.

Things out of season are always high.
Potatoes should be served in an uncovered dish.
Clean brass kettles before using with salt and vinegar.
Children should not have meat more than once a day.
Worn places in matting may be darned with strands of raffia.
Serve small sausages with roast chicken to add to the flavor.
A nice way to serve creamed vegetables is in timbale cases.
An ordinary iron fire shovel makes an excellent salamander.
Unseasoned cereals may be used to thicken soups, stews or gravies.
Keep pickles in a dark, dry place, in either glass or stone jars.
Lettuce, cooked just as you would cook spinach, is delicious served with beefsteak.
Chopped parsley added to creamed potatoes gives them an excellent flavor.
A little wire brush is excellent for removing hairs from a carpet sweeper.
Strips of green peppers are delicious fried in olive oil and highly seasoned.
Lemons will be ripe and juicy if kept in cold water. Change water every week.
Fritters should be served hot on a folded napkin and accompanied by their sauce.
As canned mushrooms are already cooked, do not boil them when preparing them.
Chop suya should be served with boiled rice, steamed dry in the Chinese fashion.

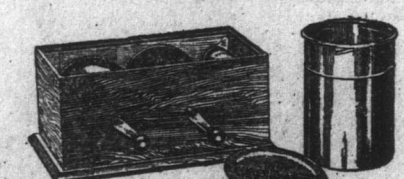


Just Folks

29th Bar AGuest

I MUSTN'T FORGET.
I mustn't forget that I'm getting old. That's the worst thing ever I can do.
I must keep in mind without telling.
That old ideas must be given up to new.
Let me be always upon my guard. Never a crabby old man to be. Youth is too precious to have it slip by.
By the cranky whims of a man.
I must remember that customs change. An' I've had my youth an' my gray.
Mustn't be too surprised at stunts. Or startlin' things that the youngsters say.
Mustn't keep the bit in their mouths too tight.
Which is something old people apt to do.
What used to be, was wrong may be right.
An' it may not be wrong just coz it's new.
Want 'em to like me an' want 'em to know.
That I need their laughter mirth an' song.
An' I want 'em near, coz I love 'em so.
An' home is the place where the smiles belong.
They're growin' up, an' it seems queer.
To hear them talk of the things they hold.
But age with youth shouldn't quarrel.
An' I mustn't forget that I'm an' old.

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