



**Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!**  
**HAND-WRITING Competition**  
 OPEN TO ALL CHILDREN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 6 TO 15 YEARS.  
**Will Close May 15th.**

Write in ink on a piece of plain whitepaper, the following sentence 12 times:

*Milkmaid Milk is the Best Milk Made*

Write your name, age and address in the upper right hand corner of the paper, and address same, together with one MILKMAID Label, to "Milkmaid Competition," 204 Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, P. O. Box 697.

You may send in as many sheets as you like, but each sheet must be accompanied with a MILKMAID Label.

For the best hand-writing received of the above sentence, the following CASH PRIZES will be paid:

For children 10 years and under:	Children over 10 yrs. and up to 15 yrs
First Prize . . . . . \$10.00	First Prize . . . . . \$10.00
Second " . . . . . 5.00	Second " . . . . . 5.00
Third " . . . . . 2.50	Third " . . . . . 2.50
Fourth " . . . . . 1.50	Fourth " . . . . . 1.50
Fifth " . . . . . 1.00	Fifth " . . . . . 1.00

The Judges for this Competition will be  
 Mr. S. T. Harrington, M.A., Headmaster Methodist College.  
 Rev. Bro. Ryan, Principal St. Bonaventure's College.  
 Mr. R. R. Wood, B.A., Headmaster Bishop Feild College  
 and the Agent for the Nestle & Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co.

Every child entering into this competition will be given a prize in addition to the money prizes.

THE JUDGES' DECISION WILL BE FINAL.

may10,41

**Lioness and Antelope Fight**

"In November last I had a camp on the Chirua River, a stream running from the Dowa hills east into Lake Nyasa, the camp being some 8 miles from the lake. I had been away for a couple of weeks leaving a watchman and a few "boys" in charge, and on my return they produced the skins of two half-grown lion cubs that had been killed by a sable antelope two nights previously within a few hundred yards of the camp. It seems that for several nights a lioness with three cubs passed the camp on the way to drink at the river, returning again before day-

break to some scrub clad hills a few miles to the west, says the London "Field."  
 "About midnight on this particular night the boys heard sounds of a great struggle going on some 300 yards away in the direction of the river and concluded that a lion was attacking some large animal. At daybreak the boys went to the spot to find out what had happened and picked up the spoils of a lioness with three cubs, together with tracks of a bull sable.  
 "Following this spoor they arrived at the scene of the combat and found within a few hundred yards of the camp. It seems that for several nights a lioness with three cubs passed the camp on the way to drink at the river, returning again before day-

at the edge of the trampled grass lay a lion cub with its skull smashed in, and a little further on another dead cub, also with its skull smashed in a similar manner, but no wounds on the body of either.  
 "From here the tracks of a lioness and one cub led up into the foothills, where all traces were soon lost on the dry, hard ground, while the spoor of the sable led down to and across the river, the animal apparently going strong and, practically unharmed. It would appear that when the lioness attacked the sable he put up such a good fight that he got clear away, leaving two dead cubs, killed probably by kicks. They did not appear to have been struck by the horns, as there was no hole in the skins of either. I have known of sable being attacked by a lion and both animals being afterwards found dead, but this is the first instance I've known where the buck has got clear away, and especially after killing two cubs.  
 "One would suppose that the infuriated mother would have taken revenge at all costs, whereas she apparently retired with her one remaining cub, leaving the sable master of the situation. It is a great pity I was not there at the time; thus I can only vouch for the spoor and the condition of the ground, the smashed skulls and the skins of the two cubs, showing no wounds whatever, but with large discolored patches on the inner side of the scapula. Personally I have no hesitation in believing that my boys' version is true in every detail."

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**Sixpenny Wonder**

After his recent election as President of the Institute of Metals, Professor Thomas Turner told me a remarkable incident of his boyhood. Having a bent for science, he decided to make a seismometer. An instrument for determining the relative hardness of materials. He made it from a block of wood, a lathe, a screw, the laboratory weights, and a borrowed writing diamond.

This instrument cost him less than a penny, yet with its aid quantitative values of the hardness of different qualities of cast iron were obtained such as had not been recorded before.

**Our Political Problems**

And How to Solve Them.

(By ANALYST.)

"Law is holy; ay, but what law? Is there nothing more divine Than the patched-up broils of party—Vena, full of meat and wine? Is there, say you, nothing higher? Naught, God save us! that transcends Laws of bank-note texture, wave by vulgar men for vulgar ends?"  
 The secret of good executive work is to delegate authority and to instill loyalty and teach method, so that each subordinate, in his own place, will really be in a way a part of the chief himself. That can't be done here. A man can't pick his subordinates to suit himself; he cannot train them, and, except in very rare instances, their loyalty is not to him, but to a party, or to some other man, or to some outside interest. Often it is even against their superior. Often enough it is to nobody but themselves and to nothing but holding their jobs. In such circumstances, work cannot possibly be well done.

Let me here repeat a recent story of a politician who had urged the appointment to a rather high place of a man who was obviously a poor executive. The politician admitted this. "But he's the man needed now," he explained. "That office is full of opponents of the government who are doing their best to make a poor showing and hurt the administration. This man will get them out. Then we can get one who'll run the office right."

Owing to persistence in political transgressions and sins since 1908, the public life of the colony has been contaminated and the industrial outlook rendered disheartening in the extreme. It is hard to say what our fate may be as a result of the official waywardness to which I refer. We have no right, perhaps, to hope that we may be an exception to the rule by which countries have their period of growth, and grandeur, and of decay. It may be that all we most esteem may fade away. But if we have done our duty well, even though our prosperity should pass away and our country become

"—an island salt and bare, The haunt of seals, and cod, and seaweeds' clasp."  
 she may be remembered, not ungratefully, as at one time a nursery for the great British navy—in the glorious days of history when our forefathers, too, were empire builders and helped to carry the flag to the four corners of the world. However, the time for action in our public affairs has now come. No greater reason for it can exist to-morrow than exists to-day. Every hour's delay only adds another chapter to the humiliating story of corruption, mendacity and fraud!

It is excellent to study life as it seems to be, with the purpose, however, of determining what life really is, in all its variety. In addition, the ideal must steadily be envisaged, with all that its achievements would imply in the word of the twentieth century. Positive conclusions must be weighed before they are made even to seem imperative, but in the end they remain positive. A freshly independent journalism for Newfoundland needs, emphatically, to take the positive side as much as it can, without allowing itself to be merely imbued with a vain human optimism. The political campaign this season should be an occasion, then, not just for an increasingly tearing away of what has been inherently destructive, but for a discernment of how the old ways must be mended and new ways built, in order that the fine forest of Liberty may be a place for all to enjoy as they proceed through it like the pioneers which active and progressive people always must be. A journalism doing this necessary work, both in St. John's and in the outposts, must, in fact, be worthy to be called, in the words of Isaiah, a "restorer of the breach," a "restorer of paths to dwell in."

There is a growing belief here in the city, among outside observers more than among politicians, that the old bluffing, buncoing, close-corporation style of politics is in its last days. If this is true, if the time has come when the public would rather have facts than bluff, and reason than sentiment, then the patriotic type of

mind springs into natural leadership. It may not be true. There is no doubt that the proportion of voters who want sincerity is increasing, but they may still be too few to win. It may be that the old rules are still sound; that a political platform is useful only for the enticement of voters, that intelligent people, seeing through it, will nevertheless support the party for reasons of their own; that there are, so few intelligent folk that success can be won by the party offering the best blue-sky prospectus. For this reason the future career of the new leader will, to a great extent, measure the change in the intelligence Newfoundland applies to its politics.

Obviously, the time for such a change is at hand. The basis for political success makes rather sudden shifts, though at long intervals, and only after some considerable popular revolt against old methods forces politicians to new ones. For a long time, for example, democratic institutions in England functioned through fear and reprisal, and a beaten politician died suddenly. This was finally stopped, and Walpole Pitt and their successors governed by means of corruption of the legislators. We recently had such a period in this country when men high in office, as well as ordinary members of the House of Assembly, were more or less open for sale to big interests.

They have kept power through organization supplemented by careful misleading and vitiation of opinion recently reduced to the science of propaganda. Now there is revolt against this. The next step in political morality will naturally be toward destroying these two methods of exploiting democracy, and of the way by far the more deadly is the debasing and corrupting of public opinion.

Now, to ensure efficiency on the part alike of public servants, individually and collectively, there are, of course, rewards for the efficient and penalties for those who are not so. In the case of a government acting under a constitutional form of government, such as is the system we call "responsible government," the rewards and penalties are both clearly and sharply defined.

Some time ago, in a short article on the expenditure of public money, I pointed out the fact that, in all countries like Newfoundland, for many, many years after their inhabitation, there was and is abundant scope for useful public works of such a nature as would absorb all the surplus manual labor of the country. To be profitably employed, this manual labor must be expended, not in snowshovelling, breaking stone and other pauperizing occupations, but on such works as will assist the state in realizing its natural products. And the rate of wages paid thereat must not exceed a sum equivalent to somewhat less than is current at the time in the ordinary labor market.

Of course, the men so employed have to work at a distance from home and the comforts of civilization, or have to pay an exceptional price for their supplies, as is the case with those now working on the Humber; the apparent rate of wage may be higher than that of the market. But if the state so manages (or mismanages), as that this employment demoralizes the people, awakens within them a liking for unsettled occupations, destroys the ties and endearments of domesticity, and makes men prefer Government work to civil employment, then these public enterprises become a bane instead of a blessing, and those who promote them the enemies rather than the benefactors of their country! That this is so is self-evident from the very nature of the case. The same law, both civil and natural, that would imply fair and just treatment in the one case, would equally require it in the other. The Party System, was founded on our national action of fair play. It was not sportsmanlike that one side should have a rich accumulation of rubbish, while the other was left with nothing but the bare truth.

"I've been a Walg three weeks myself, just of the moderate sort. And don't find them and Democrats so different as I thought. They both are pretty much alike, and push and scrounge and curse. They're like two pickpockets in league for the "Receiver's" purse. Each takes a side, and then they squeeze the good man in between them. Turn all his pockets wrong side out, and quick as lightning clean them. To neither one of them I'd trust a second-handed rail. No further off than I could sling a bullock by the tail!"

**Household Notes.**

Roped smelts are delicious stuffed, baked and served with Hollandaise sauce.  
 Spaghetti macaroni and cheese timbales with a little Worcester sauce.

**GEORGE SAYS**

**A FEW WORDS ABOUT "FATHER'S DAY."**

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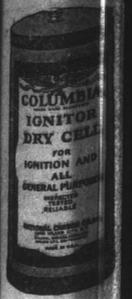
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