

Common Sense Sermon.

PREACHED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND MINES.

A man would light his pipe with a ten dollar bill, but often a light pipe has cost not ten dollars but ten cents. One match—one burning cigarette stub—the hot ashes of a pipe—will do damage that can never be repaired.

To a thoughtless man a forest fire is nothing but a blaze—spectacular, but of no real importance. To a man who thinks a forest fire is a national catastrophe, in a forest fire he sees not merely trees burning, but dollars and cents—houses and homes—fish—game and stags—fences and fuel—food and clothes.

A forest fire, once started, can destroy a couple of hundred square miles of forest in a few hours—and we've had fires that swept over larger areas than that.

Let's look at fire of that kind for a few minutes, and see what went up in smoke beside a few trees.

Scattered around this island there are about a thousand small sawmills, some supporting several families throughout the year; some giving work to a few men during the slack winter months; all adding to the comfort and prosperity of the people of this country. That patch of forest would keep all these small mills busy for TEN YEARS.

If every fishing vessel and boat on our waters was sunk, the timber from that patch of forest would rebuild them—and leave plenty to spare for

stages and skates. Turned into lumber it would build a home for EVERY FAMILY in NEWFOUNDLAND. Turned into firewood, it would cook the food and warm the houses of all our people for five years. Turned into paper, it would supply a large mill for ten years, ensuring a livelihood for over TWO THOUSAND FAMILIES and putting not less than TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS into our pockets in wages alone.

That's part of what the fool with a match stole from us. He robbed every man, woman and child in the island of MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS just as surely as if he put his hand in their pocket and took out twenty five dollar bills.

And that's only one fire—and we've had many. If the timber destroyed by fire in the past twenty-five years could be restored it would make Newfoundland the most prosperous country in the world. Properly handled, it would supply raw material for half a dozen large paper mills FOREVER.

It could be sold as it stood for a sum that would pay off our national debt, and leave money in the treasury that, if expended in public works, would give us a system of roads and harbours second to none—and after that the industries using the timber would provide a safe and permanent livelihood for ONE IN EVERY FIVE FAMILIES IN THIS COUNTRY.

That's done with, however—gone beyond recall. Once destroyed, forests can never be brought back.

You may be told that the trees will grow again. They may, but you or any man living living to-day will not stand on this earth long enough to see them grow again. They may, but you or any man living living to-day will not stand on this earth long enough to see them grow again. They may, but you or any man living living to-day will not stand on this earth long enough to see them grow again.

James Lush Says He is Now Feeling Happy Like a Boy

Newfoundland Man Had Suffered Fifteen Years From Stomach Trouble Before Finding Relief At Last.

"I must confess I didn't have much hope that Tanlac would benefit me, as I had been disappointed in so many other medicines but it has done what all the others failed to do," said James Lush, 51 Springdale Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

"I had stomach trouble fifteen years without a break up until the time I took Tanlac. What I ate would go in my stomach like a hot lump of lead that burned like fire. No matter how carefully I selected my diet, I suffered just the same. To make bad matters worse, I had rheumatism and my knees would get so swollen and stiff that at times I could hardly hobble around.

"My only regret about Tanlac now is that I didn't get it sooner, as it would have saved me a world of suffering and kept me from wasting a lot of money on medicines and treatments which did me no good. To tell it all in a few words, Tanlac made a new man out of me, toned up my stomach so that I can eat anything without suffering bad after effects and made me gain fifteen pounds in weight. I haven't a touch of rheumatism and feel as young and happy as a boy. I know there must be some people who suffer as I did and my advice to them is to get Tanlac at once."

ago. Furthermore, there are hundreds—probably thousands—of square miles in this island so burned that they NEVER PRODUCE ONE DOLLAR WORTH OF TIMBER OR FOODSTUFFS, OR GIVE ONE DAY'S EMPLOYMENT.

The fire that destroyed a large part of St. John's was not so great a blow to our national prosperity as the practically unnoticed little blaze that wiped out a couple of hundred square miles of forest in a few years. The city rose again, greater and better. Forests burned at the same time are never barren lifeless deserts—and will never be anything else.

However, we still have forests though they are decreasing every year. Also, we still have the man who throws away lighted matches, burning cigar or cigarette stubs, or knocks the hot ashes out of his pipe on the nearest convenient stump. The careless camper who have forest fires. Fools and forests cannot exist together and we can spare the fools better than the forests.

Of all things placed on the Earth for the benefit or enjoyment of man wood is probably the most useful and the most generally used and—unfortunately—the most wantonly wasted. We are dependent on the forest for almost all we have. Our houses, our homes; our furniture; the fences that enable us to raise the vegetables we eat; the fire that keeps us warm—all come from the forests.

The fishery is the life of our island. Without forests there would be no fishery. We must have wood for our boats and for the boxes and barrels in which part of the catch is shipped; for vessels that carry it to distant markets. Even the fish who carelessly start a fire must go to the forest for the match with which to start it.

The forests are ours, and yet not ours. We are tenants, not owners. The good things of earth are ours to hold in trust for generations yet unborn—to use and enjoy during our lifetime and to hand down carefully preserved to those who come after us. A man who destroyed a house because he was going to move, another who would be regarded as a fool and a criminal—but what will you call a man who wantonly destroys the forests that mean life to our people for ages to come. Remember, the fishery is the life of our country—and the forests are the life of the fishery. NO FORESTS—NO FISHERY.

Forests mean employment—steady and certain pay—a higher standard of living—national prosperity. Fires mean unemployment—loss of fertility of the soil—poverty—national bankruptcy.

A treeless country is a hopeless country. Who wants to live in a desert?

WELL DRESSED AT SMALL COST.—If you do not intend to get a Suit or Overcoat for the holiday season, you can at least be well dressed by having your clothes cleaned and pressed at SPURRELL the Tailor's, 365 Water Street, and it will cost you about \$1.50. Do you need a new Velvet Collar on your Overcoat?—m.w.t.t.

Salvage Notes.

Mr. Baxter Oldford arrived from St. John's on Sunday with his summer supplies aboard. We are glad to say all our schooners were fortunate in obtaining supplies for the ensuing fishery.

The residents of St. Chad's and Clay Cove (Salvage Bay), were in great danger of being burnt out on Saturday, when a forest fire raged not a mile from them. Everyone was packed up, and had the wind checked of a degree either way, one of the afore-mentioned places would have been destroyed. Fortunately the wind held its course—it blew a regular storm—and the fire burnt out at the water's edge. The rain of Saturday night, and the efforts of the fighters on Sunday, extinguished the blaze. All the men of the nearby settlements were on the scene Saturday, but were unable to do anything to check the menace.

Up to time of writing about twelve (12) cases of diphtheria have applied for relief, and the second of the present outlook, however, is very black and foreboding, and one is unable to contemplate calmly the possible outcome of a poor fishery.

All those who had been under quarantine for diphtheria, are now released, with the exception of one family in which a second case developed sometime after the first.

Fish is very scarce. In fact the trappers do not get enough to eat, while for the past few days the salmon have almost disappeared. In this latter connection we are glad to report that the rumor of the salmon boat being taken off the bay is incorrect, and she still makes the daily trip. Salmon, however, are now a cent cheaper selling at 5c. per lb.

Reports to hand this morning say the caplin have made their appearance at Flat Islands, but are lying off in deep water. There was a fair sign of caplin with the jigger yesterday on the grounds.

Mr. J. Bradley's schooner of Salvage Bay, was in the harbor yesterday bringing some supplies from Port Union for the Union Store.

Several schooners from Flat Islands, sailed to-day for the Straits, and others follow shortly. We expect most of our schooners will get away next week.

We understand that the Union Trading Company has bought the schooner "E. Churchill" from Messrs. Morgan, Flat Islands. It is said Mr. Kenneth Fowling, of Trinity East, will run the "Churchill" during 1921. We wish Mr. Fowling bon voyage.

June 16th, 1921.

Stafford's Prescription "A" will cure that uncomfortable feeling caused by Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Price 35 and 70c. Postage 10 and 20c. extra.—a.s.t.

The history of Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning "mule," by which the spinning industry was advanced in this country so greatly towards the end of the eighteenth century, is for the most part a record of undeserved misfortune. Born in 1733 at Bolton, he had completed the first mule—so called because it was a "cross" between Arkwright's water-frame and jenny—when the machine-breaking riots broke out and compelled him to hide it until the danger had passed. "A few months," he wrote later, "reduced me to the cruel necessity of destroying my machine or giving it up to the public," for lack of means to prove a stumbling block. "But," he added, "destroy it I could not; to give up that for which I had laboured so long was hard. I had no patent, nor the means of purchasing one. In preference to destroying it, I gave it to the public." He reaped no great reward either in cash or in kind. Certainly after many years, Parliament voted him £5,000, after talking about £20,000; but, with the usual ill-luck that dogged his footsteps, he put it into trade and lost it; and twelve years later he was rescued from actual want only by some fellow-townsmen, who provided an annuity of £63 for the support of the unfortunate inventor in his last years. Five years later, his children received a further grant of £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund, and in the same year Lord Palmerston granted an annuity of £50 to Crompton's only surviving son. Also, in 1862, a granite monument was placed over his grave and a statue of him was erected in Bolton's central square. Yet, when all is reckoned, the reward was scant.

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Now On Sale—Mid-Month List

Advance June Releases

Columbia Records



Jolson's Swede Girl and Blossom Seeley

A delightful musician, but dangerous as a cook, is Jolson's Swede girl "Scandinavia," newest, funniest character created by this exclusive Columbia artist. Coupled with "Funeral Blues," first Columbia Record made by Blossom Seeley, star comedienne.

A-3382—85c

Frank Crumit Is Unlucky in Love

Laugh at this rejected lover's lament, "I Used to Love You But It's All Over Now." Then hear this exclusive Columbia artist burst into tears in "No Wonder I'm Blue," and laugh louder still.

A-3388—85c

Hickman's Orchestra's 1921-Model Fox-trots

Here are two new 1921-model fox-trots combining speed, syncopation, and pep. "Siren of a Southern Sea" and "Day Dreams" are delightful dances, both just recorded in San Francisco by this exclusive Columbia organization.

A-3387—85c

A Few More Mid-Month Hits

Turkey in the Straw
The Gum-Suckers March
Tiddle. Fox-trot
Beela Boola. Song One-step
I Lost You. Fox-trot
Yokohama Lullaby. Medley Fox-trot Intro. Kentucky
Just We Two
Rose of Athlone

Percy Grainger A-3381
Percy Grainger \$1.00
Paul Biese Trio A-3383
Paul Biese Trio 85c
The Happy Six A-3384
The Happy Six 85c
Howard Marsh A-3357
Howard Marsh 85c

New Columbia Records on Sale the 10th and 20th of Every Month

U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO., Grafanola Department.

NEW ARRIVALS

Ingot Tin, Sheet Lead,
Sheet Zinc,
Black and Galvanized Iron,
Bar Iron, Chains, Anchors, etc,
Cutch, Pine Tar, Coating Tar,
Chain & Anchor Shackles, ALL SIZES.

JOB'S STORES, Ltd.

MUTT AND JEFF



THIRTY A WEEK ISN'T TO BE SNEEZED AT THESE DAYS.

—By Bud Fisher.