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# THE THOUGHTS OF THEOBALD.

**"KEEP THE POT A-BOILING."**

At this season there is no fund more deserving than the Salvation Army Fund which aims at providing a good Christmas dinner to the poor, irrespective of any creed. Christmas has become a feat in a very material sense, and our whole energies seem devoted to the task of proving just how much our bodies can hold in the way of eatables, without "bursting." But we do it in a very jolly and joyful way, and we make merry for the sake of the children, with a thought of the Little Child in the manger at Bethlehem. And as it is impossible, or at least it ought to be impossible, for us to enjoy our good things if there are some without a good dinner, we ought to be very, very grateful to the Salvation Army who take the responsibility of hunting up the poor. So, my readers, whilst I know and you know that we are really shirking our duty in not finding and helping the poor ourself, let us not stint our contributions to "keep the pot a-boiling." If you don't happen to see a collection pot, send your money to the Headquarters of the Salvation Army.

"There was a man whom many counted mad,
The more he gave to God, the more he had."

**GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.**

This democratic anthem of the masses is much in vogue in Labour churches in England. It was composed by Ebenezer Elliott, the Sheffield Corn Law Rhymer, a sturdy uncompromising democrat, with a heart embittered against the landed classes, whose chief aim in making laws in these days seemed to him to be keeping up the price of bread, regardless of the poor. It is the nearest approach to an English Marseillaise that a sense of social injustice has wrung from the heart of the oppressed.

When will Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings alone, but nations?
Not thrones and crowns, but men?
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they:
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No" say thy mountains; "No," thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs:
God save the people!

When will Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men?
God save the people, thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

**TRAVIA.**

The new preparation used in street making and experimented with on Duckworth Street is certainly not a great success if one is to judge by its appearance after our muddy months of October and November. It may not, it is true, become as bad as our other streets, but I think it is bad enough, especially when it has only been finished a few months. The Tarvia people, however, seem to have plenty of confidence in their ability, for they are prepared to repair this bit of street and fix other streets, and give them a guarantee to last three years. One bit of wisdom has evidently escaped this Tarvia Co. and that is—there is never any need to repair good work.

Anyway, what is three years in the life of a street? And will the Council seriously consider such a proposal, and spend such a large amount of money for only a three years guarantee? It is quite true that up to now we have been dickering and wasting money in road making. And it is for this reason, no doubt, that the Commissioners are seeking some permanent road bed material.

**THE OUTSIDE OF THE CUP.**

After all, expenditure on road making, however necessary it seems, is not the highest use to which we can put our Municipal money. It is the old tale of cleansing the outside of the cup while the inside is putrid. I am surprised that not one Commissioner had the courage to protest against this Tarvia test.

Somehow I thought that the Tarvia Co. were bearing the cost, in order to obtain a contract for, say, the whole of Duckworth Street. But it was not so. The Council was paying for the test!

When, in the name of the citizens of St John's, are we going to get a Council, even one Councillor, who will begin at the right end of things, and make every man feel that he is one of a big family and that as citizens we are working for the good of each other?

Instead of spreading tar-oil on streets where the best houses are, when are we going to help a man to a better opinion of himself by giving him a decent house to live in? Instead of spending money on roads, when are we going to get rid of these sweet-smelling (!) midnight buckets (bouquets) and enable the people to live apart from dirty excrement? Isn't it disgraceful that a street like Bond Street, for instance, has houses with no sewerage connection? It is impossible not to get angry with such conditions when we see them absolutely ignored. It is of far greater importance that houses should be connected with the sewer than we should have better streets.

I hope to return to Civic questions in the New Year and I purpose giving a new slogan in a campaign for a greater and a better city. It is this: **Mind your own business.** How that applies to us as citizens will be explained later.

**EQUAL SUFFRAGE.**

"So God created man in his own image. . . . . male **and** female created he them," and He gave **them** dominion over all the earth.

So it is stated in the Book of Genesis, and evidently woman was given dominion along with the man. Who then had the **Right** to take away from woman what God had given her? And how is it that the word "male" crept into the Constitution and "female" was left out?

It is a long-ago story—this second-place in which woman has been put, at least, as far as the Vote is concerned. It began long ago in brutality, when the man made the woman work for him or else clubbed her. But surely, if slowly, the scene is changing, and I hope we shall live to see even in St. John's, the suffrage granted to women. Of their fitness I have not the slightest doubt. Their average of ability is fully as great as the average ability of men. And how inconsistent are we, as Mrs. Gosling pointed out, in asking woman's aid in almost every undertaking of a public and useful nature and yet we would deny her the privilege of making things better by her **vote.**

To say that woman really votes in her influence over men is but begging the question. Some say that politics is too dirty for women. Then I say let woman enter politics and make it cleaner. The separation of man and woman by Clubs and organizations is another outcome of the ancient fallacy. The men probably will say that women have their "hen" parties and their "bridges." But I ask who started going out alone first? The man to his Club or the woman to her Club? The separation of the sexes by clubs and classes has been another blow at home life. W. T. Stead would seldom go anywhere where he could not bring his wife and it were better for the world if there were more like him. It were better for the children that they learn everything at home. If they are going to play cards let them learn at home. If they are going to drink better teach them temperance in the home. Then they would escape the "evil communications that corrupt good manners." Now this is not directed at clubs in general but it is a plea for mixed clubs if there be any at all. Don't have classes or debating clubs or any clubs that will take a man from his home and to which he cannot bring his wife or daughter or friend and where they cannot have equal privileges of membership.

The marriage vows should mean a great deal more than the mere getting of a housekeeper for the "lord of creation." In a very deep sense there is a companionship that surely is not exhausted by the hours spent at meals. If a man is working all day is there not something wrong when he prefers another spot than his own fireside after his work is over?

**POOR OLD SENLAC!**

I certainly would not have complained of the Senlac's whistle last week if I had known that she was so near that dissolution which overtakes vessels of the sea sooner or later. Poor old girl! If her whistle was a bit disturbing, it at least had an **original** note, which is something in these days. I feel as if I had lost a friend. Peace be to her ashes!

# RAMBLING NOTES for 1915.

(I. C. MORRIS.)

**CHAPTER XIV.**

Whatever indicates progress is worth the support of the people, because in the long run it benefits them. Newfoundland wants new industries, and the sooner they come the better. Honest industry is a country's best asset; and every avenue of trade which increases the earning power of the masses brings blessings in its trail.

And so when passing Bay of Islands and being shown the site of the N. F. Products plant, we felt that at last there was something worth while about to be established. What the Products Company really implies, I do not know, but if it be any way near the figures mentioned, or in keeping with the water-front at the scene of its intended operations, then it will indeed be a great asset to the earning power of the district, and to the general trade of the country.

Such indrafts as Bay of Islands possesses and such a depth of water as it gives, and with so many features that are favorable, it is only a matter of time when the hum of busy workmen shall be heard, and the silence of the ages be broken. Such places cannot much longer remain unoccupied; for already the advance rays of twentieth century's enterprise have shone upon them; and they are destined to shine more and more, and increase in splendour with the century's growth. These places are destined for occupation, and meant for expansion, and are adapted to large development; and if justice is to be done, a big capital must be invested. Next to more people Newfoundland needs more capital; and if her possibilities were better known, this capital would be forthcoming. Hail then the men of enterprise, and success to every branch of their investment.

In our rambles along our coast-line, we have always endeavoured to find out the real condition of the people, and the prospects before them, and the more we have done so, the more we have found that the chances of making a living are such as compare favorably with those of any other place. Hence the importance of new industries, and additional capital. Every new branch of industry is an asset to the country, both directly and indirectly, and everything that creates labor, is worty of our support. Our people often go far away to get work wherein if they could procure it at home, they would not go, nor would they need to go.

It is generally understood that we have on deposit in our Savings Banks several millions of dollars; this fact of itself is sufficient proof of our independence and earning power, and speaks well for the thrift of the people. As a rule, those who earn their money by manual labor, are not the most ready to part with what they save; hence the proverbial stocking, instead of a bank account. Not many men could prevail upon our people to speculate with the money which they have so hardly earned. So far the only person who seems to have done it, is Mr. Coaker, and the result is that, between his various enterprises, the sum of a quarter of a million of dollars or more, is now invested in our great staple industry, which otherwise would be tied up like the talent of old in a napkin. We may not all approve of Mr. Coaker's methods, but his energy is surprising, and his success in "raising the wind" is worthy of emulation.

While at Harbor Grace, a short while ago, I was impressed with the fine water-side places that seemingly lie vacant, and with the small earning power of the place. What a great thing it would be for the town and for the people, if some man of the place would emulate Mr. Coaker, and get another lot of people to invest some of their hoardings. Harbor Grace needs some addidional capital, and it offers splendid inducements to an increased trade. The waterfront is indeed ideal for mercantile enterprise, and then there is the new marine slip, which should of itself be a scene of industry, but which at present is not occupied half the time. It is greatly to be regretted that such a splendid harbor, and such an admirable place to live, should be so limited in its finances, and therefore so restricted in its industries. Surely there ought to be enterprise enough among the people, or among the leaders of the people, to institute a company or a corporation, and thereby save such a place as Harbor Grace from utterly failing.

It is said that there are people among us who have tens and tens, and hundreds of thousands of dollars—and some are even spoken of as being millionaires. If these capitalists had less money and more enterprise it would be better for the country. We should be prepared to spend our money in the land in which we made it. This would increase our earning power, and help in keeping our people at home. Every man who leaves us is a direct loss to us, and every young woman who goes from our shores is a loss likewise. There is room for them at home, and all they ask is a means of living.

New industries and invested capital will solve this question, and as the N. F. Products Company will meet this want in a degree, the least we can do is to wish it success, and to indulge the hope that ere long, other equally large industries will follow in its trail, and that instead of people going out of Newfoundland they will come into it.


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