

## The Evening Advocate

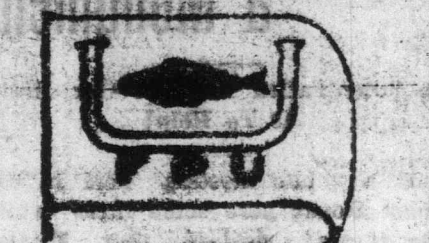
The Evening Advocate

The Weekly Advocate

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ALEX. W. MEWS - Editor.  
R. HIBBS - Business Manager

Our Motto: "SCUM CUIQUE"



("To Every Man His Own.")

Letters and other matter for publication should be addressed to Editor. All business communications should be addressed to the Union Publishing Company, Limited.

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ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1919.

To-day at 3 p.m. the House will be opened by His Excellency the Governor. As we go to press at 11 o'clock owing to the half holiday to-day, we are unable to print the Speech from the Throne. We understand that there is little legislation to come before the House, the object of this session being to make provision for an immediate appeal to the electorate by an amendment which will permit the present voters' lists to be used, thus saving considerable expense in compiling new lists. The electoral qualifications of the men of the Naval and Military forces will also be dealt with. The Address in Reply in the House of Assembly will be moved by Messrs. J. F. Downey and T. LeFevre, and in the Legislative Council by Hons. W. B. Grieve and Alex. W. Mews.

## THE HOUSE OPENS

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## St. Jacques Says Fortune Bay is Solid for the F.P.U.

(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,—The annual meeting of St. Jacques F. P. U. Local Council, was held last Saturday night with a large attendance. After matters were arranged the Secretary read the full report of last year's business. The report was adopted and signed. Then the election of officers took place for 1919 as follows:—Chairman, J. F. Staple, re-elected; Deputy Chairman, J. C. Noseworthy, re-elected; Treasurer, Matthew Hunt, re-elected; Door Guard, Walter Noseworthy, re-elected. Mr. Editor there are splendid feelings between our Union men; all are well pleased to see what our President is doing and have pledged themselves to support a Union Candidate at the next election. It is a matter of fact that Fortune Bay is full of Unionism. There is not the shadow of a chance for the Squires clique. I don't believe that there will be any opponents, because a good man will be too wise to oppose a Union candidate in Fortune Bay. Wishing our President a good time and a safe return home. Thanking you for space.

F.P.U. COUNCIL.

St. Jacques.

## The "Kyle's"

Passengers

By the Kyle which arrived at Port aux Basques at midnight there came: Capt. J. Osbourne, P. Keating, C. J. Cranstone, E. J. Boyd, E. W. Hynes, P. Hannan, J. Maybee, —, Ennington, A. Lee, Pte. F. Ryan, J. and Mrs. Kenny, R. J. Duchamp, C. L. March and child, P. Duke, Miss F. Cook, T. E. Bearns, J. C. Jorrett, Miss J. Emerson, S. Cranlin, J. F. Walsh, Mrs. Gure, Miss J. Kelly, P. Hillier, E. Finley, M. Gihm, A. Currie, C. J. Cahill, E. Smythe, F. and Mrs. Hae, E. W. Slipp, W. S. Monroe, J. L. McGregor, A. Vacher, N. Cohen, Sgt. Davis, L.-Cpl. Waterman, H. Powell, Corp. A. James, A. D. McIsaac, E. and Mrs. Hopkins, C. E. Patten, Mrs. W. Johnson, Miss P. Walsh, J. Moore, J. Brett, L. A. Redmond, Sapt. E. Rumsey, E. A. Euden, F. Dixon, Rev. Bro. O'Reilly, Rev. M. Sullivan, Mrs. K. Grimes, Mrs. W. Pomeroy, W. and Mrs. Porsey, J. M. Devine, Miss Murphy, S. Cooke, E. Willar, J. Stone, E. Collins, J. Michael, J. Hillier, A. W. Dewling, R. Templeton, S. H. Watson, W. P. Bidsell, Sgt.

## BUSINESS MEN ATTENTION

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## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The publication of the F. P. U. History Book which will be sent to all who send in 50c., has been delayed owing to some cuts not having arrived. Every subscriber who sends us 50c. will receive book as soon as completed.

# President Coaker's Diary

House of Lords and House of Commons Visited---London  
the Great City of the World---the World Can Never  
Forget or Forgive Germany for Awful  
Carnage of War.

(Continued)

The Chamber of the House of Lords is a stately spot, and when I visited it, the Archbishop of Canterbury was speaking. I also heard Lords Harcourt and Morris speak. Needless to say Lord Morris' remarks were audible all over the Chamber, while the others I could scarcely hear, although I was not more than fifty feet from the speakers. Lord Morris complained that the Newfoundland mineral exhibits at the Imperial Institute had not been restored, or the rooms used for their original purpose, although vacated by the war officials for over six weeks. It was indeed a pleasure to hear our own and only real Lord addressing the Lords in his own right a right that may never again come to a native of Terra Nova.

The House of Commons is indeed a fascinating spot. It was an honour to be present on opening day, but a still greater honour to hear the Labour Leader speak for the first time in the history of England, as the official leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. Mr. Adamson spoke from manuscript, but his remarks were logical and to the point. The Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, replied, delivering one of the most momentous speeches ever delivered by a British Prime Minister, as he dealt chiefly with after-war conditions and labour unrest.

The Commons Chamber is not a large room, and can seat about half of the seven hundred and odd members. No member has a desk, not even the Prime Minister. All sit on long seats along the sides of the room, there are about five rows. Some day a larger chamber will be used, and probably the present chamber will then be the House of an Imperial Parliament, while England will enact laws for England in a chamber erected as an addition wing of the Parliament Building.

Without doubt Mr. Lloyd George is the greatest Englishman alive, and at present he has no equals in British politics. He is not liked by many who support him, but they recognize his great abilities and wonderful energy and constructive ability. They can't get along without him, hence they must follow his leadership. I saw Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Long, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Austin Chamberlain, Sir G. Geddes—six of the great Commons—not one of them could to-day successfully lead a British Government. The general opinion is that Mr. Thomas, the Labour Leader, will replace Mr. Lloyd George, as Prime Minister, before many years. Mr. Thomas is looked up to generally as a safe level-headed man, and one of the ablest amongst labour leaders. Mr. Barnes, the Labour Cabinet Minister, is also considered an able and very safe leader, and he has accomplished a great work in the present cabinet, on behalf of labour.

The King is generally regarded as an ideal King for Britain. It would be a calamity to have a man of Mr. Lloyd George's ability and energy as King of England. The King must always do as advised by his Cabinet, and a very strong ruler would in these days soon clash with his advisers, and serious trouble ensue. England is content with King George, and it is generally recognized that he will perform his kingly duties in a manner that will ensure the respect and devotion so long held for the occupant of the British Throne.

The Queen is a great and grand lady, truly a queen, and a leader amongst women and men. She looked well on the opening of Parliament, as she moved through the Royal Gallery of the Parliament, on the way to take her place at the King's side, in the Lords' Chamber. She looked a queen in every respect. She is much taller than King George. The Royal Family is very popular with the people, and Londoners in particular.

Buckingham Palace is not very large. The palace of the former French kings at Versailles is twenty

times as large as Buckingham Palace. Marlborough House, the Dowager Queen's Palace, is also a medium sized building, so is the residence of the Duke of Connaught. St. James' Palace, the old residence of former kings and queens of England, is much larger than King George's London Palace, but is not modern, and is used now for government offices.

London is a vast city, and stands head and shoulders above any other capital in the world. Paris is a grander city, better laid out, but contains only a tenth of the population of London. Rome again is a grand city, rich in historic treasure, and possesses the grandest cathedral in the world, yet Rome can never hold a candle to London. The traffic arrangements, over and below ground—the great masses of people passing through hundreds of miles of streets—the wonderful police arrangements, and the courteous genial care of the people by the police, the sanitary arrangements for the seven millions of souls composing London, the great historic buildings, the wonderful stores with their hundreds of millions' worth of stocks, all combine to make London the greatest capital and city of the world. Britons should be very proud of their great capital.

I have visited New York, Washington, London, Paris and Rome, and in my humble opinion London greatly exceeds any other city. The British is indeed a great nation, and one sees this very plainly after a visit to France and Italy. Britons in Great Britain are living in a Paradise to-day as compared to France or Italy. If English labour had to endure half the inconvenience and poverty abounding in France and Italy, it would be abundantly justified in turning things upside down. In France food is almost twice as dear and progress very slow, conditions are fifty years behind England, and Italy is fifty years behind France. In some parts of France conditions are about the same as they were in Napoleon's day. Parts of Italy are just as far behind England as the Treaty Shore is behind St. John's. The French will have to gather greater energy and vim if they are to keep pace with their British neighbours. They possess a splendid country, the soil is rich and well cultivated. The French farmers are industrious and economical, and are devoted to the land and love their country. They are genial and light-hearted, but love to be free and untrammelled. The roads of France are well kept and both sides are planted with trees, which looks grand as one travels along miles in a straight line. They adore Marshall Foch, and are proud of their Prime Minister, who they acclaim as the Saviour of France.

In France the farmers live in villages. There are very few houses erected on the farm land as in England. The land is not fenced, stones mark the divisions of the land. For miles clear fields are observable without fence or trees—then one comes upon the village with the houses, barns and yards, surrounded by high stone walls. In England things are reversed. Trees and hedges separate each farm or division of land, upon which the farm house and barns are prominent. The English roads are lined with trees and hedges. The English country is beautiful while the French is grand. The roads in England are the best in the world, but the French roads are very good.

The French railroads are very good, but not equal to the railroads in England. The sleeping cars between Paris and Rome far exceed those in use in America, but in France sleeping apartments by train are very meagre, about one in five requiring such, obtain them under present circumstances.

Thousands of demobilized French soldiers lie around the cities and towns unemployed.

We landed at Boulogne, which is a port made out of the sandy mouth of a river, the entrance is not more than 70 feet wide, and the approach being sand banks

extremely shoal. We remained a day at Boulogne, in order to visit the grave of Cpl. W. C. Christian—my nephew—who died October 26th. last, at the British hospital, about a mile north of Boulogne. We found his grave with but little trouble. Nine other Newfoundland soldiers are buried at this British cemetery. There is about six or seven hundred graves of British soldiers in this cemetery, the graves were then being properly laid out, roads built and trees planted. A large British hospital adjoined the cemetery, from whence came the bodies of those poor heroes who had crossed to France to do their bit for liberty and Britain. It is sad to think of so many brave lads dying so far away from loved ones, filling soldiers' graves, marked by wooden crosses, bearing the names of the heroes, their regiment and day of burial. They rest in French soil, and before a year passes none but their mothers and perhaps fathers will remember that they ever lived.

Willie Christian was a splendid boy and was less than 19 years old when laid in a soldier's grave. He was an only son, and enlisted before he was 16 years of age. It seemed hard to leave his body in this foreign land, where no loving hands could plant flowers in loving remembrance. This boy was as dear to me as any one creature was to another, and when he wished me good-bye at St. John's in January, 1918, I felt I would never see him again alive. To bend over his grave in far away, cold, indifferent France, was no easy trial, but how many poor mothers and other loved ones have passed through similar affliction and bereavement, because of the insane thirst of an intoxicated nation of maniacs, for that which belonged to others. Some want us to forgive Germans this stupendous crime, but those at least who have passed the countless myriads of wooden crosses, which mark the graves of British and French heroes, will surely never forgive nor forget.

I often wondered if France is grateful to Britain for the tremendous sacrifice in blood and money made to save her from political destruction. I cannot say that I believe the sacrifice is appreciated. At any rate, so far, there is very little to indicate that the French nation has realized that she owes her safety and freedom to Britain. The bodies of 1200 of Terra Nova's primest manhood rest in France, who died for the freedom of France, and a million more of such British manhood laid down their young lives that France and the world should triumph over brutality and hunnish serfdom—yet this staggering sacrifice is the one matter that so far seems to be unappreciated in dealing with the world affairs.

Again who remembers the stupendous money sacrifice made by Britain to save Europe from serfdom, a sacrifice that will prove almost a crushing burden for Britons for the next thirty years or more. Let the Germans suffer, they will never endure the quarter of the punishment their deeds entail.

Pass through bleeding France, laid prostrate, see thousands of once flourishing, happy villages and towns razed to the ground, with hardly a stone wall a foot over ground remaining, behold for hundreds of miles the crosses over millions of spots, under which lie the bones and decaying garments of three millions of the primest and noblest manhood that God's pure sunshine ever embraced. I saw in those three days' journey through the valleys of death, enough to steel my heart against ever believing that Prussians are human. While I live the sight of that huge battlefield, with its miles of white wooden crosses, its thousands of miles of trenches and barbed wire, and its thousands of obliterated towns and villages, will never be erased from my mind. The field of Beaumont Hamel will always be before my view, and the forms of our 750 boys who, with the other two thousand British heroes, fell on that field of sacrifice on July 1st, 1916.

## Mr. A. W. Parsons Writes

(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,—Please grant me space in your esteemed paper to make a few remarks concerning the Harbor Grace Sealers' Memorial Monument. In 1913 the people of Harbor Grace decided to erect a monument in memory of the disasters of the "Newfoundland" and "Southern Cross," but owing to the war it was decided to wait until peace was again in the world. Now that everything seems to be getting back to normal conditions we, the people of Harbor Grace will appeal to the people all over the country for subscriptions to erect the monument in memory of our gallant sons who were lost in these terrible disasters. There are many widows and orphans all over the Island who would like to see something erected in memory of their dear ones, and I have no doubt that the good people of Newfoundland will make a generous response to this appeal, as it is

for such a worthy object. Our aim is to erect a monument at Harbor Grace which would cost about \$4,000, and which, when completed, would be something we could view with pride in memory of our harry sealers who have lost their lives while battling with the elements at the icefields.

Thanking you for space, Mr. Editor, I remain, yours sincerely,  
—A. W. PARSONS  
St. John's, Nfld., April 2nd, 1919.

Mme. Nellie Melba, completely recovered from the illness which prevented her from singing with the Chicago Opera Company, started for England last week on board the Caronia. Before leaving her home in Australia she arranged to appear at Covent Garden, London, this spring. She will sing La Boheme and other operas. Mme. Melba expects to return to New York in September and has arranged with Charles Dillingham to give two recitals in the Hippodrome next autumn.

Read The Advocate

## Notes From Old Bonaventure

(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,—Please allow me space in your much esteemed paper for a few remarks from this place, viz. Old Bonaventure, as it is not very often a piece appears from here. The men around here are busy getting wood for the summer and hunting seals and birds. All the young men have returned from the lumber woods and are now taking up their spring work.

The C. E. W. A. held their annual sale New Year's night. They gave us a tea and dance which we all enjoyed and kept it up until the wee small hours. The next little sum of two hundred and fifty-four dollars was raised which we all thought very good for a small place and few workers; this amount goes toward the church. Many thanks are given to the ladies who did their best to make the night an enjoyable one. We regret to say a grippie visited

us and took from our midst Will's Parrott who was suffering from that dread disease, consumption, for three years; his sister died a fortnight previous to him. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to their sorrowing parents. We trust that their loss will be Heaven's gain; they are gone, but not forgotten.

We are glad the war is over and we have the privilege to welcome home two of our "boys" in the person of Ptes. Robert Stone and George Dewling, who served three years. Pte. Stone was wounded three times and Pte. Dewling twice.

Sorry there was no reception held to welcome home the brave young heroes, but we trust they will look over it; it must have been through neglect.

A few from this place have paid the Supreme Sacrifice: Sergeant Walter Pitcher, Ptes. Aaron Bailey and Henry Stone.

There are two others to come home: Bingley Bailey, R.N.R., who is married in Scotland, and his brother William is with the Canadians.

Two men from this place have gone across since Dec. 1st; we hope soon to have them with us again. Success to Mr. Coaker and his

## Dunville Notes

(To the Editor)

The weather is fine and clear here the last few days; our fishermen are starting to get ready for their summer's work.

During the past week we had a visit from Mr. J. T. Dunphy, a former resident of ours. We are all glad to see him enjoying such good health.

Within the next month we will have a large number of fishing boats from all parts of the bay in search of herring bait for the spring season.

We would be glad if Hon. W. F. Coaker would accept an invitation to spend a few days at Dunville during this month.

—COM.

Union! Thanking you for space, Mr. Editor, We are,

—TWO CHUMS.

Old Bonaventure, T.B., March 21st, 1919.

Do you want to tell the Fishermen what you have for sale? Well, then, put your ad in THE FISH-ERMEN'S PAPER.