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### Published by Authority

1ST NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT HEADQUARTERS.

St. John's, Jan. 2nd, 1917. (No. 67)

Regimental Order.

By Colonel Sir W. E. Davidson, K. C. M. G., Commanding Officer.

1. Promotion.—No. 317. Code. Telegram to Major Timewell (sent 29th December, 1916.) Notly following promotion: Second Lieutenant F. J. Cashin, First Newfoundland Regiment, attached Machine Gun Corps, to be Lieutenant, with effect from First January. J. J. O'GRADY, Captain and Adjutant.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to authorize James R. McDonnell, Esq., B. A., to visit, examine and report upon each of the schools under the jurisdiction of the Superintendent of Roman Catholic Education, as may from time to time be assigned to him.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint Hon. M. P. Cashin, to be Acting Controller under the provisions of the Prohibition Plebiscite Act, 1915. Mr. William Bussey (of Thomas), to be a member of the Methodist Board of Education for the District of Port de Grave, in place of Mr. Isaac Bussey, retired. Messrs. George Johnson and Hedley Morris, to be members of the Methodist Board of Education for the District of Lower Island Cove, in place of Messrs. Ismael Cooper and Benjamin Morris, retired; Mr. Isahel Fye (Brooklyn, B.B.), to be a member of the Methodist Board of Education for the District of Musgrave town, in place of Mr. Ezekiel Lettbridge, retired; Mr. Zebadiah Ford, to be a member of the Methodist Board of Education for the District of Barr'd Island, in place of Mr. James Ford, retired; Mr. George S. Dixon, to be a member of the Methodist Board of Education for the District of Port de Grave, in place of Mr. Samuel Piercy, retired. Department of the Colonial Secretary, January 2nd, 1917.

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### What a Gas Range Means for You, Mrs. Housekeeper.

The gas range is a muscle saver and a step saver. Think of the many tons of coal you used in that coal range, and how you have had to handle it all twice—first, carrying it up out of the cellar; then, from the kitchen to the ash barrel.

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Half of the labor in the house is caused by dust from the coal range. Every time it smokes, no matter how good the draught may be, clouds of ashes rise and settle on the furniture.

It Eliminates Hard Work. Use a gas range and you will live better, you will play better, and you will work better because the use of the gas range eliminates the drudgery of carrying coal, ashes and the chopping of kindling, as well as the drudgery of cleaning up a lot of dirt, and, best of all, for the cook it makes it unnecessary for her to stand over a hot stove from two to three hours a day.

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## T. J. Edens

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## In the Days of My Youth.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY. (By The Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.)

[Some years ago Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., founded and edited a weekly paper called "M.A.P." which, under his brilliant control, attained to great popularity. One of the most interesting features of "M.A.P." was a series of confessions by well-known men and women entitled "In the Days of My Youth." An article to this series was contributed by Mr. Lloyd George, and forms one of the most unique chapters of autobiography ever written by a British Prime Minister. We reprint it in T.B., feeling certain it will be read with universal interest all over the world, now that the King has called upon Mr. Lloyd George to direct the Government of the British Empire. No more romantic story than our new Prime Minister's fight for fame has ever been told in political history.]

My father was a schoolmaster and a Unitarian, and he left Wales to follow his profession in England. He was stationed at Manchester and Liverpool. In Liverpool he was master of the Hope Street School; the manager of the school was the Rev. Dr. Martineau, and so this great divine was one of the early influences in many ways on my life and that of my people. He was a friend of my father, and we have several memorials of their friendship.

I was born in Manchester in 1863. My father died when I was but two years old. He left a very small fortune to my mother, and she had to make a hard struggle to bring up her children. She was a fine character—gentle, unselfish, and courageous. She never complained and never spoke of her struggles. It was not till long after that her children fully appreciated how much they owed to her, and how often her spirit had been in the hard task of bringing up her fatherless family.

The death of my father ended all our ties with England, and my mother instinctively turned to our home in Wales, where her brother lived. This was the village of Llanystedwy, South Carnarvon. It was a typical Welsh village, both physically and socially. It was the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, had the sea in the near distance, and abundant woods, was picturesque, beautiful, and inspiring.

Mr. Lloyd George's Uncle.

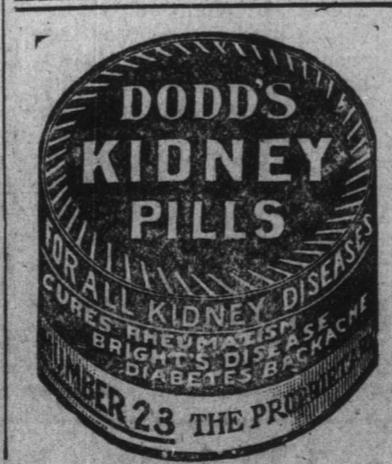
Socially it was at that period in my boyhood entirely under the control of the village squire and of the village parson. The land was strictly preserved, which did not prevent us youngsters from having our joyous days in the woods, searching for nuts and cherries. Whenever we were on one of these marauding expeditions, we used to have some of our companions to keep watch lest we should be caught by the keepers. Our dread of the keeper was not without cause. A boy who had killed a hare had to be sent away by his widowed mother from the farm which they occupied. If she had not done so, she would probably have been turned out of the farm. The other farmers dared not take the lad in. He left the village, and, I think, he died early.

My uncle kept a shoemaker's shop. His shop was a rendezvous for the village, the centre of gossip, of disputation, of all the conflicts of religious and political creeds. He was a man of mild and broad temper, and he acted as a mediator among the combatants when conflict grew too warm.

I can never tell how much I owed to this good man. His home was comfortable, but this was not our bread was home-made; we scarcely ate fresh meat, and I remember that our greatest luxury was half an egg for each child on Sunday mornings.

How I Learned French.

My uncle never married, and he set himself the task of educating the children of his sister as a sacred and supreme duty. To that duty he gave his time, his energy, and all his money. There was no opportunity of learning French in the village school, and yet French was necessary. The way we got out of the difficulty was for my poor uncle and



We can find no words strong enough to condemn one, and that one an alien, who made this threat; all our contempt is reserved for the mean, contemptible thing masquerading in the shape of a man, whose sense of honor is on a par with that of the brute. His mongrel English proclaims his nationality.

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myself to sit together for hours and laboriously spell out of an old French dictionary and out of a grammar the rudiments of the language. It was a painful and difficult way of learning a language, but it fairly succeeded. My uncle gave me at an early age a love of literature. The first book I remember to have interested me outside my school books was Rollin's "Ancient History." I also got hold of Macaulay and read and re-read his pages with rapture. At sixteen years of age I was articled as a clerk in a solicitor's office. I had passed the preliminary examination which is necessary before entering on the profession when I was fourteen.

My Early Legal Studies.

It was not an easy matter for me to thus start studying for the law. Small sums are big to small people, and the £80 to £100 I had to pay for my articles, the money for the Government stamps, the heavy price of law books, the expense of the journey to Liverpool for the preliminary examination, the still greater expense of the journey to London for the final examination—all these things mounted up to a large sum.

I was articled to a solicitor at Portmadoc, and I lived with a nice old couple whose children had all gone out into the world in search of a livelihood. They were most kind to me, and indeed treated me as though I were a child of their own. For five years and a half I remained an apprentice. At the end of that time my uncle's small fortune was exhausted, and I had not money enough left even to buy my robes. In Wales a solicitor has to appear in robes before he gets audience, a thing, I believe, unknown in the English Law Courts in the case of solicitors. The robes cost, I think, three guineas, and if I remember rightly I had to wait till I had got one or two cases before I was able to meet this outlay.

My first case was a complicated equity case in which no fewer than ten or eleven solicitors were employed. I worked on, starting for my office every morning at half-past seven from Cricketh—then, and now, my home.

I dare say I should have remained many years longer a country solicitor if my name had not been brought into some public notice by what is known as the Llantrathan paralytic case. It was one of those peculiarly harsh cases which excite passion and attract

public attention. The circumstances were these. A quarryman, in dying, had asked to be buried by the side of his daughter whom he had greatly loved. The daughter was buried in the parish churchyard, and the quarryman was a Dissenter. The vicar at first was ready to comply with the prayer, but being served with a notice under the Burials Act passed by the late Mr. Osborne Morgan—a notice which compelled the vicar to give the body a place in the burial ground—he became angry. He replied that he would bury the body in the churchyard, but that he would bury it where he liked, and he chose as the spot for the poor quarryman, not the place he had asked beside his daughter's grave, but a spot, bleak and sinister, in which were buried the bodies of the unknown drowned that were washed up from the sea in this region of shipwrecks, or of

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## St. Lawrence Notes.

A sad event occurred here a few days ago. A young man by the name of Peter Slaney went to the seashore gunning. Night came on and he hadn't returned. Search parties went out and were searching all night but found no tidings of the missing young man. In the morning one of the search parties met the dog the young man had with him. The dog made strange signs and started in a certain direction and the party followed him and came to the rock where the gunner must have slipped over and was drowned, because quite near lay his gun and game bag.

Delightful Days With Mr. Gladstone.

This is, perhaps, what led partly to my selection to fight the Carnarvon Boroughs in 1888.

I may mention, as the most agreeable incident of my political life, that I spent a couple of days in the society of Mr. Gladstone in Sir Edward Watkin's chalet on Snowdon. They were the most delightful and instructive days of my life. I had an opportunity of seeing that wonderful versatility and that extraordinary range of knowledge which was one of that great man's most marked characteristics. I will give two instances that come back to my mind. The chalet was roofed with zinc. Mr. Gladstone described to us all the processes through which zinc passed in manufacture. Then he spoke of sugar-candy, of the tax on sugar which existed in the days of his youth, and described the surprise he felt when on going into a shop at Nantwich he found the vast difference in the price of sugar-candy now and the price in his early days.

Here I end this brief record of my life.—T.H. Bits.

This place can count 64 young men serving in H. M. various forces. The Reeves family have the lead here; they can count six now serving. Another is a prisoner in Germany and one who died last summer while in training. This number gives the place 8 per cent. of its population. A very good showing. A. A. St. Lawrence, Dec. 28, 16.

