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When Friends Fall Out.

(A political tragedy in one act.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The present Government.

Scene.—The Speaker's Room in the House of Assembly.

At the rise of the curtain the Premier is discovered standing alone in a dejected attitude.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

"Coaker I had thought was down and out.
In fact. I never had a shade of doubt
That he would ever trouble me again.
His star has, since last March, been on the wane
But still he seems to run things as before
And I, poor fool, had thought that nevermore
Would he usurp the power that is mine
By right. Would that I had more spine.
Then I could tell him "Go and do your worst"
And p'r'aps like a pricked bladder he would burst.
Yet whilst he all my wishes whisks aside
By his decisions ever I abide,
Doing whate'er he says, as if in fear.
To disobey him I can never dare.
By granting Walsh the road to Colinet
He has once more entotled me in the net
Which I had thought I'd shaken off my head
Where'er I go, I am by Coaker led.
But hush! I hear a step, perhaps 'tis he.
Now shall I stand my ground or shall I flee?"

(Before he has time to decide the door opens and Mr .Coaker enters, followed by all the remaining members of his and the Premier's parties. The Premier heaves a sigh of relief when he sees that some of his own supporters are present. A general discussion on the existing political situation ensues.)

MR. COAKER.

"I really don't know what to do.
I'm in a pretty awful stew.
For everything I've ever done
Or even what I've but begun
The Opposition e'er finds out
And o'er the country sends the shout.
If Union men I ever help
Or build a monument to a whelp,
Or use the funds of Government
To be out in Port Union spent,
What else I do or where I go
The Opposition always know.
And then they tell it to the House
Whilst all I do is sit and grouse,
And glower from my corner seat
And think revenge would be most sweet."

MR. GUPPY.

"The only time I ever oped my jaw
Whilst in the House this year
Fox said "Bring in the antispitting law."
Henceforth I'll sit and stare."

MR. FOOTE.

"I always get it in the neck
When in the House I speak
I fear that our position is
Most pitiably weak.
It doesn't matter what we say
They have us ev'ry time.
And anyone who wants my seat
Can have it for a dime."

DR. BARNES.

"You'd think I'd be respected
For since I've been elected
I've spared no efforts for my district's sake.
Though I have not neglected
It, I find I am rejected
By those whose interests I have at stake.
Once I thought I was in clover
But since Archibald crossed over
He seems to get the praise and I the blows.
O'er my head there seems to hover
(This must be pronounced like "Dover")
Some sign that my career will shortly close."

(Breaks down and weeps whilst several members run to him and offer sonsolation.)

MR. SCAMMELL.

"An Opposition member told me not so very long ago
That he'd as much brains in his foot as I have in my head."
And what I've done within this House must tend to clearly show
That there was a great deal of truth in what that member said."

MR. SAMSON.

"I know that I shall say no more in the present session,
I find that I can never score off the Opposition."

(The rhyming here is rather loose, but that must be expected in modern verse.)

MR. CAVE.

"After Samson's feeble effort
There's not much for me to say,
Anyway I am no talker,
All I like is drawing pay.
Questions least of all I'm fond of
There're too many thrust on me.
When this session closes I'm sure
None will be more full of glee."

MR. LEGROW.

"I've had pretty frightful luck.
Of everything I make a muck.
With politics I am fed up.
For me there is a too full cup
Of criticism and hard words.
I often envy little birds,
Flying high and free from care,
I have far more than my share."

MR. SMALL.

"I am here so very rarely.
(Not that I am worse off for it).
That I've not had quite the same chance
As you fellows to deplore it.
The less I'm here the more I like it,
One day p'r'aps, I'll up and "hike" it."

(A considerable amount of hesitation is now apparent. Nobody seems anxious to have anything to say. However, Mr. Warren at last, decides to fill the breach. Drawing himself up to his full height, he advances manfully and strikes an attitude.)

MR. WARREN.

"I am most apologetic
Excuses I must always find,
For you, doped with anaesthetic,
Never are quite sound in mind.
It doesn't matter what it is
I always have to find excuses.
Although it's really not my "biz"
And my reward, naught but abuse is
Candidly I am quite tired
Of these beastly castigations
That across at us are fired.
For they sorely try my patience.
And now I think I've said enough
(In pretty rotten rhyme at that)
This is no time ourselves to bluff.
They have our shoulders to the mat.

(Chorus of remarks from his hearers on the quality of Mr. Warren's rfhyme and varying metre. All seem shocked at his outspokeness. Mr. Halfyard takes his courage in both hands and makes the plunge.

MR. HALFYARD.

"No one will doubt that I'm quite able
In the position that I hold,
But some think I can't run the cable
Companies—so I am told
On ev'ry side I am abused,
It's really more than I can stand.
The things I do can't be excused,
Our motto now should be "Disband."

(Mr. Jennings, modest as always, is the next to come forward. He does not seem over pleased, but still he looks as if he intends to do his best.)

MR. JENNINGS.

"I've been accused of hypocrisy
And even of autocracy,
Of breaking all the liquor laws,
I'm even told I am the cause
Of money spent on shovelling snow
In Harbour Main. The chapters grow
And each day shows a marked increase,
Whilst since I called in the police
To see me safely from the place
No names now seem for me too base.
I am fed up I tell you straight,
If things keep going at this rate."

(No one else seems anxious to say anything so in very free English Mr. Coaker again speaks.)

"Each one of you has some complaint,
Of things that are and things that ain't,
But don't blame me, blame Squires there."

THE PREMIER (angrily.)

"Now Coaker, if you can, be fair."

MR. COAKER (More angrily.)

"Oh, do dry up, I'm sick of you
You've caused my troubles to accrue.
And now, I don't know where I am."

THE PREMIER (Still more angrily.)

"Your words right down your throat I'll ram,
If you can't keep a civil tongue."

MR. COAKER.

"Take care you puppet still unhung,
I'm still your master come what may."

THE PREMIER.

"Let me get at him and I'll slay
The man whose got me in this hole."

MR. COAKER.

"And soon I'll have you up a pole."

THE PREMIER (In a terrible rage.)

"At least, you're boosed by Collishaw."
(Mr. Coaker winces and turns red.)

THE PREMIER.

"See now, I've cut him on the raw."

MR. COAKER (struggling hard to free himself from the restraining hands of his followers.)

"Let me get at him, let me go!"

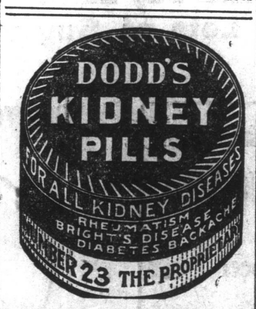
THE PREMIER.

"Come, I shall give you blow for blow."

(Confusion reigns supreme, the lights go out, the audience shrieks, loud cries of pain and surprise are audible from the stage, blows are heard, heavy falls follow——and and the curtain drops.) Finis.

—TOUCHSTONE.

(Author's Note.—In this, my first attempt at tragedy, I have followed the most advanced ideas in rhythm, rhyme and metre and I sincerely hope that it meets with the approval of the public, whom I always am desirious of serving to the best of my poor ability.)



As the North Sees It.

(Twillingate Sun.)

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

There is an old Greek fable of a sphinx which sat by the roadside on a high rock and strangled and flung down all passers-by unable to guess a riddle which she proposed. The riddle ran as follows: "What is it that has only one voice, and goes first on four feet, then on two feet, and lastly on three? Oedipus solved the riddle by replying that it was man, who crawls as an infant, walks on two feet in his prime, and supports himself on a stick in his old age. At this answer the Sphinx threw herself from the rock and perished. This fable is as true to-day as it was in the days of ancient Greece. Unless we solve our problems they will destroy us.

Now the railway problem is just that. Whether you live on the railway, near it or hundreds of miles out of touch of it matters less than the fact that you are a Newfoundlander, and as a Newfoundlander you are having to PAY.

The Sphinx of the railway has strangled many past governments as it is strangling this one to-day. It will soon strangle the country as well unless we can solve it. The people of this country must wake up soon or sink beneath the load of debt piled upon us by our tinkering with this problem.

We cannot afford to be paying a million and a half dollars a year to run this railway.

CAME BY RAIL; WENT BY WATER.

Probably one of the most amusing little sidelights on the railway problem so much in the limelight at present was the case of Sir George Bury's departure. It will be recollected that this august gentleman was invited down here from Montreal by the Government to report on the railway situation. He spent three days in Newfoundland, was provided with their side of the story by Reids as soon as he landed in Port aux Basques, and after those three days gravely advised the government to guarantee Reids against loss up to $1,500,000. We wonder did he make that suggestion of himself or did others pass it to him ready, prepared?

That, however, is not the joke. It is that Sir George, having travelled once from Port aux Basques by rail, decided to go home by Rosalind and Halifax, preferring the perils of the sea to further railroading in Newfoundland.

THE SPIRIT OF 1900.

If our columns seem over filled with politics we make no apology for it. It is our ardent desire to awaken the public to the way in which its confidence placed in the present administration at the last election has been cruelly abused by the Liberal-Reform Party.

The Spirit of 1900 is not dead. True the Liberalism (not the mis-shapen creature that parades under the name of Liberal-Reform) is not dead. It is our desire to awaken in men's breasts a pride in the principles of that Liberalism; principles that neither Messrs. Squires nor Coaker knew aught of.

Twillingate, St. Barbe and Fogo were always three districts that ran true to the principles of the great Liberal doctrine. That they have been led away for the time being by the false doctrines of Coakerism and Squiresism is no reason they should not return to the true Liberal doctrine once again.

Liberalism stands for the government of the people by the people—not by sections of the people. It stands for no more concessions to Reids. **We have had more than enough of this Liberal-Reform stuff. Let's get back to true Liberalism.**

The publisher of the best Farmers' paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

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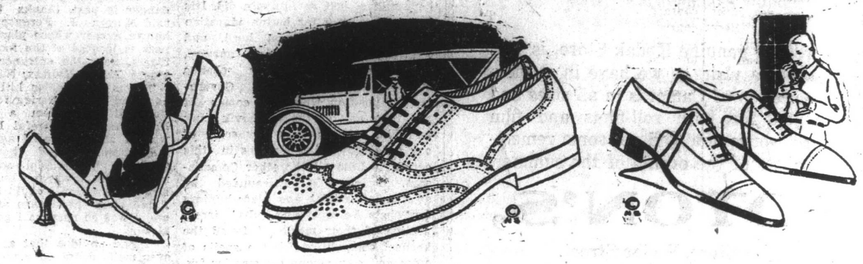

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Governor-General Lord Byng of Vimy.

Lord Byng's appointment as Governor-General of Canada justifies the rumors of several months ago. No selection could have been more happy, and the warm hearts of the Canadian people have been divided between regret at parting with the Duke of Devonshire and gratification that a successor has been found in the gallant and popular soldier who for a year commanded the Canadian forces in Flanders. The Duke of Devonshire's message of June, 1917, when Sir Julian Byng handed over his command to General Currie, reads almost as prophetic in the light of the event of June four years later: "I hope we shall have the pleasure of welcoming you at no distant date." One thing may be said with absolute confidence. There has been quite a lot of talk in Canada, during the past eighteen months, concerning the selection of Governors-General. Certain Canadians think that the status of full nationhood has not been achieved whilst the King's representative is chosen by the Imperial Government after consultation with the Dominion authorities. If the choice had been left wholly to Canada and Lord Byng's name had been put forward, even the advocation of change would have been amongst his strongest supporters. Canadian approval is assured on other grounds than his own popularity. Lady Byng's faher, the Hon. Sir Richard Charles Moreton, K.C.V.O., was for time on the staff of the Marquis of Lorne when he was Governor-General. She is therefore no stranger to Canada or to Government House in Ottawa.—United Empire.

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MUTT AND JEFF— JEFF DESERVES ALL THAT MUTT'S GONNA HAND HIM. —By Bud Fisher