

IN STORE:

500 Saz Pure WHITE HOMINY, 840 Sax Best WHITE OATS.

J. J. ROSSITER.

Our Motto: "Suum Cuique."



("To Every Man His Own.")

The Mail and Advocate

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Editor and Business Manager: JOHN J. ST. JOHN.

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A Living Wage

UNIONISM, in any shape or form, has always had an uphill fight in whatever land its banner was raised.

A striking illustration of this was witnessed when Mr. Coaker launched the Fishermen's Protective Union in 1909.

But Coaker won—because he had right on his side and was backed by a united following—and the Union to-day, as a result, is the strongest factor in the political and commercial life of the Colony.

It was a lucky day for the Fishermen that they had a Union and a Coaker to look after their interests when the war broke out.

So much for the Fishermen's part in the battle of securing recognition for Unionism; but what of the Labourer and the Mechanic?

Quite true they have Unions. True still it is that through these same Unions they have secured better rates of wages than they formerly had; but this is not saying that they now have what they should.

Within the past two years the prices of food stuffs have increased so rapidly that the housewife who goes to her grocer on a Saturday night finds that what she purchased for Five Dollars last week will cost Six or Seven Dollars this week; this, they are told again, is "on account of the war."

When the present Government, misnamed the "People's Party," were appealing to the country, the "hired" editors of their party organs sang loud and long—"Vote for Morris and a full dinner pail"—and the people were led to think that with the return of what they now know as a gang of political hoodlums, they would want their empty dinner pails to bring home their earnings.

Unrest is everywhere in our midst and the masses are slowly but surely coming to see things in their true light. Toil as they may, save as they can, they find their condition becoming worse while the wealth created by the labours are going to enrich the already rich.

This condition of things cannot long continue and we would be wise indeed if we loosen up the thumb-screws and yield gracefully to an irresistible force than to stubbornly oppose it and lose all.

had to pay—and paid it they have two "bucks" for every one they got. Morris bought his way to power with the people's money and the country to-day is poorer as a result. But we were speaking of Labour:

It is a well known fact that of late years the great bulk of the wealth produced by Labour in this Country has been absorbed by a few wealthy capitalists who control practically every industry within our midst.

Were it not better for our captains of industry to be satisfied with a fair return for his invested capital, than, by grasping for more—lose all. Were it not wise to give to those who labour its just share of its earnings than to run the risk of the latter laying his brawny hands on the pillars of the temple and pull the structure down about their ears.

"After us the deluge" cried the French aristocrats, but the masses waited not their convenience. Our Labourers and Mechanics for the past two years have been slowly coming to the conclusion that the present scale of wages simply means a reign of starvation.

There is something radically wrong with our industrial system which compels the many to toil for the enrichment of a few and the signs of the times are that the masses are getting tired of this kind of treatment.

Ever since the war broke out prices of food stuffs and clothing are daily soaring, and this big increase in prices is largely attributable to the increased freight rates made necessary (?) so our Patriotic Czars tell us "on account of the war."

While these increases are daily taking place more auto cars are being imported into the Colony and the demand for gasoline has not in anyway decreased. The price of tobacco has advanced while you can still get three Governor "see-gars" for a quarter, the same as we did before the war.

We hear much from politicians of how they would like to see the labouring man contented and prosperous but when his usefulness ceases he is forgotten.

If the Government who is charged with the protection of the people's interests are so dead to the duty then the only remedy is for the people themselves to be up and doing.

We are sending our sons to the battle fields of Europe. Flags decorate the Water Street stores on the departure and the same is done when any of them return; but the fathers and brothers of many of those lads are denied a living wage—though we can give it to those not of our own race or ken.

The Firemen to-day are asking that this same wage as is given Spaniards and foreigners be given them and they are refused. Told with a wave of the hand—"Take what we give you or get." Isn't it time for the masses to assert their right and demand a fair wage for the labour.

Will the owners of the Red Cross-Liner deny the report that is going around that they were offered one Million dollars for their two steamers—but thinking that they would get more by holding out—they refused to sell—but here they overstepped themselves and the ships were taken from them.

One of them is lost and their get-rich-quick-scheme is knocked on the head.

Verily, we are a long suffering people. Unrest is everywhere in our midst and the masses are slowly but surely coming to see things in their true light. Toil as they may, save as they can, they find their condition becoming worse while the wealth created by the labours are going to enrich the already rich.

This condition of things cannot long continue and we would be wise indeed if we loosen up the thumb-screws and yield gracefully to an irresistible force than to stubbornly oppose it and lose all.

The Firemen to-day have the sympathy of the public in their demand for a living wage and unless their just claims are granted by our merchant princes we may

An Open Letter To the Steam Ship Owners

"Nemesis" Sounds a Warning Note--Will the Oppressors of the Toilers Heed It?

Sirs,—In addressing you this letter I want to say first, it is not wholly original, part of it being a deduction from a remarkable piece of eloquence published not long ago in connection with a dispute similar to that between you and your Firemen and very applicable to your case. It is addressed to you as a warning; you who are the aristocracy of industry in this city who tend to grow blind in long authority and to be unaware that you and your class and its every action are being considered and judged day by day by those who have power to shake or overturn the whole social order and whose restlessness caused by the bitter struggle to live is making our industrial civilization stir like a quaking bog.

Your conduct in the past gave rise to the powerful Fishermen's Protective Union and with its subsidiary undertakings which is reducing your power and will continue to do so so long as you continue to be scornful and neglectful of them out of those hazardous occupation you have profited. Had you done your duty towards them you might have continued unquestioned in power and prestige for long years to come.

The relation between you and all workers with which you have to do has not been ideal but any relations in a social order will endure if there is infused into them some of the spirit of human sympathy which qualifies life for immortality. Despotisms endure while they are benevolent; so do aristocracies. Even an oligarchy might be permanent if the spirit of human kindness which harmonizes all things otherwise incompatible were present.

Those who have economic powers have civic powers also, yet you have not used that power that was yours to right what is wrong in the administration of this city. You have allowed the poor to live

GLEANINGS OF GONE BY DAYS

- October 13. Napoleon landed at St. Helena, 1815. Scotch Kirk (Free St. Andrew's), Duckworth Street, burnt, 1876. Bennett's foundry burnt, 1876. Nicholas Cantwell accidentally killed his brother by shooting him at Tizzard's Harbor, N. D. B. 1880. Fire in rear of Total Abstinence Hall, 1880. John Hellyer, shoemaker, died, 1895. Fire in Jordan's Building in Lehr's dentist shop, 1896. Steamer Bruce first arrived here, 1897. Steamer Anchoria arrived here with broken shaft; four hundred passengers on board; she was long overdue, and caused much anxiety, 1886. James Brennan reported the loss of the steamer City of Rome (untrue) 1891. John W. White's action against B.L.S. for expulsion from Club, 1898. Steamer Agai, from Java, arrived, short of coals, 1898.

witness a condition of things here in St. John's that may cause some people to worry.

United action on the part of our City Unions will go a long way towards solving the present problems which effect our labouring classes.

Where there is unity there is strength; a people divided amongst themselves will fall. The time is come for Capital to recognize the rights of labour and if peaceful endeavours are unavailable there is one stronger tribunal to hear the case—an awakened public conscience.

A break in the water-main on New occurred at 9.30 last night, and the Gower Street, near Brazil's Square mains west of Prescott Street were closed so that repairs could be made to the broken main.

in habitations that are no better than hovels while the streets in front of them are reeking with filth and death dealing germs. Our good citizen and councillor, I. G. Morris, says 20,000 dollars from you along with an appropriation from the Council will give us concrete drains that will make cleaner these streets and lessen the dangers to life. Will you do it? The Mayor has promised better habitation for the poor. Will you help?

But going back to where I degenerated I want to say that in the dispute between you and your Firemen you have revealed yourself to St. John's and the Country in so malign an aspect that the mirror must be held up to you so that you may see yourselves as every humane person sees you.

The conception of yourselves as altogether right and wronged is I assure you not at all the one which onlookers hold of you. The Firemen asked you for an increase of wages to \$7 dollars per month in the present great war. You have asked these men to be patriotic to give up their sons for the defence of home and Empire and remember—don't forget it—of you and your possessions. Many of them have done so. In demanding of them this duty are you forgetful of yours? Must all the patriotism be on their side and you have none?

What is Patriotism? Is it not "Love of one's Country?" Do we mean by the Country the rocks, the soil, the hills, the dales or is it the people who inhabit? With all their ideals of Justice, Right and Liberty for which the Union Jack—our flag—is supposed to stand for. If it is—and it is—then it is your manifest duty to care—to guard, to protect them (with as much sacrifice as you expect from their sons on your behalf) from inflated price, and extortionate profits that make it harder for them to keep the wolf from the door and make it harder for the Empire we say we love to find that unity among its citizens so necessary for its welfare.

Coal has gone up in price; provisions, groceries, clothing, etc., partly due to the increased freight rates for which you share in the doing. Is that Patriotism? But worse still the few Firemen you employ who ask that you lighten the heavy increased-cost-of-living-burden you thrust upon them, by increasing their wages to strength on them to bear it you answer by determined deliberation in cold anger that you will not do so and that if they are not satisfied to get out.

You, masters, have asked and threatened what masters in other parts of the British Empire have not dared to do. Your insolence and ignorance of the rights conceded to Firemen in other parts of the Empire is as great as your inhumanity. If you had between you collectively a portion of human soul as large as a five-cent piece you would have sat night and day with the Firemen trying this or that solution of the trouble mindful of the women and children. You remind them that you can get your three square meals a day while they with their wives and children may starve if they do not submit to your inhuman proposals.

Your devilish policy of starvation may succeed; but your victory will ensure your own damnation. The men whose manhood you may brake will loathe you and will always be brooding and scheming to strike you a fresh blow. Their children and the children of their many sympathizers will be taught to curse you. The infant being moulded in the womb will have breathed into its starved body the vitality of hate. It is not they—it is you who are blind Samsons pulling down the pillars of the social order. You are sounding the death knell of aristocracy in industry. There was aristocracy in political life, and it was superseded by democracy. The fate of you in industry will be the same if you do not show some humanity still among you. Humanity abhors that which endangers its life, and your class will be cut off from humanity as the surgeon cuts the cancer and alien-growth from the body.

Be warned. Let not Greed overmaster you. It is devilish. Allow Reason to have sway. Reason is Divine.

NEMESIS.

CAPT. SMITH TELLS HOW "STEPHANO" WAS DESTROYED

Commander of the Red Cross Liner Says That Two Submarines Were Sighted, and That One of Them was Hiding Behind the Mother Ship a Vessel of 5,000 Tons.

NEWPORT, R.I., Oct. 9.—Captain Clifton Smith of the Red Cross liner Stephano, whose home is in New York, was one of those who reported the presence of the supposed German supply ship off Nantucket.

"She looked," he said, "to be a vessel of about 5,000 tons. We came upon her about six o'clock, moving slowly north. It was not yet dark but daylight had failed and a haze that rose out of the sea kept me from seeing her clearly.

"Still there was nothing mysterious or remarkable about her at first. Then I noticed a smaller and swifter moving shape moving after from her. It wasn't long before I identified it as a submarine. The U boat I think now had been hiding behind the mother ship; for that, I feel sure is what the big one was.

Submarine Opened Fire

"I didn't know just what to make of it. We had sighted a couple of United States destroyers and they went far to explain what a friendly submarine should be doing there.

"Five minutes later, I knew all there was to know. Coming within easy range the submarine let go a shot across our bow. I stopped right there. My wireless operator began to send out the S. O. S. For the benefit of the American destroyers, he kept repeating we had United States citizens among our passengers.

"Two of the destroyers came racing up until they were near enough to see all that happened. The submarine fired three more shots at intervals of a minute. None took effect. I guess they were not trying to hit us, for they hardly could have missed us at that distance.

No Panic on the Ship

"It was enough of a hint for me, though, and I issued orders to abandon the ship. Thanks to the presence of our vessels, there wasn't a bit of panic. In fifteen minutes everyone of my 94 passengers and my crew of 67 were in the boats and pulling out of the danger zone. We carried eight boats aboard the Stephano, but only six of them were needed.

"I was the last man to leave the ship and the stewardess the last woman. She had insisted that my wife and baby go ahead. My collie 'Brownie' went in the boat with me and the only living creature left aboard was the ship's cat.

"Night had fallen quickly. As we neared one of the destroyers, which I made out to be the Ericsson, I saw the lights of the submarine twinkling against the black hull of the Stephano. It was too dark to see what was happening, but ears did as well as eyes.

"There were two more shots, the reports mingling with the rending of plates and timbers.

Stephano Hard To Sink

"Although the Stephano remained afloat, the U boat drew away. She sped a mile and a half to the west where another vessel was lying to. It was not the same one behind which the submarine had hidden, I am certain, but one which had been halted about the same time we were.

"The guns of the submarine rattled again. The steamship she had for her target immediately began to settle.

"Back came the U boat to the Stephano. She hadn't been away more than fifteen minutes. The Stephano was a new boat and well built. I guess the submarine must have wasted about thirty gunshots on her before she gave up. Through all that time the Stephano's dynamo kept turning and her upper decks were ablaze with lights. It was hard to believe she wasn't going to get underway again in a minute and run on to New York.

"I didn't see any of the submarine crew boarding the Stephano, but I suppose they did to make sure everyone was off. When the searchers had returned, the submarine once more drew away. She let fly a torpedo which took the Stephano fair amidships.

"The Stephano split apart before my eyes and seven minutes later, I timed it, she had disappeared."

The Operator's Story

Oscar B. Hanson, of Broad Brook, Conn., said:

"We had picked up a message from the Kansan early in the morning, a relay of the West Point's S. O. S.

"But all day repeats of the S.O.S. kept coming in. A few minutes after the first one was caught, I began to get details. The submarine sighted by the West Point had opened fire on her. Then came a bulletin that all hands were taking to the boats.

"I guess it was about noon that I was in communication with the Kansan again. Her operator said she had changed her course and was going back to pick up the West Point's survivors. We kept on and finally ran into the Kansan. She wanted to know if we wouldn't go back with her to the rescue. It was sort of a funny question, when we knew the same dose the West Point got would be waiting for us.

"When I first saw the submarine there were also two other boats in sight. They proved to be United States destroyers, and I thought the submarine was an American, too, until she opened fire and we stopped.

Saw Two Submarines

John H. Gunthermoir, master of the Blommersdyk, agreed with Capt. Smith that there were at least two submarines concerned in yesterday's work. The two got together over the wireless reports on their way into Newport aboard the Ericsson, worked out the positions on the vessels attacked, and decided a single submersible could not have got about in so sprightly a fashion.

It was the Blommersdyk which helplessly lay to and waited her turn for sacrifice while the submarine was disposing of the Stephano. However, Capt. Gunthermoir did not mention having seen anything of the torpedoing of the liner. Beyond reciting the bare details of what had happened, as his own vessel was effected, he would say no more than the captains of the West Point and the Christian Endeavour, and they would say nothing.

Fired Warning Shots.

"We were about a half mile from the Nantucket shoals lightship, when the submarine appeared," he said. "It was just after six o'clock in the evening. The submarine fired three warning shots, and my crew of 44 and myself were in the boats before she came

alongside. We were all picked up by the Benham, one of the destroyers." Captain Gunthermoir's version of the destruction of the Blommersdyk was that it was accomplished by the explosion of a bomb. He shrugged his shoulders when Capt. Smith's story of the second ship having been sunk by gunfire, was repeated to him. Captain F. J. Harden, of the West Point, said he was not at liberty to discuss the loss of his ship until he had communicated with the owners and received instructions.

Bound by no such ethics, John Robertson, the ship's carpenter, gave an eye-witness account which tended to corroborate the belief of the United States naval officers that the U-53, Newport's late visitor, was doing at least her share of the commerce raiding on this coast.

FLORIZEL IN DANGER ONE.

People on the Florizel say that the ship was in the neighbourhood of the place where the German submarine U 53 operated and passed there about 9 a.m. Saturday morning last. It is thought that the submarine was somewhere about at the time, but entered Newport News to deliver messages to the German Ambassador and later came out on her mission of destruction.

The "Dorothy Baird," Capt. C. Churchill, has arrived at Gibraltar after a run of 26 days.

Neyle's Hardware

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POCKET KNIVES. KNIVES AND FORKS. TEA SPOONS, cheap, med., good. DESSERT SPOONS, cheap, med., good.

AXE HANDLES. MEN'S AXES, 3 to 4 1/2 lbs. WHITE'S COOPERS' TOOLS. BRASS TAPS, 3/4, 7/8, 1 inch. SHOE RIVETS. Wire Washed Brass, Solid Brass.

HORSE SHOES (for winter use). SLIDE SHOES. CURRY COMBS. WHIPS. HARNESS DRESSING. CANVAS COLLARS. WINNERS. SLIDE PADS. CART BREECHENS. CARRIAGE BREECHENS.

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HAVE US INSURE YOU in one of our companies. Why not do it to-day?

PERCIE JOHNSON Insurance Agent.

Reid-Newfoundland Co. LABRADOR SERVICE.

S.S. NEPTUNE

Will sail from Dry Dock, St. John's at 4.00 p.m. FRIDAY, October 13th, for the usual Labrador ports of call.

Freight received up to 6.00 p.m. THURSDAY.

Reid-Newfoundland Co.