



Evening Telegram

W. J. HERDER, - - - Proprietor
C. T. JAMES, - - - Editor

Thursday, November 11, 1920.

Getting Home.

No better evidence could be wished for by any opponent of Mr. Coaker's policy with regard to the fishing industry of Newfoundland, than the wild rage into which he works himself, when information is given the fishermen that their one-time friend is not any longer their guide and philosopher. He has gone over to the enemy, horse, foot and artillery, or to use a more homely expression "with boots and all on." It is a crime in the sight of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries to mention the Fish Regulations and the sinister effect they have had on the trade of the Colony. The bare mention of the name of Mr. Coaker is at once construed by him into an insult to the fishermen, as if he were the incarnation of every man who baited trawl or threw twine in Newfoundland. Lashing himself into mad wrath he hurls invective and abuse at those who honestly and fairly criticise his actions as an Acting Premier and head of the Department of Marine and Fisheries. But he does not answer argument with argument. His boasted constructive policy has proven destructive—and testimony is being adduced to prove this statement daily. Nevertheless there is no showing made by his organ to demonstrate the usefulness and value of his absurd and dangerous restrictions.

The fishermen to-day as has been pointed out to Mr. Coaker on many occasions, are not one whit interested or concerned about what happened to some forty political candidates last fall. They do not care a tinker's curse because so and so lost his nomination fee, but Mr. Coaker in the ecstasy of his lurid wrath forgets that these allusions have no bearing on his pernicious Fish Regulations, and so instead of making them a subject for fair and free discussion, he replies to all open, if hostile, comment in his well-known, old-time vituperative and abusive style. But that no longer impresses the fishermen, neither are they now so credulous as they were in days past when Mr. Coaker posed so successfully as their only friend. They have seen for themselves just how conditions are and they know the one man responsible. The voice of the charmer therefore has lost its power to charm: its seductive qualities have vanished; the magnetic personality of the chief is considerably lessened, and fishermen now ask themselves if he has not deserted their cause and become a member and associate of the class once so vehemently denounced in Council, Circular and Annual Report, with all the completeness and vigor of his extensive vocabulary. Of what avail are the Fish Regulations at the moment? Are they by any chance aiding fishermen to dispose of their catch at anything like remunerative rates? Are the miserable prices being offered the toilers, in St. John's to-day, in any way commensurate with the minimum price fixed by Mr.

Coaker abroad and promulgated as the law of the land? Why is it that Northern outport men are going to and fro, up and down the streets with yaffes under their arms in a vain endeavor to sell their voyage at a price which will recoup them for their outlay and toll? If Mr. Coaker will answer these questions and not go up in the air when so queried, it will add more to the dignity of his office, if not to that of himself.

True Modesty.

"Truth may be slow to receive its innings, but it is mighty and must prevail." Thus the Star expressed itself yesterday. The feelings of satisfaction this statement gave us can scarcely be imagined. The Star actually has a conscience, it is really beginning to see the error of its ways. This may sound unbelievable but still, appearances are in favor of it. Let us hope that the Star continues in this frame of mind for some time. When, however, the editor goes on to say that "it is a pity that this country contains men who do not hesitate to attempt such shameful deceit of their fellows," our admiration increased ten-fold. Such modesty, such an open lack of conceit does the Editor of the Star credit. Imagine, actually complaining because he is allowed to stay in the country, calumniating himself without the application of any outside pressure. If we do not honor the editor of the Star for anything else, at least this voluntary confession will cause him to be forever remembered as a "Very Modest Man."

A Roland for An Oliver.

As the Star is so fond of Shakespearean quotations, here are a few which it might appreciate:
The Editor of the Star—
"He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool."
—All's well that ends well.

The Star—
(This might also apply to the Government): "I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears."
—The Comedy of Errors.

Mr. Coaker—
"Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!"
—Coriolanus.

Police Court.

A young boy was charged with the larceny of a quantity of codfish—not white nap—found on the R. N. Co.'s premises. He was remanded pending further investigation.

A youth charged with ringing in a false alarm on Monday night last, bringing the firemen to the corner of Cook and Scott Streets, stated that seeing the door of the box open he had meddled with the levers inside with the idea of informing the fire department that the box was open—an intention which he carried out only too well. His Honor expressed his disbelief of the defendant's statement and fined him \$20 or 20 days' imprisonment. His Honor hoped that this would be a warning to others who might consider it a good practical joke to ring in a false alarm.

A young man from the Topsail Road was charged with a breach of the Traffic Regulations. He drove down Military Road on his right hand side, ignoring the signals of the police on duty at the time. The constable called upon the defendant to stop but the latter drove on and did not halt until the pursuing policeman had caught up to his cart. The constable, in his evidence, stated that the defendant gave a wrong name. This, the latter denied. His Honor admonished very strongly on the prisoner's conduct. The streets, he said, were for the pedestrian first and then the vehicle. The defendant was fined \$2 or 7 days.

Coastal Boats.

GOVT. RAILWAY COMMISSION.
Argyle left Burin early yesterday morning, outward bound.
Clyde left Salvage at 9.25 a.m. yesterday, coming to Port Union.
Senet arrived at Lewisporte at 2.50 p.m. yesterday.
Glencoe left Fortune early yesterday morning, coming to Placentia.
Home left Lewisport at 6.30 a.m. yesterday.
Petrel arrived at Clarendville at 5 p.m. yesterday.
Sagana left St. John's at noon today.
Watchful left Salvage at 5.30 a.m. yesterday.
Sebastopol left Brig Bay at 11.15 a.m. yesterday, coming to Humbermouth.

Prospero's Passengers.

S.S. Prospero sails to-morrow morning for the Northwest taking the following passengers:—Nurse White, Mrs. Bursey, Mrs. Dyke, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Gent, Mr. Newhook, Mrs. Henderson, Miss Gardner, Mrs. Barle, Misses Barle (2), Mrs. Adams, Mr. Tuffen, Mrs. Seymour, Mr. Barle, Mr. Penney, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Adams, Mr. Snow, Mr. Tilley, Mr. Murrell, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Hawkins and 30 steers.

Next meeting of Newfoundland Elks takes place at BISHOP'S Men's Furnishing Store, where they are now showing the first shipment of Elk Pin Emblems to be exhibited in Newfoundland.

For Popular Consideration.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—Referring to my letter No. 2, the Advocate editorially says that I endeavor to show that Mr. Coaker cannot make profits for his Export Company and at the same time buy fish at a high price, and this the Advocate tacitly confesses, and seeks to avoid by pleading that as the shareholders are "mostly" fishermen, they will get in dividends on shares that they lose in prices on fish and, and so benefit "no matter what the price," and, therefore, "Mr. Coaker has nothing to gain in keeping the price down." In this you have the kernel of the whole doctrine Mr. Coaker is striving to delude the fishermen with, and it challenges and demands analysis and exposure.

The shareholders in Coaker's Companies are "mostly" fishermen, it is true, but the fishermen are not "mostly" shareholders! Not even Union fishermen are mostly shareholders. Those people who are not shareholders stand to lose heavily by Coaker's fish policy. The low prices he chiefly is responsible for are direct and unnecessary losses to them, to their full extent. Every fisherman in the Colony, whether a member or not of the F.P.U., is paying a heavy tribute this year to enable Mr. Coaker to pay dividends to the shareholders in Union Companies. But members of the F.P.U. are losers in a special degree for the benefit of those shareholders, for the latter tend to sell their fish where possible to Union Companies, and where this is done at a sacrifice, the shareholders may later recover the loss in part by getting dividends, but the non-shareholder gets back no part of his loss of price. When a shareholder skipper sells his fish to Union Companies, every man on his vessel, who is not a shareholder, loses forever every cent of his share of the price which is lower than could have been obtained by selling to general dealers. One of the things which has surprised me for years is the apparent blindness of the non-shareholding Union man to the fact that he is being fooled all the time for the profit and advantage of Coaker and the shareholders.

But even as regards the shareholders, the doctrine is not true that what he loses in price, he gets back in dividends. If, for instance, a schooner owner loses fifty cents per quintal on a cargo of fish, sold to the Union Export Co., say two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) on the vessel's half share of fish, he would receive to be the owner of shares worth \$2,500 in order to get back, from a ten per cent. dividend, the amount of his loss. The average shareholder in the Export Company does not own probably more than one hundred dollars worth of shares, the dividend on which, at ten per cent., would be only ten dollars, equivalent to a lower price of fifty cents per quintal on twenty quintals of fish. That is to say, if Coaker, to make profit for the Union Export Co., keeps down the price of fish by fifty cents per quintal below what it would otherwise be, the owner of only twenty quintals of fish loses the equivalent of the dividend on shares for one hundred dollars.

But the tale does not end here. Far otherwise. Of every dollar of profit on fish made by Coaker's Export Company, it is safe to say that not half gets to the shareholders. The Company has to pay salaries, upkeep, expenses, interest on borrowed money, and all the usual overhead expenses, out of the profit made on fish, out of the "spread," that is, between what fish costs and what it sells for. That is to say, out of the profit made on fish, Coaker uses half, at least, and pays only the other half to the shareholder. Therefore, the poor fisherman who sells to the Union Export Co., at a price lower than it might otherwise be, does not get it back, even if he be a shareholder, but gets back only half of it at the most, for the fisherman who catches and sells the fish is the man who is paying for all the wonders of Port Union.

There are some shareholders, perhaps, whose holdings are large enough to make the dividends console them for losses on the price of fish. But the majority of the shareholders have really very few shares, and their dividends are small indeed. I have often wondered at the nearsightedness which makes many shareholders think more of their small investments in shares than of their much larger losses in other ways. It seems as though they are ready to forfeit everything of real value to them in life, their independence, their common sense, even their larger financial interests, for their paltry shareholdings in Union Companies.

As for non-shareholding fishermen throughout the Colony, whether Unionists or non-Unionists, it is positively amazing that they have not long ago awakened to the fact that they are paying all the expense of Port Union, and all the heartrending extravagance of Coaker's politics, out of their toil and sweat, without even the poor solace of a small dividend on a beggarly few shares. They have none of the profit, none of the glory, but they are suffering directly and indi-

When We Pray.

Great is the Flag
Whose folds upon the winds flung
out
Evoke the acclamations of oppressed
mankind,
In whose triumphs fettered peoples
see deliverance.
For this the flag of England yesterday
year
Winning barbarities of might
opposed
The right of Freedom for the
weak
And all the nations of the earth rejoiced
That "triflingness" was slain.
Now is the hour of Armistice—
Salute!
In prayer the Empire bows a reverent
head;
Anon she lifts her eyes to heaven, and
lo!—the smoke
From blazing Irish homesteads fills
the air
Blotting the flag of succor from our
view.
And hark! the cries of anguish and
despair
Upon the burdened winds are borne
along!

England!—This is not England,
Englishmen are just.
A reckless power whose battle cry is
fear
Possesses the land, whose deeds the
soul of Britain
Blush to contemplate.
Lift then, oh, British Empire! thy
prayer
That the debauch that mars thy
name may cease
That when the tribes together meet
and mingle
No slur that mates his methods with
the Turk's.
May shame an Englishman.
D. CARROLL.
St. John's, Nov. 11.

rectly by the "Old man of the Sea" their folly has imposed on their own backs.

Yours truly, —X.Y.Z.

Nov. 11, 1920.

Here and There.

DUE AT 4.—The incoming express is due at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

Fresh Oysters at ELLIS'.
nov10,tf

PUBLIC HEALTH REPORT.—A case of diphtheria was reported from the Portugal Cove Road. The patient was taken to the hospital.

Finnan Haddies and Fillets at ELLIS'.—nov10,tf

NOTE OF THANKS.—James, John and Mary Kenna wish to thank all the kind friends who sympathized with them during their late bereavement on the death of their sister Bridget.

Try our Special Cambridge Sausages. Made fresh daily at ELLIS'.—nov10,tf

TRAFFIC HELD UP.—Just before noon to-day, the band came off a wheel of a longcart, owned by one Wm. Harding, at the junction of Water and Adelaide Streets. The spokes of the wheel were broken and it was some time before the cart could be moved.

Fresh Smoked Kippers at ELLIS'.—nov10,tf

BORN.

On Nov. 8, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Penney, Belvidere Street, a baby boy.

DIED.

This morning after a long illness, William George, son of Richard and Mary Langmead, aged 14 years, leaving to mourn him are father, mother, one brother and three sisters. Funeral on to-morrow (Friday) at 2 p.m., at Fouch Cove.

Passed peacefully away last evening, at Jensen Camp, ex-Pte. Edward, only son of the late Nathan and Jessie LeDrew, aged 26 years, leaving a wife and one sister (Florence Bradbury), to mourn their sad loss. Funeral on Friday, at 2.30 p.m. from his sister's residence, 39 McDougall St.

G. KNOWLING, Ltd.

China and Glass Dept.
Japanese Tea Sets ..\$7.25
English China Tea
Sets\$10.50
Dinner Sets, 26 pcs..\$17.00

JOB LOT

Glass Sugar Bowls .. 12c.
Crucifix Candlesticks 60c.
Hot Water Bottles .. 25c.
Glass Butters, Job .. 40c.

CUPS and SAUCERS

18 cents each.
Brown Teapots, 45c., 50c.,
55c.
Fancy Teapots, \$1.00, \$1.10
\$1.20.
Fairy Lamps .. .40c.
Fairy Lights .. .42c. box.

BLUE BAND JUGS

50c., 60c., 70c.

G. KNOWLING, Ltd.

Duckworth, West and Central Stores.
nov8,61

Britain's Saints.

1914-1918.

(Re-printed from "The Observer," December 9th, 1917.)

Who shall name them, this numberless army? We know not their number or name, But we know from the sign on their foreheads through great tribulation they came; No calendar blazons their triumph with service of vigil or feast, And he that was greatest among them is even as he that was least; They were men in the might of their manhood, or boys in the beauty of youth, But they held all as dust in the balance to battling for freedom and truth. We shall see them no more to our sorrow, they are rapt from the sphere of our pain, And the sword and the fire and the bullet shall sear not nor slay them again; Priest and poet, clerk, scholar and craftsman, sea-tollers or sons of the sod— From earth, air and ocean up-gathered, they rest in the garden of God. Their shrines stand in city and highway, whose lamps of remembrance abide Fed with love from the heart-springs of England, and lit from the torch of her pride; Upon hill-slope, by hamlet or homestead, they shine through the darkness undimmed, Morn and eve, 'neath the Christ bowed above them, the glimmering cressets are trimmed By their angels, who pass unheeded—so close hangs the curtain between Velling heaven; for the things that we see are not more than the things that are seen. Now, Lord, for the nation's uplifting—since this is the noblest we know, In Thy name to the help of the helpless through death and through darkness to go— For our country who spared not her children, for mother, love, sister and wife, Who endured what is deeper than death-wound, who gave what was dearer than life, For the pure and the wise and the god-like, who flocked to Thy banner unfurled, For the stalwart—Thy saints in the making—we deemed but the waste of the world, For the builders of wood, hay and stubble—the foolish, the faithless, the cold, Whose dross Thou hast purged in the furnace, and touched them, and turned them to gold, For the fearless of heart, and the fearful who trembled but came at Thy call, We bless Thee, we thank Thee, we laud Thee, we love Thee, O Father of all!

—JAMES RHODES.

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nov11,21

Why Has

"Windsor Patent"

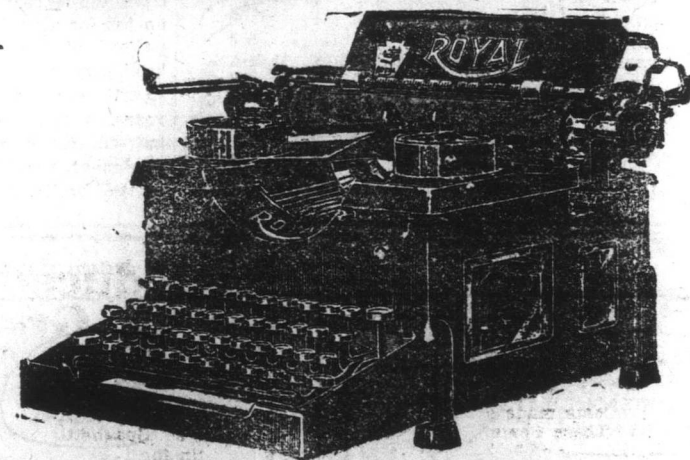
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Because it gives the Biggest and Best results. It goes farthest.

And makes the very best quality of bread.

You'll Find It
All Good Stores.

"COMPARE THE WORK."



THE ROYAL

CLEAN TYPE IMPRESSION—SPEED—ACCURACY.

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