

The Bowrings Challenge The Power of The F.P.U.

THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, MARCH 15, 1915-2.

Letters of Interest

From Mail and Advocate Readers

THE COMMISSION

Was it a Trick to Blindfold the Devil in the Dark?

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir—The report of the two principal Commissioners on the terrible sealing disaster demands more than a passing notice from the general public, and particularly those in authority, and when they weight the report carefully they can only come to the one conclusion, that on Captain Kean's head the whole responsibility rests. Commissioners say from the time that the men left the Newfoundland he was responsible for them. His defence, that he thought this, and he thought that, was a fishy excuse for a man with a long experience, and will not be taken without a grain of salt by the general public, not to talk of the two Commissioners. As for far as the third Commissioner goes there is very few common-sense people will take it even into consideration and only treat it with contempt.

The men left the Newfoundland because they were induced to do so by Capt. A. Kean. They were assured before they left their ship that they were to stay on board the Stephano and that night, and after travelling for four hours and a half over rough ice they got on board. Then they were told to have dinner, and what did that dinner consist of? It is well-known to everyone, a mug of stop tea and hard tack and some of them did not even get that as they were given twenty minutes after the long tramp of four hours and a half. Wouldn't it be Captain Abraham Kean's beautiful duty as a Christian humane man to take the condition of those men into consideration and see that they were provided with a good substantial dinner, pork and dumplings and hot soup before they would go on another long tramp to the seals where he directed them and then on to their own steamer. Where did he show his wonderful knowledge and experience? If the men took four hours and a half to travel to the steamer when they were fresh leaving the Newfoundland, would any reasonable man expect them to go over the same distance and longer in a blinding snow storm with- out in the same time that they travelled in the morning. Now readers take this into consideration. But instead

of Capt. Kean using sound judgment and taking everything into consideration he ordered those men on the ice within twenty minutes of the time they got on board, before some of them even had a chance to get a mug up, driven to their doom like a lot of cattle driven to a slaughter house, and some of them thoughtless boys that were like seals, never had any experience of killing one, only partly clad. Wouldn't it melt the heart of a stone? They were some mother's boys, with a mother's feelings. Talk about driving cattle to the slaughter house to be slaughtered, why it is fifty times worse for men to be driven on the ice and left there in a raging snow storm frozen to death. God only knows how they suffered. It must have been heart-rending to them to see their fellow men frozen to death at their feet. Brothers looking at brothers dying and could not help them, and all this terrible slaughter through the blunders of one man because he thought. What a rotten excuse, and this is the man that the authorities are trying to cloak.

If you will read between the lines of the report you will see sound common-sense judgment that the Commissioners put in plain English concerning Kean for his grave error of judgment.

What were the Commissioners appointed for? Was it only a farce to blindfold the devil in the dark to cloak Kean's terrible blunder? What man to take the condition of those men into consideration and see that they were provided with a good substantial dinner, pork and dumplings and hot soup before they would go on another long tramp to the seals where he directed them and then on to their own steamer. Where did he show his wonderful knowledge and experience? If the men took four hours and a half to travel to the steamer when they were fresh leaving the Newfoundland, would any reasonable man expect them to go over the same distance and longer in a blinding snow storm with- out in the same time that they travelled in the morning. Now readers take this into consideration. But instead

Sealers Parade and 'News' Lie

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir,—I was never so disgusted with anything in my life as I was on Friday morning when reading the "News" to find that it contained such a falsehood regarding the Sealers' Meeting and Parade, especially after the return to the Hall when Mr. Coaker explained the object of the parade and the meeting. Mr. Coaker gave a good explanation, which was indeed very clear to all who were present, and if anybody was so dense as to misunderstand him, then he's not fit to attend any meeting it matters not of what nature. I would not care so much but being such a constant reader of the "Morning News," and seeing that article made me for ever say that I cannot again place any confidence in that paper.

Now, Mr. Editor, I happened to be one out of curiosity who attended the meeting after the parade to hear Mr. Coaker or any others who may speak during the meeting. I was very much in sympathy with all, or nearly all, that was said and I am in a position to express my opinion as to what took place. According to the "News" very few sealers took any part, which was a ridiculous lie and when Mr. Coaker had asked the question whether the country wanted Sir Edward Morris for Premier any longer, instead of "Yes, yes, yes," as stated by the "News," it was this my readers, "No! No!! No!!! We don't want any more Ned Morris," and neither was there any cheers for Morris.

The idea of the "News," with such a religious man as John Alexander Robinson as editor, who professes to be such an angel, to allow such a lie to get circulated through the columns of his paper, is the talk of the town to-day. The men who were at the meeting, whether sealers or otherwise, can verify my remarks, and I for one will not bother again to look for the "Morning News." The man who wrote that article—must have taken something stronger than coffee.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

St. John's, Mar. 12, 1915.

UNION DAY AT TILTING

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

On Wednesday, the 3rd inst., we held our annual parade. At 2 o'clock our members assembled at the Hall and with the Union Jack at their head marched around the harbor. No cheers were given on our march, as fresh in the minds of everyone was the sad memory of the twenty-four of our countrymen, who had lost their lives in the Victoria. After returning to the hall several friends gave short addresses on the F.P.U. and the wonderful thing President Coaker has accomplished on our behalf. After singing the National Anthem all went to their homes to return to the hall later, where supper was served, and dancing was kept up until daylight. Our sincere thanks are due the following ladies who assisted at the tea tables:—Mrs. J. Burke, Mrs. W. Dwyer, Mrs. A. Dwyer, Miss Nellie Mahoney and Miss Aggie Lane.

Times are very dull here now. Our weekly meetings and a five-visit of the mailman every Friday are the chief events.

The weather is excellent for this time of the year, and all hands are busy hauling out firewood.

Friends Joseph Dwyer and F. Mahoney are having motor engines installed in their trap boats this winter. The "Coaker" engines in use here last summer worked splendidly and could easily take the lead over all others.

We eagerly look forward to the arrival of the Mail and Advocate each week. It is certainly a lively paper. (One issue contains more information for the fishermen than all the other papers published in St. John's put together.)

A.P.D.

March 8th.

APPRECIATES BROTHER ROSE

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir,—We, the officers and members of Keels Orange Lodge do heartily thank Bro. Fred. Rose for his kindness towards our deceased Bro. Percy Quinton, who died in the asylum. In transferring the body to his home, Bro. Rose showed his loyalty, and may the Great Giver of all reward him for his great kindness.

It is a great thing to have such men as Bro. Rose in the Order and may he long continue a faithful member of the Association, and may we all have full enjoyment of that heavenly rest and meet the one who is gone from us, is the wish of the writer. Wishing the Mail and Advocate every success.

ANDREW HOBBS, Sec. Keels, L.O.L.

Keels, Feb. 21, 1915.

Notes from Exploits

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir, The Union men have held their annual parade, and I think Tom and I will say a little about it. The parade came off on the 23rd of Feb. It was a beautiful day, fine and warm, and Tom said most all our Friends from the nearby settlements were here. Anyhow, there was a wonderful crowd.

At twelve o'clock our men met at the Hall, a meeting was opened, and one or two joined and then they started and marched down the harbor on the east side as far as the Union store, where some of our Friends had an arch built with the following motto on it, "Stand by the Trading Co." Then they continued their march across the harbor and up the west side, up across lower harbor and down the east side to the Hall again, where they passed under another arch with the motto, "Honour the President" on it. Then they went into the hall to partake of some of the good things the ladies had spread on the tables. After eight o'clock the tea tables were taken down and seats put in. Then Capt. Hellier, S.A. Rev. W. J. Morris, Rev. J. H. Bull. Mr. John Barnes and W. B. Jennings, M.H.A. gave us some very interesting addresses on the war and other matters of importance. Between each lecture there was a song, and they were certainly good. Tom said he felt like listening to the singing all night. After the programme was over the ladies spread the tables for supper and about twelve o'clock everyone went to their home, after spending a very pleasant and enjoyable day.

Three of our Union boys have volunteered for the front. Their names are Friends Cyril Scaviour, Samuel Manuel and Paul Sully. Friends Scaviour and Manuel started to walk to Lewisporte en route for St. John's yesterday. Friend Sully has a bad hand at present, but is going next week. Tom said that he heard the young ladies of this place intend giving them a loyal send-off to-night.

W. J. Scott was here last Fall and formed a Patriotic Committee. This Committee has had a few meetings, but they have not had one public meeting yet to try and get volunteers, and I don't think I am saying too much when I say that half of the people here don't know what the cause of this war is, or that there is a war, and how it was caused. W. J. Scott should give it into the hands of our women, and we believe that we would see better results, judging by the splendid work they are doing for the Belgians. Wake up Patriotic Committee and do your duty.

There is another matter Tom wanted me to speak about, and that is our mails. We have two lots of couriers. One leaves here on Mondays for Lewisporte, the other on Thursdays. Our Thursday mail goes as far as Salt Pond and stays there for the night when it could easily go to Lewisporte. They can come from Lewisporte to here in a day and certainly it is no farther from here to Lewisporte, but instead they stay at Salt Pond, and leave our letters a day or two behind before leaving Lewisporte. Will the Postmaster-General kindly explain why this is done.

Two or three years ago the Government put a lighthouse on Black Island. On this island there is no water to be got.

Last year the Government sent a man by the name of Clarke to see what could be done there. Now the trickie which separates the two islands is only very narrow and this Mr. Clarke, of Springdale, said it would cost five hundred dollars to put a bridge there, but the lighthouse keepers say one could put put there for \$100. Of course, Mr. Clarke has got a saw mill and wanted to sell his lumber. The Government sent two men there to put skates around the house with a trunk and a bench, to catch the water. The men were five days coming and going from Springdale in a motor boat, and two weeks putting the tank there (made of wood) and now when there happens to be a shower of rain the water is as black as tar (reasonable enough when it comes from a tarry rot), and the tank is not tight enough to hold the water. So with the cost of hire for a motor boat, the men's time and material, I imagine it cost \$100 dollars and Tom says more. Anyhow the lighthouse keeper has to take his bucket and go in a boat or however he can, to get water. But never mind, the tank will make a fine hen's house! I wish I had it for mine.

I think this is enough for this time, as it is church night and Tom wants me to go with him. But before I close I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Editor, that our old friend, John Della, has not been very well this last week.

Wishing you every success and Kean's arrest.

AUNT SARAH ANN AND UNCLE TOM.

Exploits, Mar. 1, 1915.

Coaker To Win Morris Must Go

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir,—That critical moment in the "Tollers' Final Fight for Liberty" is fast approaching, and despite the fact that thousands of the electors of our country demand Kean's withdrawal, Munn and Bowring treat the whole matter with brazen faced audacity and as far as we can see that moribund Government, misnamed the "People's Party," are acting in conjunction with them in refusing to take any action.

Does not Morris see that the people are demanding only their rights, that the fight is one for democracy, and that knowing this they will never surrender, locks, bars and penalties to the contrary, notwithstanding. Let the powers that be cry halt, while there is yet time, or God only knows what the result will be, for the tigers will fight for her cub and do you imagine that the poor, down-trodden fisherman has no heart and that he is only fit to be ranked with the lowest caste among the Hindus? Do you think that this is only a political dodge to boost the power of Coaker? If so, you are sadly mistaken, and let me tell you, you men of stone, who have the destinies of this unfortunate country in your hands, and who seem to have forgotten what a holy thing a mother's love is, that that bitter cry—the cry as ancient as humanity—of the mother for her children, still rings in our ears, and that retribution is demanded and must be given. Have not two learned Judges of the Supreme Court found Kean guilty of a grave error of judgment, and is not that, with the request of thousands of petitioners, sufficient to warrant Kean's arrest on a charge of Criminal Negligence?

The duplicity and deceit of Munn in connection with this affair is so apparent that he is despised by every honest man and his name has become a by-word by the "man in the street." "Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides." Who cover faults, at last Shame him derides."

This plutocrat shall be taught a lesson that he will never forget, and those autocrats who are backing him will find that too, to their cost. Mr. Coaker is putting up a glorious fight and in it the tollers of Terra Nova intend to stand by him, as those largely signed petitions which are pouring in from day to day plainly show. The clique who will not sign it fear Coaker, for they (some of them at least) know he is a terror to evil-doers, and that some of their dirty work in connection with public monies may be exposed. The others are that class of sycophants who have their fat jobs and are afraid that Coaker may become a power in the land and then they would have to get a "hustle on."

But in spite of this opposition, President Coaker is bound to win, for he is espousing the cause of the weak and the down-trodden and because the God of Justice, that God who has heard the cries of the fatherless, the widow and the poor aged mother, is with him, and He will give him wisdom to judiciously and fearlessly break the hard hearts of those taskmasters and the other Powers (?) who have the consummate gall to call themselves "The People's Party." Lastly, I say, Mr. Coaker shall win, because he has Right on his side, and "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."

TERRA NOVAN.
Conception Bay, Mar. 5, 1915.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Bridget Howard

There passed peacefully away to the great beyond at Daniel's Cove, Bay de Verde, on February 28th, Mrs. Bridget Howard, wife of Mr. Robert Howard. Although ailing for some time her death came as a shock to her family. Her death has cast a gloom over this little settlement. A kind and charitable neighbour and a good christian her demise will be mourned by all.

She leaves a husband, one son, and one daughter, besides a large circle of friends, and relatives to whom we extend our deepest sympathy. May she rest in peace.

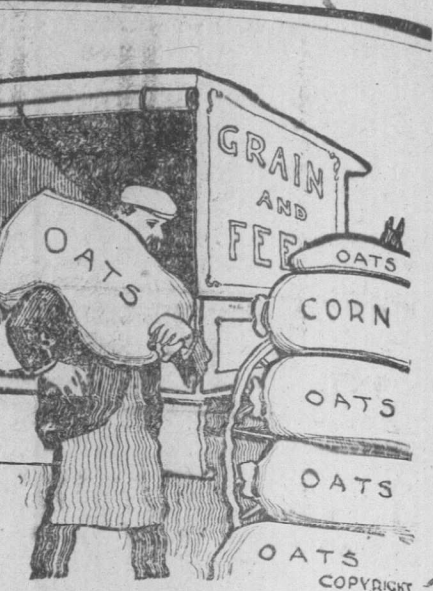
Daniel's Cove, March 4, 1915.

Friend George Dewling

We regret to record the loss of one member from our ranks, Friend George Dewling, who passed away at St. John's on Feb. 22nd, his body being brought here (Trouty, T.B.) for interment, and on Thursday, Feb. 25th, the Trouty Local Council, F.P.U., attended the funeral.

Friend Dewling was 72 years old and leaves a wife, one daughter and two sons. He was among the first organizers of our Local Council and was always a zealous member. To the sorrowing relatives we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Trouty Local Council, March 4, '15.



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TROUTY APPROVES COAKER'S ACTION

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir,—We wish to record our approval of the stand taken by Mr. Coaker and the F.P.U. against Kean re the sealing matter. Well done, go ahead Mr. Coaker, we approve of your actions and are united to back you up in this great fight for the poor down-trodden tollers; and in this, as in all other matters, we mean to stand by our motto and "Sink or Swim with Coaker."

We think it is high time that the poor underdogs of this Colony should come into their own and that Newfoundland for Newfoundlanders should no longer be the political playground of some pettifogging political bugbear, but should be to us a reality and a motto of which we would be justly proud. So go ahead Mr. Coaker, we are proud of you and of your noble work.

TROUTY LOCAL COUNCIL,
Trouty, March 4th, 1915.

Don't tear your old roof off because it is old, worn out, or leaky. Use Elastic Roofing Paint. P. H. COWAY, Agent.