

MOONSHINE
Chewing Tobacco.
PARK DRIVE
Smoking Tobacco.
J. J. ROSSITER
Distributor.

Our Motto: "SUUM CUIQUE."



(To Every Man His Own.)

The Mail and Advocate
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OUR POINT OF VIEW

The Star's Insult

IF EVER the fishermen of Newfoundland had any doubt as to the real object of The Star newspaper the extract which we publish below, taken from The Star of yesterday, will set their minds at rest.

Fishermen of Newfoundland, we ask you to read well the following article taken from The Star edited by Mosdell, who has been properly christened the Bortlewasher, and ask yourselves if this is the kind of consideration the outport people of Newfoundland deserve after what they have done for King and Country since the outbreak of this great war:

THE EFFECT WAS LUDICROUS

I AM TOLD that at a patriotic meeting at one of our principal outports lately, when the audience was asked to sing "Rule Britannia" the effect was lamentably ludicrous. About two-thirds of those present carried the tune without uttering one intelligent word, and the great bulk of the audience judiciously refrained from exposing their ignorance. There was quite a swell on "NEVER, NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES," which only served to accentuate the contrast.—Yesterday's Star.

This is not the first time within our recollection that the fishermen of this Colony have been insulted by this kind of uncalculated attack on their intelligence.

One Cashin, known as the Finance (?) Minister of the Nuny-bag Government, called the Northern fishermen **ILLITERATE CULLAGE** from his place in the House of Assembly. Other members of this corrupt clique of free booters and political pirates have gone out of their way to insult our fishermen, but they took good care not to expose themselves to the public gaze in such matters.

According to The Star "the great bulk of the audience restrained from exposing their ignorance" at the singing of a Patriotic Song in one of the outports.

Fishermen of Newfoundland, mark this insult down and fire it back in the face of these cheap patriots who whenever they can insult with fiendish delight the very men who are keeping this country going, and whose efforts

in this respect furnish the money wherewith the **KID GLOVED GENTRY AND PLANNELL DUDES** of Water Street were enabled to start this Star newspaper.

What do you think, you relatives of our brave Naval Boys who are to-day braving the dangers of the North Sea of this dirty insult hurled at you by The Star?

What do you think of this insult, you sisters, brothers, and wives of our brave Sailor Boys who perhaps may never see home or loved ones again?

This latest vulgar outburst on the part of Mosdell and the clique associated with him in their attempt to kill Coaker and the F.P. U. will recoil ten fold on themselves and the Kid Gloved Gentry who are using Mosdell and the other two beauties in their pitiable attempt to again place the iron heel of oppression on the necks of the Sons of Toil of Terra Nova.

Dead Reckoning

IT looks as if the skipper of the good old craft Terra Nova which has weathered many a gale is unable to manage the ship. Holding as he does simply a certificate of service (so Patsy tells us) he seems to have lost his bearings; and as the only navigator (?) abandoned his job some time ago, we fear for the safety of the ship.

Foggy weather, storms, and a land-lubber crew seem to be responsible for the present condition of the craft; and distress signals have been shot up, but so far, it has been found impossible to render assistance.

It is said that the ship's compasses needed adjusting long ago; but owing to the skipper's economic (?) proclivities, he neglected to call in the services of competent parties to adjust them.

The peculiar construction of the vessel makes it difficult to get compasses that will stand; and the skipper has been running her by the "rule of thumb" for a considerable time.

We suggest that if the Terra Nova can be pulled off the shoals again that the captaincy be entrusted to a well and (un)favourably known skipper who knows every mud-bank, rock, and reef between the "Old King" and a point on the coast of Nova Scotia, far south of Halifax where the ribs of the old Rimouski are a landmark.

Ruffled Plumes

THE Government organs and the oligarchic phonograph are grinding out discordant tunes these days; and denunciations of all sorts are being hurled at us. We have told some unpleasant truths; and evidently they are decidedly distasteful. Premier Morris asserts (vide Reports of the House of Assembly) that a "khaki-lad, adipose, individual" prepared for glorious enterprise by martial sports! receives \$10 per diem for a transatlantic picnic. Pay Tay. John A. et al. assure us that such is not the case! Naturally we accept the Premier's version. Hence the brethren of the quill are angry with us.

We wrote some common sense paragraphs regarding the Prohibition campaign; and we are denounced for daring to intrude into the special preserves of self-constituted champions of the cause. Ruffled plumes are very much in evidence; but we still keep on the even tenor of our way, for we believe that we are doing the correct thing in asserting that this is a question for the people to decide, and it must not be left to the whims and fancies of editors and others who style themselves the "superior class."

"It is better," says Matthew Arnold (**Discourses in America**) "that the body of the people with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class."

Wasted Opportunities

THE Agricultural Policy, so called, of the Morris Government has been one of the greatest fizzes on record, and has resulted mainly in furnishing "soft jobs" any amount of graft and grab, beside the throwing away of a large sum of money. So pronounced a fizzle has it proven to be that nobody to-day has sufficient hardihood to defend it, not even the two Commissioners or the different Secretaries who in most cases, tacitly stipulated to stand by the folly (policy) and to support in writings, reports, etc.

All, all are silent, and for very good reasons, there is nothing to defend. It has been a heartless hoax, and the irony of it, is that the victims of the joke have had to pay the piper. Agricultural advancement was one of the slogans of the Morris Party, but there was as much intellectual activity behind the slogan as there is reputation to be behind the braying of an ass. It was all cry and no wool, except the wool which adorned the thin backs of Downey's scrub-ams, which LeMoine bought for him among the hills and vales of Cape Breton, and which cost this country ten dollars a piece.

Morris has been just as unsuccessful, just as bungling, just as costly in all his other schemes. To enumerate them would be but to add fuel to the fire of the people's wrath and would not bring back again the wasted money, the neglected opportunities or restore the national wealth that has been spoiled or return to us the credit which we held in foreign investors' eyes.

The raids on our Crown Lands, and the hawking about by characterless promoters and speculators of bogus properties, timber areas that held no timber and mineral lands that held no mineral values, as done much to make the name of Newfoundland stink in the nostrils of capitalists. Morris is directly responsible for the raids upon our natural wealth, that have disgraced the administration of the Crown Lands Office.

These disgraceful raids upon the timber and mineral wealth of the country culminated in the most disgraceful and gigantic rackets of them all in the infamous Reid-Wilson deal, whereby millions of dollars worth of our richest and most potent natural wealth was legislated away for a long. To-day in spite of our protests the old game is going on with as great vigour as ever, only limited of course by the greatly assented areas to be gobbled up.

Never was a country so remorselessly stripped of her wealth by a horde of freebooters, pirates and shoddy promoters (?) as has this poor unfortunate country since the advent to power of the Morris horde.

"Let Morris finish his work" was the cry before the elections. Morris has about finished his disastrous work to the infinite satisfaction of—of not the country, but of the small army of leeches and blood suckers who form the rag-and-bob-tail of the most detestable gang of grabbers that ever cursed a country.

Thousands of dollars have been expended upon a scheme that was supposed to advance farming in the country, and with what result. Do he many acres of land, once cleared and yielding their harvests, that we see about the environs of St. John's testify to the potency of the Morris plan. Does the lack of knowledge respecting the soil which the controversy over wet potatoes offer any testimony? If it does, it must testify to the failure of Morris to do anything for the farmers.

Morris' whole policy has been one of reckless expenditure and the most glaring folly of misdirected energy.

Bernardino Machado was elected Congress President of the Republic of Portugal on August 6.

Worth Considering

THE strongest argument against the liquor traffic is without doubt the attitude of the business world towards the evil; and look where we will, we find it asserting itself most insistently. A recent writer on Temperance topics says, that the greatest agencies for the cause are the railroad companies; and the large American railway systems are now relegating to the discard heap all employees against whom insobriety is charged. Statistics have demonstrated that efficiency is increased beyond computation, and that accidents are reduced to a minimum, since employees are obliged to sign a total-abstinence pledge.

The latest irrefutable argument is afforded by a movement among certain Accident Insurance Companies to issue a special policy at a cheaper rate to total abstainers. Life Insurance Companies have long since recognized such policies; but this is the first application of the Prohibition clause to accident risks.

The total abstinence policy in Accident Companies is likely to prove more popular than in Life Insurance, because the policies run for one year only, while taking an abstinence policy for Life Insurance almost amounts to taking the pledge for life.

This action of the Insurance Companies is by no means altruistic; it is simply a matter of business. They realize that the effect of alcohol on the human body is deleterious; and that the drinker should be penalized. It is based upon a long period of careful estimates, and is as accurate as known facts can establish.

It is consequently proof of the fact that the man who voluntarily drinks thus places himself under a handicap such as no one in this day of strenuous competition requiring the keenest exercise of every faculty can with reason ignore.

Who Will Help?

THE loss of the "Marion" of St. Jacques, Fortune Bay, will bring gloom into eighteen families; and we understand that of the eighteen men comprising her crew, eight leave large and helpless families. The toll of the deep is heavy these days; but we feel that the disappearance of a banking vessel is one of the saddest occurrences possible, as some of the settlements lose the cream of their manhood.

We are so absorbed in large affairs at the present moment that we are liable to overlook the full meaning of such a tragedy as this. We grow desperately sympathetic about other matters; but let us not forget that the lives of these eighteen fishermen were given up in earning bread for dependents, and that heroism is not necessarily connected with warfare.

It is at such times as this, that we are reminded of the necessity of an insurance organization such as we outlined some time ago. It is true that we have a Banking Men Insurance scheme; and this will be helpful to the fatherless children and widowed mothers whose loved ones have paid the toll of the deep.

The going of the "Marion" must remain a mystery; but banking men whom we have interviewed on the subject are almost unanimous in their declaration that she must have been run down by a steamer during a dense fog. This seems to be emphasised by the fact that amongst the wreckage picked up by the "Ladysmith" was a fog-horn which must have been resting on the cabin trunk when the crash came.

We sympathize with the dependents, and we shall do our bit towards helping them.

It's our notion that the devil isn't afraid of anything but a good woman.—Toledo Blade.

Our Ten Dollar Hero

CONFIRMING our charges that the Hero of the day was paid \$3.75 per day as salary befitting one of his rank and that his expenses for board and allowance as well as passage money was paid for by the Patriotic Association, The Herald says that it has no desire to lengthily discuss the matter.

Now that Editor McGrath admits that the statement made by the Premier in the House the past session was true, the general public can see for themselves that when we stated that **Montgomery** was sent across with the **Newfoundland** soldiers he was awarded the modest sum of **Ten Dollars Per Day** and his passage money paid besides, we stated that which was true.

The Herald's reference to "shifting" reminds us of a certain party not very far from the foot of Prescott Street, well known for shifting his ground the past fifteen years.

Editor McGrath takes exception to our remarks re Mr. **Montgomery** being a foreigner, and—

"Now, as to Capt. **Montgomery**, a stranger, 'being foisted into a position of prominence and authority,' it seems to us this complaint would be better directed at some of our own young men who before the war begun were such military enthusiasts, but since then have taken a 'back seat' and left it to this stranger to do the work they ought to be carrying out."

Coming from the Editor of The Herald who always seems anxious to exploit the doing of our Native born sons, this will be read with amusement by the general public. As regards leaving this work to a stranger to do, may we ask The Herald man if any of our Native born sons refused to do this day of strenuous competition requiring the keenest exercise of every faculty can with reason ignore.

We think our Native born sons have done well for the Empire and, further more, we know they will give a good account of themselves when called upon to do so; and for The Herald to throw bricks at them in its attempt to justify the foisting of one not long enough in the country to know his way about, is to put it mildly, rubbing it in to the blawst-Notives don't yer know.

What about Mr. **Hugh LeMesurier**? Did he render any valuable work when at Pleasantville? Why did he have to go to England, (and paid his own expenses, too,) and seek an appointment in some regiment there? Was it an alien or a native who first enlisted? Did **Geo. Carty** or **Gus Brien**, **Bert Dicks**, **Len** and **Bob Stick** and the hundred of other Sons of Terra Nova wait for **Montgomery** to tell them their duty when the call to arms was first made?

The answer is found in the concrete fact that our boys are now on their way to Egypt to do their duty for King and Country. The **O'Briens**, **Carty's**, **Sticks** and other Native Sons are there; but **Monty**, the Candy Kid of the Regiment, is here in St. John's busy as a nailer umpiring baseball games.

The public have this matter sized up in good manner; and if our Native Sons are not now doing the work (?) performed by **Montgomery** it is the fault of those who placed the imported article in command of the Native product, and not the fault of Terra Nova's own born.

In conclusion we note no attempt was made by The Herald to answer our questions as to the amount of moneys paid out to **Montgomery** and **Paterson** to date; and neither was any attempt made by The Herald to answer our questions as to whom The Herald regarded as the greatest Patriot—**Paterson**, **Montgomery** or **Goodridge**, seeing that The Herald admitted all three were paid for their services.

We Don't Have To

THAT The Star loves our Chocolate Soldier and sees nothing at all at all wrong with him is quite evident from the tone of its issue of yesterday. As was to be expected The Star made no attempt to justify the payment of **Ten Dollars** per day to our **Hero** whilst the latter went was worked to death during that picnic across the Herring Pond.

This paper has made no attack on Mr. **Montgomery's** character and for the man of many professions who now happens to edit The Star to make such a statement is a deliberate lie manufactured out of the whole cloth.

This paper objected, does object and will object to **Montgomery** or any **Montgomery** posing as a patriot whilst taking trips with detachments of soldiers across the Atlantic at a salary of **TEN DOLLARS PER DAY** and passage money over and across paid as well when we have natives far more qualify and certainly more entitled to such tips than this bird of passage.

If this picnic is necessary well then we say let one of our boys have it and not a foreign importation who came through the gap a few months ago.

As regards those "strategic moves" which The Star man refers to we would say we know of moves made by certain parties but whether they were strategic or not we cannot say. Perhaps The Star man does?

Regarding the back lane gossip may we respectfully suggest to The Star man to send that bright entertaining genius known as "Scoop the Cub Reporter" around the city streets where the commonality live and have "Scoop" write up what these people think of the **Montgomery** outrage.

As to telling the public the result of our investigations re the **Montgomery** outrage, we have already done that, and the public (not including of course **The Star** man and his friends with the money bags) know that **Montgomery** and **Paterson** were paid **TEN DOLLARS** per day, with passage money paid besides, whilst taking a trip across the Herring Pond with the **NEWFOUNDLAND** Volunteers.

Does The Star man think the people of this city have not sized him up yet? If he does he is greatly mistaken.

To Those Interested

THIS little bit of automobile experience should be read in connection with an article of ours published recently. We have reason to know—the evidence is on the telegraph poles and elsewhere—that this advice is timely.

John Barleycorn and his associates are bad chauffeurs. **John's** hand shakes, his knees wobble, his eyesight is poor, and conscience very much asleep. Any owner of a car who permits such a reckless driver to sit at the wheel of an automobile is a menace to life.

Just recently a cultured (?) citizen in an American city was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, because while intoxicated, he ran down and killed a woman. We presume he had damaged sundry telegraph poles as a preliminary to the killing process. "If," says an American paper, "this convict fancies himself the victim of a great injustice, he should compare his fate with that of the woman whose neck he carelessly broke."

One does not have to be intoxicated to deserve prison for reckless driving; and the plight of the rich roysterer should have an equally sobering effect upon all careless drivers, tipplers, teetotalers, plutocrats and otherwise.

Reckless driving is so common in this city, notably on the streets of the higher levels, that a car running at a twenty-mile an hour clip is a curiosity! People are wondering what's wrong with the car!

We have so repeatedly given

warnings about this reckless driving, that we have now decided to publish the numbers of some of the fashionable cars just for the edification of the public. The information will be interesting; and no doubt the record smashes will be delighted! Pending this, we respectfully beg to remind the august Inspector General of Police that there are certain city ordinances which we would like to see enforced, just to give the public a chance to know the machinations of the parties who seem to be "above the law."

We trust we are not asking too much of the Inspector General, we fear we will have to blame him for the police slackness unless improvements are immediately apparent.

More Bastilles To Storm

THE Socialist National Defence Committee has obtained so many adhesions from the various Socialist parties in Great Britain that it may consider itself the first /irile manifestation of British Socialist unity.

It asks the Unified Socialist Party of France, in the name of our common regard for the defence of liberties whose capture he great French Revolution so powerfully helped, to express to the whole of France, without distinction of parties, how much we British Socialists are in heart and soul united with France in this struggle of the peoples against German absolutism—a struggle which will safeguard for Europe the liberties won by the Revolution of 1789.

In England, as in France, we are going to celebrate the taking of the Bastille, proud of our companionship-in-arms with men whose ancestors stormed that citadel and who themselves are about to destroy all the Bastilles of Germany.

When we are no longer threatened with "cette horde d'esclaves," and when each nation has become her own mistress, we shall be able to establish the Internationale of free peoples. Whilst waiting for this great day of victory let us join in fighting for the liberty of the world.—From British to French Socialists.

Fool's Paradise

DO not let there be any misapprehension as to the peril. It used to be said last autumn that Lord Kitchener, on being asked when the war would end, replied, "I can't say when it will end, but it will begin next spring."

Perhaps the story was invented, but whether Lord Kitchener said it or whether some wit invented it the fact remains that it has proved to be not a clever witicism but the naked truth. We had better face that truth without any illusions.

We have in the past cultivated too many comfortable illusions about the war snatched too readily at straws which were only straws, speculated too confidently on the influence of economic forces, and so arrived at conclusions about an early decision which have kept us in a fool's paradise.

We are not alone in this. The Germans have lived in a fool's paradise too. If a year ago the Kaiser could have foreseen that at the end of June, 1915, Berlin would be celebrating the recapture of Lemberg as the greatest triumph of German arms it is not conceivable that he would have plunged into the crime that has soaked Europe in blood and tears.

The failure of every German calculation is still the capital fact of the war and reduces the pessimism of our professional Jeremiah to its true value.—London Daily News.

Dickens wrote some "American Notes" and they made quite a stir, but they were nothing compared to Wilson's.