

Will You Have Honesty in PUBLIC Men?

It has been shown how Morison, Minister of Justice, stooped to forget a law (prohibiting the cutting of timber without a license) which ordinary laymen like Michael Parrell and Bernard McGrath, his own clients, would be ashamed to forget. Morison's cunning forgetfulness, depraved though it be, is only exceeded, perhaps, by the ingenuous face of Premier Morris when he put the stamp of approval upon Morison's lying deception.

If Premier Morris will say publicly that he was deceived by Morison, then he will have proven his honesty of purpose in regard to this matter—though not his sagacity. If he says nothing, or insists that Morison really did forget the timber law, then the charge is that he as Premier is as bad, if not worse than, Morison. Plain words cannot be too plain when we have a Minister of Justice

and a Premier of a Country attempting to cover up gross rascality by worse dishonesty.

It is not conceivable that either Premier Morris or his Minister of Justice could have penned those letters to Governor Williams without an intention to deceive—unless, of course, they intended to exhibit themselves as ignorant fools. They are not fools, and both of them know they are not regarded as such.

What does the boasted cleverness of Premier Morris, as a politician, consist in? Is it clever to be deceived by a Minister of Justice who writes an abominable lie about forgetting a law that has been acted upon by his Premier and himself almost every week since they have been in power? Is it clever in Morris to approve what he knew to be a lying deception? If he was not deceived, or if he did not know, is it clever to even appear to be a fool, politically or otherwise?

The needs of a country are often sufficient justification for changes in policy. But when a compromise between honesty and dishonesty is sought, in an effort to shield a Minister of Justice's rascality, if it cannot be made without worse rascality, let it, at least, be made with such cleverness that the electorate cannot detect the taint. Even cleverness could be admired—though not the dishonesty it would conceal. Rewards for such may come hereafter.

Even though the dishonesty of the Minister of Justice has been made so apparent, Premier Morris may still retrieve himself in this regard by insisting upon Morison's dismissal. If he does not insist on that, then he merits and should get the scorn of the community. If the "ideals" of which the noble Sir Edward Morris boasted, have not received a shock, then we challenge him to read Morison's brazen plea again, and to read it without a blush. Here it is:—

"I had a license," said Morison, "to cut timber over 80 square miles of land, on which land I paid bonus and rent to the Crown for every square mile therein—and no more"—according to law. I knew that I could not, by law, pursue chase logs, cut by others, on adjoining Crown lands, but I thought the law allowed me to go on the adjoining Crown land and cut the logs myself. In other words to steal the logs. Those are not Morison's exact words, but that was Morison's actual plea, which he put up to Governor Williams, the King's representative here. That is what Premier Morris told the Governor his Minister of Justice thought. That is what Governor Williams believed, being assured by Premier Morris that he might do so.

Morison invented the lie, and passed it on to Premier Morris. Premier Morris approved the lie, and passed it on to Governor Williams. The Governor handed their letters to the people, and said Morison was an honest man! An honest man in face of the law that Morison, as Premier, and Morison, as Minister of Justice, acted upon every week since they have been in power—the law which said that no timber shall be cut on Crown lands without first obtaining a license therefor, and paying bonus and rent in respect of every mile.

If Morison did not wilfully deceive Premier Morris; if Premier Morris did not wilfully deceive Governor Williams; then let both of them be written down as fools, and be done with. There is no further need to beat about the bush.

Yet the noble Sir Edward Morris says, "Pay no heed to what you hear!" It were just as well for him to say, "I am an honourable man. Look at my feet!" Morison, with his cold, hard, ascetic nature, says nothing. He stands condemned, though with a cynical composure. It is matter of notoriety that no voice that utters words, no type that spells them, can penetrate his impervious callousness. His mind is not acute enough to be sensitive, though it is not too dull to be brazenly cunning.

If it was Premier Morris's "political sagacity" that prompted him to unblushingly and indecently approve the shameful conduct of his Minister of Justice, then it is difficult to resist the conclusion that his "ideals" are the product of the same noble sagacity. What great wisdom did he exhibit when he made a miscalculation of anywhere from two to six million dollars in the cost of the Branch Railways? Whence came the inspiration that prompted him to pay that political angel, John C. Crosbie, the scolding price of \$2200.00 for two "fourteen dollar spars"? When Sir Edward Morris assumed to himself "high ideals

of statesmanship," as he did in his Manifesto, he should have added: "Pay no heed to what you hear!"

Nevertheless, it was in such a manner that Premier Morris claimed smug pretensions to virtue and raised the issue upon high ground: Will you have honesty or dishonesty in public men?

Will you have Morison, as a Minister of Justice, who advised a man to steal timber against the law, and then wilfully and brazenly deceived Governor Williams by PRETENDING he forgot the law?

Will you have a Premier who knew Morison's plea was a lying deception, and who yet approved? Will you have Piccott, as a Minister of the Crown, WHO TRIED TO CHEAT A POOR MAN out of his share of the proceeds of a timber property? Will you have John C. Crosbie, of spar notoriety, whose Company gets the APPALLING PRICE of \$30,000 a year for 12 years for carrying mails in two small steamers?

Will you have a Premier who thinks so much of his name that he takes libel actions for being charged with making a deal in timber, and insists on the members of his Government doing the same, but who will not now offer any justification, excuse or palliation in behalf of himself or in behalf of the knave and the cheat he so indecently puts up for re-election?

And lastly, will you have a Premier whose very Ministers of the Crown have their names on a false and fraudulent prospectus, which document was got up for the purpose of defrauding innocent people, and which is a stinging blow to the credit of Newfoundland abroad?

Decency compels the answer that such men must be banished and that

MORRIS MUST GO.

Mr. Grace Notes.

Messrs. Young, Parsons and Piccott—for the Tory Party, and Messrs. Gordon, Modell and Gosse—for the Liberal-Union Party, were nominated at St. Paul's Hall yesterday. The only apology we make for putting the Tory candidates first in this note is that the first shall be last, and the last shall be first, for Bond can't lose here.

The betting bluff is not being worked much here now. When a man offers to bet that three, two or even one Tory will be returned here his money is quickly covered, and he sees his own or somebody's else's money go from him forever.

During the past few hours we have learned from members of the family of the young man Hare who is now in prison waiting his trial for attempting the life of His Lordship Bishop March on Sunday, that he has been noticed to be mentally afflicted for the past four years. His brothers were continually thinking about how to act with him and watching him as much as possible, but they had no idea that his trouble was so grave or they would have had him in safe-keeping. We, with all our citizens, sympathize with his poor old mother, as well as his sister and brothers in their great trouble.

We were very pleased indeed to see His Lordship Bishop March about town yesterday, the best assurance that his congregation and all other citizens could have that he was not seriously injured by his terrible experience of Sunday morning.

Mr. Abram Morgan, of Bryant's Cove, while returning home on Friday night came near meeting an accident that would likely end fatally. In a steep and dangerous part of the road leading to his home a stout rope had been securely fastened on each side of the road, with the intention no doubt of tripping his horse and precipitating both himself and the animal over the cliff—a distance of about 20 feet. Fortunately for Mr. Morgan, a woman in the Cove was taken sick and the messenger for the doctor detected the trap and unfurled the rope a few minutes before Mr. Morgan came along. Mr. Morgan is a pronounced Liberal-Union man, and is known to be working hard for the return of his party. But is that any justification for such a dastardly attempt on a man's life? Every effort should be made to find out the guilty party and he should be punished most severely, no matter what his political opinions are.

Mr. E. Sheppard has his motor

ferry on the harbour. There are 3 of a crew in the boat, which is a guarantee that the work will be well and truly performed. Enough said.

10 Cent "Cascarets" Straighten You Up

No Sick Headache, Bilious Stomach, Coated Tongue or Constipated Bowels by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now.

Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then, and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken.

Nickel Theatre.

STOLEN SYMPHONY.

Hundreds attended the Nickel Theatre last night to see the picture "The Stolen Symphony," and all were delighted with it, pronouncing it the best ever seen in this city. The story is of a masterpiece having been stolen by a celebrated pianist who gave out that it was his own composition. It is by the Lubin Co. and the principal actor is Arthur V. Johnson. It sparkles with superb photography, and Mr. Kieley was warmly complimented on it. This evening it will be repeated and we strongly advise all our readers to attend and see it or they will miss a great treat. The other pictures were also interesting.

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Sizes: 27 to 51 inches. Prices:

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Far Below Ordinary Values.

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A beautiful, soft, special value Woollen Blanket; wonderful wearing qualities, delightfully warm.

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are open every
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in daylight. On

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