

The Daily Mail

Issued every week day from the office of Publication, 167 Water St., St. John's, Nfld. The Daily Mail Publishing Co., Ltd., Proprietors, and Union Publishing Co., Ltd., Printers.

Subscription Rates.

By mail, to any part of Newfoundland and Canada, \$2.00 per year. To the United States of America, \$3.50 per year.

All correspondence on business and editorial matters should be addressed to Dr. H. M. Mosdell, Managing Editor.

Letters for publication should be written on one side of the paper only and the real name of the author should be attached. This will not be used unless consent be given in the communication.

The publication of any letter does not signify that the Editor thereby shows his agreement with the opinions therein expressed.

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., MARCH 16, 1914.

OUR POINT OF VIEW.

NOT NECESSARY!

The Honorable P. T. McGrath states in The Herald that the "Upper House" refused to pass the Coaker Logging Bill "because there was no proof shown as to the need of it."

Now then we have it from The Herald that as far as the Honorable P. T. McGrath is concerned at any rate, the Bill got its quietus because there was no need of it.

In the first place that Bill was drawn up by Mr. Coaker after numerous representations as to necessary reforms had been made to him by men who had experienced conditions as they exist at logging camps.

It had been read and approved by representatives of a large number of our logging companies. It passed through its various stages in the House of Assembly, was fully debated and sent on to the Legislative Council without a single dissenting vote being cast against it.

The loggers then thought there was need of such a Bill; the companies were of the same mind; the House of Assembly assented to its principle and its form.

But the Honorable P. T. McGrath cries "no need."

The arm-chair critic of The Herald regards it as an unnecessary measure.

Doesn't see the need of assuring good food, comfortable quarters and advantages to the loggers.

What if a man does sleep on the floor of a camp and contract a cold leading to some complication and to death?

What if men do have to go out in the woods and cut down green, frozen boughs to sleep on at night?

What if they wake of a frosty morning and find their clothes frozen to the side of the camp?

The Logging Bill, which aimed at a change from these conditions was thrown out—so says the Honorable P. T. McGrath—"because there was no proof shown as to the need of it."

"Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder, Where the climber upward turns his face; But when he once attains the utmost bound, He then unto the ladder turns his back. Looks in the clouds, scornful the base degrees By which he did ascend."

HARD HEARTED

Where's the sense in the Government being so hard-hearted in its treatment of poor Dr. Keegan?

What's he done that he should be denied a few cabbage leaves and "tat's at the public expense?"

Where's the sense of this "progressive" agricultural policy; what's the use of trumpet-blowing about its crop-increasing effects if it can't be made possible by the Superintendent of the General Hospital with vegetable grub, free gratis and for nothing?

Contemplate, gentle reader, the multitude of family grants scattered abroad by the Government; meditate upon these "specials" for this, that and the other thing; think of all these increases in salary provided for in the recent budget; sum up in your mind the pickings from dredge supplies and other little "hand-outs" too numerous to mention, and then turn to this other picture—Dr. Keegan sitting in his free chimney-corner, basking in his free electric light and warming himself up by his free fire

and yet refused his free meat, milk and vegetables!

And why, oh, tell us why, did the Government refuse in this instance to relieve the doctor altogether of the necessity of bothering with any of the tradesmen except those who do adorn the person of a man?

Truly a favor but half performed were better never undertaken at all

SHY!

Why this streak of shyness so unaccountably developed by the Honorable P. T. McGrath and J. A. Robinson the last few days?

What is there about these alleged appointments to make the chief pen-pushers of The Herald and The News so chary of an out-and-out announcement?

"Rumor says," and "report says," is the indefinite language used by the Editor of The Herald, while the ambiguous announcement in the editorial columns of The News fairly bristles with such obscure terms as "it is stated," "it is generally expected," "according to reliable authority."

Who should know better than the Honorable journalistic and Legislative twins whether or not "rumor" be correct?

If what is "stated" and "generally expected" be founded on fact why should not our Government trumpet-blowers out with it in unequivocal fashion?

Are they just a couple of political innocents abroad or do they so "size up" the general public?

Maybe they are only feeling the pulse of public opinion.

Perhaps they recognize that the nemesis of public anger is hard on their track.

Or, maybe, they are troubled in conscience over this "expected" out-rating of popular opinion and are thoroughly ashamed of themselves for siding with a government so utterly indifferent to its responsibilities to the people.

Now, then, brethren, speak up like little men. Tell us definitely that the party led by Sir Edward Morris judged it to be neither wise nor expedient to tempt the providence that presides over political affairs by contesting bye-elections while the tide of popular indignation is at the flood.

Of course, that's an open secret. No necessity of obscuring that fact with "ifs" and "an's" and "but's." The city knows it, the most hide-bound supporter of the present Government admits it. And, if "rumor" be correct as to these appointments, the whole Government from the Premier down is of the same opinion.

Nasty medicine to swallow—but the dose has to be taken.

Some men there be who are men of peace at any price; from their actions we are regretfully led to believe that the present Government have adopted as their motto "Power at any price."

Well, the price to be paid is a high one—most self-conceited mortals would hesitate long before footing the bill.

There's scorn for the men who accept place and pay at the beck and call of a party and in defiance of the mandate of the people.

There's also absolute contempt for those who hang on to the reins of power despite the fact that they are afraid to test popular opinion at the polls.

But, there, wasn't it Shakespeare who remarked that occasionally "policy sits above conscience?"

A PATHETIC CASE

We publish herewith a pathetic appeal that has reached us from one of the outports. For obvious reasons we suppress the name of the writer and her dwelling place, but any who are charitably disposed can get this information from this office, and doubtless those who are well or fairly well fixed in this world's goods will help us send practical cheer to this struggling widow.

Mothers with bright, comfortable homes, with kind husbands to provide for your wants and these of your little ones, think of the hard lot of this woman bereft of her bread-winner and protector, and struggling to make both ends meet.

Think of this widow's position in a small outport with four young children to feed and clothe; with the thousand and one necessities of a house to find through her own exertions.

Fellow men, can you think of anything more, tragically pathetic than the story told by this brief note?—"My husband," she says, "died and left me with nothing and nowhere to go for anything."

"I have four children and not one big enough to work."

"The only help I get is \$6.00 per quarter from the Government. I am crippled myself."

Do you want to help out this poor struggling widow in practical fashion? Do you want to co-operate with us in lending her a hand? We believe that hundreds of our readers will respond to the promptings of humanity.

Lets get together on this matter and form a Relief Society. The Daily

Mail will gladly receive and acknowledge all contributions of money or goods sent in to this office. If you have some children's clothing you can spare, make it up in a bundle and hand it in to us and we will forward at once. If you can spare a few cents or a dollar or so, let us have it, and we will see that it is forwarded promptly. Mark your envelopes "Widow."

ONE OF MANY SUCH.

Dear Sir,—I am a widow. My husband died last year. He left me, you might say, with nothing and nowhere to get anything. I have four children and myself makes five. No one big enough to work.

The only help I get is the \$6.00 from the Government, and that is not much to get wood, food and clothing, besides I am crippled myself. So I thought if I would let you know, you would try and help me, let it be little or much.

CHASING THE DOLLARS

So, according to The Herald, Sir Edward Morris has left "for England to make arrangements for the raising of the loan for railway extension!"

Another dollar-chasing expedition in which this country is bound to come off a poor second.

Two little jaunts of the same nature and for the same purpose have already taken place.

Speaking of the Morris branch railroad policy in the House of Assembly on Feb. 10, 1910, Sir Edward said: "I will put the estimate at two hundred and fifty miles. This, at \$15,000 per mile, will cost \$3,900,000, or in round figures, \$4,000,000."

So our administrators hid themselves abroad, invaded the money markets and returned with the cash that, according to the Premier, was to see the branch railroad undertaking through.

But it didn't. In 1912 Two Million Dollars more were brought home by a Morris jaunter.

So the original estimate of Four Million Dollars grew in two years to Six Million Dollars.

But while this Colony's credit was pledged for the security of Six Million Dollars that amount of hard cash wasn't brought home. Not much.

It took little presents totalling almost half a million dollars, to brokers and to money-lenders to persuade them to do us honor of owing them Six Million Dollars.

So, we owe Six Million Dollars; we pay interest on Six Million Dollars; we have had the spending of only about Five Million Six Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Half a million dollars was absolutely lost to us on expenses of brokers who negotiated the loans and by the ill-advised action of selling our bonds in the market at a time when money was difficult to obtain, even on gilt-edged security, and when we could get only about 94 cents for every dollar's worth of bonds we sold.

So we lost almost half a million dollars. That's gone, absolutely and irretrievably.

But our liability for this amount still remains and we have to go on, year after year, paying \$17,000 per annum for money we never had the handling of.

Beautiful bargain, isn't it. Something worthy of an "ideal statesman."

The annual interest we have to pay on the money lost through the bungling of the Morris Government would provide three hundred and forty old fishermen every year with pensions of Fifty Dollars each.

Of course, the general public will admit that, in the words of a Morris election pamphlet, "it is not too much to say that the record of the Morris Government, for the four years it has been in power, was never approached since the granting of Responsible Government to the Colony."

No, indeed, that is not at all too much to say. In fact a great deal more might be said about the "record of the Morris Government." Much stronger language than that is being used all over the country.

Their name is legion who are quite emphatic that for bungling, for incompetence for mismanagement—and worse—"the record of the Morris Government was never approached, not to say equalled."

"And now Sir Edward is awa' for the third railway loan negotiated since 1910. That makes Eight Million Dollars borrowed for railroad construction purposes within four years. Eight million dollars is just double the amount Sir Edward Morris stated in the House of Assembly on Feb.

BANKRUPT STOCK

and various special purchases we now offer at our

EAST and WEST END STORES

We are now offering in our East and West End Stores a large selection of Flannellettes, Flannels, Shirt Flannel, Regattas, Towelling, Table Damask, Black Dress Goods, Ticks, Towels, Stockings, Cotton Blankets, etc., Ladies' Underwear.

Grid of clothing bargains including Ladies' Stocking Bargain, Flannelette Bargain, Turkish Towel Bargain, Cotton Blanket Bargain, Casement Curtain Fabric Bargain, Flannel Bargain, and Towelling Bargain.

Gingham and Zephyr Bargain. Lots of new and dainty effects in these fast-color hard-wearing materials. Will wash and wear to last thread. Price 10c. and 13c. per yard.

Grid of clothing bargains including Cotton Blanket Bargain, Casement Curtain Fabric Bargain, Flannel Bargain, and Towelling Bargain.

Grid of clothing bargains including Handkerchief Bargain, Ladies' Belt Bargain, Ladies' Neckwear Bargain, Bed Tick Bargains, White Flannel Bargain, Table Damask Bargain, Scarlet Flannel Bargain, Fancy Flannel Bargain, Fancy Flannela Shirting, and Fancy Blouse Flannelette.

GEO. KNOWLING East and West End Stores Only.

POEMS OLD AND NEW. CITY DAWN. Doors, where my heart was used to beat. So quickly, not as one that weeps I come once more; the city sleeps; I smell the meadow in the street.