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The Municipal Election

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir.—During the past few weeks I have had an opportunity of reading in the columns of your esteemed journal letters and announcements of policy, etc., of the various candidates for the approaching civic election. Regularly, night after night, we read of the attitude of one or another of our aspirants for civic honors towards certain conditions that prevail at present in our city. These tasty morsels usually conclude with an appeal for support to be given the man whose name appears at the end of the epistle. Who, sir—who would not support such measures as we have had an opportunity of seeing in all the glory of typographical display of late? As one reads them, one is brought to think for a moment what an admirable set of men are presenting themselves for Councillors this time; what a prosperous looking future we are about to enter upon, what civic comforts and happiness will be ours when the next batch of Councillors assume control of our affairs.

There seems to be absolutely nothing dark in the outlook, nothing to mar the glorious dreams of the future; for are not the candidates unanimous in their proposed achievements for our betterment as a public and are we not to have a Council composed of men from them at last? Ye gods, what a pity we can't elect them all. The ever patient and long suffering inhabitants of the higher levels will revel in an adequate water and sewerage system. The troublesome tenants' tax will be shifted to the proper shoulders. We look forward exultingly to the entire abolition of the abominable night soil system which still exists and is a disgrace to a civilized community. We will have real roads, and what a novelty that will be. At present there are roads over which one cannot walk on a dark night without fearing that at the next step one will be precipitated into the very bowels of the earth. Such to some extent is the condition of some of our roads during dry weather. In wet weather, well, it defies description.

All this we expect to have remedied in the near future. These and many other blessings are we expectantly looking forward to. Why on earth these men were never called out before passes my understanding, as also no doubt it does that of many others. But, alas! have we not had such glowing pictures painted for us before? Yes, yearly we have—only too often, and only too often are we reminded of the utter unreliability of the promises of that being called man. Often before have we succumbed to the deceptive influences of the campaign handshake and counterfeit smile of assurance. We have received those neatly printed pieces of pasteboard on which are the sanctimonious countenances of the candidates and their promises, "if elected." Such things as these remind me forcibly of that well known piece of music, "The sweet bye and bye" with variations, or a piece of putty being continually battered into different shapes. Each candidate wishes to pose as a coming benefactor, but all use a different mode of expressing the same. I would like to ask our

genial friend, Tim Shannahan, for he seems to size up such matters to a nicety, when did the election carcass come into existence, and at they all want to say the same things, why is there not a standard form made out for the purpose, thus saving the already overburdened candidates and their friends days and nights of aggravating toil in striving to have their appeals assume the most attractive appearance? I would also like Mr. Shannahan to inform me, if he can, why it is that we never hear of those promises after the election? There surely is not any opposition in the Council, as all are of the same opinions, or at least we think so when we put them there. My education has been sadly neglected, and I would be infinitely obliged to Mr. Shannahan for any insight he can give me into the complicated mechanism of a Municipal Council.

Any man who has sufficient fertility of imagination to conjure up in his mind's eye a picture of the capital of a colony like Newfoundland as it should be, and I believe would be with proper and judicious manipulation of affairs, and compares it with St. John's as it really is to-day, will readily see that while we aim no higher than making a Councillor or Mayor of any person who happens to be "called out," and then evincing no further interest in their work after that we stand small chances of any improvement of our condition at all.

Of course, if we blindfold ourselves when putting men into such important positions and then find that our hopes are not realized, we cannot reasonably find fault with the Council on the plea that they said they would do so—and so. Newfoundlanders ought to be pretty wise on this score by this time and words should not count. "By their deeds shall we know them." We need men of executive and financial ability; men who will always be alive to duty; men who will not wait for the other man to bring forward something for him to vote on. Any man can cast a vote; but give us the man who will always be on the alert to devise ways and means to better our local conditions. Of course we cannot expect to have a tile floor on the city and a glass roof over it; but we must and will have urgent necessities, and we don't want any useless facts. To have this we want our Council composed of men who, when they undertake any measure, know just where it will end, and who have the ability to successfully pilot it to that desired end with out useless waste or experiment which I think we have been subjected to but too often, not only in Municipal affairs, but in others involving far more serious issues.

Men have in the past, and unfortunately will in the future, vote for a man without considering his ability to fill the position to which he aspires, and thus a good man often has to give way to one of utter worthlessness just on account of the lack of thought of a few reckless voters. If such things are to continue our elections will soon develop into a huge fiasco, and men who would fill positions with honor and benefit to themselves and the community will retire in disgust from public life; and who can well blame them?

Let us take the matter in all the

The King Proclaimed WITH DAZZLING CEREMONY At the Capital of the Empire

LONDON, May 9.—The great city laid aside its outward symbol of mourning to-day, while quaintly garbed Heralds from four points in the Metropolis, with all the fantastic ceremonies of antiquity, proclaimed the accession to the throne of His Majesty George V., King of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions beyond the seas, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith.

The day had dawned chill and grey with a raw wind snapping the thousands of flags that hung at half mast for the dead Sovereign whose body lay at rest in Buckingham Palace. But as the hour of 9 a.m. approached there was a stir throughout the city. Brilliantly uniformed officers with showy regiments of troops, including the famous Horse Guards, assembled in Friars Court at St. James Palace, where for centuries English Kings have been publicly proclaimed. It was a dazzling and imposing spectacle, and it appealed strongly to the pride of the thousands who had gathered to witness it.

Palace Grounds Crowded.

The precincts of the Palace were crowded with a great mass of people, many of whom could secure but the briefest glimpse of the proceedings. The balconies and roofs of the ancient Palace which had been draped with red cloth were reserved for the notables some of whom were in the deepest mourning. Members of the Royal Household, the Ministers and their wives and high officers of state all in brilliant uniforms were gathered around the coffin. General Sir John French, with the headquarters staff in full dress uniform stood surrounded by a troop of Horse Guards in their red tunics and breast plates of polished steel.

Long Live The King.

From the windows immediately opposite the Duke of Cornwall, the young heir to the throne, the younger princes and princesses witnessed the ceremony. The Heralds having concluded their duties, the Officers of Arms, chief of whom is the Duke of Norfolk, the hereditary Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England, took their places on the balcony, forming the great heraldic company. None wore mourning, this having been removed for the occasion. Sir Alfred Scott Gatty, Garter Principal King of Arms, with the Duke of Norfolk and two officers bearing the staffs of office, stepped to the front of the balcony and in a voice which could be heard across the court and in the streets adjoining, read the proclamation while great throngs stood uncovered in a drizzling rain. The Duke and Sir Alfred then called for three cheers for the King, and the crowd responded with deafening hurrahs, which were silenced only by the reappearance of the Heralds who sounded another fanfare.

God Save The King.

The last note had hardly died away when the band of the Coldstream Guards, which had taken up a position in the square, struck up "God Save The King."

The young princes, from their point of vantage in the windows of Marlborough House, stood with their hands at salute, and the officers and troops stood at attention. When the National Anthem was concluded, the

seriousness its importance merits and size up one man before we attempt to vote. If only one seems fit for position, then vote only for one. "Better that six men should suffer than six thousand," is a fairly good motto sometimes. Some will say, "Oh, we've heard that stuff before." Yes, no doubt; but they have not needed it much apparently. It will bear telling, I fear, for some time to come.

I would suggest that the elected Councillors be compelled to have copies of their policies and photos, of which they are so profuse in their distribution to an innocent and unsuspecting public, enlarged and hung in front of their seats in the Council chamber where they best can be seen by their owners. Then perhaps shame will work when the sense of duty falls, and at any rate we will not have them circulated and indited upon so mercilessly in the future.

My remarks have been rather scattered; and I fear I have trespassed greatly upon your valuable space. I hope to hear from Mr. Shannahan on my questions and to express myself in a more condensed manner in the near future. I remain,

Yours truly,
W. T. G.
St. John's, May 10, '10.

first gun of the battery in St. James Park belched forth a royal salute, and the people in the square and streets at the same moment took up the refrain "God Save the King." This was probably the most impressive part of the ceremony, the fervent singing of the crowds, which first reached those in the balcony as a hum, growing in volume as more and more singers joined in, while at minute intervals the gun half drowned the chorus. Meanwhile the Royal Standard had been hoisted over Marlborough House, indicating that the King was in the royal residence and flags upon the public offices throughout the city were raised to the masts.

Renewed Cheers For King.

The Standard on Buckingham Palace alone remained at half mast. The flags will remain at masts heads until sunset this evening and again will be lowered to half mast to-morrow.

The Duke of Norfolk, Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, the officers of state and others of the distinguished company at Friars Court continued in their positions until the people having concluded the singing of the National Anthem, turned towards Marlborough House and renewed their cheers to the King, a glimpse of whom was caught as he stood at the window with Queen Mary at his side. A moment later His Majesty lowered the blind. Beside the heralding officers, and members of the cabinet who had hurriedly returned from their holidays abroad, diplomats and other notables, watched the progress from the balcony.

Proclaimed in the City.

The officers of the new King's Household, Lords Roseberry, Crewe, and Loreburn and a few others, at the invitation of King George V., witnessed the ceremony from Marlborough House a scaffolding having been erected behind the wall, which shuts out a view of the grounds from the street that separates St. James' Palace and the residence which the King occupied while he was the Prince of Wales. The popular demonstration at an end, the Earl Marshal and his attendants proceeded to the Ambassador's Court whence they drove to Charing Cross and thence to the City of London to read the proclamation to the people at the designated points. The route to the city proper was lined with seven thousand troops while at the places at which the procession stopped and repeated the ceremony, troops and Horse Guards were stationed. The royal carriages of the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, and the officers of arms followed by General French with the headquarters staff and a troop of cavalry drove briskly from St. James' Palace to Charing Cross.

Thousands upon thousands who had waited since early morning silently watched the stately progress of the heraldic procession.

At Charing Cross there was such a crush that the public and troops had great difficulty in keeping a space clear for the Heralds. The Royal announcers again blew a fanfare and

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Sir Alfred once more read the proclamation. Again the people sang the National Anthem their voices keeping accompaniment to the music of the military bands. Along the Strand the procession continued through lines of troops and crowds of people to Temple Bar the boundary of the "City" where the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, aldermen and officers of the City of London who wore their robes of office waiting the coming of the Earl Marshal.

At The Temple Bar.

The ceremony here was of longer duration and more elaborate, the City of London to this day retains its ancient privilege of barring the entrance of the King's men. In place of the barricade of olden times a red silken rope placed across the street halted the procession. Coming to a standstill the trumpeters sounded three loud blasts announcing the approach of the officers of arms. The City Marshal riding forward challenged the approach of the procession with the cry "Halt, who goes there?"

"The officer of arms, who demands entrance into the city to proclaim His Royal Majesty's accession," came the reply from the Pursuivant, who at the Lord Mayor's command stepped across the boundary and handed the chief magistrate the Privy Council order that the proclamation be made.

The Ancient Ceremony.

The Lord Mayor then alighted from his carriage and declared that our high and mighty Prince George has now become our only lawful and righteous Liege Lord George V., following these words with the cry "God Save the King."

The words were caught up by the crowd and there followed a mighty cheer that filled the Strand and Fleet Street. The ceremony was repeated at Chancery Lane.

Thence the Lord Mayor with His Majesty's heralds moved through streets lined with double files of troops. When the Heralds had taken their station on the steps of the Royal Exchange and silence had finally been secured, the proclamation was read to the multitude from whence rose thunderous cheers and cries of "God Save the King."

The bands played the National Anthem once more.

A meeting of the congregation of the Presbyterian Church was held last night for the purpose of deciding on the selection of a pastor. The meeting was largely attended. The committee discussed the question at great length and it was decided to wait to hear from several candidates with whom they are in treaty before finally deciding on a pastor. Another meeting will be held next week.

Tim Shannahan on Poetical Memoriams.

I have no faith in the sympathy for the dead that we get in rhyme, for the simple reason that I know how hard it is to get the last word in each line to suit the word ahead. A common, every-day man who writes poetry for the dead undertakes an awful hard job, for he is trying to shine and trying to be sad at one and the same time. He'll almost sacrifice the subject in order to round off the verse in good style. There's such a thing as wooden poetry; that kind which doesn't appeal to you and strikes home. One verse, supposing there are fifty in the poem, is just the same as the rest. Stretching out poetry is an awful mistake, especially sorrowful poetry, for you can't make up in quantity what you should make up in quality. Some poets around here could make up a nice piece about a lost dog or a stray away hen, but when it comes to anything heavy they should drop all and scoot.

Editors of papers are merciful and don't feel like turning down the gushing poet, but the public have feelings and they should obtain mercy at the hands of the editor also.

TIM SHANNAHAN.

S. U. F. Resolution of Sympathy.

At a meeting of the Grand Lodge, held on the 9th inst., the following Resolution was passed, and afterwards transmitted, by His Excellency the Governor, to the Secretary of State for the Colonies:—

Resolved,—That the Grand Lodge, on behalf of the Order of United Fishermen of Newfoundland, respectfully request His Excellency the Governor to convey to Their Majesties the King and Queen, the Queen Dowager and the Royal Family, its deepest sense of sympathy in the loss sustained by Them, the Nation and the World, by the death of our late beloved King Edward VII. of immortal memory, and to assure His Majesty King George V. of our unwavering Loyalty to His Throne and Person.

As a mark of respect, the flag of every Lodge throughout the Island will fly at half-mast until after the funeral of the late beloved King, which takes place on the 20th instant. "GOD SAVE THE KING."

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Candidates Nominated.

MEETING OF LABOURERS' UNION.

A special meeting of the Labourers' Union took place last night to nominate officers for the coming year. The following are the names of the men nominated:—

For President—J. McGrath, R. Squires.

For Vice President—A. Walsh and C. Peters.

First Asst. V. P.—M. Luby and C. Snow.

Second Asst. V. P.—S. Angel and J. Tobin.

First Treasurer—M. Halleran.

Second Treasurer—T. Dwyer and S. Rogers.

Fin. Secretary—T. J. Allan and M. Connors.

Rec. Secretary—S. Thistle and J. Cahill.

Grand Marshal—F. Woods and J. Anthony.

The election will take place next week.

Lived Under Five British Kings.

Head Constable McBay, who is one of the oldest residents of the city and a veteran in the service of the Crown, is one of the few persons who have the distinction of living under five British Sovereigns. Mr. McBay came to St. John's from Scotland in 1848, completing his service in the army here, later entered the police force and for some time did duty at Harbor Grace. Mr. McBay is now in his 87th year, is still in good health and has lived during the reign of George IV., William IV., Victoria, Edward VII. and George V.

Star--C. C. Sports.

The cup which will be put up for the Star-C. C. Sports will be presented to the club taking part which has the highest number of points earned for success in the various events. Three points will be awarded for first place in any event; two for second; and one for third. This is a feature which must become popular as it will mean the encouraging of a club spirit and will be an added incentive for club members to put forward the best that is in them when taking part in Athletic contests. This feature will more than likely increase the number of athletic associations which will contest in these sports.

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Here and There.

FOUR ARRESTS.—The police made four arrests last night.

The Aureola will sail for Europe this week with a cargo of seal oil.

ICEBERGS OFF THE CAPE.—Several small icebergs are now off Cape Race.

LABOR DAY.—Arrangements are already being made for the Labor Day celebrations in July.

MYRTLE CLUB DANCE.—The Myrtle Club are making preparations for their dance which will take place on the 26th inst.

B. I. S. HANDICAP.—The winners in the B. I. S. handicap tournament are G. McGuire, S. Shortall and T. Bonia in the order named. The tournament was very interesting.

CABOT HAS FOUR WHALES.—The whaler Cabot, operating at Bateria, had four whales up to Sunday last. Whales are very scarce as compared with previous years.

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