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Havelock Wilson

Leads the Sailors of England in Hatred of the Germans.

No living sailor on any sea has attained such renown as that of Havelock Wilson. The curse of this ancient mariner is loud and deep upon the submarine. He is, perhaps, the real hero of the labor union war against the Kaiser. To-day he is a kind of Jingo hero in Great Britain, most bitter of "bitter enders," even to those conservative dailies like the London Daily Post, which denounced him as a violent labor demagog with little respect for law. For Havelock Wilson, gaunt, prophetic, hoarse and dominant, is just the type that Marryat and Cooper drew, the very figure realized by Coleridge in the poem.

Just now he leads his brotherhood of the brine in a crusade against the pirate. There are no German sailors, really, according to Havelock Wilson. The German on the high seas has violated the faith handed down among mariners from the times of the Vikings and observed after a fashion by even the buccaneer. There must be no peace with the Hun until his flag has been redeemed on the deep, no matter what baptisms of blood may prove essential to the purification.

Havelock Wilson, who talks like this to gatherings of seamen in British ports, as ships come in, is an old salt, but vigorous, very. A writer in the London News tells us he is a youth of sixty or so—one who can never be old. Unlike most deep-water sailors, Havelock Wilson swims with ease. Many a fight he has had with roaring breakers off strange tropical shores. He has been a castaway on coral strands. He has ridden out a gale on a raft with a shirt-tail fluttering in the breeze to intimate his distress of mind to casual navigators in remote wastes of waters. He has fought with sharks. He has dived for pearls. He has faced mutinies. He has talked defiantly to cruel skippers on such subjects as grog and grub. He knows all the tremendous jokes, and he can play all the tremendous pranks, and he is steeped in the practice and procedure of the seaman. He has risked his life to save his mates and scolded them severely for being so careless after wards. He knows what it is to subsist on salt pork aboard a windjammer and he is quite himself on an ocean grey hound. He has had his terrific collisions with pirates in the Red Sea, and he understands the best mode of defeating tryannical second mates and reckless masters.

The astonishing thing about Havelock Wilson to the London Mail is physical vigor, his verdant freshness. He retains the characteristic gait of the old salt, and in a mood, and a condition for a race he can run fast enough to overtake a boarding-house keeper. He bursts now and then into such songs as "Aye, O, roll a man down." He has the indescribable deference of manner—at times—for which the sailor is conspicuous among landsmen and he can be as rude as he pleases in a crisis, He conveys no impression of complexity, either. In fact, his simplicity is wonderful not only as regards appearance but mentality. He is quite unconscious of his own uniqueness.

The curling moustache of Havelock Wilson, reports the London Mail, is only beginning to turn grey. The nose is very English—pugnacious, long, splendid, suggestive. The eye is a flasher. It holds as well as roams. It searches, too. It speaks several languages. The hair on his long head gives Havelock Wilson that young look—thick hair, wonderfully brown in spite of silver strands. The shoulders are broad and mobile, with a psychological content of their own, easily shrugged but not loose. The figure is lithe and alert. The face is hungry but healthily so. As for his speech, here is a sample, provided by the admiring London Mail, reporting with sympathy an address at a gathering of his mates to discuss the right way of dealing with the Hun:

"'Now, then, you fellows,' he will say, 'let me see if I can't put some ginger and fight into you. I want you all to understand, including that Shetlander over there, who thinks he's holding this meeting, that while this row is on every manjack of you has got to unglue his eyelids and no shenanigan. Look here, old Blow-me-Tight with the second-hand Tartar whiskers'—this to the ancient mariner who persists in telling his mates what he did in similar circumstances in 1863—'would you just hold your jaw while I'm talking, or shall we toss up two rounds out of three whether it's me or you for outside? But I can tell you beforehand it won't be me.'"

Are your hands chapped, cracked or sore? Have you "cold cracks" which open and bleed when the skin is drawn tight? Have you a cold sore, frost bite, chilblains, or a "raw" place, which at times makes it agony for you to go about your household duties? If so, Zam-Buk will give you relief, and will heal the frost-damaged skin. Anoint the sore places at night. Zam-Buk's rich healing essences will sink into the wounds, end the smarting, and will heal quickly.

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Zam-Buk

Who Invented It?

Among the things that had no existence before the war is the short, yellow-knobbed stick which all officers of the British Army, and not a few privates as well, carry about with them so constantly that it has been supposed by some that they take it to bed!

Fortunes of no mean dimensions, pure "war profits" surely, have been made out of this simple "cudgel," yet nobody has stepped forward and said, "That cane is my invention." It just happened.

Even its name is not fully settled, although "swagger-cane" seems to be its favorite cognomen. But there are others. Bundles of them may be seen at shop doors variously described. Among other "handles" are, "Whangee-cane," which sounds Australasian; "Panama-short," which sounds like a racing garment; and in the west end simply "Army stick."

The genuine swagger-cane is surely almost as old as the cavalry, and differs from the new cane in that it is longer, very much more pliable, and possesses a ferrule.

A New York woman received the separation allowances of seven different soldiers whom she married before they went overseas. Case of safety in numbers.

Bible Conference.

Last evening the Llewellyn Bible Conference had the privilege of listening to two splendid addresses on the subject: "The Well Placed Boy—Samuel—and the Making of Boys To-Day." The latter part of the subject was spoken to first by Mr. R. R. Wood, Headmaster of Bishop Feild College. Mr. Wood said that every man desired for his sons that they should have a healthy body, an intelligent mind, a good character. But in the carrying out of these wishes many made mistakes. For instance we all wish our boys to be successful; but in many minds the idea of "success" was that of money-making; to lay too much emphasis on this idea is a great pity. If money-making is put before more important things it is a great loss to the boy, and to the community. Other parents think that it is all a matter of luck or chance (some people call it "Providence") as to how a boy turns out. This is also a mistake. The average boy can be trained in any direction, indeed he must be trained if he is to be any good. Parents and teachers can all help in this training. Again many parents are inclined to think their own boy an extraordinary one—more clever—better than the average boy. This is bad for the boy. It gives him swelled head and may end in making a nuisance of him. Boys are imitative, and are certain to imitate their fathers, their teachers, and those with whom they come in contact; they are impressionable, hence teachable; they are impatient of control, and hence need a strong, but wise hand to control them; and the father who lets his son go because he does not want the trouble of looking after him and keeping him in order, is doing the boy serious injury. Boys, too, see the material far more than the spiritual, and have to be taught moral and spiritual truths. How, then, are we to train our children? We must look after their health. In that direction school games is a great help in giving the boy exercise, in teaching him fair play and in showing him how to bear an odd knock without whimpering. We must develop their brains. The temptation to take them away from school too soon is a great one in a city like St. John's, but it must be resisted if we are to get the best out of our boys. To take them away from school before they are fifteen is to give them little chance of development in that direction. And they must be trained morally, to be honorable, honest, truthful, sincere.

Dr. Jones spoke particularly on the spiritual side of a boy's training, which Mr. Wood had only glanced at, leaving this to him. Some parents did not want children, and defeated the purpose of God in this respect, by using unlawful means for the prevention of generation; in some houses children are not welcomed, they are merely tolerated—an unhappy state of things for the child. But in an ideal home the child is born into an atmosphere of love. Such a child was Samuel, and his mother took him early to the Temple and left him there, she placed him in a religious atmosphere. And he learned to worship by taking part in the worship of the Temple, and in the offering of its Sacrifices. To-day children can only be taught to worship by taking part in the great Act of Worship, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, where Christ is really present, is truly adored. Children must be taught—by the example of their parents, to worship Christ in His own Service. It would be no bad thing if instead of our present system of sponsorship, if each father would choose some one pious and discreet man to act as sponsor to all his children, to assist him in their religious training, to be all to them that Eli was to Samuel. The home, the school, the church must co-operate if the best is to be got out of a boy.

Before the close of the meeting Mr. Henry Earle favoured the audience with an excellent solo which was much enjoyed. On the whole, last night's meeting of the Conference was one of the most successful for the season, and the number of attendants was very large

Distribution of Prizes.

The annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of St. Bonaventure's College took place last night in the Casino Theatre under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor and His Grace Archbishop Roche.

A full house was in attendance, and among those present were His Lordship Bishop March, His Lordship Bishop Power, Rt Rev. Mons. McDermott, Rev. Drs. Greene and Carter, Rev. Frs. Renouf, Sheehan and O'Flaherty who occupied the boxes. Several of the Christian Brothers were also present.

At 8.15 the opening scenes of Pizarro (play written by Sheridan) was presented. The characters of the play were taken as follows:—Ataliba, King of Quito, Master G. Murphy; Rolla, Alonzo (commanders of Ataliba's army) Masters G. Muir and J. O'Mara; Pizarro, Spanish Leader, Master J. Ryan; Valverde, Pizarro's Secretary, Master R. Furlong; Les Casas, a Spanish Priest, Master E. Phalen; Elviro, Pizarro's Protege, Master G. Gillis; Gonsalo, Davilla, Gomex, Almagro (Pizarro's friends and counsellors) Masters A. Larkin, K. McGrath, E. Maher, J. Kavanagh; Orommbo, an aged Peruvian, Master F. Jackman; Spanish Sentinel, Master W. Ryan; Orano, a Peruvian Officer, Master S. Fraser; Alonzo's Son, Master G. Hanley; soldiers, warriors, attendants, etc.

The play was an undoubted success from start to finish. The different costumes of the actors took one back to the days of yore. As for the actors themselves, it would be invidious to make any distinctions, all performed their parts creditably and well, their elocution being certainly good. Perhaps the best scene of all was where Rolla (Master G. Muir) seized Alonzo's infant son and made good his escape.

Credit is due to all the performers and also to Bro. Fennessy who was responsible for their training and also to Mr. Hutton who (we understand) directed the affair. During the intervals the C. C. C. Band, under Capt. Bulley, played selections, and at the end of the play Rev. Bro. Ryan, Principal of the College, read his report, which was in part as follows:—

In opening, he referred to the delay in the presentation of prizes owing to the closing of the schools during the influenza epidemic, and went on to point out that the most important part of the teacher's work is the formation of the pupil's character. The College knowing that many of the scholars will receive no further education, aims at making the course there as full as possible. During the past year 433 students, 93 of whom were boarders, were in attendance, which is the largest number in the history of the institution. In the different grades in the C. H. E. Exams., splendid work had been done, many of the papers being of unusual merit. He was grateful to the Old Boys for the granting of the Alumni Scholarship, which was intended to promote the preparation of the pupils for commercial life. To the donors of various prizes he was also thankful The physical development of students was fully considered, and in the athletic as well as the intellectual field, St. Bon's had been successful, winning the hockey trophy for the third consecutive year, and the football, the sixth time. The physical and intellectual training, however, is not the full scope of the work, moral training making the system something more than a system in name only. Particular attention is paid in this connection, and the response was very gratifying. At last year's Prize Day he had expressed the hope that the war would soon end, and in a short time that desire will be fulfilled, with complete victory resting on the banners of the Allies. In helping to bring about this happy consummation, the ex-pupils of St. Bon's had nobly helped, over 250 of them having seen service with Ours or other Allied forces. Many of them had held positions of trust in the land, air and sea services. While warmly welcoming the returning heroes, he took this opportunity of extending sympathy to the relatives of those who had fallen, among that number being 52 ex-pupils of St. Bon's. He thanked the parents for their co-operation during the year and those present for their attendance, and extended a welcome to Their Lordships, whom he felt all would be pleased to have amongst them.

The prizes were then distributed by His Lordship Bishop March, who was assisted on the platform by His Lordship Bishop Power, Rt. Rev. Mons. McDermott, Sir P. T. McGrath, Mr. Justice Kent and F. J. Doyle, of the College Board of Directors. After the distribution a short address was given by Bishop March. The National Anthem closed the evening.

Going Back to the Rod.

Agitation in England for Corporal Punishment in Schools.

"It will be profitable to watch the outcome of the agitation recently renewed in England for a return to corporal punishment as a disciplinary measure in the schools. Much can be deduced therefrom as to the capacity of the people for handling a great moral issue. For if teachers are permited to whip bad boys, we suppose there will be less sentiment against thrashing them at home. If the rod is a good thing in the hands of a Principal, how much more salutary ought it to be when wielded by a loving parent, who is sure that it hurts him much more than it does the unhappy victim.

One of the surprising documents of the last half century has been the decline, almost to the vanishing point of the old practice of cudgeling boys. There are many men, now living who in their boyhood accepted a certain number of sound whippings as a matter of course. One will travel a long way nowadays to find a parent who thinks it necessary to lay on the rod to avoid spoiling the child. The moderate spankings which some youngsters occasionally get deserve no standing beside the old-fashioned chastisement in which the well-seasoned hickory and the trunk strap played a prominent part.

Yet there is no one, we think, who will contend that boys of to-day are not as well behaved upon the whole, as their grandfathers were at a similar age. People have not gone to the bow-bows since the peach switch ceased to hang behind every door. Not only our boys but our unthrashed young men seem to be as manly and as soundly moral as those of any previous generation.

We have not, however, been without substitute measures for inducing correct behaviour. The Boy Scout activities, clean and intelligently supervised outdoor sports, segregation of the subnormal, studies of boy psychology, furnishing of outlets for the ebullient spirits of youth have accomplished real wonders. The doctrine of original sin as applied to boys no longer has any great hold on us. Acts which we once regarded as evidence of depravity are now seen to be mostly the product of misdirected or undirected energy. The proof of the budding is in the eating of it. Those who believe that the boys of to-day, who are being reared without corporal punishment, are the peers of any boys who ever lived in any time will advise their English friends to proceed with caution in advocating retrogression to the old system.—Oregonian.

War Memorials.

(From the London Daily Mail.)

There is talk of "an approved pattern of memorial" to commemorate our dead in their own towns and parishes. All those with a sense of rightness, of appropriateness, and, at bed-rock, of reverence, will hope that this talk will come to nothing. At any rate, no amount of official approval can force an official pattern on unwilling folks. The very essence of the matter is that such memorials should be diverse in form; their unity should be in the spirit, not in outward expression. One might say, with more truth than is contained in most generalizations, that nothing is abhorrent to these islands as opposed to the genius of the race. The counties are as various as flowers, dialects as various as scenery. Every parish differs from its neighbour as much as ish like fingers on a hand. The memorials, then, should each be native and local character in expression. The material from which they are made should be local in terial, characteristic of the district, whether of stone or wood, or iron—so long as the iron be forged by hand and not an abomination cast in a mould. And the inscription to be placed on the memorial should be chosen by the people of the district or parish or village in which it is to be set up. Let it be in dialect if it seems best to fit the case. Let those who have died for us be remembered that most men died not for those immense abstractions, England or the Empire, but for a village, a street, a patch of familiar ground, a little house. These were the things stood for the great. The average man does not consciously think of the immensities, but for the comrades and the hearth.

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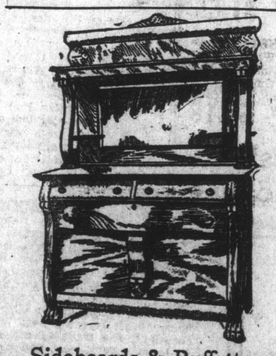

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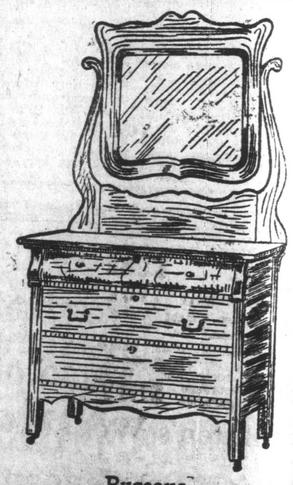

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