

Turn the Rascals Out

That is What the People Say

LEST WE FORGET

Never, we say never, before in the history of the city of St. John's has any public man been the recipient of such a whole-hearted and enthusiastic reception as was the Hon. Robert Bond last evening. There was practically no organization. The people for whom the hon. gentleman has won such a signal victory needed no other incentive than the word to bring them forth in their thousands to honor and exalt Newfoundland's patriot and Terra Nova's plucky, shrewd and brilliant statesman.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession started from the historic Bench at 8:30 o'clock. The line of march was from Duckworth and Gower Streets, north on Springdale to Water Street, east to Cochrane St. and via King's Bridge Road to the residence of the Hon. Mr. Bond. As the thousands of citizens moved westward three thousand persons were in the line, and the crowd grew proportionally as it passed.

Through the Streets.

Intermingled in that vast crowd were the leading citizens as well as the street waif. A remarkably large number of women, whose faces and clothing showed that they had worked hard to win bread, joined with the procession. They all had heard and read of Mr. Bond and of his Herculean efforts to save them and their posterity, their home and liberty; and they took advantage of the occasion to bear public testimony to the faith that was in them. In starting, it is estimated that

Three Thousand Persons were in Line. At every step the number increased. When Mr. Bond's residence on Circular Road was reached the great space outside was black with people; by this time fully five thousand had gathered. Inside, on the balcony, were the Premier and the members of the Executive, as well as members of the House of Assembly and other distinguished citizens. When Mr. Bond appeared, Mr. Morris asked where he would speak from; he said from the gallery. He then told the officers who were trying to keep

The Surging Mass Back to let them come on, and in rushed the hundreds. They all found the spacious grounds were filled; still the number would not be missed from the assembly outside, unable to get within hearing distance to the faith that was in them. After a delay of about ten minutes, the Grand Old Man stepped forward. A box served the purpose of the platform. As soon as he raised himself above the sea of faces, up went three hearty cheers for

Sir William Whiteway. The Premier waited until the prolonged cheering was over, and then began his introductory remarks. "With all my heart," said Sir William. "I rise to extend a hearty welcome to our able, plucky and shrewd statesman, the Hon. Robert Bond, Colonial Secretary." (Cheers.) We are assembled here to-night under the canopy of heaven, as citizens and as men, to tender

A Hearty Welcome to Him, and to convey an expression of our high appreciation of the eminent services which he has rendered this Colony. Three cheers for Mr. Bond (for five minutes the cheering was prolonged). The Premier then referred to the condition of the Colony when Mr. Bond left here two short months ago. The last ray of hope seemed to have died in our hearts, we dared not think of what the result would be



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should Mr. Bond fall in his mission to get the

Financial Aid Required. I have been on missions myself and I know what difficulties I had to contend with; and Mr. Bond will tell you to-night how he was shadowed and belied at every step he took in the direction of raising the required loan. The Premier was brimful of hope for the future. Every sentence he spoke inspired new confidence in his listeners. Cheer after cheer followed the words which fell upon willing ears. The Premier then moved the following resolution, which was seconded by the Hon. E. P. Morris:

THE RESOLUTION.

Resolved,—That we, the citizens of St. John's assembled at a public meeting, desire to extend a hearty welcome to the Hon. Robert Bond, Colonial Secretary, and to convey to him an expression of our high appreciation of the eminent services which he has rendered to this Colony, of the zeal and ability with which he has discharged the onerous duties devolving upon him, and we warmly congratulate him upon the successful issue of his mission on behalf of this country.

Hon. E. P. Morris Speaks.

Hon. E. P. Morris saw how little use there was for him to speak at length; rather than to give expression to the same hearty sentiment of welcome so ably proposed by the Premier, Sir William Whiteway. He would not delay his testimony by any lengthy observations, but he deemed it a great privilege to have the honor of seconding that resolution of thanksgiving. They had assembled for the purpose of tendering to Mr. Bond the thanks of the people of this country for the able manner in which he had discharged the onerous duties connected with the mission from which

He Had Just Returned.

When Mr. Bond left here, two months ago, a dark cloud hung over Newfoundland, and few could be found to believe in the ultimate success of his mission; but to-night they knew that that mission had been crowned with success; that by the successful raising of a loan on advantageous terms for the Colony, he has removed that dark cloud, or, at least, given it a silver lining. He had converted despair into hope, and waited that hope all over the land. In a word, Mr. Bond has cut the Gordian knot of our difficulties and Newfoundland is

Once More Out of Danger.

We cannot properly estimate the difficulties and obstacles which Mr. Bond had to surmount in his mission, and it is only those who have been intimately associated with him who can appreciate the zeal and energy which he put into his work when working for Newfoundland; and to-night it must be a reward for all his patient toil, to see himself surrounded by thousands of his countrymen, representing all classes in the community, who, laying aside all party differences, vie with each other in honoring the man who has so successfully piloted the old ship into calm and tranquil waters, and who has given us a practical demonstration of which is best expressed in his graphic quotation.

"You may laugh at her name, And scoff at her shame, But there's life in the old land yet."

The same popularity Mr. Morris has always possessed, and we may add, he has held it to the hearts of every son of Terra Nova, while he thinks well to ask them for their confidence, was evidenced at last night's mass meeting. When he stepped forward to second the resolution the band played "The Banks of Newfoundland," as if it were to remind the thousands that a "son of the soil" was about to address them. During the introductory remarks Mr. Bond stood looking earnestly out at the sea of faces which had come to bid him welcome. He was evidently deeply moved by all that was going on about him, and why not?

No One Man in Newfoundland

had ever received such an ovation. Unconscious of the time being that he had done his country a great and lasting service, his honest heart felt naught but gratitude towards his fellow-countrymen. Hon. Mr. Bond spoke substantially as follows:

HON. MR. BOND SPEAKS.

My Friends,—Your greeting, so cordial, so earnest and so true, is so overwhelming in its enthusiasm that I find it impossible at this time to convey to you a correct idea as to how earnestly, how fervently, and how deeply I feel your kindness. There are times when the heart is too full for words, and when silence bears the most eloquent testimony. I find this precisely one of those occasions; and I should simply bow my acknowledgments and leave you to believe what I can conceive of no higher honor than this. I could wish for no greater history than that of warriors who risked home and fortune and life itself, in order to gain the approbation of their fellow-countrymen; and who, returning home with victory perched upon their banners,

received such demonstrations of popular favor as I find myself the recipient of to-night. But I have not done any of these things. You have reminded me, my friends, that "peace has its victories as much renowned as war," and that duty well and faithfully done

Is Certain to Meet Its Reward.

I have the conscience of having done my duty, nothing more; and having done it, I can meet you to-night with rejoicing. I have been engaged in a fight, it is true, a fight for liberty, for honor, for country. Not on tented fields where gallant hosts, with steel and bullet, vie in strength and valor, but in a political arena that has embraced a portion of two hemispheres. I have been fighting for the past two months single-handed against most insidious, bitter and relentless

Enemies of Our Country.

They have not been fighting with the sword, but with tongue and pen, and are oftentimes sharper and more powerful than the sword. Your presence here to-night is to signalize a victory won against frightful odds—won for you, for your children, for our country. When I left here on the 11th May last, it was as the leader of a forlorn hope. The country had been brought to the verge of ruin by the self-seeking of some, by the apathy of others, and by the deliberate planning of a knavish few. The credit of the Colony was gone, its finances were apparently hopelessly involved, and to many the only avenue of escape from utter ruin lay in the direction of

Confederation or Crown Colony.

Confederation with the Dominion of Canada, upon the terms proposed by the Government of the Dominion would have been derogatory to the present and future of the Colony, for it meant the abandonment of our railway policy and consequent development of the interior of the country. It meant the relinquishment of all upon which our hopes for the future have been and still are based, namely, the development of the material prosperity by the opening up of enterprise and the capital resources that a bountiful Providence had laid up for us in the interior of this country. It meant the sacrifice of the present railways in this Colony, for their success depends upon the completion of the line to the

West Coast and Port aux Basques.

It meant ruin to thousands of our people, who would have lost the benefit of the labor at present being provided by the construction of the line to Port aux Basques, and who could not leave their labor at this time in any other direction. Again, the surrender of that constitution which had been won by the perseverance and the dedication to the patriotism of our countrymen, was an alternative so cruel and humiliating that we shrink from it with horror. Such was the position of matters in this country when I left here a few weeks ago. I stood on the deck of the S. S. Tiber and bade good-bye

To My Friends in the Government.

The prospects that stretched out before us were as dark as the night that overshadowed us. They could only wish me good luck and hope for the best. My political opponents predicted failure. As subsequent events proved, the wish was father to the thought. With a pertinacity worthy of a holier cause, they dogged my footsteps and flashed their missiles to the money markets of the world. But they overreached themselves. The very intensity of their attacks defeated their object. Day after day the newspapers of Canada, of the United States and of England, contained

The Most Abominable Reflections

upon the people, and the credit, and the capabilities of this Colony, that had been cabled to them by literary assassins residing in this city. I regret to say that there are in our midst

a few individuals so lost to all sense of honesty or decency, so utterly abandoned that they are prepared not only to blast personal character, but to bring wreck and ruin upon the country that is affording them an asylum and a living, if only they may succeed in injuring those whose only crime is that they possess your confidence and respect. For a considerable time these despicable characters had

Succeeded in Utilizing the Respectable Press

outside of this Colony to further their own nefarious ends. But now can no longer do so to the same extent, for they are known in their true character. When in the great city of Boston, I called upon the leading editors of every newspaper there and told them of the men who were making use of the columns of their journals. The result of my interviews was that the whole press of Boston came out in support of the Colony, and in an earnest appeal to the financial resources of the United States to help us in our loan. I took similar steps in Canada and in England. I regret to say that there

An Impression Abroad.

and also in this country, that the Rev. Dr. Harvey was responsible for some of the despatches that were cabled from here, with a view to prevent a loan being obtained for the Colony. I

SELLING OUT

Bargains in Crockeryware.

JOHN B. AYRE.

casually met that gentleman a few days ago, who, after he had congratulated me upon the success of my mission, volunteered the statement that he had not written a line or cabled a word to any quarter with a view to embarrassing the negotiations for a loan. The reverend gentleman

Condemned Most Strongly

the course that had been and was being pursued by newspaper correspondents in this city, and gave me his permission to make public his reputation of what had been attributed to him. I have written to England to disabuse the minds of parties there upon this matter, and I gladly avail of this opportunity to do that gentleman justice. The Rev. Dr. Harvey is known far beyond the confines of his country, and his literary reputation and his age adds weight to what is supposed to be his utterances. I do not hesitate to state that importance was attached to many of

The Cable Despatches

to which I have alluded, because it was supposed that they emanated from him. In concluding my remarks upon this point I would say: let these things continue, let this defamation of character and country continue, and you may as well commence to write the epitaph of the commerce and of the prosperity of this country. The predictions of the failure of my mission proved to be as false as the powerful words that I obtained upon the most favorable terms, all the money that the colony required to wipe out its floating debt and meet its interest liabilities, thus saving the autonomy and credit of the Colony.

When My Political Opponents

found that the loan was an accomplished fact, and that they had been misled in their attempt to prevent it, they next turned their attention to the Savings Bank; and with all the earnestness of desperadoes, endeavored to frighten it into withdrawing their money from the Savings Bank. I pledge you my word most solemnly to-night that what I have told you is true and as a friend, advise you to return to the Savings Bank and deposit again your savings of a lifetime beyond the reach of the thieving or of the fire. There are hundreds in the city who to-night have

All their Savings Hidden Away

in their homes, through fear created by writers in our local papers. These people forget that the thief may come and the fire destroy all that they have labored so hard to accumulate. That the darkest hour is just before the dawn is to true the political world as it is of the natural. We have passed through our dark hour; already the morning is beginning to appear. Let us hope that it will usher in a brighter and happier future for this "Newfoundland of ours." Providence is dealing kindly with us. The mighty Atlantic that sings its thunders along our shores is rolling in an unlimited

Supply of Living Wealth.

Let us all aid in turning this wealth to good account. All that mortal man could do I have freely done. There now remains something for you, my fellow-countrymen, to do in order to complete the work of restoration. Will you allow me to tell you what that something is? Well, then, rally around those who are earnestly working for you and yours. Exercise forbearance. Strengthen the hands of the Government upon whom devolves so much, by lending it your hearty cooperation and sympathy. Put aside all self-seeking.

Ill-feeling and Petty Jealousies,

and by a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull together, we shall lift our country to a higher level. The autonomy of the country has been saved;

it is now in your keeping, and it rests entirely with you, my friends, as to how long we shall retain it. I again thank you for this hearty reception from the bottom of my heart. The honor you have conferred I shall treasure as a sacred memory to the close of my life.

Cheer after cheer went up from the assembled multitude as Mr. Bond finished speaking. The National Anthem was sung at the Premier's request, and the large, intelligent and patriotic audience dispersed amid a fresh display of rockets and stage fire.—From The Evening Telegram, July 27, 1913.

The s.s. Rappahannock arrived at Halifax at 8 o'clock this morning.

DIED.

Yesterday after a short illness, Patrick, only son of the late Mark Walsh, shoemaker, aged 53 years, leaving a wife, 2 children and 4 sisters in mourning and loss of funeral on Sunday, at 2:30 p.m., from his late residence, 16 Water St. West. Friends will please accept this, the only, limitation.

At Toronto, Aug. 26th, after a short illness, Mr. Wm. Perry, aged 77 years, formerly of this city.

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