

Give them Bovril



Because the Body-Building Power of Bovril has been proved to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

"There is only One Bovril"

S.H.B.

A Fishermen's Government for Fishermen.

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir—During the past two or three weeks, one occasionally hears discussions on politics, and there is—among other things—one thing especially that one fails to understand, and that is: How is it that the heeled of this so-called People's Party—Oh my! In this country it is a wonder that these words People's Party do not cause an explosion—how is it one asks, these heeled can go around full of bombastness and conceit, bragging about their hundreds, or their thousands of dollars, stating they can count dollars with other folk, and offering to bet as much as five hundred dollars that this immaculate, guileless and most highly honored Morris-Morison Party will be returned to Water Street, St. John's, they would not be so free with their bets. But that consideration goes a small way towards removing the insult of having such creatures going about, gassing and bragging among our poor fishermen, who have to slave and suffer night and day to get a mouthful for their wives and babies, and a rag to cover their nakedness. As well to offer to bet them five million dollars as five hundred, either would be as easy to get. Of course it can be taken for granted that the creatures talking thus have been honored or rewarded in some way, by the exceedingly common "specials", or otherwise, during the past four years. Is it that these

bruzzed sop-suckers do not care, or have they not the sense to know, that although the fishermen are long-suffering and patient—being grounded in patience during the last four years—still they can see farther than their nose, and they regard all such utterances as direct insults. And such heeled should thank their stars that our people are so long-suffering, for were they in any country but this, their despicable blabbering and gull would be stopped in quick time. Great Scott! Do not the leaders of the people, and all those in authority in any way in this country, realize, that Newfoundlanders, though long-suffering, are not slaves, and that this is the twentieth century? Why will they not endeavor to give them clean Government, sensible and reliable Public News, honest Postal Service, etc., etc.? Why will they wait until all the best, high-spirited young men of our country are disgusted and driven to other lands? Were they treated honestly, and decently, there would be no better people, but the way they are now treated, is simply goading them to madness. The prostituting of the Telegraph Service for political purposes, the common occurrence of theft in Public Departments, the fact of responsible Ministers using the privilege of their office to make grabs for their own personal benefit, are outrages on a patient, inoffensive people. Newfoundlanders do not want, nor will

they have, such men as Donald Morrison and P. T. McGrath to help rule this country, and if they are forced upon them there will be trouble. It is the common cry of heeled and grabbals that "Coaker will ruin the country." On this part of the coast we have no F.P.P., so we know little or nothing of Mr. Coaker or his doings, but this much we do know: Coaker had nothing to do with the "Carnival of Extravagance" of the past four years, nothing to do with the army of Grabbals that are sapping the life-blood of the country. No sir! The independent fishermen realize that the Morris-Morison Party has done more to ruin the finances of the country than Coaker could possibly do, even were he so inclined. Anyway there will be plenty of time to talk and back-bite Mr. Coaker when he begins to ruin; there certainly is no sign of ruin about him now. The country is awakening. Mr. Editor, as evidenced by many of the districts choosing their local men, Sir Robert Bond has accepted a local man, Captain Randall Fudge, for Fortune Bay, and if the electors of Fortune District know what is good for them, they will return him with a sweeping majority. Sir Robert Bond showed his desire to help Fortune Bay by choosing a local fishing captain like Randall Fudge. The electors are practically all fishermen, and who knows the wants of a fishing community so well as a man who, like Fudge, has worked his way from the bow of a dory to the position of banking captain. In Canada the farming districts elect a farmer to represent them; so why should not a fishing district elect a fisherman. Why is an intelligent fisherman not as good as a man of any other calling? Take, for instance, a case of trying to dredge a place like Garrison. A man like Captain Fudge could easily go to Garrison, himself and see that everything possible was being done. What, let me ask, does a lawyer like Emerson know about the wants of a fishing people? and I wonder would the question be out of place if I ask what does he care? Fortune Bay men got sense enough to suspect that all politicians of Emerson's type care only, if they can soft-soap and fool the poor, fishermen enough to get their votes, so as to get returned for another four years. Maybe they get some pickings. To elect a lawyer for our district again would no doubt be a good move for Emerson, but a very bad move for Fortune Bay fishermen. Another banking captain that Fortune Bay men would like to see elected is Captain John Lewis, Liberal candidate for Harbour Main. Capt. John has been banking from Harbour Breton, in Fortune Bay, for seven or eight years, and he is known and respected as a good worker and an honest, straightforward man. Fortune Bay men trust that the District of Harbour Main will elect Capt. Lewis as one of their representatives, for it is such men that Newfoundland needs. Come, then, fellow fishermen, let us no longer look to others to help us out of our difficulties, but let us all join hands, and

help ourselves by voting one and all for our honoured, honest patriot, Sir Robert Bond. We need have no doubts in trusting him with our destinies for he is a true son of Terra Nova. He has been through the fire of politics and he stands to-day uncorrupted and with a clean record, willing to do battle once again for the good of the land of his birth. All hail! to such a man! Let all who intend to spend their days in Newfoundland and to build up homes for themselves and for their children, vote straight for clean, honest Government—for Sir Robert Bond.

FISHERMAN.
Fortune Bay, Oct. 7th, 1913.

Cable News.

Special to the Evening Telegram.
FISGUARD, Oct. 13.
The Carmania arrived shortly after 2 p.m. to-day. Newspaper correspondents besieged Capt. Barr, who repulsed them, refusing to say anything until the Carmania reached Liverpool and reported to the Curador Line. Second officer Lloyd, of the Voltorno, was one of the heroes of the disaster. He fell from a height of 20 feet while repairing the wireless apparatus, but continued the fight all day, and at 7 p.m. made the trip to the Grosser Kurfurst. Total number saved, 523.

LONDON, Oct. 13.
The last message received from the Commander of the Voltorno, before abandoning the doomed vessel, was to the Carmania, as follows: "Cannot something be done to help us. We must abandon the ship. Her plates are burning. Stand close as I may have to jump for it." Capt. Inch handed this message to the wireless operator just before he was driven out of his room by flames. Shortly after, the Voltorno was a blazing furnace, blazing from funnel to forecastle. A message from the Carmania to-day said that nothing had been heard of the two boats that got away. The rescue of the only passenger taken aboard the Carmania was effected by the gallantry of an A.B. of the Carmania named Highway, who dived from the upper deck and attached the life line to the struggling swimmer.

FISGUARD, Oct. 13.
At 7 in the evening, Capt. Inch succeeded in lowering a boat in charge of the second officer of the Voltorno and a crew of 4 men with the intention of taking a line to the Grosser Kurfurst. The boat was dashed to pieces, but the men were saved. Near 9:30 the sky was suddenly illuminated with a glare of flames from another part of the Voltorno. Hope of saving any more was abandoned, when the sea suddenly moderated. Capt. Inch left the ship at 8 a.m. Friday, carrying with him all the ship's papers, Captain Barr, of the Carmania, got in touch with the oil steamer Narragansett, which reached the scene Friday morning, and hundreds of tons of oil were poured on the waters. Humphrey Jones, a passenger, said the international fleet worked apologetically.

"Fools Rush In where Angels Fear to Tread"

The FAIRBANKS MORSE CO'S products are the standard of quality. Anything bearing the name of FAIRBANKS MORSE is sufficient guarantee of its high class, reliability and durability. That is why buyers can state assured that when the F. M. Co. state their engines will run on kerosene, they will really do so. Their attachment will be found to be no "make shift" or illustrated "selling talk" and unlike other attachments, is not offered to fishermen for them to test and experiment with at their (the fishermen's) expense. The FAIRBANKS MORSE have been experimenting on kerosene patents for three years, but because of their high ideas of quality, they did not until recently consider that any of the so-called kerosene attachments were worthy to put their name to. They have now decided upon one which they feel sure will uphold the tradition of their kerosene stationary engines which have been in operation by this fuel before many of the largely advertised engine concerns were in existence. They are not competing with others to be the first to bring out oil burning engines because "FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD." The FAIRBANKS MORSE engine is on exhibition at BARR'S premises.
GEO. M. BARR,
Agent,
S.S. BALEINE.—The s.s. Baleine left here yesterday for Aquaforte to take some boilers and machinery from the guano factory in that place. On her return here she will receive a general overhauling, preparatory to taking up the Bell Island service.

For a cold in the head, inhale Stafford's Liniment and apply a small quantity to the forehead. For sale by T. Fitzpatrick, Gower Street.—Oct 7, 13

Ladies' New Autumn HATS,

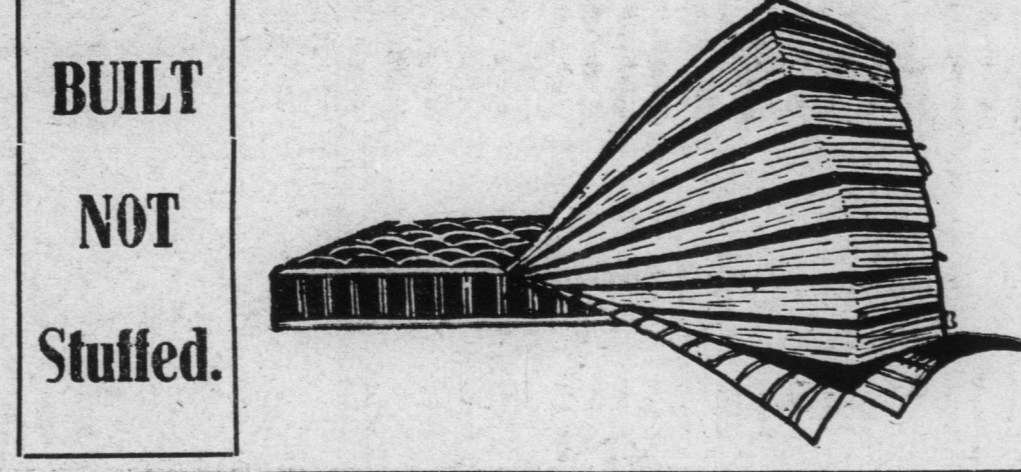
Felt, Velour and Beaver.
Leading London Shapes and Popular Colors.

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| FELT | 60c. to \$1.00 |
| VELOUR | \$1.00 to \$4.00 |
| BLACK BEAVER | \$3.50 |
| SEMI-TRIMMED FELT | \$1.00 to \$2.00 |
| SEMI-TRIMMED VELOUR | \$1.50 to \$2.50 |

FANCY WINGS, AIGRETTES & FEATHERS.
20c. to \$1.50.

STEER Bros.

From the Factory to the Home.



BUILT NOT Stuffed.

Having completed arrangements whereby wire from the coil passes through machinery lately installed in factory in our building, we are now in a position to give you Springs of all sizes and qualities at right prices and shortest possible notice, as it is the only Weaver in the country. They also have the Oxford Spring Machines, which makes it from the wire as well, thus saving considerable in cost—considering the heavy duty and freight on these goods imported.

They also built their Mattresses, as shown above, so that the Mattress comes out with absolutely uniform softness and resiliency from one end to the other. Our famous Felt Mattress, the best Mattress made, is filled exclusively with pure Cotton Felt—vermin proof—will not sag or get lumpy; with proper use should last 15 years, as it's built, not stuffed.

Our cheaper grade Mattress is made of Pure Cotton, Wool and Wood Fibre. Nothing unsanitary is allowed to enter them, as inspection will prove. Built by expert workmen, who have spent their life at the work, you can rely on getting good goods, as we stand on quality, knowing that one-third of our time is spent in bed and that an unsanitary Mattress breeds disease. We have placed the factory people under absolute guarantee to give us good goods, so that our customers and the public generally can now rely on us for good Mattresses, absolutely sanitary.

We have also been appointed Selling Agents for the largest Bedstead Factory in the world, so that we are indeed Headquarters for Beds, Springs and Mattresses. We invite inspection of same.
P. S.—You can choose your own coverings and have them built to order.

C. L. MARCH CO. Ltd.,

House Furnishers, Corner Water and Springdale Streets.

Bond Can't Lose

That's what the People say

Remember Your Friends Abroad

by sending them one of our View Books which we have just received. This book contains 67 interesting and pretty views of Newfoundland scenery, and as a souvenir for your friends is invaluable. 40 cents each.

PARSONS' ART STORES,
One Door East Royal Stores.

Advertise in the "Telegram."

ES IN
ercoats.

ly fall nights
indeed every
really smart,
nable.

tion of Men's
uality, variety,
eted and are
needs some-
oats.

e and finish-
etc., all new
plain colors,
belted across

.00.

RAIT CO.

alue,
yard.

Clean
elette,

ll over the

it for
k?

ught 2500
and you

LEY

Notic From "Aviator."

Editor The Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir—I hear that Morris is going to beat the "Record." If he is going to do so, after the balloons are counted he will be ever so far away and higher up in the air (like smoke) than ever, Bond will be driver.

"AVIATOR"

No trouble for us to duplicate your glasses even without the prescription, if you show us a few pieces of the broken lens. If you think you need your eyes tested for new glasses, we can give you the benefit of the latest methods of examination. R. H. TRAPNELL, Eye-sight Specialist.—Oct 12

Things Seldom Just "Happen."

There are sound reasons if you look for them. Home-stead Tea is as distinctive in cup quality as it is in name.

This didn't just "happen." The reason is that in Hindustan we use a proportion of the rich, strong teas of Northern India—teas grown in the district of Assam, where the tea bush is said to have had its origin. These teas when blended, with the finer sorts of Ceylon teas give that rich strength and pleasing flavour possessed by Homestead.

C. P. EAGAN

Duckworth St. and Queen's Road

ex S. S. Mongolian.

New Irish Butter,

1 lb. blocks,
56 lb. boxes,
28 lb. boxes.

AMERICAN FANCY
BALDWIN APPLES.
GRAY'S CONFECTION-
ERY.

7 lb. boxes,
4 lb. bottles—Butter Scotch,
etc.

2 lb. trays.
NEW FISH SOUNDS.
SMOKED SALMON.