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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., FEB 4, 1914.

OBSERVATIONS.

So the Minister of Finance believes some of the Opposition members talk so as to get on record at the reporters' box in the House.

Doubtless he wishes now that these remarks about "ignorant" "illiterate" Union fishermen hadn't quite reached these same boxes.

And now somebody rises to remark that the bottle that figured in W.W.'s hands in the House contained, not Shandygaff, but Shandy-Gaffney.

Mr. Cashin has been listening to criticisms of the various budgets for the last twenty years, so he says. Well, his latest budget shows how little he's learned therefrom.

"We never speaks
As we passes by,
Me to Will Coaker
Nor him to I."

—From "Forget-me-nots," a collection of poems in blank verse, by D.M.

Historical note from a famous work dated A.D. 4191.—"Mr. M.Y.—a member of the House of Assembly, having joined the Blue Ribbon League, became a living example of sobriety and temperance."

"I likes a drop,
So now and then,
Takes out me flask
And drinks agen."

—From "Temperance Lays and Lyrics," by W.W.

Anxious Inquirer.—No we have heard no rumor that Hon. J. C. Crosbie has been kid-napped. His absence from the House last night was due to the fact that Mr. Coaker has him—"up a spar."

"Alas and alack,
I couldn't get back."

—From "An Ode on a Distant Prospect of The House of Assembly," by Sydney D. Blandford, one-time Minister of Agriculture and Mines, but now "retired."

No, Horatio, that "dull thud" you heard on Monday was not an earthquake. It was merely the noise of the tumble taken by Mr. Crosbie when Mr. Coaker "got after him."

TO THE EDITOR.

RESENTS CASHIN'S INSULT.

(Editor The Daily Mail.)

Dear Sir.—The twenty thousand fishermen that comprise the F.P.U. are ignorant and illiterate fools and only cullage," so says Cashin, a member of the Assembly and Minister of Finance of the Island of Newfoundland in the year of grace 1914. It's not only discouraging but seems almost incredible that such an ignorant Bostonian could secure a voice in the law-making body of any country. What do the electorate of Ferryland District think of their choice? It certainly doesn't reflect any credit on them. Won't they resent being used as an embankment for this big cowardly bluff to take shelter behind and hurl such insults at their fellow toilers of the North?

Let Cashin come on any public platform North of Bacallieu and express the same mad cap utterances and see what will happen to him. Newfoundlanders, with such exceptions as Cashin, are blessed with an abundance of patience, for if they were otherwise this insult would not long remain unchallenged.

Cashin will not receive his medicine as quickly as he would in some countries but the twenty thousand fishermen that comprise the F.P.U. will deal with him and that effectively.

If Cashin's star of popularity (if he was ever popular) has not already begun to wane then we don't know anything about the grit and determination of the F.P.U.

The Country is amazed and justly so that a statesman (sic) should descend to such depths of foolish defiance and wanton disrespect; but is it to be wondered at? Is it not characteristic of the entire body that make up the peoples (sic) party?

How else did they conduct the election campaign this fall only on the assumption that the mass of the electorate were impervious to abuse and unconscious of insult?

The North showed them in no uncertain way that they could not cod and bluff them but sorry to say the South did not awaken to their game of deceit.

We are not claiming any superior intelligence for the Northern man over the Southern fellow worker. Our system of education for the past hundred years has denied us anything like an education. Not that these conditions could not be remedied. They could be and would be no doubt if the class that Cashin is a good representative of did not have complete control. Keep the worker in ignorance, and you will keep him submissive, has ever been their slogan. Is it not because the workers refuse to remain ignorant that we hear such tirades of abuse every once in a while against them?

The workers from within are themselves beginning to perceive and to understand the parties that are desirous to advance their welfare; they are becoming educated in the school of unity and self-help and no doubt it is because of this fact that we have to listen to such disgusting insults, buncombe and meaningless twaddle, from parties that style themselves our able statesmen, patriotic citizens and public benefactors.

The "Cullage" of the Country led by their loyal and untiring President have begun to make things hot for our slippery politicians. Call them "illiterate," if you will—you won't deter them from their aim and object—the ousting from power of such useless parasites as these now in control and the assumption of the complete control of the Government themselves.

The workers to call "illiterate" in the future will be those that will allow Cashin or any of his class to either seek their votes or represent them.

DANL DEVINE.
King's Cove, Jan. 28, '14.

SEVERE HAIL STORM.

Spain Treated to an Unusual Event.—Similar Occurrence Unknown For a Quarter of a Century.

Letters received from Capt. Abram Cook, of the schooner James Burton Cook, which loaded fish at this port, and how at Alicante, Spain, states that they had a most violent hail storm with thunder and lightning. The like had not been known there for twenty-five years. The captain says he never saw such hail on the Northern Atlantic.

A word of encouragement to the living is worth columns of praise for the dead.

AS OTHERS SEE IT.

An Ancient Custom

Toronto Star.—Rev. J. D. Morrow suggests that during the cold weather workless men should be allowed to sleep in the churches. There is nothing new in this idea. Some men do it every Sunday regularly.

Safekeeping

Los Angeles Express.—In the old days women weren't robbed on the streets. They kept their money tucked away in the folds of their dresses, where they couldn't find it themselves half of the time.

Like Children

Ottawa Journal.—Because the British Government will not enter in the big American International Exhibition at San Francisco the Yankees will have nothing to do with a similar show in London. Even two great nations can behave like children sometimes.

Stand Fast

Montreal Telegraph.—"Stand fast, Craigel-lachie!" was Lord Strathcona's message to his despairing colleagues in one of the darkest hours of Canadian history. It was the motto of his life—and the motto he particularly applied to all things Canadian. We as a people will do well to remember it at the present juncture in the development of the country.

JUST A SMILE OR TWO.

Evil communications corrupt good telephones.

Sometimes pride keeps right on going after a fall.

It isn't always the biggest man who looks down on his neighbors.

A good many men are related to the church by marriage only.

The ties of wedlock—the kind a man's wife buys him.

The only exercise some people get is throwing bouquets at themselves.

Beauty is only skin deep. Also lots of modesty is only on the surface.

It's a good plan to mind your own business. If you don't some one else will.

Many a girl who turns a fellow down is terribly surprised in her sleep she says "Don't do that."

The secret of happiness sometimes consists of not knowing what other people think of us.

Nothing is so irritating to an old-fashioned woman as her daughter-in-law's attempt to rear a baby.

Unfortunately the bully usually whips the peaceful citizen whom he has nagged into a fight.

Now that it is no longer good form to whip the children, father takes all the punishment that is administered to the family.

"Well, what are you worrying about now?"

"I've just been thinking of the fine excuse the ice men will have next summer to raise the price."

"We're always careful about these contagious diseases," said Mrs. Lapsling. "When Johnny had got well of the measles we bought some sulphur candles and disconcerted the house from top to bottom."

A Wish

I have no faith in mystic signs
As harbingers of good or ill;
But one sign I would like to see
On better boxes: Post no bills.

No Hurry

Mrs. A. (meeting friend)—"Why, Alice, how you are rushing! What's up?"

Mrs. B.—"I promised to meet my husband at an o'clock."

Mrs. A.—"Well, it's only half-past. What's the need of hurrying so?"

Shot Wasted

A man who had never been duck hunting shot at a duck in the air. The duck fell dead to the ground. "Well, you got him!" exclaimed the amateur's friends. "Yes," replied the amateur, "but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him."

AT THE HOUSE.

(Continued from page 1)

for consideration, as any other member of the House.

The debates right along have considerably added to the reputation of causing trouble they are proving that common sense is dictating their every action, and consequently the House and visitors are now realizing that the Union is come to stay, and will indeed be the principal political factor in the country in the future.

Mr. Crosbie did not turn up yesterday. He no doubt fell small after Monday's sermon on morals which Mr. Coaker delivered, and which so delighted the House, more especially the Premier who felt that Mr. Coaker's words were a necessity to a man who had suffered as he (Premier) has for the past four years.

ELECTIONS, ST. BARBE.

Statement of Expenses Conveying and Distributing Ballot Boxes in the District of St. Barbe, General Election, 1913.

Hire of boats to take boxes to Hampden, 46 miles... \$ 5.00
J. F. Roche, conveying and distributing ballot boxes 80 miles... 45.00
Paid Bishop Sons & Co., hire S.S. Earl of Devon, carrying & distributing ballot boxes from Oct. 1st to Nov. 24th, 1913, 55 days @ \$100.00... 5,500.00

The Government hired the Earl of Devon—a steamer belonging to Bishop Sons & Co.—to distribute ballot boxes in St. Barbe District. The mail steamer makes a round trip in two weeks, from end to end of the district, that would be in, say, 12 days. It took Capt. Carter 55 days, and the people have had to pay \$5,500 or \$100.00 per day for the Earl of Devon which must have been laid up at anchor in harbors at least two-thirds of the time.

The Earl of Devon was purchased at \$9,000, so by one haul out of the chest half her purchase money has been secured for the extra \$1000 would pay her expenses on that trip. That is not all—for the same ship was engaged in the spring, carrying lighthouse supplies to the South which no doubt gave Bishop Sons & Co. another \$5,000.

Is it any wonder the intelligent people of the Country have lost faith in R. K. Bishop and consider him one of the biggest of the many grabbers in Newfoundland. The public accounts will prove that he is on a par with J. C. Crosbie in this respect.

WITH THE SAGES.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

Man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,—
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And make a pish at chance and sufferance.

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The man that had no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.

League Hockey Match, Prince of Wales rink, this evening at 7.30 p.m., St. Bon's vs. Crescents. Admission 20 cents.

CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE.

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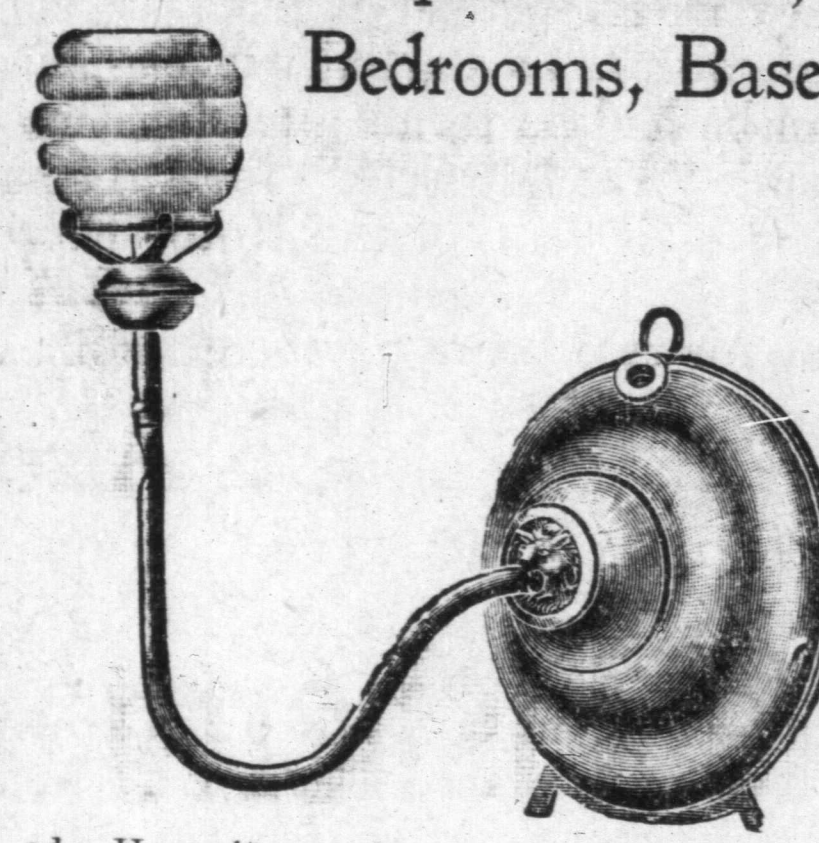
King George the Fifth SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE PREMIER!

With the House of Assembly in session, things political and legislative are very much to the fore. Now anybody and everybody can perform a job better than the chap who holds it down. What would you do if you were in Sir Edward Morris's place? We'll be glad to hear from you and publish in The Daily Mail your ideas of what the Premier should undertake. Get busy and drop us a note.

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