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## Our Daily Mail.

**NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Owing to the amount of space given over to the reports of proceedings of the House of Assembly day by day as well as to the information on public matters secured during the session and published in our columns, we have got somewhat behind in the publication of the great mass of correspondence that has found its way to our office.

With the closing of the House of Assembly, however, we shall have more space to devote to this correspondence and shall publish all letters of general public interest that are sent to us.

Our columns are open to all our readers. Any man who has something to tell the public is quite welcome to their use. Write us, if you wish to, whether you are adept at writing to newspapers or not. We'll see that your letter when it gets in the paper is in good shape.

We are especially anxious to get notes of news from our many friends in the Outports. Let us know of the thousand and one little things happening in your neighborhood. Keep your own town and townspeople before the public. The Daily Mail is yours to use for this purpose. It costs you nothing save the little time taken to write your news, a bit of paper and a postage stamp.

We look to our Outport readers to help us keep up the reputation of the Daily Mail as being the brightest and most newsy paper in Newfoundland.

### AUNT SARAH'S DREAMS

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—We are having a very blustering winter this way, and that a-coupled with the extreme tardiness of the mail-boat, makes life on this rock-bound coast extremely monotonous indeed.

There was a time, Mr. Editor, when the mail-boats seemed to be possessed with the life and push of greyhounds, but now it seems to have dwindled down to that of the medusa—what "illiterate" fishermen vulgarly call "squid-equal".

The result is that important matter becomes stale and sadly out of season long before it reaches us.

After what seemed an age waiting, we received a very large mail a few days ago, from which we culled the most modern, and then started in to find out what had been going on outside and around us during the latter part of the last decade. First we scanned all the items of news from far and near, and then we started in to find out what has been going on in the House since the opening.

#### Josiah Interested

In the latter, Josiah, my dear life partner and most affectionate husband takes more than a lively interest. He often says to me, says he, "Sarah Ann, I feel I am a born politician, and I know that some day I shall be a member of the Assembly." "And if I should," he says, "I will be sure to anticipate the likes

of Phil Moore by having a Prince Albert coat nine inches longer than the usual style ready by the time the House opens."

I read out loud to Josiah until after the kitchen clock struck twelve, when I had a cup of tea, and Josiah had a tumbler of something a little stronger. I then went off to bed where Josiah quickly followed me after he had a short whiff of his pipe.

We were no sooner well covered up and had our feet fairly planted on the hot-water bag than Josiah ups and says to me, says he, "Sarah Ann," says he, "what have you to say to my offering myself as a candidate next general election or sooner?" says he.

I did not want to hurt Josiah's feelings, but I thought I would just throw a little cold water on his ardor. So I says, says I, "Josiah, I am afraid that you as a member would not be able to successfully hold up your share of the end of your party's plank," says I. "You know you are not practiced in speech making," says I.

"Why," says Josiah, "and would I have to make up speeches myself?" "Is there not one there to make up people's speeches for them?" he asks.

#### Closed Down

"It was said that in the last House there was a kind of speech factory run by a certain P. T.," says I, "but it appears the said factory is not working in the present House," says I. "and perhaps," says I, "that is the cause of the complaint that so many

dummies exists there at the present," says I.

"Well," says Josiah, says he to me, says he, "Sarah Ann," says he, "if the subject of preservation of partridge berries came on the carpet, I could keep the floor for more than a week, I could," says he.

"I doubt not but you could, Josiah," says I. "And I notice, dear Josiah," says I, "that the partridge berry subject has been the only purely popular subject to date. Even the chronic disagreeables softened their voices a bit and relaxed their soured countenances. It appears," says I, "that not even an insulting word or remark was heard to come from them while the House on both sides dealt with the important—subject. It was a pure case of 'birds in their little nests agree,'" says I.

When I had finished the last sentence I noticed that Josiah was snoring. I at once drew up my feet and spread my wings and quickly glided into slumber too.

And Mr. Editor, I dreamed a beautiful dream, or rather, a part of one. I dreamed that Josiah was Premier, and it was the day for opening the House. And oh! what a glorious day! I dreamt that we—Josiah and I—drove up to the House in a costly sleigh drawn by two horses (one of them that commands great big hire) and there were the policemen mounted and unmounted, standing in line so nice, and saluting us. Oh! I was so proud of Josiah then in his new long Prince Albert coat, and I said to myself that Phil Moore could not poke fun at Josiah's dress, for one, as by all accounts his own had become quite shabby.

#### What He'd Do.

I thought that as we were walking up the stone steps of the House, somebody called to me from behind, and I turned round quickly to see who was calling me and awoke to find Josiah calling me and asking me what I would wish him to do if he was the Premier.

"Well, Josiah," says I, "if you were Premier I should expect you to serve the people faithfully who placed you in the position. 'I should expect you,'" says I, "to be straightforwardly manly," says I, "saying what you mean," says I, "and meaning what you say," says I. "You should never stoop to coddle or bluff people," says I. "I should expect you," says I, "to fill the vacant ministerial offices at once," says I, "and thereby show that you have a little strength of character," says I.

"I should also expect you to have the election petitions tried as soon as possible," says I, "and thereby have justice done to all concerned," says I, "even if it meant the loss of the

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Government to you," says I. "It would be far better to win the respect of your country with the loss of the Government," says I, "than to gain its disgust with the possession of the Government," says I. "And I should expect you to practice a little discipline among the members 'And finally, and lastly,'" says I, "of your party," says I, "and not allow any of them to act unseemly on the floors of the House, says I.

#### Clear Them Out.

"And finally, and lastly," says I, almost asleep, "I should expect you rid your country of the hundreds of parasites that to-day drain the life-blood from her almost broken back. 'I should expect you,'" says I, "to have all government offices filled with honest and capable men," says I, "and have no man under government pay," says I, "who could not give value to the public for his salary," says I. "And further," says I, "I should expect you to keep absolutely aloof from rich corporations and government contractors, and have nothing on earth to do with them in any personal business way," says I.

"If you were Premier and followed this advice, Josiah," says I, "and without that," says I, "even the Premier's position is but a farce," says I. "There is a lot in this world besides gold," says I, "but," says I, "many people get gold and plenty by very unquestionable means, and then starve for the true respect which

### BAY WINDOW MAGISTRATE

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—The publishing of the public accounts so far as they relate to the enlargement of the Magistrate's office; his grab at the election; his outrageous charges while paying visits to Herring Neck, has come like a cyclone to the unsuspecting public, who looked upon the occupant of the office of magistrate as one who could not stoop to such means to secure a fat pocket book. But of course, others who are better acquainted with the occupant are not at all surprised to find him making his grab.

#### Surprising Revelations

I am doubtful, sir, if the annals of our expenditure will reveal a more bare-faced transaction than what has been revealed by the published accounts of the present Government. If the Government was not previously aware of Scott's actions, now, that it is publicly known that the Sixty-three dollars expended on Scott's office was to add another bay-window to his house; an investigation should be held.

If ever there was a graball, I think he will be found in the person who occupies the position of Magistrate at Twillingate.

#### Easy Money

Just imagine the Government paying him Five dollars per day for every trip he fancies he should take to outlying places! Undoubtedly there are no restriction as to how many visits he makes, and yet while in the estimates you find the magistrate's salary \$750, he is paid \$1,000. Why, Mr. Editor, for \$500 you could secure plenty of men just as capable and who, I am sure, would uphold the honor and dignity of their position.

The public sir, are indignant over the present exposures of wanton waste of public monies. In conclusion may I ask the Minister of Finance if it takes three gallons of paint to paint a bay-window, how many gallons would it require to paint a dwelling? Undoubtedly W. J. Scott will help to solve the problem. He will undoubtedly go down to posterity as the Bay-window Magistrate.

—UNION.

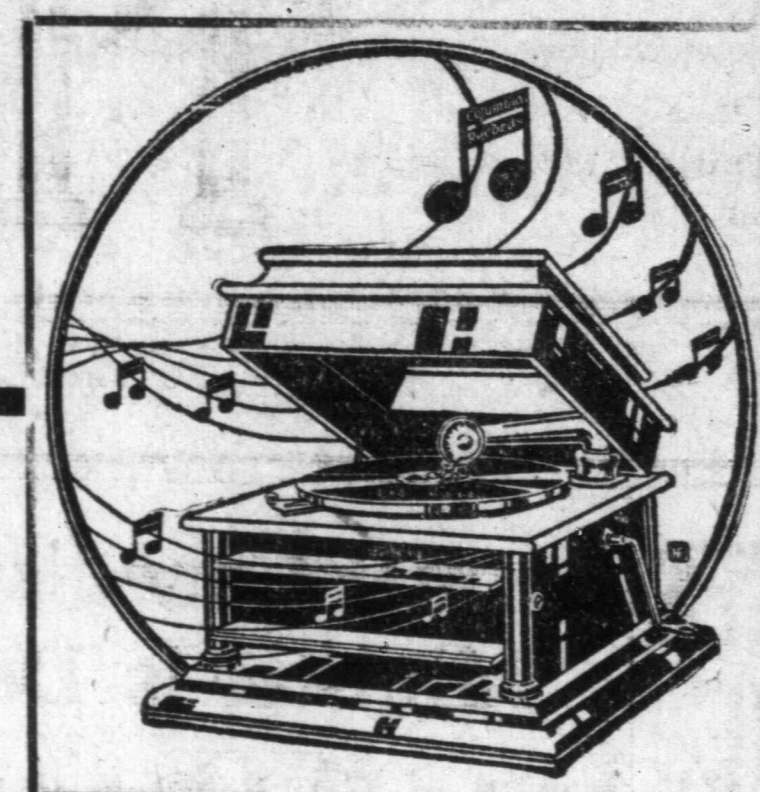
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money and possessions fall utterly to bring to them," says I.

—AUNT SARAH.

West Coast, Feb. 26, 1914.



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### THAT PEYTON DISMISSAL

(Editor The Daily Mail)

Dear Sir,—That letter in a recent issue of The Daily Mail, signed "Poor Man's Friend," N. D. Bay, Feb. 10th, 1914, aroused my attention. I read Mr. Clapp's speech in the House of Assembly, where he pointed out that Harry Weir was appointed mail carrier on the 18th of October, 1913, but he voted for the defeated candidate and John Peyton's substitute. I missed Mr. Clapp's speech that this "Poor Man's Friend" referred to and I understood that John Peyton had the mail again this winter.

Now one might wonder why Harry Weir did not have the mail the last four years I will tell you, as I am a native of that place, and lived next door to Harry Weir for eighteen years. When John Peyton took the mail in 1898 Harry Weir would not carry it. He would not have taken it this winter only since the Morris Government have been in power they have changed a lot in St. Barbe District. They have changed the route of the mail carriers in that district. I guess it was like I heard in the House one night re Trinity District, a bait for the return of Mr. Mott, but as you can see the people of St. Barbe District don't take such bait.

When John Peyton took the mail he went to North West Point in Hare Bay. On his first trip he was gone five weeks waiting for the mail. We did not know what had happened him. There was no way of finding out. He had to go about thirty-six miles, by way of the White Hills, and he took his life in his hands.

#### Conditions Changed

He got, I think, about \$60 for the winter. Now things are changed and the mail carrier only has to go about sixteen or eighteen miles; he gets \$10 a trip, and can stay home and find out where the mails are and know just when to leave. The Government takes the work from the man who carried the mail when things were far behind, and now gives it to another.

I venture to say when John Peyton took the mail there was no other man in the place to carry it. I say the Postmaster General was not troubled with applications for the mail in that part of the district before the route was changed. I don't think it was an honorable act on the part of the Government to give the mail to Harry

Weir, a man with no person to support but himself and wife. His daughter has the Government telegraph office in that place also. I suppose he got it just because he is a supporter of the present Government.

#### Summer Mail Route

I want to say a few words on the summer route in that part of St. Barbe. On arrival of the coastal boat Prospero John Peyton would take the mail and go from Griguet to Cape Norman in a little open boat (nine foot keel) by himself from Griguet to Quipon, about seven miles along a rough shore with no livers. Then all the way up the Straits to Cape Onion, calling at several places; then from Cape Onion on to Ha Ha Bay, a distance of seven or eight miles—a very rough shore with only one or two little coves where a person can land when it is calm; from Ha Ha Bay to Cape Norman, across Pistolet Bay, a distance of seven miles with nothing before him but the open Straits on one side, no land on the other within thirty miles, so that if he did not reach his destination he had to drive off.

Now when the summer service is done by a steamer they take it from him and give it to Harry Weir. Why? Because when the Government telegraph office opened there he sent a message congratulating Mr. Mott for same, and you know the good Government never forget that even if the candidate did get defeated again.

But John Peyton would have had the mail again this winter if it had had to go around Pistolet Bay, because I don't believe Harry Weir would have asked for it.

#### Hard Experience

I remember once I was going around Pistolet Bay in the fall about the middle of November with John Peyton. Now that Bay takes three days to travel where there are no livers and I judge there are twenty-five or thirty rivers, not one of them bridged. I saw that man crossing them to his waist in water with the mail on his back, then take it off and come back for me.

I was a hardy boy at that time, about sixteen years old. I remember that day; we travelled all day, up to 4 p.m., and we were then about two miles from the Government camp when we came to the last river. That day it was too high and we could not

(Continued on page 3).

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