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AS OTHERS SEE US,

And As We See Ourselves.

(BY A CASUAL OBSERVER.)

FROM THE FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

In 1892 M. Charles Laroche, in summing up the results of a three months visit to Newfoundland, said in the columns of the Nouvelle Revue for April of that year:—"The granting of responsible government to the Colony was not a successful measure. Its resources are too small to sustain the additional burden; the principal source of revenue being so uncertain that the Government could not hope to make the island pay its own expenses. The Colonial Office probably thought that such difficult questions of ways and means would sufficiently occupy the attention of the turbulent colony and prevent it from giving further trouble. In this they were disappointed, for from the first day of Newfoundland's independence she has never ceased to create embarrassment for the Home Government."

Then, referring to the Bait Act passed by the Thorneburn Government in 1885, he (M. Laroche) observed:—"Among the eccentricities provoked by the application of the Act may be mentioned the nomination by the Newfoundland Government of an 'appointed spy' in the French colony of St. Pierre-Miquelon. This individual—subsequently dignified by the title of Consul—was said to have fled from St. John's to escape his creditors. He informed against the captain of an American vessel who had bought bait

for sale to the French; the captain was fined, and the true reason of the Consul's presence at St. Pierre was soon made public in the American papers. All the English residing in the island shut their doors upon him, and the injured captain, meeting him in the street, fell upon him and thrashed him. The following morning he left the island and returned to St. John's, where—though indignation, as a rule, is easily aroused—there was this time no meeting."

AN ITCH FOR NOTORIETY.

One could have a sneaking regard for certain prominent men in public life to-day were it not for their "unbounded self-esteem and intolerable ostentatiousness." Their actions remind me forcibly of the following characteristic extract from Carlyle, written some years before his death:—"Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, prudently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A great man? A poor, prudent, empty man; flitter for the ward of a hospital than for a prominent position among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet

paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him; write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the emptiness of the individual, not his greatness."

A STRONG MAN AS A REPRESENTATIVE.

The hope that Sir Robert Bond will re-enter the political arena, I notice, is more freely expressed every day. His fellow-countrymen still place implicit confidence in him, and believe that at this important juncture in our public affairs his services are imperatively necessary. But it is not as an Admirable Crichton of the Twentieth Century that he commands the homage of his compatriots. Newfoundlanders seldom are enthusiastic about mere intellectual versatility in the smartest mental gymnast. We are at bottom a profoundly religious community, and those who would arouse the enthusiasm of our people must touch the heart rather than the head of the Dominion. Sir Robert Bond is great in Parliamentary cut and thrust and parry. He is wonderful in a great debate, and beyond all rivalry as a platform speaker; but the great secret of his hold upon the popular heart is the prevailing conviction that he is at bottom not a mere old Parliamentary hand, or skilful orator, but a knight and a hero who can always be relied upon to act like a knight and a hero whenever there is any knightly and heroic task to be done. "It is all humbug," says his Tory opponent, "he is a self-seeker like the rest of us." But that is just what the masses, the people generally, will not believe. To them Sir Robert Bond is the one man left in politics, now that Sir William Whiteway is dead, who is capable of self-sacrifice. If a gulf opened in our Fort and the cry was forth for a Newfoundland Quintus Curtius, it is from Whitbourne that most people would expect the answer to come. He represents the element of the ideal in our local political strife. He is the statesman of aspiration and of enthusiasm; he is the man of faith, the leader of the forlorn hope, the heaven-sent champion of the poor and the oppressed. Many of us for years needed no other watchword than "Bond!" to nerve us for the fray—These lines.

"Presse where you see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war. And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

A DOMESTIC DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

The fact is, Mrs. Barnes, dear Nellie is very ill, and I fear she will die unless I see the doctor very soon, and the poor mother put her apron to her eyes and cried silently.

"Well, but why don't you see the doctor at once?" asked the kind-hearted neighbor.

"I have seen him, and he has seen my child several times," replied the mother, "but as I have not been able to pay him, I fear he will not come any more. And to tell the truth, added the mother, "I don't care to ask him, for he has been very good to me already, and doctors must live as well as other folks, and to live they must be paid."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Barnes, "and why not pay him?"

"So I would," replied the mother, "if I had the means, but I cannot get in the money that is due to me, and how can I pay others?"

"Poor mother," said Mrs. B.: "It is

NICKEL

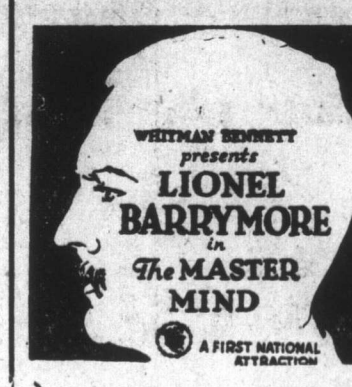
GEORGE DALE

Tenor.

- (A) THE BITTERNESS OF LOVE—(Dunn).
- (B) THE IRISH EMI-GRANT—(Barker).

The Celebrated Operatic Duet from IL Travatore --Le Miserere.

Miss Chase, Mr. Dale, Mr. McCarthy.



RUTH CHASE

Soprano.

- (A) A BIRTHDAY (Woodman).
- (B) FORGOTTEN (Cowles).

NICKEL

the suggestion of His Lordship Chief Justice Sir William Horwood, again visited the public institutions. I have not yet seen any reference to their report in the public press; but I presume it will appear in due time. The Grand Inquest on this occasion, I notice, embraces a most intelligent and representative body of citizens. It is, therefore, reasonable to assume that whenever their presentments are made, they will be carefully considered by the proper authorities. From what I can learn, the increase of crime here is not in the serious class of offences against person and property, known as "felonies," but in petty offences on misdemeanors which include the increasing number of "drunks" and vagrants that appear daily in our police court, where I heard the monotonous sentence by Judge Morris, "Thirty days," or "Three months," according to the character of the offender. This is the strategic point for the application of a "reform system." This, however, cannot be applied without a change in our criminal codes and some of the police regulations. In making these changes the Government should abandon all idea of short sentences to the Penitentiary as punishment. Imprisonment for the first offence, except in aggravated cases, should be isolated, so that the bad may not get worse, and those that are not inherently criminal may not be contaminated by the criminal element. Later on, with the Telegram's permission, I shall deal more fully with this interesting and highly important subject.

A HOME FOR INCURABLES.

During a debate in the House of Assembly last session some suggestive reference was made to the Sanatorium. One prominent member of that body, perhaps not inappropriately, called the institution "a home for incurables." Certainly a large amount of money is annually spent in its maintenance, and it does not appear, from what I can learn, that very many well-defined cases of tuberculosis have been cured there. But, possibly, that is due more to the insidious nature of the disease than to any lack of skill on the part of the veteran doctor and highly capable staff of nurses employed by him. Any way, the debate suggested to my mind the following touching lines:—

THE DOCTOR AND THE MICROBE.

One evening not long since, in the course of a delightful chat with my clever and quick-witted friend Dr. L. Keegan, I casually referred to the mischievous microbe and its wonderful ubiquity. He (the doctor, I mean, not the microbe) at once "opened out" and gave me in five minutes more general and special information about disease germs and their relentless habits and eccentricities than I could have obtained from all the books that have been written since Caxton introduced to us "the glorious art of printing." According to the learned doctor, whatever you do, or wherever you go, the microbe is "hot-foot after you." As the poet says:—

"Your microbe meets me everywhere: No chink nor crevice, brain nor bone, But he has seized, and reveals there— A king of undisputed throne. Around my porridge-bowl he skips; My ham is honey-combed all through; He whets his fangs and smacks his lips When smelling of my Irish stew. I heed not thee; some nobler things

really too bad! Have you tried your best?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the other. Only yesterday I called on the Butterfield, asking them to pay me for the last new dress I made for them."

"Well," said Mrs. Barnes, "and what was their reply?"

"Oh, they said they were honestly inclined, but hadn't got the money just then; so I had to come away without it."

"Have you often applied for this payment?" asked Mrs. Barnes.

"Ever since the last ball, for which the dress was ordered," replied the weeping mother.

"That's really too bad. I should think that people who can afford to attend balls might pay their milliners' bills first."

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Barnes, but I suppose they don't know what suffering their carelessness causes. I am sure they would not knowingly injure anyone. They are only thoughtless."

"Possibly," so says the poet Burns," responded Mrs. Barnes:

"Evil is caused by want of thought As much as by want of heart."

"But, all the same, I think such conduct is shameful. O, that these people could see the misery occasioned by their culpable neglect. However, good-bye neighbor. I hope your little girl will be better to-morrow, when I'll see you again," and the tender-hearted visitor was gone.

Mrs. Barnes called at the house next day again, but, alas! the curtains were drawn and poor little Nellie was dead.

"O! Debt! Debt! Debt! thou curse of this world; when wilt thy dark reign be over?"

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"Thy pity, Lord, for those who lie With folded hands and weary eyes And watch their years go fruitless by— Yet know not why."

Who long, with spirit valiant still, To work with earnest hand and will— Whose souls for action strive and thrill, Yet must be still!

Who smell in dreams the clover sweet And crush the wild fern 'neath their feet, And seek each well-loved haunt and seat— Each old retreat.

And mark again the birds' quick flight, The river gleaming in the light, A king of undisputed throne. Around my porridge-bowl he skips; My ham is honey-combed all through; He whets his fangs and smacks his lips When smelling of my Irish stew. I heed not thee; some nobler things

Dear Lord, forgive! If, as they lie

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