

The London Times.

The following extract from an article by A. G. Gardiner, editor of the London Daily News and which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, sketches before the "Thunderer" was added to the list of Northcliffe organs. The history of the Times has been a vital part of the history of the nation for more than a century. The mastery of the Walters had become in a very real sense a sort of fourth estate of the realm. No family could claim to have had a more powerful or a more dignified influence on the life of the nation than theirs had been. They had often exercised their power in an anti-social and narrow way, but they had preserved from generation to generation a tradition of dignity and responsibility that was

of inestimable value to the nation. Their personal honour and disinterestedness were above challenge. Their incorruptibility was never questioned, and they maintained a certain austere aloofness and superiority as of a caste set apart. They never came into the public eye, or disguised themselves under titles. It was enough to be "Walter of the Times." What right could any man have to sit in the seat of a nation's kings or statesmen? They were the trustees of the nation; kings and statesmen must wait upon their word.

The earlier, more liberal, more generous spirit of the paper grew cold with time. Property and privilege usurped the sovereignty once exercised by nobler impulses, and John Bright's saying that he was "never sure he was right until the Times said he was wrong" truly registered the change. But its motives were above suspicion, its authority unassailable. It commanded the respect even of those most hostile to its policy, and throughout Europe it was accepted as the authentic vehicle of the national purpose.

As the forum of controversy it was inferior only to Parliament itself, for just as the main stream of advertising had canalized itself into the Daily Telegraph, so the great argument of states had been canalized through the columns of the Times. Its correspondence was unique in all the world. It was not possible to keep pace with the movement of modern thought without a careful study of the letters in the Times.

We may measure its strength by the catastrophe it survived 30 ago. There had been no parallel in English journalism to the magnitude of the catastrophe. British politics were engulfed by one tyranny theme, the subject of home rule for Ireland. The Times had throughout been the unflinching and most powerful foe of nationalism, it stood for unionism, with its corollaries of supremacy for Ulster and concession for the rest of Ireland, with a passion and sincerity all the more formidable because of the intellectual capacity with which they were fortified.

The launching of a Thunderbolt. When, with the enormous prestige of its name and reputation, it launched the thunderbolt of "Parnellism and

Crime," it seemed as if the cause of home rule had vanished visibly into the abyss. Nothing could rehabilitate it after this exposure of the complicity of Mr. Parnell in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and the policy of agrarian crime generally. Deals were useless. Here were the very letters, written by Parnell's own hand and bearing the guarantee of the Times for their genuineness. And after all they were forgeries; and not merely forgeries, but clumsy forgeries. Brought to the test of the Parnell commission, the whole accusation collapsed like a house of cards. The flight of Pigott in the midst of the trial, and his suicide in Spain, left the Times humiliated and exposed as the tool of a vulgar forger whose criminality was so apparent under examination that it ought not to have deceived a school boy.

No other paper could have survived such a disaster. The Times did survive, but it reeled under the blow and as years went on gave visible signs of distress. It seemed like an old wooden hulk, laboring under canvas and battling with newly invented ironclads, but so made and powerfully timbered that it could not sink. It tried to modernize itself with enterprises like the publication of the encyclopedia Britannica and the establishment of the Times' circulating library, but these devices were unavailing.

The process of dissolution was slow, but it seems inevitable, and the vogue of the Daily Mail hastened it. Its prestige was still immense. The great still made it the vehicle of their utterances and outwardly it seemed as imposing and enduring as ever; but in journalistic circles its fate was known to be in the balance. Would it simply founder or would it become a trophy of the young Alexander of journalism.

One day it was announced in a Sunday paper that it had been acquired by C. Arthur Pearson, who had been Alfred Harmsworth's (Northcliffe) industrious challenger for the field of popular journalism. The mystery of that announcement is still obscure, but whoever made it played Mr. Harmsworth's hand very skillfully.

It broke up Mr. Pearson's negotiations at the critical moment, and led the prize to fall a little later into the hands of Mr. Harmsworth—or as he had now become, after a brief interval as Sir Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe. The fact was not announced with any flourish of trumpets. Lord Northcliffe was far too acute for that. He knew that the dramatic announcement of his association with the paper would be a shock to its prestige, and he needed to preserve that prestige intact for his future ambitions.

Let a simple salad form part of every meal.
Stewed rhubarb is an excellent spring food.
Excellent cookies are made with peanut butter.
Oatmeal makes a very good thickening for soups.
Spinach water can be used as a soup foundation.

Eskimo Hero From Labrador Dies in War.

Daily Mail: It came to me only yesterday—the hardest blow of the war. A "returned postal packet," and inside a letter of my own sent him several weeks ago. Or its face was the soulless stamp "Deceased."
Six years ago we met John Shiwak and I, in the most detached part of the Empire—the hyperborean places where icebergs are born, where seal grunt along the shore, where cod run blindly into the nets of adventurous fishermen gone north in a midsummer eight weeks of perilous, comfortless, uncertain industry.
Far "down" the desolate coast of Labrador, a thousand miles north of my Newfoundland starting point, I came on him in a trifling settlement that hugged, shivering and unsteady, about a long white building, a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company—the merest collection of "windproof" boards that housed human beings only in the less harrowing summer time.
For John Shiwak was an Eskimo.
Just one week I knew him and then we separated never to meet again. But in that week I came to know him better than from a year's acquaintance with less simple souls, and his record in his glorious end proves how well I did know him.
There, where the bitterness of ten months of the year drives the ten straggling thousand human beings of half as many miles of coast-line to the less grim, less bleak interior, John Shiwak has awakened to the bigness of life. He had taught himself to read and write. Every winter he trailed the hunter's lonely round back within sound of the Grand Falls, which only a score have seen—often alone for months in weather that never emerged from zero.
And every summer, when the ice broke in June, there came out to me in Canada his winter diary, written wearily by the light of candle, hunched in by a hundred miles of fatless, manless snow. And no fiction of fact of skilled writer spoke so from the heart. He was a natural poet, a natural artist, a natural narrator. In a thumb-nail dash of words he carried one straight into the clutch of the soundless Arctic.
And then came war. And even to that newsless, comfortless coast it carried its message of Empire. John wrote that he would be a "soldier." I dismissed it as one of his many vain ambitions against which his race would raise an impossible barrier. And months later came his note from Scotland, where he was in training. I followed him to England, but before we could meet he was in France. When, last summer, he obtained sudden leave, I was in Devon. His simple note of regret rests now like a tear on my heart.
But I have heard from him every week. He was never at home in his new career; something about it he did not quite understand. Latterly the loneliness of the life breathed from his lines. For he made no friends, in his silent, waiting way. His hunting companion was killed, and the great be-

lievement of it was like a strong man's sob. He was cold out there, even he, the Labrador hunter. But the heavy cardigan and gloves I sent did not reach him in time.

In his last letter was a great longing for home—his Eskimo father whom he had left at ten years to carve his own fortune, his two dusky sisters who were to him like creatures from an angel world, the doctor for whom he worked in Labrador in the summer time, his old hunter friends. "There will be no more letters from them until the ice breaks again," he moaned. But the ice of a new world has broken for John.

He had earned his long rest. Out there in loneliness, Solitary, day after day, and the cunning that made him a hunter of fox, and marten, and otter and bear, and wolf brought to him better game.
And all he ever asked was, "When will the war be over?" Only then would he return to his huskies and traps where few men dare a life of ice for a living almost as cold.
John Shiwak—Eskimo—patria.

The "Trustee" German Spy.

(From the Philadelphia Ledger.)
No more alarming case of German espionage has been brought to light than that of Paul Henig, the "trusted" master mechanic of a company making torpedoes for the United States Navy. Since another Henig, who passed as his son, is now interned at Ellis Island, it is not easy to understand the blind confidence which continued him in a position where he could do so much damage. Lieut. Shea, U.S.N., was the first to suspect him. This capable officer began an examination of the torpedoes on his own account and found that they were designed to circle back and sink the very ships firing them. There is no need to expatiate on the formidable nature of such a plot. Nor is it surprising that there should be considerable apprehension lest other unknown dangers of the kind threaten our military and naval forces. That Henig should pay the death penalty as a spy goes without saying; the example cannot be too severe. But there should also be an immediate and searching investigation of other "trusted" Germans who are employed in war work. The consequences of untrustworthiness are too perilous to be ignored.

After the Food Control Board.

Editor Evening Telegram.
Sir—All the winter potatoes could be had here or elsewhere, and enquiries brought but one answer: "That the potatoes were scarce, and were held for high prices in the spring. None were to be had at any price, and people had perforce to go without them with the consequent result that the flour was more used and at a loss to the user and to the Colony. The more flour used, the higher went the price. Now, it transpires that potatoes can be had in every direction, and scores of barrels have come in from a nearby place and sold at \$5.00 a barrel—a price at which they could not be had any time since last October. From the reports had there are more potatoes in sight than can be used this season—to the loss of the owners and the whole community. All this surplus could have been profitably used during the winter—profitably to all concerned. The writer is not prepared to say that the potatoes now to be had are the best for seed purposes, but it is apparent to every housekeeper in the town, that they could have used them since last fall. This is nothing but bad management on the part of some one, and that some one is the so-called Food Control Committee of St. John's. That Committee could have regulated the price of the potatoes and so saved the present situation. It seems that this Committee has only eyes for the conditions existing in the Capital, and their scope of usefulness does not concern and does not go beyond the needs of its citizens. It does not properly regulate matters even there, because the report was published in one city daily that the price of a barrel of potatoes there early this spring was \$5, a price that was not justified had enquiry been made, and the actual quantity of potatoes held in nearby places been ascertained. What are the duties of the Food Control Committee? Does anyone know what it has done except sending its Chairman to Canada and the States to find out that which could have been known by correspondence, while facts and figures of our local supply were entirely lost sight of. The Committee are Government officials, and can anyone expect their work to be as general or as searching as it should be. It may be said that if the Committee cannot deal with the regulation of the prices of imported foodstuffs, how can it be expected to deal with the regulation of the prices of the home food supply. What are its uses, or its scope of utility?
Yours truly,
May 11, 1918. PATRIOT.

Plain pastry is the lighter for a little baking powder in it.
Steaming bacon is much more economical than boiling it.



Public Notice

I am directed by His Excellency the Governor in Council to issue the following notice under Authority of Minute in Council passed 28th February, 1918.

Augmentation of the Pay of Royal Naval Reservists Newfoundland.

The Government of Newfoundland have decided to augment the pay of Newfoundland Royal Naval Reservists so as to place them on the same footing as men of the Newfoundland Regiment.

Under the provision of the War Measure Act, authority is given to the Minister of Militia to deal with the matter of augmentation of pay of the Royal Naval Reservists, Nfld., in consultation with the Senior Naval Officer, St. John's.

It is ordered that a sum of 33c. per day be placed to the credit of each Naval Reservist from the time of commencement of the war, in cases where men were then serving, or otherwise, from the time when their services began up to the time of discharge, or of death, or to the 30th of September, 1917, inclusive.

As the rate of pay of Naval Reservists was increased from October 1st, 1917, and as the difference between the amount they receive and that allowed the members of The Royal Newfoundland Regiment is 17c. per day, this difference will also be credited them from that date.

The foregoing amounts will not in any case be made a payment from Admiralty sources. The Minister of Militia, St. John's, Nfld., is solely responsible for the issue of any sums due.

Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve men serving in any of H. M. Ships, including all members of the Trawler Reserve and those in Defensively Armed Merchant Ships etc., are eligible for the pay as set forth, and should be informed of the following alternatives as regards the method of payment:—

- (a) Payment will be made on personal application to the Minister of Militia, St. John's.
- (b) Payment will be made to the nominee of any Reserve man, on written application duly witnessed, to the Minister of Militia, St. John's.
- (c) Sums due will be placed to the credit of Reserve men who do not desire to avail themselves of the foregoing and can be drawn by them at the expiration of their service.

The following form is to be compiled and forwarded direct to the Minister of Militia, St. John's, Newfoundland, at the earliest possible date:—

NAME AND OFFICIAL NO.	WHAT IS DESIRED DISPOSAL OF AMOUNT DUE UNDER ORDER 1, 2, or 3. (IN CASE OF 2, FULL NAME AND ADDRESS MUST BE GIVEN.)	SIGNATURE AUTHORIZING DISPOSAL.

All communications of any description with regard to these payments are to be made to the Minister of Militia, St. John's, direct.
Payment will commence on 1st May, 1918.

In cases where members of the Royal Naval Reserve (Newfoundland) have been killed in action or died of wounds or sickness, or through any other cause, the amount due as Augmentation Pay will go to the Estate of the deceased. The authority to obtain the Estate of the deceased is, in case of a Will, Letters of Probate; and in case there is not a Will, Letters of Administration. Such letters are issued by the Supreme Court of Newfoundland on the Petition and Proofs of Executor of the Will, or the next of kin. If the Estate does not exceed \$500.00, after the proof of the facts has been obtained the petition can be applied for by the Minister of Justice.

With reference to the foregoing, it is suggested that the next of kin of Reservists who are now serving should communicate with them and request them to send their instructions to the Militia Department. No action can be taken until such instructions are received.

Next of kin of deceased Reservists will be communicated with in due course when their claims have been proved.

J. R. BENNETT,
Minister of Militia.

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