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New Brunswick's independent newspapers.

These newspapers advocate British connection

Honesty in public life

Measures for the material progress and moral advancement of our great Dominion

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No deals!

"The Rubble, Shamrock, Rose and Thistle, The Maple Leaf forever."

Semi-Weekly Telegraph and The News

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 29, 1911.

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Apart from the question of politics in connection with reciprocity, those who are in a position to give expert opinion on matters involving highly technical knowledge of the transportation and grain business, are cordially in favor of the agreement. The railway men and elevator companies are, above everyone else, vitally interested in the tariff question, and if their interests were in danger they would be the first to protest. But they have made no protest. No railroad or elevator man of standing has said one word against this agreement.

The transportation companies and grain companies have either refused to speak on the question or they declared that they are well able to look after themselves in the face of any tariff agreement. Sir William Van Horne has denounced the treaty, but he is no longer a railway official, and almost directly after he had spoken came opinions from different railway officials that the Canadian railways could hold their own with any competition. Vice-President Bosworth said: "We will continue to do business at the old stand, and have no reason to fear any road on this continent." His confidence is reflected in the stock market where the C. P. R. stock is every day touching some new high level. Sir William McKenzie said in an interview in London: "This agreement makes not the slightest difference to our plans for connecting our eastern and western lines by a railway seventy miles north of Sudbury, and the whole route from there westward to Port Arthur has been located. We shall run almost midway between the C. P. R. and the G. T. P., which are about 100 miles apart. This year we shall go on with the construction on a larger scale, and in three years we shall have through connection between the far West and Quebec in the East."

Speaking for the elevators, Mr. N. M. Paterson, discussing the proposed agreement, said that "if the government would remove some of the restrictions that now exist regarding the shipment of Canadian wheat and give us the same regulations that prevail in Duluth, free wheat would make very little difference with us." Another elevator manager declared: "The Canadian railways can compete with any on the continent in hauling grain to the seaboard, and with the same regulations that govern American elevators and grain men, there need be no fear of grain from the west being taken from our railways. Thy can take care of themselves." The men upon whom devolves the future of the G. T. P. have expressed similar views, and after the agreement was announced, made public gigantic plans for piers, elevators and other facilities for attending to the new developments that would come with freer trade.

Evidently, then, it is not in the interests of the railways or elevator men that the Conservative party has fallen into the folly of obstructing public business at this time; confessedly it is not in the interest of the farmer, and not even the obstructionists have a keen enough sense of humor to suggest that it is in the interests of the ultimate consumer. There is no great demand throughout the country for an election at this time, but the Conservatives multiply words in Parliament—beginning in foolishness and ending in mischievous madness—at the dictates of the manufacturers of Montreal and Toronto. The command having gone forth, Mr. Borden's henchmen, Messrs. Taylor, Currie and Lennox take up the cry and waste the time of the House and country in obstruction tactics, and the other "Little Canadians" shout that we are going to be annexed by the United States. The condition is without a parallel in the history of any self-respecting party. By these methods the leaders fondly dream that they will wake up some day and find themselves in power. It does look at present as if they will get as far as the waking up part.

SENSITIVE ACTORS

Mr. Richard T. Barry, in an economic discussion of "Women in Industry," or some allied subject, recently criticized somewhat severely the theatrical profession and as a result he has been expelled from the Players' Club. Mr. Barry is a writer of some note, and was selected by a news syndicate to accompany the United States fleet on its recent cruise round the world. He discharged the work expected of him in this connection, as well as much in other lines, to the satisfaction of his constituency. Now the Players would put a stigma upon him, both socially and professionally, for adverse criticism of their calling. The club endeavors to constitute itself a censor of what a man should write.

Mr. Barry's criticism is severe enough. The profession, he said, represented a low mental condition. Its members, he asserted, had no feeling, or, where they did show any in the course of their representations, it was the result of a "bluff." The art of thinking he considered at a low ebb among them. Among the founders of the club were Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Gen. W. T. Sherman and Mark Twain. It is evident that these men have left no successor in the Players when its answer to these strictures is to raise a club upon the head of the critic. To be accused of lack of thought, feeling and education is sufficiently serious whether true or not, but when the reply of the accused is only to throw a brick at the critic, it is fair to say that this goes far toward removing the burden of proof from his shoulders. The charge becomes more probable, because it has produced the characteristic answer, if true.

If the Players were familiar with the early history and traditions of the calling of its members, Mr. Barry would be welcomed and his criticisms discussed. Under the early paganism, from which the craft loves to trace its descent, the notion that there is any necessary guilt in erroneous opinion was unknown. Speculation was always untrammelled until an orthodoxy arose that deprived men of their ears and noses, tortured them through days and at last burned them alive or broke them slowly on the wheel for disinterested and sincere opinions. To carry out the parallel, Mr. Barry should have been put through the third degree. Torture is what he deserves. If he could be placed on the rack there is no doubt but he could be proved a sorcerer. His heresy is acknowledged, for the definition of a heretic is one who differs in opinion from the class in which he lives. The battle of toleration against persecution is always being fought and lost, but it will be a surprise to many to see that the Players' Club has still to learn the lesson of tolerance.

As to the truth or falsity of Mr. Barry's charge, there may be some things to be said on both sides. For centuries the belief has persisted in England that actors are "rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars." Indeed it is understood that they were so defined by statute, 39 Eliz. chap. 4. The great Dr. Johnson's opinion is expressed in a sentence. One evening when he was lounging behind the scenes at Drury, Tom Davies made his appearance on his way to the stage in all the majesty and millinery of his part. The question that this great Reality of the eighteenth century put to him was: "Well Tom, and what art thou tonight?" It is difficult to answer this question in any way consistent with a true view of human dignity.

That the ancients thought lightly of the profession of acting is well illustrated in a story told of Julius Laberius, a Roman knight and dramatic author. He had the misfortune to irritate the great Julius when the latter was at the height of his power. Caesar, casting about for some mode of punishment, could think of nothing better than to condemn him to take a leading part in one of his own plays. Laberius composed and delivered a prologue of some power, in which he records this act of spiteful tyranny. Two lines, when translated, as as follows: "After having lived for sixty years with honor, I left my home this morning a Roman knight, but I shall return to it this evening an infamous stage-player. Alas! I have lived a day too long." Macready, the King Arthur of the stage, was always regretting that he was not a barrister-at-law. Mrs. Siddons, when her sister marries, thanks God she is off the stage. The testimony of actors that Mr. Barry could cite is large in bulk and valuable in quality, and it is largely on his side.

LUCK, MERIT AND SUCCESS

There are many men who seem to owe their success to good fortune. No matter how they may plume themselves on their own power and intelligence, they must see many points in their career where the result seemed to depend upon the throw of the dice and not upon their prudence, foresight, patience or perseverance. One may use the best known means with the greatest care and yet fail of result. On the other hand one may get a great result without any effort at all. There is apparently an element in every experience which is irrational and defies all expedient methods. One may incur a calamity without any fault of his own. This is the aleatory element in life, the element of risk and loss, good and bad fortune.

The fact of the aleatory element in human life, the human interpretations of it, and the efforts of men to deal with it, constitute a large part of the history of culture. Some of the American Indians believed that there was an hour when all wishes uttered by men were fulfilled. It is among half-civilized people that the notion of luck is given the greatest of influence in human affairs. They discover words, names, places, devices, gestures to control luck, and the luck in turn controls all human interests. Grimm gives more than a thousand ancient German dicta and proverbs about luck. Conscious of the uncertainty of happiness through marriage, it was a common thing even down to the fourteenth century to use divination and devices for luck and schemes by which the evil chance might be avoided. In many cases man seems to be nothing more than an atom of dust, the sport of cosmic forces, the plaything or the darling of the gods. On one side luck may mean something for nothing, the extreme case of prosperity and felicity. On the other side, ill luck may mean failure, loss, calamity, disappointment, in spite of the most earnest and well-planned endeavor. Borrow, writing in Lavengro of his father's abilities and misfortunes, declares that with far inferior qualifications many a man has become a field-marshal or a general "but the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong; indeed I ought rather to say very seldom; certain it is that my father, with all his high military qualifications, never became emperor, field-marshal or even general."

But as a rule, between unarmed men the battle is to the strong if the strong be no blunderer. Too much emphasis on luck would disturb all the lessons of industry and cut off the relations between effort and satisfaction. All effort would be in vain if the ghosts who control luck had always to be propitiated. Modern conditions have been made what they are by industry on rational lines of effort, with faith in the direct relation of effort and result. The element of luck remains, but it is always irrational, and the attitude of men toward it has changed. We work for what we want with courage, hope and faith, and we enjoy the product as a right. If the luck goes against us, we try again.

More than anywhere else the idea of luck intrudes in political life. We heard much of "Roosevelt luck," and while it continued it was in vain that Bryan cleansed his heart or washed his hands in innocency, for nothing but calamity overtook him. With much greater reason we might speak of "Laurier's luck," for the forces of fate seem to conspire with those of reason and intelligence to exalt him. There was an ancient belief that the fates were envious of human prosperity, and that one might unwittingly do harm by admiration. This superstition is still popular in some countries. Throwing an old shoe after a bride is due to this belief. They must always decry the person or thing favored by luck to avert the evil eye and the evil chance. It is possible that Mr. Borden and the Conservative party cherish this superstition. In that case their vituperative outcries are meant as an antidote against evil luck. They will likely prove so, whatever the intention.

THE SOONER THE BETTER

Having in mind the tone of the speeches made on Monday by the Premier, Hon. Mr. Fielding, and Hon. Mr. Pugsley, Liberals will be fully prepared for the news concerning the government caucus at Ottawa yesterday, an account of which is found in The Telegraph's despatches this morning. The word is "Fight." The administration, confident of its strength before the country, fully convinced of the solid merits of its tariff policy, and determined not to submit to continued obstruction by the Tory minority in the House, is going to the people at the end of September or early in October. The Conservative caucus, though there were some doubtful voices, voted yesterday for further obstruction; and since the government will make no concessions and will not brook prolonged delay, the country must expect the elections in the early autumn. If they do not come the reason will be Conservative weakening, and opinion in Ottawa is that the opposition is too deeply committed now to withdraw.

In the Liberal caucus yesterday all the members, from all the provinces, spoke as one in applauding Sir Wilfrid Laurier's position, and in demanding a speedy appeal to the country if the opposition does not yield. From every one of the provinces there were hearty and confident assurances that with reciprocity as a battle cry the government will meet with sweeping success. The honored Liberal chieftain was never so full of fight as he is today, and never in his long and admirable leadership has he had his party so thoroughly at his back as now. Never was his prestige so high, his hold upon the people in every part of the Dominion so firm.

With Mr. Borden, forced by the "interests" into making the fight before redistribution, and thus compelled to offend a great section of the country by open injustice, the case is a desperate one. It is widely understood that the size of the Conservative campaign fund depends chiefly upon the date of the elections as compared with the progress of the reciprocity agreement. If the agreement were ratified at Ottawa as it has been in Washington—if the thing were done, in fine—the "interests" would no longer be willing to finance the opposition campaign. Blind and selfish, the "interests" feel that their only hope lies in preventing the ratification of the trade treaty by defeating the government—and already, as the Liberal fighting spirit rises and the reports come in as to political conditions all over the country, the futility of the attack upon the administration is becoming apparent even to the maddest of the high protectionists. Their day is done. Their insanity has shortened it materially. In this campaign the Conservatives, more clearly than ever in their history, are arrayed against the public interest, and their relations with the "interests" reduces them to the status of mercenaries serving under an evil flag.

The Liberals are ready; the sooner the elections come, the better. Now, or in September or October, it is merely a question of majority. Success was never so certain since Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into power.

"WITHOUT TOO GREAT A SPLASH"

In the introduction to the new book he has just published, ("Seeing Canada and the South," William Briggs, Toronto), Mr. H. Percy Scott, M. A., lecturer on Constitutional History, Kings College, Windsor, takes the public into his confidence in this trenchant preface:

"The following pages were written five years ago, while the impressions of travel were still fresh. Publication was delayed, partly because it was feared that some of the views expressed were too advanced for the time. Such an extraordinary forward movement of international opinion has developed since then, however, that it is hoped that the ideas outlined will, at the present time sink into the public consciousness without too great a splash."

Having examined the book, and having the splash in mind, one yet has no sudden impulse to spring backward in order to avoid the spray. Nevertheless, for the purpose of assisting some of the ideas outlined by Mr. Scott in "sinking into the public consciousness," it may be said briefly that the book is an account of a trip the author made through Canada and some parts of the United States, together with his observations on men and affairs along the way. Not that Mr. Scott confines himself wholly to wayfaring subjects, for much that he saw naturally appealed to his imagination and caused him to think out loud. Thus, of the occasion when he first saw the Pacific, he remarks:

"I felt, I suppose, something like Balboa did when, first of Europeans, he gazed on that vast tide,

"'Motionless, on a peak in Darien.'"

One does not not readily recall that Balboa's feelings on the occasion cited by Mr. Scott have been recorded in that way, and one wonders whether the author had not in mind these other lines, in which no man, even though he be a lecturer on Constitutional History, should displace so much as a comma:

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez—when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

If these were not the lines the author needed, one owes him an apology; if they were, the shoe is on the other foot.

In Victoria, which reminded Mr. Scott strongly of Halifax, he tells us "they do their best to live up to the motto which I saw stuck up somewhere in an office:

"'Early to bed, early to rise;
Hustle like thunder and advertise.'"

That, of course, is not good old John Keats, but it is another classic tampered with, for the West does not "hold with" such language, and unless Mr. Scott ran across a diluted copy, the lines he quotes are a pallid paraphrase of the card he saw, in which the metre is better and at least one word—though good newspapers avoid it—was much more virile.

But, to make sure that we do the author's happy style and headlong judgment no injustice, let us quote a bright little bit that he picked up in Calgary, which begins on page 43 of his wanderings:

"An acquaintance told me that those places in the Maritime Provinces, Halifax, St. John and Windsor, and the rest of them, would never be much bigger than they are now. They wont grow any more, said he. They have had their period of development. Of course, they will improve with time; improvements will be forced upon them. But they will never take the lead again. Halifax was quite a bustling town when I first remember it, fifty years ago, with the army and navy helping, and the fishermen, and some shipping, and the trade of the province passing through; but it is as quiet as the grave now. They get up at ten o'clock in the morning and do not do any business to speak of.

"'St. John, before the fire, was doing something, too. They're making great efforts to galvanize her—spent a million dollars on a grain elevator and harbor improvements this year, I hear; but she's had her day, and is out of the running. They have three or four better hotels in Winnipeg than any in Halifax or St. John, besides the C. P. R's million-dollar hotel, which is well under way. 'It's things like these that show what a city is.'"

All of which seems to have sunk into the consciousness of Mr. Scott without causing any particular "splash," for he "hands it out cold," as they say in the West, and passes on to confront the Rockies—with which, one is relieved to note, he seems to have been not wholly displeased.

Having accompanied Mr. Scott to the coast and back again, it is not improbable that the reader will be left wondering what "views" he feared were "too advanced for the times." And, as to publication, while it may have been the part of wisdom to delay it, there is likely to arise some vague doubt as to whether or not much loss would have resulted even had the delay been prolonged indefinitely.

IN NORTHUMBERLAND

Mr. Donald Morrison has been selected as the Conservative candidate in Northumberland, and, naturally enough perhaps, the newspapers of his party have almost persuaded themselves that he has a chance of winning. In order so to persuade themselves—supposing for the moment that they have done it—it must be necessary for them to close their eyes to all the salient facts of the situation.

It is somewhat early in the campaign to introduce figures, but as Mr. W. S. Loggie defeated Mr. Morrison in 1908 by almost a thousand votes, and as Northumberland, with its fish, its lumber, and its large output of agricultural products, is a county quick to realize the benefits of reciprocity, it would be a fair estimate if one were to say, in the light of the cards now upon the table, that Mr. Loggie could give Mr. Morrison a thousand votes and a beating.

Mr. Morrison is best remembered in New Brunswick politics as a sacrifice to the bad faith and bad judgment of Mr. Hazen. In the provincial elections of 1908, the Hazen party carried Northumberland, electing its ticket by very large majorities. Mr. Hazen had told the country that he welcomed the support of Liberals, that his sole goal was good government, and that if he were fortunate enough to win Liberals would receive at his hands the same consideration as men of his own political faith. That was Mr. Hazen before his success. Many Liberals were caught by that lure, and the benefit was Mr. Hazen's—for a time.

But a few short months after the provincial campaign of that year, the Federal contest came along. Forgetting all his protestations about fair play for the Liberals, Mr. Hazen threw in his fortunes with Mr. Borden and sought to employ his provincial government machinery to assist Mr. Borden in carrying New Brunswick. Mr. Morrison, after taking counsel with Mr. Hazen, resigned his provincial seat to offer for the House of Commons, an example which was followed by another of Mr. Hazen's misguided followers, in Carleton county. The result was, as the reader has been reminded, that Mr. Loggie defeated Mr. Morrison by 981 votes.

Mr. Loggie has been a hard-working, faithful, and successful representative for Northumberland at Ottawa, and it would be foolish for any of his opponents to deny that he is more influential and popular in the constituency now than at any previous period of his career. In view of the few simple facts here recorded, it may be said that our Conservative brethren are welcome to any comfort they feel able to extract from the nomination of Mr. Morrison. He is good food for powder; that's all.

THE MILLERS AND RECIPROCITY

The Standard is alarmed because "the tariff walls are to be pulled down and Canadian wheat is to be shipped south to swell the coffers of the great milling interests across the line, to provide freight for rival transportation companies," and to build up American ports. It adds that both the transportation and milling companies "will look after themselves by a strenuous opposition to the pact."

It is fortunate that the Standard introduces this issue early in the campaign. The transportation companies, as the price of their stocks on the market fairly well establishes, expect to profit by reciprocity; and the same is true of Canadian ports, for St. John which handled $8,000,000 worth of American products last year will rapidly increase the amount after the trade agreement has been ratified at Ottawa.

Let us glance for a moment at the terrible calamity to be brought about by the sale of Canadian wheat to Americans. Mr. Garnett, secretary of the Grain Growers' Association at Carman, Manitoba, has supplied a detailed comparison of wheat, barley and flax prices at towns opposite to one another in the Canadian West and in Dakota respectively. Some of the figures follow:

Wheat—American Side.

Pembina	91c.
Neche	91c.
Saries	89c.
Portal	86c.
Souris	83c.

Wheat—Canadian Side.

Emerson	81c.
Gretna	81c.
Crystal City	76c.
North Portal	75c.
Washada	77c.

Barley—American Side.

Pembina	67c.
Neche	67c.
Saries	65c.
Portal	63c.

Barley—Canadian Side.

Emerson	42c.
Gretna	38c.
Crystal City	38c.
North Portal	35c.

Flax—American Side.

Pembine	$2.32
Neche	2.32
Saries	2.34
Portal	2.33

Flax—Canadian Side.

Emerson	$1.93
Gretna	2.26
Crystal City	2.10
North Portal	1.89

These figures need little comment, but the argument can be clinched by throwing a little light upon the position of the Canadian milling companies whose strenuous opposition to reciprocity the Standard announces. Keeping Mr. Garnett's grain prices in mind, let us take these paragraphs from Mr. James J. Harpell's review of the Canadian milling situation in connection with the proposed trade agreement. He says:

"Where our combines are able to fix the price they pay for their raw material as well as the selling price of their finished article their earnings are much larger. For instance, the three largest milling companies have a combined capitalization of $3,500,000 of seven per cent. preferred stock, $5,895,000 of common stock, and $4,573,100 bonds. The net earnings from the business in 1909 of these three companies were sufficient to pay all expenses, the dividends on the preferred stock and the bonds, and leaving a balance of $925,902, or over fifteen and three-quarters per cent. for the common or bonus stock.

"THE NET EARNINGS OF THESE COMPANIES ON THEIR ACTUAL INVESTMENT MUST HAVE BEEN CONSIDERABLY OVER FIFTY PER CENT. Of course, such a large percentage was not paid. One of the companies paid seven perf cent. on its common stock, another six per pent., the third paid seven per cent. in cash and gave a bonus of fifteen per cent. of new common stock, thereby further increasing their watered stock by this amount. The balance was carried forward. The surplus, or undistributed earnings, of these three companies at the end of 1909 amounted to $2,300,625. These examples could be multiplied as many times as there are commodities required by Canadian consumers."

No wonder the milling companies are going to make strenuous opposition to a proposal that the farmer shall be allowed to obtain a fair price for his wheat.

And how do these milling combines use the consumer of flour? A little while ago, when the wholesale price of flour in Winnipeg was $2.95 a hundredweight, the wholesale price of the same grade of Canadian flour in Great Britain was $2.50. The cost of taking flour from Winnipeg to Manchester or Glasgow was then about fifty cents a hundredweight, which means that flour which cost $2.95 in Winnipeg was sold for about $2.00 in the English market. But that is the wholesale price. By the time this flour reaches the average consumer in Canada the plight of the Canadian buyer is very much worse. Thus, a little while ago, when a 7-lb. sack of flour sold in Toronto at thirty cents, or at the rate of $4.25 a hundredweight the price of the same sack, of the same grade of Canadian flour in Manchester was twenty-two cents, which is at the rate of $3.14 a hundredweight.

The alliance between the Tories and the millers, in other words, is for the purpose of giving the millers a chance to go on squeezing the home market, so that it may be true of Canada in future as it is today, that while this is a great wheat growing country the farmer gets less for his wheat and the consumer pays more for his flour than in any other wheat growing country in the world.

Yes, the millers, and one or two transportation companies whose leading men have always been active in the Conservative party, will strenuously—but vainly—oppose reciprocity. But their motives for opposing it will be made exceedingly clear to the electors, and when these motives are explained, and the consumer, and the lumberman, farmers, and fishermen understand the nature of the opposition to the trade agreement, the attitude of the "interests" will make thousands of votes for the Liberal party.

PUGSLEY BRINGS BORDEN TO BOOK

Tory Leader's Reference to Exploded Yarns Against the Minister of Public Works, Brings Prompt Challenge to His Traducer to Make a Charge and He Will Show Up the Vile Tory Conspiracy Against Him.

Ottawa, July 26—The opposition was in bad temper this morning and did not lose much time in showing it. The Conservative leader and the opposition chief whip were the trouble makers, both attacking the Hon. Mr. Pugsley.

When the speaker had declared their performance out of order, Mr. Crocket launched another attack against Mr. Pugsley.

Whip Perley started the first difference by rising to a question of privilege with a complaint that Mr. Pugsley on Monday night had quoted from a letter from the Riordon Paper Company, of which Mr. Perley is vice-president, strongly supporting the reciprocity agreement, so far as pulp and paper are concerned. Mr. Perley said he was surprised that Mr. Pugsley had quoted this letter, which was a communication to the minister of finance, who had stated to the house that communications on reciprocity were confidential.

Dr. Pugsley—The letter is in a return made to the house of all correspondence on reciprocity.

Mr. Perley—Who moved for that return?

Mr. Fielding—Hon. Mr. Foster demanded that the correspondence should be given to the house, and all communications except those marked private or by their nature private were brought down.

Mr. Perley protested that he had nothing to do with the actual management of the company. "I have so much work to do here," he began.

Sir Wilfrid—Hear, hear. (Liberal laughter).

Mr. Perley—This company is not a political company, or a Tory concern. It is a Canadian company.

Hon. Mr. Emmerson—Quite so, and, accordingly, not afraid to scatter the constitution.

Hon. Mr. Graham—And out for Canadian prosperity and business.

Mr. Perley said that he was opposed to reciprocity on principle, and it seemed to be beyond the ken of the minister of public works that his position could be dictated from any other point of view than the point.

Hon. Mr. Pugsley replied that under the circumstances Mr. Perley was to be congratulated upon being a stockholder in a Canadian company directed by such excellent judgment as the general manager had shown in his letter to the minister of finance.

The Liberal laughter which followed this remark brought Mr. Borden to his feet with an ugly look upon his face.

"It ill becomes a man," said Mr. Borden, "having the record of the minister of public works respecting dealings with the treasury of New Brunswick."

A roar of Liberal protest drowned the further words of Mr. Borden.

There were cries of "shame" and "apologize."

Dr. Pugsley rose indignantly. "I ask my honorable friend not to make insinuations," he said. "Very many insinuations have been made in the past, but it is surely due to the position he occupies that the leader of the opposition should not indulge in such. If he has anything to say, let him not say it behind insinuations, but make his statement in a straightforward manner. If he has a charge to make, let him make it openly and publicly. If the leader of the opposition and his associates in parliament produce the correspondence and records in their possession there will be disclosed a great conspiracy against myself. I have publicly characterized it as a conspiracy. I have dared them to meet my statements with libel charges. If they are manly enough to do this and publicly make their charges, should I fail to show beyond peradventure that they are false in every particular, I will forfeit my seat as a member of this house."

Mr. Borden said: "It was the records of the legislature of New Brunswick to which I referred. If the honorable gentleman wants them produced, I think that they can be produced."

Mr. Pugsley—If there is anything the honorable gentleman can find out he is welcome to it."

Mr. Borden said he arose because Dr. Pugsley had made a most uncalled for insinuation against the member for Argenteuil. "And I say that the insinuation came with very bad grace, indeed, and I repeat it, from a gentleman having a record in the public life of this country which is possessed by the minister of public works."

Mr. Pugsley—"I am quite content to allow my record in public life to stand side by side with that of the honorable gentleman. From time to time during twenty-six years, I have appealed to the people of my native province on my record, and I have always been sustained upon that record. When the last appeal was made I came back with a majority of ten supporters, and when we go to the people again, be it very soon or at a later date, I venture that we shall come back with twelve supporters at least from the province of New Brunswick."

Dr. Sproule declared the discussion was out of order.

The Speaker agreed, and the discussion stopped.

Then, on motion to go into committee of ways and means, Mr. Crocket brought up the Gaspereaux dredging investigation of last session, which has been discussed in the house several times before.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Laurier and reciprocity! The party has never had a better slogan.

* * *

The Liberal drums are beating for battle. And battle means Liberal victory.

* * *

Mr. Borden is now in the position of the uncomfortable man who had a bear by the tail. To hold on, or to let go, is going to prove extremely awkward.

* * *

Since Washington has acted only the Conservatives stand between Canada and the larger market that will follow reciprocity in natural products. An election will remove the obstacle.

* * *

Unable to answer Hon. Mr. Pugsley's arguments in favor of reciprocity, Mr. Borden after the fashion of men having a bad case, resorted to a base personal insinuation. The spirited rejoinder of the Minister of Public Works left the opposition leader silent. Dr. Pugsley is a patient man, but those who seek to take advantage of his good nature are sometimes brought to book very sharply. Mr. Borden's is a case in point. The opposition leader's New Brunswick lieutenants can tell him that the Minister of Public Works knows how to meet calumny effectively and to expose its authors.

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The West demands two things: reciprocity and redistribution. Mr. Borden will permit it to have neither if he can help it. For that attitude the West will settle with the Conservative party presently. The lesson will be hard to forget.

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In another column today there is printed a poetical effusion by a visiting automobilist, the subject of which is the Hazen roads. The visitor is not a great poet, but he contrives to make it clear that he agrees with a great many of the people living in this province, in believing that the local government has been a great failure in respect of its administration of the public highways. Dr. A. Pierce Crocket, after extensive experience with the New Brunswick roads, favored The Telegraph the other day with an extended interview upon this subject. One regrets to note that the Standard appears not to have noticed the testimony of Dr. Crocket, an omission all the more lamentable because the Conservative newspaper should be disposed to regard him as an unprejudiced witness. The things he said about the Hazen roads were awful, and worse yet, true.

A P. E. Island Family

An obituary notice in a Bangor paper tells of a whole family from P. E. Island now living in the states. It says:—"The death of Mrs. Nellie S. Raymond took place Sunday at her home in Lynn, Mass., from exhaustion brought on by the heat. Mrs. Raymond is a sister of Mrs. Thomas McNamara of this city. She was born on Prince Edward's Island, July 16, 1870, and had lived in Lynn 16 years. She is survived by her husband, Frank S. Raymond, her father, Charles McQuillan; one brother, Hugh McQuillan, and a son, James Raymond, all of Lynn, and five sisters, Mrs. William Butler, of Boston; Mrs. Thomas McNamara, of Bangor! Mrs. George McKee, Mrs. Fannie Alterson and Miss Georgie McQuillan, all of Lynn.

Uncle Walt

The Poet Philosopher

OUR BLESSINGS

When the earth's baked dry 'neath a brazen sky, and the hot winds scorch the plain, then the farmer stands and he wrings his hands and wails for a soaking rain. "If the rain leak," you can hear him shriek, "and moisten my wheat and oats, that Jupiter chap, when he wants a snap, could count on the rural votes." And he yells and sings when the south wind brings the rain to his parching crop, but if too much pours you can hear his roars: "I wish that this rain would stop!" Oh, I hoe and scratch in my garden patch, o'er a hatful of peas and beans; and I often sigh that the whole blamed sky should be run to raise my greens. The whole bunch of gods should protect my pods and nourish my pumpkin trees, and the stars should move in the proper groove to favor my crop of peas. It's little I care how the others fare as the days of summer pass; let the clouds shed juice and the sun produce its heat for my garden sass!

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WALT MASON