

Canada, the cementing of the bond that binds Canada and the British Empire and the aggressive prosecution of the war to a successful conclusion have engaged his energies without ceasing. He has the genius of statesmanship. He is in the line of succession of Sir John A. Macdonald and Alexander Mackenzie as a parliamentarian. Above all he is a true Canadian, pandering to no particular province, but viewing Canada as a whole and as an integral part of the British Empire.

Borden is a Strong Man.

His enemies failing to detect a flaw in his masterly conception of Canada's duty in the hour of her stress—that Canada must keep faith with the Canadians in the trenches—say that he is a weak man. Nothing could be further from the truth. The debate on the naval bill in the House of Commons in 1912 proved his calibre when he surpassed Sir Wilfrid as a parliamentarian and electrified Canada with his sturdy advocacy of naval co-operation with the motherland. His presence in London, England, from July to December, 1913, attending the Imperial War Council, enabled him to discuss the affairs of Canada and the Empire with a world-vision that won him the encomiums of the British press as never were accorded Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He held his own with the great pro-consuls of the Empire. It was the force of character of Sir Robert

Borden that uncovered the prodigal lease contracts and the abnormal profits of the pork packers and forced thorough investigations. His also was the master-mind that solved the railway crisis in Canada in the national interest. But his crowning achievement, in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties, is his organization of the present Unionist government, that has quickened the spirit of Canadian national life and exalted principle over petty politics. (Applause).

In Flanders Fields.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we live
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

Thirty thousand heroes lie buried there
In Flanders fields, but their spirits call to us now.
Shall they call in vain?

Shall we sustain our Soldiers or leave them in the lurch?

Put your answer in the ballot box on December 17th

VOTE FOR

H. H. STEVENS

UNIONIST CANDIDATE VANCOUVER CENTRE

"Go Over the Top" with Stevens on Dec. 17.