

THE PATRONAGE MAGGOT.

The Ottawa Citizen scores the "Patriots" who wax fat at the expense of soldier and tax-payer.

UNDER the heading "Where Are the Loyal Orders," the Ottawa Citizen, a newspaper which loyally supported the Conservative party in the last election, printed on March 24th, an editorial which has commanded unusual attention wherever it has been read. The amazing and disgusting disclosures of the workings of the Tory patronage system, with its blood toll of stolen profits for middlemen who were thus bought to be useful on election day, were coming daily from the sittings of the Public Accounts Committee and the Boot Enquiry Committee. The editorial brings home in striking fashion the hideous iniquity and the brazen shamelessness of the patronage system which is a regular and acknowledged part of the Nationalist-Conservative political machine; a system for which every member of the Government from Sir Robert Borden down, is responsible because every one knew of it and every one of them condoned its rottenness by recommending their own special friends for reserved places at the reeking trough. The editorial has a message which should be read and pondered by every citizen of Canada. It is reproduced herewith in full:

Where Are the Loyal Orders?

There is a maggot eating at the heart of Canadian national life; and independent citizens of this country are standing by in silence, witnessing the work of the greedy maggot without a murmur. Materialism has burrowed into the body politic so deep that even things most dear to the honor of a nation do not escape it. Young men, young soldiers, are voluntarily giving their all, their lives, in defence of British freedom, British honor and British tradition; and the political maggot is eating into the health of the citizen army through the soles of its rotten boots.

Having eaten into the health of the soldiers who were strong and well, the maggot is now fattening on the sick and wounded, broken in the Empire's war. Field dressings, even the salve and balm and bandages, for the poor broken limbs and shattered bodies of Canada's wounded men and boys, have been made a medium for the cursed maggot to ply its loathesome business. Where are the upholders of British tradition, the loyal orders, the sons of England and the sons of honor in Canada? Must they remain for ever silent while such damnable maggotry is being laid bare?

Here it has been demonstrated and confessed before a committee of members of Parliament that a junior clerk in the Carleton Drug Company—of which William F. Garland, M.P. for Carleton, is principal owner—has made a profit of \$9,000 on an order for forty thousand dollars worth of field dressings and other necessities intended for the brave men at the firing line. The drug clerk, a mere inexperienced youth, paid about \$15 a week, is introduced to the militia department under the scoundrelly

political patronage system tolerated by the pinch-beck political practise of this country.

It is pretended that the junior clerk of the Carleton Drug Company is allowed to appropriate this patronage-begotten \$9,000 of public money without hint or interference regarding its disposal by his political masters. Taking the pack of patronage middlemen at their political word, and assuming that the \$9,000 of profit on the field dressings and necessities for wounded men is to be disposed as pretended, is it not enough to bring tears of shame and indignation to the eyes of every lover of Canada and British honor?

The Red Cross fund is having to appeal for more help; and many good people are giving of their scant earnings to do what little they can for the tender nursing of the Empire's broken men. For the sum of \$9,000 eighteen trained nurses could have been sent from Canada and maintained at the saving line for a whole year—perhaps till the end of the War—to wash the wounds and soothe the pain-racked bodies of Canada's injured soldiers. One hundred and eighty Red Cross beds could have been sent to the saving line to lay weary, shell-torn and shattered men upon, in cleanliness and comfort, so far as comfort is possible. But the \$9,000—just one instance of the work of the maggot eating at the heart of Canada—is now deposited to the account of a junior clerk of the firm of the Carleton Drug Company, of which William F. Garland, M.P., is principal owner.

And the political colleagues of the honorable member for Carleton gloss over the work of the maggot by asking smooth questions. Field dressings and first aid necessities for the wounded are made to yield up a profit of 28 per cent—\$9,000 of public money—to a politically appointed agent; and Mr. Blain of Peel glibly asks, "Is that regarded as high in your business?" And Mr. Fripp of Ottawa says to the Carleton Drug Company's junior clerk, "You do not have to account to anyone for the amount?" The clerk answers, "No." Says Mr. Fripp, honorable member for this Capital and royal city, "You are going through college and this will help you?" And the obedient clerk answers, "Yes." And the loyal citizens of Canada are quite calm and unmoved about it!

Within a few weeks the political packs will have scattered across the country, and if the ring-leaders have their way Canada will be plunged into the swirl and swill of a general election. Such patriot gentry as the head of the Carleton Drug Company, and the sophist members of the committee investigating the profits over the bodies of wounded soldiers, will be expanding themselves upon political platforms and appealing for the support of the loyal orders and believers in British tradition and honor! They will vow themselves to be the saviors of the Empire. What will the loyal orders and independent citizens say? Britain would surely abhor and repudiate such professed aid. Will it seem well in the sight of the Great Architect of the Universe?