

Capitals to present the merits of cause that interest them unselfishly. To the charge that there is pressure upon the members by the professional promoters of legislation there comes the reply that men in high official position and private citizens are equally active in the personal appeal. If there is a possibility that the public fails to realize that the approach to the lawmaker is in the one case to secure his aid for a special interest and in the other an effort to enlist him on the grounds of duty, then there is need of the distinction being made as clear as it is actual.

An extreme ideal would throw around the legislatures the protection that surrounds courts and juries. It would limit the information and the counsel that comes to them to the channels of public hearing and the reports of committees. It would even shelter them from the newspaper discussion of pending matters. The extreme needs no more to be stated than it is seen to be impracticable and undesirable. Legislation is not, as in the case in court, a matter between two parties, but has only the public benefit.

Application, has variant restrictions. It is not a general interest. These seem to need statement in order to lead to the real and the sole justification of the lobby, the enlightenment of the legislatures to a degree that they would fail to obtain in exclusion.

If lobbies were an unmitigated evil, or if they were of greater harm than good, their continuance would be impossible. Legislatures would long ago have done away with them. But the free intercourse between the makers of laws and those for whom they are made is an established and recognized need. What has been undertaken is the restraint within an obvious propriety, that the influence shall not be made personal and that it shall leave the member in his final action unhampered and controlled only by his primary obligation.

Regarding the legislator as an agent, he cannot well be denied communication with the principal, but the general public, which he also serves, has its right that the communication be in open view. The corrective power of full publicity is coming to full appreciation in the present tendency, and it has no limits.—Christian Science Monitor.

NOTES BY THE WAY

It was not only the street cars that were full last night.

One had to go out of Brandon yesterday to realize that it was Dominion Day.

The city authorities evidently read the papers. The pile of broken milk bottles on Fourteenth street has disappeared.

What constitutes a banquet? Why don't you know. Half-a-glass of ginger ale and one cigar.

A tip to the parks board: How would it be to place notices in the different city parks that from now on "male bipeds under the age of 20 years be not allowed in the parks unless led on a chain or under the care of their nursemaids."

On occasions like yesterday afternoon when there is a rush for an excursion train and also for the regular C.P.R. should either have more than one window open for the issue of tickets, or see that their ticket clerk is a little more rapid on his job.

It must be gratifying to some people to see our stalwart defenders lined up at a canteen counter eating ice cream, like school girls, and swilling pop. So much better for men than good wholesome bread and cheese and beer!

Col. Sam Hughes ordained that no intoxicants of any kind would be allowed at Sewell camp. It seems that this order only applies to the selling of liquor in camp, and not to its being taken in. It is ever thus! Every law that is made has some loop hole for evasion.

An intelligent looking collie dog was noticed the other afternoon scrutinizing a board bearing the legend, "Notice to Dogs," at the south side of Stanley park, and corner of Fifteenth and Lorne. Whether his owner would be fined \$25 or whether it would come out of his own pocket did not seem very clear to Mr. Doggie, so he would not take any chances on that short-cut to Princess avenue. He went round!

"THIS DATE IN HISTORY"

- July 2
- 1775—Washington arrived at Cambridge to take command of the continental army.
 - 1778—Seventh Continental Congress met in Philadelphia.
 - 1800—British parliament passed the act for the union of Great Britain and Ireland.
 - 1850—Sir Robert Peel, British statesman, died. Born February 5, 1788.
 - 1863—Second day of the battle of Gettysburg, resulting in a partial victory for the Federals under General Meade.
 - 1870—Illinois adopted a new constitution.
 - 1878—Daniel Sturgeon, U.S. senator from Pennsylvania, 1839-51, died in Uniontown, Pa. Born October 27, 1789.
 - 1881—President Garfield fatally shot by Charles Guiteau.
 - 1893—Dedication of the New York State Monument at Gettysburg.

1912—Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, nominated for president on the 46th ballot in the Democratic national convention at Baltimore.

"THIS IS MY 10TH BIRTHDAY"

Crown Prince of Norway

Crown Prince Olav, heir apparent to the Norwegian throne, was born July 2, 1903. Though he will some day be king of Norway, the little prince is a Norwegian by adoption only. Nor are either of his parents of Norwegian birth, for his father, King Haakon VII., was a Danish Prince, while his mother, Queen Maud, is an English Princess. In 1905, it will be remembered, Norway declared its independence of Sweden and elected Prince Charles of Denmark king. Upon assuming the throne he took the name of Haakon VII. He is the second son of the late King Frederick of Denmark, was born in 1872, and in 1896 married Princess Maud, daughter of King Edward of England.

Prince Olav is the only child of the royal couple.

Congratulations to: Sir Charles Tupper, former premier of Canada, 92 years old today.

William Le Queux, noted English novelist, 49 years old today.

Col. Charles Chaille-Long, soldier, diplomat and explorer, 71 years old today.

Charles G. Edwards, representative in Congress of the First district of Georgia, 35 years old today.

Hubert D. Stephens, representative in Congress of the Second district of Mississippi, 38 years old today.

MAN AND THE CASSOCK

An Enthralling Romance

By Mrs. DAVID G. RITCHIE

(CHAPTER XVII.—Con.)

Marion was not present. The Bible and box were now unseparably precious to her and had no rival in her affections at any moment, for it is so much more easy to be in perfect harmony with the dead than with the living. It was not her fault that the Bible and box would gradually move towards the center of the drawer, and get tangled with hair-ribbons, handkerchiefs, unneeded gloves, broken knives and pencils, pieces of slate, and dead flowers.

Agnes had vague suspicions, that she never told to anybody (except as a secret to two schoolfellows), that Marion's mother and her own mother had died prematurely because they had had to mend their own clothes. Agnes had irrevocably made up her mind not to marry a clergyman unless he had come to private means.

On the particular Sunday morning after the other-hunt, Agnes had wakened early, and after thinking over the grievances of her life, and pulling up the blinds to let the sunshine in, had taken her temperature according to Marion's directions. Having done this, she put on her dressing-gown and went into her sister's room.

"I've taken my temperature and I haven't got any. I knew I shouldn't," said Agnes in a loud whisper at her sister's ear. Agnes spoke as if somebody for malicious purposes of his own had put her into the river, soaked her, driven her home, and had tried to make her temperature rise so as to rejoice in her suffering, and she on the other hand had nobly resisted their evil efforts and put her faith in Higher Powers. She therefore dressed with an air of triumph over her enemies and the re-establishment of her honor. No wickedness on earth should do her out of that, dance tomorrow. Her uncle had invited her, though she was not 'out.' She meant to have a good time and to eat an ice between every dance after the first two, and she would get the servants to let her have some in the dining-room when the people were going away, if there were any left.

Meanwhile there was Sunday with all its interests. The Rector was always a little cross on Sunday at breakfast Mout and Colebeck between them had made Sunday a 'heavy day,' so Agnes took the opportunity of remarking that Sunday had grown more interesting lately since Lady Theodora St. Michael had come on the scene. After that she felt able to eat plentifully of the food before her, and when it was eaten, she went out into the garden to gather flowers. After she had selected the best for Marion to wear, and had kept the second best for herself, she went upstairs to dress. It was a special occasion, of course, because of the new organ. There would be more people than usual. Out of the window she could see people arriving—the Tophams. Mrs. Topham in a mauve voile costume suggested a monster artificial flower invented by the soulless audacity of a French milliner. There were the Parachutes, all looking lean, neat and athletic, except Ursula, in whom the soul of athleticism had vanished, or rather had never been, and her clothes knew it, and always got creased and rumpled.

What a crowd of people were coming! 'Here is Mrs. Neufmarche,' said Agnes to herself scornfully. 'Not so handsome after all, too pale; and of course, Uncle William! How idiotic! And she had no flaring finery on. Lady Theodora must have told her she mustn't, that it was wrong to show vanity in church, that only the priest had the right to wear "table centers" on their backs, while the people looking on ought to be as plain as possible.' Where was Dr. Connington? He had too much

sense to walk to church with Mrs. Neufmarche. Perhaps he wasn't coming at all. He wasn't churchy—that was the only thing wrong with him. Agnes' faith was of the type that is better left undisturbed by the Higher Criticism. If she had been told that the apostles hadn't really worn halos, she would have considered herself justified in calling them 'rofters.' If the Bible were not miraculously inspired Agnes would have considered the whole book a 'fake.'

Marion had not interfered with any notions her sister had gathered from parental sources, confident that a confused and unintelligent Christianity would promote happiness better than would a confused and unintelligent Agnosticism.

Agnes saw her father go into the vestry and snatching up her prayer-book, and being her sunshade, she hurried into church. It was very pleasant to feel the crowd of faces round her; the air breathed of people, the church was full to the open door.

The organ (bought at a great price and paid for by Mout) was uttering in a fine soft undertone, for the clergy and choir were already in their places. Agnes had never known before that Lady Theodora (Sir Theodore, as she supposed she ought to call him in church) had color on his cheeks, or rather on his cheek-bones. He was the celebrant, assisted by Herbert. Agnes liked Herbert. She knew that the village esteemed her father most, because his family had been in the county for generations; she knew that they looked upon Sir Theodore as a very generous and learned man, but he did not belong to 'these parts.' Colebeck being related to New House had his claims upon them, and besides this, he was admired by the village boys. Colebeck went into the Rectory one afternoon a week to look at the Guardian for five minutes, but his own weekly reading (except for devotions) did not rise higher than the Daily Mail, and generally fell below it. He much preferred 'pictures' to letters, and he studied all the advertisements. He had no dislike to the drunken man; he willingly sought his company, in order to argue with him; disobedient boys always attracted him. He wrestled with them much in the same way as he had met his opponents in the football field at Oxford, grasping at their sins, wrenching them from them, and hurling them out of reach. He never found these conflicts exhausting to his spirits; even a scolding woman did not ruffle his oily serenity. Unless preaching himself he never listened to a sermon. He was more interested in the objective side of life, and preferred watching with half-closed eyes the behaviour of his choir boys. Nothing ever escaped him. He knew the gossip of the country round in its first budding freshness, and this was a characteristic that recommended him to Agnes.

The service had begun. Agnes could smell the scent of the flowers from the chancel. She felt vaguely conscious of a Unity of Human feeling in the uttered worship in that little church, because there was within her a religious instinct poor enough perhaps, but distinct from all her other instincts. This instinct in the history of races has often worked against the ethical instinct; but however deeply, in the progress of Humanity, it may ally itself with ethical thought and feeling, the religious instinct will scarcely be satisfied with a public lecture as a substitute for public worship.

The brilliant sunshine of that August morning fell through the stained windows, streaking the cold chancel pavement deeply with blues and reds. It fell over Mout's robes as he stood before the altar; his dark, reverent head bowed; his face was the face of a man who already sees beyond the visible; his voice in repeating the prayers failed almost for huskiness. Once he leaned his hands upon the altar as if he were physically exhausted. Only when he came to the supreme act of worship, pronouncing in the name of the Divine Son, that in the poorest fragments of what we call the Material Universe, God is incarnate, only then his voice became a clear, sonorous whisper, penetrating to the very depth of the hushed congregation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Agnes was never allowed to go to Priory except by special invitation. She could not 'run in' and see what Sir Theodore was doing, and advise him (delicately) to do something else. So having nothing to do between tea and evening she put her hat on, and walked down the road to New House. How provoking! Her uncle was out, with Mrs. Neufmarche, of course. It was a new idea to her that so old a man could be attracted by anybody or anything. She used to think that people of that age didn't feel much, because their souls had become leathery and shrunken from the air that had once filled them out, gradually oozing away as time went on, and the cases thickening. Once when Marion had told her that 'souls were not things,' she had answered, 'No, I know they aren't, of course, but they must be somewhere, because even air, if it isn't somewhere, can't be anywhere,' and Marion very unkindly burst out laughing. After this Agnes had dropped the idea that there was a case or a bag to hold the air that the soul was made of, and she pictured the soul as a rounded piece of air without any walls, that at death left the body and went up somewhere and waited till the body was raised and ready to receive it again.

What was Agnes to do? Everybody was at the Priory. She had seen the Tophams' carriage and the Parachutes walking to the Priory just before Marion called her in to tea. She went home and lingered in the little drive by the gate, hoping to

see some one pass along the road in the course of time. She leaned her elbows on the gate pensively. Her patience was fully rewarded. All kinds of exciting things happened. The Tophams, Mr. and Mrs. Topham and Gwendy, passed and waved their hands, at least Gwendy did, and nodded her head several times significantly; and almost immediately afterward Mrs. Parachute, Lena, and Ursula came by, walking, and stopped for two minutes. Lena and Ursula lingering for a moment behind the others to mention it. Ursula was silent as usual, and what was unusual, she looked depressed. She had come over with her mother, urged by a strange, secret desire to see Dr. Connington. The phlegmatic nature had been stirred by the magnetism of his personality the day before. Dr. Connington had not been at the Priory, and Ursula was trailing home again, for once in her life agitated by an emotion—disappointment.

No sooner were they out of sight when Dr. Connington made his appearance. The afternoon was full of surprises. 'Hello, hello, hello!' called out Agnes from her gate. Her pleasure was so great that she opened the gate wide enough for him to squeeze through sideways.

'Everybody has passed except you, and now you've passed,' said Agnes, shutting the gate to, and taking his arm.

'Who do you mean by everybody?' he asked, walking up the path with her.

'Why, all the animals that have been calling at the Priory,' she said.

'Oh, there's been a menagerie there, then,' said Connington.

'Why, haven't you seen them?' asked Agnes in surprise.

'No; I've been away all day till now. I had to lunch at Dumburry.'

'I saw you weren't in church, but then you never are! Well, Lena says she doesn't care about Mrs. Neufmarche. Mrs. Neufmarche takes no notice of anybody but men, and talked hard all the time to Uncle William and Herbert and Mr. Topham, as if there wasn't anybody else. Isn't it just like our cat?' added Agnes, squeezing his arm. 'Our Minnie won't have any female cats in the garden except herself; she won't even let them look over the wall.'

(To be Continued)

NORWAY TO LIMIT LICENSES

Christiania, Norway, July 2.—The protocol committee of the Storting has recommended the adoption of measures for limiting the general license for selling liquor on steamers.

AMERICAN GIRL WEDS IN BERLIN

Berlin, July 2.—The wedding of Miss Gladys Chandler Baker, of Providence, R.I., and Mr. Felix Friedheim of Berlin, took place here today. The mother of the bride, Mrs. David Sherman Baker, and a number of other relatives were present at the ceremony.

Blinding Headaches From Catarrhal Irritation Now Quickly Cured

The New Inhaler Breathing Treatment Does Away With All This Sort of Thing.

"A stuffy cold in the head, or an old-fashioned attack of Catarrh are simply ancient history to me nowadays," writes S. Nathan Smith, from Cornwall, Ont. "I used to have the worst kind of blinding headaches. They were torture to me on damp days when my Catarrh was bad. I would still perhaps be suffering but for the fact that I saw a friend inhaling Catarrhazone with apparent pleasure, and I got the dollar outfit in the Windsor Hotel Pharmacy in Montreal. I could scarcely believe the way Catarrhazone cleared out my head. It let me breathe easier than I had breathed for five years. Catarrhazone has cleared away every vestige of Catarrh from my system. My breath used to be rank—now it is sweet. My digestion was constantly disordered, but since the catarrh is cured I have no stomach trouble. I am perfectly well and Catarrhazone did it all."

For speakers and singers and persons troubled with an irritable throat, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh or la grippe Catarrhazone is of inestimable value.

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Large size, guaranteed, and sufficient for 2 months' use, costs \$1; smaller size 50c; sample size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists or The Catarrhazone Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

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USE BRANDON DAILY NEWS WANT ADS.

LOOKING FOR ROOMS IS QUITE A TIRESOME PROPOSITION, IT CONSISTS MAINLY OF TRAMPING UP ONE STREET AND DOWN ANOTHER, IN SEARCH OF A SUITABLE AND SATISFACTORY PLACE TO LIVE.

WHY NOT SAVE ALL THIS UNNECESSARY TIME AND WASTE OF ENERGY BY ADVERTISING YOUR WANTS IN THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF THE NEWS—THE PAPER THAT REACHES EVERY HOME IN BRANDON. YOU WILL FIND THAT ROOM OR BOARDING HOUSE QUICKER AND EASIER BY PHONING A WANT AD TO

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1913.

DOMINION DAY

That yesterday was Dominion holiday to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of confederation.

hardly have been brought home to hundreds of the citizens of Brandon by the manner in which the day was spent. The few flags that floated proudly over our public buildings would, in themselves convey no hint. Neither the fact that full advantage was taken of the day to right royally observe it as a public holiday afforded any enlightenment.

It may be said that every loyal Canadian is too well acquainted with the great fact in the history of his land to have the story annually re-told. But, however well informed the average adult citizen may be, and the better informed he is, the reader will be to admit that new-comers to this land should also be informed of the more glorious facts in Canadian history. The greater proportion of the newest of new-comers will one day be proud to call themselves Canadians. It is the patriotic Canadian of today that will make the patriotic Canadian of tomorrow.

It is under these considerations that we are compelled to reluctantly admit that the great lesson of yesterday's celebration was allowed to go untaught. This would not apply to this city, we believe, than to any other city in Canada, though despite this obvious neglect, we are not disposed to question the patriotism of our fellow Canadians, as "Evil is wrought through want of thought as well as want of heart, as the immortal Tom Hood hath it.

In the same connection it will be interesting to note at some length the following wind up of a pleasant little discussion by the "Toronto Daily Star."

"It is a pity that we have no national holiday celebrated, the Toronto World accuses us of a desire to inflict addresses by long-winded leaders of thought on the helpless children of Canada. This is a heavy charge, and we cannot plead guilty. If we said anything like that it was an error of the pencil, not of the heart.

"What strikes us is that we do not celebrate our national anniversary in any manner, either by speeches, fireworks, processions, or other things. Possibly these things are not essential to patriotism. Yet the Imperialists, who are pretty shrewd fellows, attach great importance to the celebration of Empire Day, on which the school children are told of the glories of every part of Canada and the Empire. Orangemen, who are also good politicians, and understand the human heart pretty well, have their processions, flags, bands of music, and speeches on the Twelfth of July. We hear more about the Boyne than the St. Lawrence in Canada.

"Then there are banquets on St. Andrew's Day, St. Patrick's Day, St. David's Day, and St. George's Day. The only day on which any particular attention is paid to Canada is the anniversary of St. Jean Baptiste. The Ottawa Journal says:

"In the great parade of the St. Jean Baptiste Society which passed through the streets of Ottawa yesterday were many flags recalling historical characters and incidents of interest to all Canadians. The history of Canada contains no more glorious chapters than those which tell of the deeds of Frenchmen in North America, first in the work of discovery and exploration, and later in the work of securing for this country a system of government and a union which would best provide for the happiness and growth of the Canadian people under the British flag."

"The failure to celebrate the Canadian anniversary is not due to any consideration for helpless childhood. It is due rather to an exaggerated humility, which forbids us to take a sinful pride in any distinctively Canadian achievement.

"Our neighbors are said to go to extremes in celebrating the Fourth of July and there is now a movement for a "Sane Fourth." We do not believe in blowing children's heads off with fireworks or boring them to death with long speeches. But it would be pleasant to have something to remind us occasionally that we have a country of our own."

LOBBYING JUSTIFIED

Current discussion of the lobby as an adjunct of national and state legislative bodies often misses a distinction that is not only technical but essential, the difference between the paid agents of interests and the men and women who visit