

## "Blessed are the Peace Makers"

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Marvin Leslie.

"YOU'RE coming on fine in your business," said John Stanton, M.P. for the Nova Scotia county of Luxemburg, "and as an election worker you can't be beaten in certain lines. The way you caught on to the kodak voting machines last year was a masterpiece of strategy."

"Am I not qualified to be your son-in-law, then?" demanded Grant.

"I only wish," evaded Stanton, "that we could persuade you to take a more public part in the coming campaign. There's Fred Turner, for instance, with not more than half your ability, is making quite a reputation as a talker, while you absolutely refuse to go on the public platform."

"It isn't 'hot air' that counts when election day comes," defended Grant; "it is the quiet worker that gets the votes."

"Just the same, I wish you would get before the public a little more," persisted Stanton.

"I suppose he thinks because he is a natural 'spouter,'" grumbled Grant, as he retired, "that everybody else must go and do likewise."

For John Stanton, be it known, was in the opinion of the people of Luxemburg, "a born orator." This opinion was largely due to the fact that when other speakers appealed to the "fishermen" who formed ninety per cent of the voting strength of the county, they always called them by that prosaic name. Stanton, however, invariably spoke of "the hardy citizens of our rocky coasts who go down to the sea in ships and smite the sounding furrows of the deep."

Accordingly when the chairman of the provincial party organization opposing Stanton called young Fred Barry into the "inner room" at the party headquarters in Halifax a few days before election, and told him to go down to Luxemburg and "put one over" on Stanton, he naturally demurred.

"That's impossible," declared Barry. "That Stanton's a regular talking machine, and all the people down there think he is a heaven sent genius to lead them out of the political wilderness."

"A chattering parrot like that can always be 'got,'" declared the chairman, "if you work your cards right and watch for the 'break,' and it's up to you to do it. Good day."

Barry knew better than to make any further objections, and the next day he arrived at the Shiretown of the county of Luxemburg, where he found the campaign in active swing and his own party doing everything possible; but openings for putting anything "over" on Stanton seemed remote enough.

Two days after his arrival he sat in the little "Exchange hotel" gazing ruefully at a telegram from the chief in reply to his own wire suggesting that nothing could be done, and asking permission to return to Halifax, which was not within the purview of the provincial prohibitory law.

"If you can't do anything," the telegram read, "you might as well stay there and get a job on the fishing smacks."

"There's only one possibility that I can see," mused Barry. "They say it's a mathematical fact that the impossible may happen if one tries often enough. Now this Stanton is an endless talker, and if a fellow talks all the time he is sure to get off something that we could use against him."

He turned to the table, picked up the "Luxemburg Leader" and scanned the list of meetings advertised therein.

"He speaks at Lennox to-night," he declared, "and I'm going to drive out and hear him and take a long chance on him saying something that I can pick an argument out of," and half an hour later the party auto was whirling him out the Lennox road. About two miles from town a road turned to the right.

"Where does that road go?" asked Barry.

"It runs about 20 miles north," was the reply, "to a big settlement called Innishown."

"Irish, I judge," remarked Barry.

"You better think so," was the reply; "the whole place without a single exception is Irish from the word go."

"How do they vote?"

"Pretty evenly divided."

When they arrived at the Lennox meeting they found the hall well filled, and a few moments later the local chairman rose and haltingly introduced "Mr. Stanton, our honored Federal 'representative'."

Stanton rose and glanced over the audience, acknowledging the generous applause of his supporters with the easy grace of a seasoned campaigner.

"He has got a good platform manner, blamed if he hasn't," admitted Barry.

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," began Stanton, "I assure you in no perfunctory sense, but very heartily and sincerely, that I am both honored and delighted to be present with you to-night and have the privilege of addressing this large and intelligent audience, composed as it is of the sturdy voting strength,

the warm sun, the pale stars and the gray fog, the long, lean, gray fighting machines of England stand between us and annihilation. Let the thin khaki line once break, remove the dreadnoughts and the battle cruisers from their ceaseless vigil, and instantly every English and Canadian coast town would be exposed to the raids of the German navy, the soldiers of the Hun would land on our shores, our cities and towns would be given up to sword and flame, and the lives of our children and the honor of our women left to the tender mercies of German 'culture' as enunciated by the leaders of Teutonic thought in the cultivated city of Berlin, and as practised by their generals upon defenceless towns and cities of unoffending Belgium."

"Some talker," muttered Barry, "for those that like that sort of thing."

"Already we have paid the price of participation. We have seen our own Canadian volunteers gather at our military depots and cross the boundless deep, and to-day over thirty thousand of them are upon Salisbury Plain pining

"There's no speed limit after the writs are issued for an election," replied Barry.

As soon as he reached town he rushed down to the office of the newspaper supporting his party, and the day before the election Innishown was flooded with a bright colored dodger giving verbatim quotations from Stanton's Lennox speech.

"Electors will observe," it concluded, "that while Mr. Stanton praises the English and Scotch regiments, he did not even mention the Irish regiments who have fought equally as well. There can be but one conclusion from this pointed insult to the Irish race, and that is that Mr. Stanton don't want any Irish votes, and if we have correctly judged the feelings of the people of this county, we don't imagine he will get any."

That afternoon Grant who was making a personal canvass of the Scotch settlement of Argyle, a few miles from Innishown, received an urgent telephone message from Stanton.

"I'm told," declared the agitated candidate, "that Innishown is up in arms over my Lennox speech."

"They are," replied Grant. "I've just got one of their dodgers and it's a pretty neat piece of work."

"What can we do to contradict it?" asked Stanton.

"Oh, I can fix that," declared Grant. "I've engaged Tara Hall and billed the place for a meeting there to-night. That gives us the last word."

"Yes, but there's no time now to send up speakers for it. If I'd known it in time I could have come myself and brought O'Brien or some of our Irish supporters," objected Stanton.

"Never mind," said Grant. "You'd do more hurt than good. Stay where you are and I'll do the speaking."

"You,"

"Yes," declared Grant. "You've always wanted me to get before the public and this is my chance."

That evening in Tara Hall, Grant faced a large and hostile audience.

"I'm not a public speaker, as you will soon observe," he began, "and I did not come here to talk politics. I do intend, however, to discuss and explain a certain dodger that has been circulated in this locality during the past twenty-four hours."

"It'll stand a good deal of explaining," shouted an old immigrant who was "a long way from Tipperary."

"That's what I'm here for," declared Grant, "as I know all about that Lennox speech. I am closely connected with Mr. Stanton and I may tell you that it is his invariable custom to write out all his speeches and read them over very carefully before delivering them."

"He couldn't have read that one very carefully," shouted another voter, "or he wouldn't have slurred the Irish the way he did."

"I want to tell you," Grant went on, "that Mr. Stanton read that speech to me and I made the same objection that my friend in the audience has made."

"I said to him: 'Mr. Stanton, you haven't said a word about the Irish soldiers at the front, and you know they've fought as well or better than any others, bar none.'"

"He said," Grant continued, calmly, "that it was necessary to say that the English and Scotch were at the front and fought well, but that it was absolutely unnecessary to mention the Irish at all, for everybody who knows anything at all knows that whenever there is a scrap on anywhere the Irish are always in it and always fight well. 'The people would laugh at me,' said Mr. Stanton; 'if I would take up their time telling them that the Irish are good fighters. I might just as well tell them that a duck swims.'"

The man from Tipperary was on his feet.

"Three cheers for Stanton," he called. Election night when the Innishown returns came in showing that Stanton had carried the poll by a neat majority, the happy and elected candidate turned to Grant.

"You certainly did it up brown," he exclaimed.

"Well enough to be your son-in-law?" demanded Grant.

"Yes," admitted Stanton. "I knew you could talk if you'd only try, and next election you must go on the stump in earnest."

"Not on your life," replied Grant. "This is a special case."



"Better late than never"

and at the same time, I am happy to observe a large proportion of the charming female beauty and grace of this prosperous section of the good old county of Luxemburg—that county which I have had the honor of representing for the last ten years, and which I know I will continue to represent after the tenth day of the coming month." (Loud applause, yells of "Sure you will," "That's the stuff," and "Good boy, John.")

"A model opening," decided Barry. "Just the right amount of 'taffy,' and rouses his own fellows, too."

"In discussing the issues of the present campaign," continued Stanton, "I only intend referring to one leading issue, and I make no apology for doing so—in fact I would feel that I owed you an apology if I referred to anything else. That issue is the present European war—a conflict which is the greatest historical event from the beginning of time down to the present hour."

"Upon the plains of France and Flanders the fate of the Empire is being decided, and with it the fate of Canada and every other colony that is bound up with the Empire. Up in the North Sea, under

for the hour when they can fight side by side with their imperial kinsmen for the unity of the Empire and the sacred faith of treaties."

"England has so far borne the brunt of the fight and suffered accordingly. Some of the best blood of Britain has been shed, and thousands have paid the last full measure of devotion to king and country, honor and fame. Whole regiments have been wiped out fighting to protect the ashes of their fathers and the country of their gods from the foot of the foreign invader. The Gordon Highlanders, the gay and gallant Gordons, are no more, and many of the crack English regiments have been reduced to a mere corporal's guard. And the end is not yet."

The rest of Stanton's speech was equally flowery and guarded, and as Barry whirled back to town he reluctantly admitted that his trip had been a fruitless one.

As they passed the Innishown road, however, he turned to the driver.

"Go like the devil from here in," he ordered.

"But the speed limit."