# The Daily News

JNO. M. BENDER, General Manager

THE PEOPLES' PAPER

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## NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY

In a letter from Belleville which we are publishing in this issue, comes another reminder of the big opportunity which lies here for the market gardener.

The suggestion made this time is for a cannery here, principally for the purpose of putting up green peas, corn and tomatoes, and the writer backs up his opinion with the explanation that he is a canner of long experience, and was led, from observations around this district to the conviction that a canning industry should thrive here.

It is needless to go into the details Brandon has a soil and climate hard to equal in western Canada for agricultural purposes, and Brandonites are proud of the fact. Unfortunately they seem to stop at this.

Just what wealth is stored up in our garden soil, it is perhaps hard for the wheat farmer to realize, but demonstration of the profits attached to vegetable growing may be had by a visit to the truck farming districts of Ontario. Around the canning cities of that province are communities wehre vegetable growing has brought prosperity, high land values and productiveness. Brandon may increase her wealth by following in the path thus marked out, and will do so some day, but it is amazing that outsiders should have to come in and tell us of our own opportunities.

To the traveller through the west perhaps nothing about this city could be more striking than the splendid vegetable and flower gardens which are cultivated by nearly every householder in wealthy and humbler streets alike. Gardening as a hobby within the city is practised to an enormous extent. And yet, with this evidence of the fruitfulness of our soil fairly staring them in the face, our agricultural class have passed up one of the best money-making schemes upon which they could embark.

Nor is the fact that no cannery or vegetable consuming establishment has existed here, an explanation. Winnipeg is importing vegetables and farm produce from the States every day, and it is common knowledge that Manitoba does not supply herself with these commodities.

Whether it be through lack of enterprise, lack of foresight, or the possession of a field of opportunity too large for full development, we have been overlooking a good thing, and it behoves us now to take advantage of it.

But aside from this, the case in hand gives us another indication of the city's natural resources. It forms another of the finger-boards which point toward rapid development in this city in the near future.

## ULSTER HEROICS

The "Provisional" Government projected by Sir Edward Carson and his friends is to be a Government of the privileged classes, remarks the Toronto Globe. From a list of those who form the "Executive" one would imagine that the House of Lords had decided to make Ulster its last line of defence against the assaults of the democracy. The members of the "Provisional" Government include one Duke and sixteen Lords, representing landlordism and privileged interests, which have so long battened on the spoils of Dublin Castle—a parasitical growth on the body politic in Ireland. These men have been the leaders in every movement calculated to keep the common people in the bondage of feudalism, and are among the chief apostles of the irreconcilables in the upper House who see in the Ulster opposition to Home Rule an opportunity to destroy the effects of the Parliament Act, and to render null and void the deliberate verdict of the constituencies regarding the place of the Peers in the government of the country.

The issue at present before the people of the United Kingdom is not Home Rule, but the Parliament Act. The Carson campaign, while ostensibly an attempt to arouse a section of the Ulster people to resist an Irish Parliament, is in reality a clumsy plot of the Unionist diehards to render abortive the Parliament Act and to force a dissolution. This is not the first occasion on which Ireland has been selected as the cockpit for fighting out British political controversies, and the Orangemen of Ulster are always ready to lend themselves to the schemes of the Tories, provided their religious and racial prejudices are appealed to by their leaders. On more than one occasion the Orangemen of Ulster have become the pawns on the Tory chessboard. They resisted the disestablishment of the Irish Church and threatened to "kick the Queen's Crown into the Boyne" if she signed the bill of 1868. They allowed the landlords to flock into the Orange Order during the Irish land war, and acted as bailiffs, caretakers, emergency men, and evictors to these landlord leaders whose only interest in Orangeism was to protect their threatened interests. At the first meeting of the Land League in 1879 land purchase was adopted as the main plank of the movement. This was denounced as confiscation, robbery, and Communism. To-day the Tory leaders of the Ulster Orangemen who resisted the Land League take credit for carrying out land purchase in Ireland, and the landlords who appealed to their fellow-Protestants to save Protestantism by maintaining landlordism were quick to take advantage of a favorable market and to sell their lands. None of the dreadful things prophesied by the Orangemen, were the Established Church and landlordism to go in Ireland, have taken place. Once more the Orange lodges are rallied by the Duke of Norfolk and other loyal Catholic Unionists to the cry of "Protestantism in danger!" The sincere but misguided men who follow Carson and the Duke of Norfolk do not realize that the Unionist party is already committed to Home Rule; that the Unionist leaders and the Unionist press oppose the present bill because it is a Liberal measure, which represents the uncompromising determination of the democracy of the United Kingdom not to buy Unionist support by the abrogation of the Parliament Act.

The famous Veto Conference was an attempt on the part of the Unionist leaders to sacrifice the Orangemen of Ulster if only the Liberals had paid the price demanded—the reform of the House of Lords on Tory lines and the perpetuation of privileged class rule in the United Kingdom. The Tories would sell their Orange supporters tomorrow if only this end could still be achieved and the upper House remain as a citadel of feudalism. The Parliament Act and not the Home Rule Bill is the real end of the Carson heroics in Ulster. If Home Rule by any means were temporarily defeated the power of the Parliament Act would be destroyed and the floodgates opened to the defeat of all Liberal legislation by the Tory upper House. The veto of the Lords would be re-established and the cause of democracy in every part of the United Kingdom threatened with disaster. The Orangemen of Ulster can hope for no sympathy in their threatened resistance to the fundamental principles of good government, which William of Orange so powerfully championed. They are fighting once again the battle of the privileged classes, and their opposition to Home Rule will prove as futile as their obstruction to other great reforms proved in the past. They have linked their fortunes with the enemies of democratic progress, and the personnel of the Ulster "Provisional" Government shows their militant movement to be what Disraeli once described as an organized hypocrisy.

## THERE THEY CLASH

Chief Justice Archambault, of the Quebec Court of Appeals, read the Thaw case out of official cognizance in Canada when he quashed the writ of Habeas Corpus served upon the immigration officials at Coaticook on September 5, demanding Thaw's presence in a Montreal court on September 15. Note should be made of the fact that the writ was quashed, not because the principle of Habeas Corpus is over-ridden by the Immigration act, but because the writ had been served irregularly.

Habeas Corpus, the principle whereby an executive authority in any British country is compelled upon due notice to show good legal cause why a person is held under arrest, and must meanwhile hold the prisoner safe from harm, has been one of the great defences of human freedom and of justice. This principle must not be lightly tampered with in Canada. From this point of view, it may be regrettable that the Quebec Court of Appeals was not able to pronounce upon the merits of the case as between Habeas Corpus and the Dominion act under which power of deportation of aliens can be exercised.

The Dominion authorities took the bit in their teeth when they deported Thaw under the Immigration act, despite the fact that a writ of Habeas Corpus had been granted by the courts. In this particular case, it was very gratifying to have Thaw kicked out; but nevertheless, even such gratification is a dubious pleasure when obtained in defiance of the principle of Habeas Corpus. The Immigration act should be amended so as to protect the principle except where Parliament specially states that it shall not apply. Considerable objection to the terms of the act was raised when it came before Parliament a few years ago, several Parliamentary lawyers on both sides of the House holding its provisions to be unconstitutional and out of keeping with the spirit and letter of several international treaties. The right to a writ of Habeas Corpus is one of the fundamental guarantees of personal freedom under British law. Some have held that the clause in the Immigration act which proclaims the act's provisions to hold good regardless of the decision of any court takes away from immigrants the right of obtaining a writ of Habeas Corpus. Judge Archambault thinks otherwise. He claims that the right to a Habeas Corpus writ cannot be taken away by simple inference in any act but only by special mention of Habeas Corpus in the act. We think he is right.

The practice of the British Parliament has been to take away the individual's right to Habeas Corpus only at a time of extraordinary stress and then by the passing of a special measure, operative for a limited and stated period, and accompanied by an Indemnity act to protect those who would be otherwise open to conviction, after the lapse of the special act, for denying the right to Habeas Corpus to any individual. The so-called "Habeas Corpus Suspension Act" have been passed only against foreigners arrested for treason. If the purpose of the Dominion Parliament is to make the Immigration act have the force of a permanent Habeas Corpus Suspension act—and as some might argue that it has been read as such in the deportation of Thaw—the act should be amended, as Justice Archambault holds so that the name and the fact are asserted. Debate, no doubt, would ensue in Parliament as to the wisdom of inserting in the Immigration act a provision of this kind. Thaws are few and far between.—Ottawa Journal.

## PICKINGS FROM PEOPLE'S BRAINS

Robert Louis Stevenson detested cruelty, and many pretty incidents are related of his thoughtfulness and kindness of heart. Once at Pitlochry the great novelist interfered to stop the ill-treatment of a helpless dog. "What business is it of yours?" the man retorted, roughly. "He ain't your dog."

"No but he's God's dog," Stevenson declared, stoutly, "and I'm here to protect him."

That is a fine sentiment, and the reasioning is sound, too. The boy or the man who amuses himself with the sufferings of a dumb creature is cultivating coarse, brutal instincts at the expense of all that is manly and chivalric in his nature. "He who beats his horse will beat his wife," runs a homely old adage of the countryside, and that is true in principle, though it may not be true in individual cases. But, worst of all, thoughtless cruelty defrauds one of God's defenceless creatures of the happiness in life which God meant it to enjoy. The fellow who who inflicts needless pain on "God's dog" is thoroughly out of touch with our loving heavenly Father, without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground.

* * *

It is a pleasant custom to speed the parting traveller, and people are always on the look-out for ideas for farewell gifts. Here are a few of the things which would probably be acceptable to the prospective "voyageur."

A leather case for holding a Baedeker, one that has an outside pocket and place for pencil and cards preferred. A rather small leather writing case, furly stocked with thin foreign paper and a fountain pen that is guaranteed to work and not blot, is an enviable possession, and the "ready to mail" sheets that require no envelopes are a boon to the person who must send off many letters by the pilot. Every minute counts, and it takes time to slip letters into envelopes. The gift of a linen bag, is to be fastened to the stateroom door, is most acceptable, and it need not be equipped, for every one likes to take her own personal articles, but it may have just as many pockets as possible.

A really fine chiffon veil of large size, preferably in white, is a gift that any one will appreciate, for it may be worn as a scarf as well, and one can never have too many of such filmy things.

* * *

Of all the bird tribe by far the most interesting in its customs of courtship and marriage is the ruff. They are a remarkable example of selection by the female, and it is possibly from a contemplation of these interesting creatures that Mr. Shaw originally got his idea for man and superman. The ruff is a swashbucking bird, with an imposing collar of ruff of feathers round his neck,and a fascinating crest of feathers on his head. His whole object in life is to please Miss Ruff, but he plays quite a passive part, and can only stand and wait to be chosen, and not all of the male birds are fortunate enough to be so favored. When the time for choosing comes round the male birds take up their position on a hillside and wait for the glad moment, making themselves look as bewitching as possible.

* * *

The "new voice of the Alamo" is the name given by the San Antonio Express to a violin made by J. H. Ketner of that city. Mr. Ketner says of his work:

"I have completed a real violin from cypress, hard pine and walnut wood taken out of the old Alamo, using a pocket knife as the principal tool with which to work. I am not a regular violin maker, but when I was a boy I made two violins in this way, but not of Alamo wood. I have always been an admirer of the violin.

"Last June when work was in progress on the old Alamo fortress I determined to make a violin out of timber taken from the old ruins. Through the state inspector of masonry I obtained the wood and the inspector has signed a statement to this effect, so I have the proof my violin was made of Alamo wood."

* * *

"I don't take afternoon tea myself," said a man the other day, "but I drop in at that hour as often as I can because I like to see my wife pouring tea. It is one of the most attractive of all the attractive things that women do, and is so essentially feminine in thesa days of feminine devotion to masculine sports and occupations that I wonder more women do not make a regular function of it."

* * *

Patience is the student's virtue; it is the mark of the best quality of mind.

* * *

Every time we pause to grumble at obstacles we delay the progress which we should hasten by leaping over them.

* * *

A good, honest, hard-working cow will give a lot more milk than a lazy one, according to a circular issued today by the Department of Agriculture.

The circular seems to imply that a cow can regulate the amount of milk she likes to yield, for in it cows are divided into two classes, workers and shirkers. "Are your cows workers or shirkers?" the Department of Agriculture asks of the dairy farmers, and adds that information on this point will be gladly received by the department.

The case of two cows of the same age and receiving equal food and care is cited in the circular. Both cows were nine years old. They were freshened at almost the same date. They were stall mates. Both got the same amount of food; yet one cow gave 4,080 pounds of milk and the other only 2,970 pounds. The department can suggest no reason, except that one cow is lazy and the other is a worker.

* * *

The London sparrow is extremely interesting in his courtship, although we live a lifetime amongst them without knowing it. The mating of the sparrows may be observed at any time between now and June. That sudden, fierce outburst of chattering which most of us think mistakenly is the prelude to a fight is really a courtship, conducted in sparrow style. The cocks surround a lady sparrow, each crying out shrilly his own excellences and the shocking demerits of the others. The lady accepts all this homage by pecking furiously at all the excited suitors, but eventually she makes her choice and flies off with one, and they live happily together for the rest of the season.

* * *

The words you utter have a vital power they do not die after you cease to speak, but go on in the silence making ripples as a stone moves the waves long after it has been dropped into them.

* * *

Publicity is the greatest enemy of injustice, Turn on the light. Let the world know the fact. Public opinion will turn against evil as soon as evil is shown up in its true color.

## FRANKLIN IN PARIS

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

One hundred and thirty-seven years ago—on September 17, 1776—it was decided by the American Congress that the United Colonies, which had just declared their independence of Great Britain, should be represented in France by Dr. Franklin, and about a month later that remarkable man set sail for the gay capital to make for himself a fame unparalleled in the annals of diplomacy.

The plain democrat from Penn's woods took Paris by storm. It was something to eclipse the popularity of such men as Leibnitz, Newton, Frederick the Great and Voltaire, but that was just what was done by the brown-coated printer-diplomat from Philadelphia.

It was said by John Adams that if a collection could be made of all the gazettes of Europe for the latter half of the eighteenth century a greater number of complimentary paragraphs upon "The Grand Franklin" would appear than upon any other man that ever lived.

Symbolizing the liberty for which all France was yearning, says Fiske, Franklin was greeted with a popular enthusiasm such as no one, except Voltaire, has ever called forth.

As he passed along the streets the shopkeepers rushed to their doors to catch a glimpse of him, while throngs crowded the sidewalks. The charm of his majestic and venerable figure seemed heightened by the republican simplicity of his plain brown homespun coat, over the shoulders of which his long brown hair fell carelessly, innocent of queue or powder. His portrait was hung in the shop windows and painted in miniature on the covers of snuff boxes. Gentlemen wore "Franklin" hats, ladies' kid gloves were dyed of a "Franklin" hue, and dishes "a la Franklin" were served at fashionable dinners.

And yet all this glory failed to turn the great man's head. He kept right on about his business, undistracted by the plaudits that were showered upon him. He kept his head level and cool, and from the master diplomats of the old world won the substantial victories for which his countrymen had sent him across the seas.

Wonderful Dr. Franklin! It is no wonder that his fame grows with the advancing years.

## HONOR FAMOUS ITALIANS

Florence, Italy. Sept. 30.—At Certaldo, near Florence, the sex-centenary of the anniversary of Boccaccio, the famous Italian, was commemorated recently. The Italian under-secretary of state for instruction, several senators and deputies, and a number of French delegates were present at the celebrations.

## STREET CORNERS

BY

JUNIUS JUNIOR

The quiet and natural beauty of midnight last Saturday was disturbed by the uproar of a group of young lads in the vicinity of Thirteenth St. Each and every one of them should have been at home and in bed at that time; all of them should have been under due parental control, and it is not too much to say that their parents were culpably negligent in this regard.

* * *

No young person of either sex has any right as a citizen to be on the streets in a desultory way some hours after darkness has closed in. Those who have cut their wisdom teeth are aware of this, even though they themselves have run wild.

* * *

It is true that ignorance and indifference, and a want of that strange element which we call social standing, allow the poorer class a greater freedom owing to lack of the conventionalities of life, but even poverty which comes from a hand to mouth existence can, and does, go hand in hand with beautiful virtue and wholesome control.

* * *

The bunch seen here often running around the streets at night, is not of the poor hard-working class; their mothers are not usually of the kind who go out doing housework by the day. Whose fault is it that lads and lassies are on the streets when even the authorities who consider the good government and management of the town, realize that these youngsters should be in the safety of their parents' homes?

* * *

The "teens" is not an age when wisdom perhaps is expected, and the inexperience of youth must exist, or else it would not be youth. If the proper authorities do do not teach and control, they are worse than useless, and it is a grave question if others should not step in and take a share of the matter.

* * *

Who are the ones who neglect the young folks and let them run into moral deterioration, and perhaps physical harm? Are they the poor laborers and the casual workers who struggle so keenly to provide the necessaries of life, and clothe their offspring properly? Not usually: they are often persons who aim at being called "society people". At least they live in decent houses, have good clothes and full meals.

* * *

A speaker, who, as a man of the world, will know what he is talking about, in lecturing about future citizens, might include some good straight talk to fathers and mothers of the present, many of whom are unworthy of the gift of posterity.

* * *

It is a question which the moral law should sway rather then the stiff arm of the statute. The young folks themselves are not always to be blamed; but a higher moral sense is wanted by those who have the divine right of parenthood, the divine right of kings and queens in their own homes.

* * *

The lady who put her tiny tot on the box overhanging an outside stairway while she hung the clothes out, must have confided it to its good angel, or it would have given a wriggle and fallen to the depths below. But all's well that ends and the baby is in as good a state as the washing itself after all the attention of water and air.

## INTO THE NIGHT

BY

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

(CHAPTER XXIII.—Con.)

After closing the door behind him, he sat alone in the more private office and stared out at the buildings across the street as if he had never seen them before. He did not see them then. Instead of their straight ugliness of outline, his mind was beholding a street of irregular, picturesque houses, a certain echoing stairway which loomed big with suggestiveness, and a long, dirty arcade, lighted only by the fitful radiance of two windblown candles. He knew now that Zoe had tricked him. Yes, those were her very words—the words of that Italian song. The refrain had lingered in his sub-conscious memory ever since that night in St. Philip street. He had not been able to word it to himself, but it had remained with him, nevertheless, and he recognized it instantly as soon as he heard it again. What a piece of acting she had done! He remembered the sign of the cross that had so impressed him, and her greedy dive into the dirt for the money he had tossed her.

He turned over in his mind, again and again, every incident of that interview, and just as he congratulated himself that he had sounded all the depths concerning it, he suddenly remembered something that had hitherto escaped him. Zoe had not uttered a single sound during the interview but low, desperate pleadings that could scarcely have been heard many feet away. This should have impressed him at the time, and he wondered now that it had not done so. Properly noted and reflected on, it would have revealed the truth to him some time ago. They [illegible] tion h[illegible]dous for both of them, and she had not dared to alarm the dwellers in St. Philip street. If she had really been the Italian he had thought her, she would have cried out and summoned her people to her assistance.

It occurred to Girard that the most peculiar phase of the whole circumstance was that this girl, who did not know a syllable of Italian except the words of the songs she sang, who was as foreign as himself to the life of that quarter, could masquerade as one of the inhabitants, and go in and out of their haunts with apparent ease and safety.

The he reflected that only this once, at least to his knowledge, had she attempted to guise herself as an Italian; and that then she had been in a lonely place where there were but few to see, and at the hour of all the twenty-four when the streets are most deserted—the hour when the darkness gathers, and life turns indoors for the day's last meal.

But Girard knew the suspectful nature of these people too well to accept this explanation of the strange circumstances with any degree of alacrity. The only alternative, however, was that of believing that Zoe, in some utterly unaccountable way, had made friends in the Italian quarter. Here again his knowledge of the suspectfulness of its inhabitants stood in his way, and he reverted reluctantly to his first theory.

It was an uncomfortable half-hour that the lawyer spent with his reflections, but he came out of it with two positive convictions with regard to the lawless girl who was puzzling him so—she was as sane as himself, and she had something to conceal. Zoe had been feigning madness for many weeks; that fact he saw clearly at last, but she succeeded in deceiving the detective, too?

Zoe had something to conceal—but what? and from whom? From himself, evidently—but the detective? Girard remembered the time when she startled him with the statement that Mr. Treadwell was in New Orleans ten minutes after he had received a telegram from the detective announcing his departure from Chicago to New York. He had thought her mad then; he knew better now. Plainly the girl had either concocted the whole story and surprised him with it for reasons best known to herself, or else she was deceiving Treadwell, too.

A knock at the door startled him back to his surroundings. In answer to a lusty "Come in" from him, the door opened and a sun-burned man, in coarse clothes and a broad-brimmed hat, entered.

"Walk in, Dawson. I was just wondering a while ago if you would get my note in time to come today."

"Yes, I got your note all right; but I was coming today, anyhow, to see what makes Hopkins so all-fired slow about coming out to put up the new sugar-screw. [illegible] but I've not seen hair nor hide of him."

"Oh, well, Dawson, Hopkins is one of your good Christians, and he has eternity ahead of him. You needn't expect him to hustle like I do. Give the job to another man."

"And maybe not get as good work as Hopkins would give us, sir."

"Hang it! There's more than one good machinist in New Orleans. Have the screw put up and tested, and see that it is right. When that is done, give your man an order on me for his money."

"All right, sir."

"Did you close down on Leeson?"

"No—sir—you see——"

"No, I don't see."

"Why, sir, I don't think you have much to complain of, usually. The fact of the business is that Leeson's wife flew to Miss Lawrence, and put up a pitiful tale to her, and Miss Lawrence forthwith wrote me not to move in the matter till I'd seen you. She said she'd make it all right with you."

"Why Miss Lawrence?"

(To be Continued)


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