GADSBY'S LETTER

OTTAWA May 27—Much ado was made by the Government against submitting the Small Arms Ammunition Scandal to the Davidson Commission, but the thing was done—that is the significant point. The Government has developed a habit of coming down off the perch when public opinion scorches its tail.

The Opposition would, of course, have preferred the Duff-Meredith Commission to deal with the matter, and it would have been of a piece with the investigation now being conducted before that tribunal since Colonel John Wesley Allison's name figures largely in it, but the Government favored the Davidson Commission so the Opposition let it go at that. The Davidson Commission will be provided with a new outfit of lawyers: one for attack, a Liberal nomination, and the other for the defence, a Conservative; and will approximate one way and another the character and methods of the Duff-Meredith Commission. In this way it is hoped that the truth will come out better and faster than it has been doing.

This is no reflection on Captain John Thompson, the former counsel for the Davidson Commission. He was the victim of the limitations placed on him by the Government which granted the inquiry and then put the soft pedal on it. Captain Thompson must have chafed often at his job. At all events he took the first chance he decently could to throw up his brief and get from under on the excuse that it would be improper for him as a captain in the Canadian Expeditionary Force to assist in investigating his superior officers, Major-General Sir Sam Hughes and Quarter-Master General Macdonald. Captain Thompson, besides being the son of a great father, a lawyer of parts, and a gallant soldier, is a man of nice feeling as his behavior in this matter goes to show. Captain Thompson chooses to do his duty amidst shot and shell in Flanders rather than amidst shell and fuse scandals before Royal Commissions at home. For which nobody blames him. Nothing the Garmans do in the way of poison gas can smell quite as badly as what Messrs. Duff and Meredith are listening to right now. It takes a lot of rumble-bumble from the Hon. Charles Doherty to make people believe that Captain Thompson didn't resign because he had a bad taste in his mouth. The Hon. Charles Doherty, by the way, brought out the old flag and waved it vigorously, but it created hardly any draft toward his side of the House.

The Davidson Commission is better than none. The Government seems to have given the Davidson Commission the preference for the very reasons the Opposition urged against it, the same reasons which make it such a contrast to the brisk, prompt and vigorous methods of the Duff-Meredith Commission. Two judges are better than one, especially when they are evenly divided as is the Duff-Meredith Commission. The Davidson Commission, on the other hand, is a one-man band and with nobody there to pinch that one man and dig him in the ribs things naturally get along slowly. The Davidson Commission was appointed a year ago, and has not brought in a report yet.

Like Providence, it moves in a mysterious (and deliberate) way its wonders to perform. Like the brook mentioned by the poet it goes on forever. But it has this advantage over the brook—the brook runs into time but the Davidson Commission runs into money. The Davidson Commission is mighty particular, almost finicky about evidence. It not only sifts the evidence, but, according to some people, picks the evidence it is going to sift. It has a keen nose for irrelevancy. Dr. Pugsley mentioned a case in Victoria, B.C., where it refused to hear the witnesses at all.

The details of the Small Arms Ammunition Scandal are familiar to the public. The Militia Department had in its possession at the arsenal in Quebec twelve million cartridges which had been pronounced "defective." Sir Sam says that it was at the option of the Department to throw this "defective" ammunition into the St. Lawrence River if it so chose, but the fact is that it didn't. Instead it set a nominal price of $10.00 per thousand rounds on it and kept it in stock. The real questions are two, perhaps three. How "defective" was the ammunition? Was $20.00 per thousand rounds enough to get for ammunition that had cost $34.00 per thousand rounds to make? If the ammunition was not as "defective" as alleged was it a wise thing to let three million rounds of it go out of the country and leave Canada weakened to that extent against a German invasion?

How defective was the ammunition. Sir Sam says it back-fired—that is to say it had a kick to it, a kick that couldn't be cut out even after the cartridges had been "ringed." Just here the question arises: was it the cartridge that was too strong or the Ross rifle that was too weak? General Alderson has lately rushed into print with a statement which appears to mingle the truth about the Ross rifle and his own pique at being supplanted as commander of the Canadian division over seas in about equal parts. He says that the Ross rifle jammed after fifteen rounds had been fired while the Lee-Enfield could fire a hundred rounds without showing signs of distress. The General goes further—he says that the Canadians threw away their Ross rifles and picked up Lee-Enfields wherever they could find them, especially after their disastrous experience at Ypres. The Canadians are now largely armed with the Lee-Enfield rifle. These remarks of General Alderson's shed a new strange light on the "defective" ammunition which the Militia Department was in such a hurry to get rid of.

The "defective" ammunition—three million rounds of it was bought from the Militia Department by the Vickers Company acting through Colonel John Wesley Allison, Sir Sam's ten-per-cent-and-up friend and superpatriot. The Vickers Company is commonly considered an organization that knows its business and a keen hand at a bargain. The Vickers Company bought three million rounds of "defective" ammunition at $20 a thousand and sold it to the British Admiralty at what price per thonsand it is not stated. Doubtless, however, there was a fair profit. The Vickers Company wanted two million rounds more of it at the same price, and Colonel John Wesley Allison tried to get it for them. Just here the Government stepped in. The "defective" ammunition was going off like hot cakes, and the Government decided that hereafter an order-in-Council would be necessary when the Militia Department wanted to sell any more of it. The selling stopped right then, it having been borne in on the authorities that if the "defective" ammunition was good enough for the Vickers Company and the British Admiralty it was good enough to keep in case this country should be rushed by the Germans. Moreover, they had in their possession the complaints about the Ross rifle and probably didn't see fit to blame it all on the cartridges.

This is the transaction which is to be investigated by the Davidson Commission and criticism of which causes Sir Sam to explode with wrath every time the matter is brought up. The day after the affair was ventilated in the House, Sir Sam came down to the Green Chamber with blood in his eye, the first time he had appeared in the House since the Duff-Meredith Commission began sitting. One way and another Sir Sam resembles all the great commanders, the supreme Driving Forces of history—Alexander because he is fond of poetry, Julius Caesar because he is slightly bald, Marlboro because he takes a cold tub every morning, and Napoleon because he favors fried chicken; but when he is in a rage he resembles nobody so much as rude, blustering old Boreas. How he fumes and puffs out his cheeks. In the course of ten minutes he punched Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his race and religion, slapped Mr. Carvell in his metaphorical face, and gave a certificate of character to his friend Colonel John Wesley Allison as having more honor in his little finger than the Auditor-General had in his whole carcass. Surely a lot of noise to make over three million rounds of "defective" ammunition.

Still he may have had some excuse. Things have not been breaking right for General Sam's friend Allison lately. —H.F.G.

The Confetti of Hell!

"Look, Monsieur, at the confetti which I have found."

The little things were square and thin, like small pieces of black cardboard. They were very small. When you rubbed them between finger and thumb the black coating came off upon your fingers, which it marked in a shiny way like blackleg. The little discs were then seen to be made of a clear substance like celluloid, which bent very easily.

"It is the confetti of hell," said the Frenchman. But you did not understand; you had not yet fathomed all the possibilities of this enemy. He grew impatient with your obtuseness. He took a match-box from his pocket and set light to one of the little black squares.

In a moment there burst forth an intense flame that hissed and sizzled as it spread.

The Frenchman replaced his match box in his pocket. "Every soldier in the German army carries a little bag slung to his waist-belt," he said. "In the bag are many hundreds of these little discs. And when he leaves a town he spreads them behind him so that the shell fire of his guns will not lack for fuel. It is the confetti of hell, Monsieur, is it not?"

German Shipyards.

So far as naval building ways and construction plants are concerned, there is no reason why Germany could not have 25 battleships or battle-cruisers under construction at the same time. Simultaneously, a program including light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, could be put through, since there are many German yards which, although they cannot build capital ships, are well equipped to produce the lighter craft. The total working force in all these yards is estimated at 100,000 men.

German Guardian Fired.

A curious case was recently brought before the Dublin courts. An Irish gentleman who died in 1898 left a German as guardian of his children and executor of his will. On the plea that the German was an enemy alien the court relieved him of his responsibilities and placed the trust in the hands of an Irish guardian.

A Long-Named Duke.

A mandate issued confers the brevet title of Duke on a Mongol grandee with the delightful name of Chaonsutuchlyatuenhohamur, says The Pekin Gazette.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Whenever the governing authority decrees that for the good of the country certain things must be done although they may involve a degree of discomfort, dislike or hardship upon some individuals, the conscientious objector is sure to make his appearance. So we have conscientious anti-vaccinationists, anti-inoculationists, anti-compulsionists, etc. It was therefore to be expected that "Conscience" would be invoked to secure immunity from war service by those who prefer to have their own safety at the expense of the lives of others.

And so it has turned out. No consideration of the needs of the country, no appeal from the constitutional leaders, no sense of shame can galvanize these selfish objectors into anything but resistance to being themselves obliged to join and help those who are using their strongest efforts to fend off and annihilate the enemy. Even in countries where universal service has been for years a factor deep-set in the mind of the male population, there are to be found many who wiggle and twist in all conceivable directions to get out of the obligation to serve, but so well are those shirkers known that they have a short shift, and in only a few instances do they obtain exemption. Of course they must give a reason for their defection. They cannot claim bad health, for that would be disallowed by medical examination, and so they say that it is against their "conscience", and though fear lest this should be interpreted as cowardice (which in most cases it really is) they base their scruples upon religion with the view of resting their motives on the highest platform which they suppose will help them. Alas! they show a sad ignorance both of religion and psychology!

The conscientious objectors base their secession from their fellows on the ground of possessing some special faculty which they call their conscience, or moral sense, or instinct, which regulates and accounts for their conduct. Unfortunately for them there is no such faculty! Modern psychology is in nothing more busied than in showing that this faculty process, the innate presence of a power such as conscience or freewill does not exist; it is an exploded theory and is untenable. The objectors are equally wrong on religious grounds when they say that the shedding of blood is against scriptural teaching. Why! the whole of the Christian religion rests upon it! The crucified Christ's body and blood were oblated for the sins of the whole world! And if these recalcitrants read the Old Testament they will see that thousands upon thousands of men, women and children were killed by Divine command. Where, then, comes in their plea that it is against the Chritian religion to shed blood?

What the conscientious objector calls his conscience is simply a strong feeling, confoined with an idea which leads to action, and the leading motive is the one most favorable to himself. It is, in fact, his character which is the source of both his conscience and his will. For instance, a man feels that in reality he is a coward; at the same time he knows that it is his "duty" as a citizen to defend his country when called upon; but the feeling of fear prevails over the sentiment of duty, and so he invents excuses and says that his conscience is his authority and prompter, the fact being that he has manufactured a conscience which is in no way an innate moral sense. Circumstances might arise, such as the offer of a lucrative post free from danger, where he would find another conscience which he would say prompted him to enlist! So that he may have no end of consciences, and there is no such thing as an innate guiding conscience faculty—it is entirely a matter of expediency, and a man may have as many "consciences" as he has feelings and ideas. When the feeling is very strong through thinking very intently upon one subject to the exclusion of others, his "conscience" becomes very "clear"; he then becomes a monoidealist and intolerant of all other obligations. No one cares to risk his life nor to kill others unless he is obliged to do so by patriotic considerations, and as the conscientious objector bases his objection to military service on the ground of not wishing to shed blood, he must accept this alternative, either that he is a coward and is afraid to risk his life when the public and private necessity arises, or else that he is an undutiful citizen when called upon by the State and freed from bloodguiltiness by the articles of the established church of this country.

Many of the conscientious objectors are insane; others are mono-idealists with no sense of logic or ethics in their arguments. They are really Casuists, a Casuist being refined as one who reflects about his duties and tries to bring them into line with some intelligible moral standard. They remind one of Fielding's "Parson Twackem and Philosopher Square", who only took to arguments when they wanted to reason themselves out of some obvious duty, and they bear out Rousseau's dictum that "Conscience is the best of Casuists." Conscientious objectors were well known in Shakespeare's time, for he makes Clarence's murderer say "Conscience is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward," and again in Timon he says that policy sits above conscience.

Those who, being in good health and otherwise eligible, decline to follow the country's call are at the least unpatriotic, and should not be allowed to screen themselves under their selfish objections. Why listen to such invertebrate disciples of Apemantus, who pray for no man but themselves! The State should make them go, just as it makes them pay taxes or light up a bicycle at sunset, or go to prison if they neglect their children. The conscientious objector says he follows his conscience. It is just the other way about; his conscience is his servant, not his guide, and if he thinks he hears it talk he tries to smother it.—T. Claye Shaw, M.D., F.R.C.P., Medical Press and Circular.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS RATH

On Sunday morning, May 21st, at his residence an Moira street there passed away Mr. Thomas Rath. Mr. Rath had been suffering for some time with stomach trouble, but was only taken seriously ill about three months ago.

He was nearly 65 years of age and was born in Hungerford Township in the year 1852. His parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rath were among the first settlers in these parts. He was brought up on the old homestead about half way between Tweed and Actinolite, but when he grew to manhood he changed his place of residence to the adjoining farm remaining there until his coming to Tweed about 10 years ago.

A quiet man, he did not seek for any public office. He was a member of the Vestry of St. James' church and took an important part in church work.

Besides a sorrowing widow he leaves to mourn his loss two daughters, Mrs. MacLean of Winnipeg and Mrs. McDonald at home, two sisters, Mrs. Kellar, of Madoc, and Mrs. S. Brown of Moosomin, Sask., and one brother H. Rath of Success, Sask.

The funeral was held on Tuesday at 2 p.m. to St. James' church, interment being made in St. James' cemetery. The members of the family present from a distance were Mrs. MacLean of Winnipeg and Mrs. Kellar of Madoc.—News.

SYLVESTER FANNING.

Sylvester Fanning passed peacefully into the Great Beyond on Sunday afternoon, at the residence of his son, Postmaster Chas. B. Fanning in his 88th year. The deceased gentleman, who was predeceased by his wife in 1903, was widely known and universally loved and respected for his many sterling characteristics. During the past few years he has been very feeble and the end was not unexpected. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon to the Maple Grove cemetery, services being held in the Methodist church at 2 o'clock. The family who are left to mourn a father's loss, besides Mr. Fanning of town, are Mrs. John Maidens of Belleville, W. A. Fanning of Lindsay and Geo. H. Fanning of Graham, Ont. — Havelock Standard.

PRESENTATION TO SOLDIERS.

Friday evening the people of Hart's met to give a farewell to the members of the 155th Battalion, who have enlisted from that vicinity. A representative gathering of the people met in the church at 8 o'clock to present to their boys in khaki a gold piece as a remembrance of their friends, and to spend a few hours together prior to their departure to the summer training camp. Mr. A. Y. Snider was elected chairman of the meeting. A pleasing programme of choruses and songs was given. A large part of the program was given by Madoc talent, Messrs. Lynn, Remion and Pte. McIntyre. The ability of these artists was splendidly illustrated in their excellent rendering of a number of patriotic songs. The chairman presented each of the sixteen soldiers from Hart's with a $5 gold piece and Miss Irene whytock read the address. Messrs. Burnside, Caskey and others addressed the meeting, and Sergt. McKenzie replied on behalf of himself and the men. Refreshments were then served.

Following are those who received the gift:—Ptes. Blakely, L. Burns, J. McMechan, John O'Rourke, R. Newland, M. O'Halloran F. Pringle, J. Willis, M. Lemmon, F. Allen, W. Taylor, Sgt. D. McKenzie, Ptes. D. McKenzie, H. Stewart, R. Broadworth, H. Pitts.

MR. JOHN T. NUNN RETIRES.

After 38 years of faithful service, first as switchman, then as freight checker and baggage master at Colborne G. T. R. station, Mr. John T. Nunn retires on pension.

DEATH OF MRS. CHAPMAN.

Phila Ann Chapman, widow of the late Alexandtr Chapman, passed away at the home of her nephew, Mr. C. C. Platt, Gore Bay, Ont., after an illness lasting several months. Last January she fell on the ice from which she suffered for some time, and this was followed by pneumonia which affected her heart, and carried her off. She was 72 years of age last March.

The deceased was born in Prince Edward County, Ontario and was the daughter of the late Charles Hubbs, and was a sister of the late Mrs. Edwin Platt and of the late Mrs. Hiram Wilson. She was twice married, her first husband being the late Archibald Trumpour, who died in October 1901, and her second being the late Alexander Chapman, who died in June, 1907.

FIELD KITCHEN.

Havelock, Belmont, Norwood, Asphodel and Drummer will contribute a field kitchen to "D" Company of the 93rd Battalion, each municipality paying approximately 4.10 mills on their assessment for the kitchen, which will certainly be a great convenience to the soldier boys and add greatly to their stomach comfort on their route marches.

BELLEVILLE WAS SECOND.

At the annual meet of the Trent Valley Trap Shooting Association held in Peterboro on Wednesday four toams entered. Peterboro won the honors of the day with a score of 195, with Cobourg and Belleville tied for second place with 193 each. Stirling was fourth with 159. The next meet will be held in Port Hope some time in June.

TO TRIFLE WITH CATARRH IS TO RISK CONSUMPTION.

Usually it comes with a cold. Being slight it is neglected, but the seed is sown for a dangerous harvest, perhaps consumption. To cure at once inhale Catarrhozone. It destroys the germs of Catarrh, clears away mucous, cleanses the passage of the nose and throat. The hacking cough and sneezing cold soon disappear, and health is yours again. Nothing known for colds, catarrh and throat trouble, that is so curative as Catarrhozone. It cures by a new method that never yet failed. The one dollar outfit includes the inhaler and is guaranteed to cure. Smaller sizes 25c and 50c sold everywhere

ANOTHER DRAFT.

On Monday orders were received at Cobourg by Major McKinnon, officer commanding Cobourg Heavy Battery to recruit another draft of fifty men for reinforcements for heavy batteries now overseas, as soon as the draft now in training there under Lieut. J. E. Lean leaves for overseas. It is expected that the present draft of fifty men will go overseas early next month.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

A memorial service for the late Lieut. Bateman was held in St. Mark's church at Springbrook on Monday evening last.

PTE. COURT MUCH ALIVE.

Rev. J. D. P. Knox, of Frankford, received a letter on Tuesday, May 16, from Pte. T. H. Court, formerly in the employ of the Telephone Co., with headquarters in Cobourg, but now with the 21st Canadians, overseas. It will be remembered that some months ago it was reported that Pte. T. H. Court was dead but though the name was like his it must have been that of another. Pte. Court is well and would have writen before but he had lost Mr. Knox's address.—Colborne Enterprise.

SOLDIERS LEAVE FOR CAMP.

On Tuesday evening, farewelled by a large number of Tweed people, the soldiers left for Kingston. With Marlbank Platoon they are the advance party of the 155th Battalion and they will proceed to Barrifield Camp to prepare the way for the balance of the Battalion which leaves on Friday next.

The ladies of the Khaki Club very kindly supplied the men with luncheon. The detachment consisted of 53 men and 2 officers, Pte. A. Bowers being ill and unable to be moved.

During their stay in Tweed the 155th battalion have enlisted 66 men. A number were transferred to other units, etc., and 55 remained.

Their presence in our village will be greatly missed, already it is felt so, and the town is to be proud that such a fine body of men have gone out from its borders to fight for their "King and Country".—News.

DIED

BROWN—At Depot Harbor, Henderson Brown.

Trenton is to vote on a by-law to raise $60,000 to erect a new High School.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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