

The Daily News

JNO. M. BENDER, General Manager
THE PEOPLES' PAPER

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MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1913

MR. COLDWELL'S NIGHTMARE

The flag-waving oratory indulged in by the Hon. G. R. Coldwell, at Friday night's meeting, clearly indicated the line which he would have the government travel at the next Dominion election, whenever that may be. But the Minister for Education surely cannot cherish the belief that there is such a strong public sentiment in this country in favor of separation from the British Empire that it will become the issue at the next Dominion election. We know of none that are prepared to concede that Mr. Coldwell is better acquainted with the sentiment of his party than any Liberal could be. Does Mr. Coldwell really mean to infer that there is a large section of his own party desirous of separating the ties that bind the Dominion of Canada to the Motherland? So much so that it will require a vigorous educational campaign to refute it? If so, we could fully appreciate the show of righteous indignation which he assumed at the meeting. The honorable member must be getting seriously alarmed at the coalition between the Borden government and the Nationalists of Quebec. It is evident that they, the Bordenites, are finding the Nationalists greater thorns in the flesh than they ever anticipated when, by the assistance of Quebec, they assumed the reins of office. Let us hasten to reassure Mr. Coldwell, the Empire is quite safe. If he continues to suffer from the nightmare of separation while the Conservatives are in power, let him assist in the task of removing Premier Borden from the helm, and sleep soundly again.

"LOST OPPORTUNITIES"

It is seldom that The News has found itself in such complete accord with its Tenth street Conservative morning contemporary as today. The remarks made in this column on Saturday are heartily seconded in The Times this morning. In one thing, however, The News was mistaken. The cheers and laughter that accompanied the speech of Mr. Atkins were not an indication that the Conservatives at the meeting were delighted with their member. It was rather the reverse: the crowd went there to be amused, and for the time being were satisfied—hence the cheering. But sober reflection which followed left nothing but a feeling of disgust, even by that stalwart supporter of the Conservative cause, The Times.

The following passages taken from our contemporary's editorial will find an echo in the breast of every citizen whether he be Conservative or Liberal, that have the political interests of the province or the Dominion as a whole at heart:

"If there was a time more than another when the whole Conservative party is thirsting for something definite as to the future policy of the party, it is now, and one looks in vain for anything of a definite nature in the speeches of either of the two representatives of the people at that meeting."

"Generalities and platitudes and a thousand and one things that have been said before were there in great abundance, but anything clear and definite or that could be so construed was absent. The present moment is a time when a strong man, with a definite policy and clear vision coupled with strong conviction will lead the men of the Conservative party. In Mr. Atkins we possess no doubt an excellent member, and while he has served his party well both in and out of the house there are times when he has been a little disappointing even to his most ardent adherents."

Our Tenth street contemporary is quite right when it states that the need of the party at the present time is "a strong man, with a definite policy and clear vision, coupled with strong conviction." We agree with The Times that there are occasions when "Jam" has been a little disappointing even to his most ardent adherents.

VERBAL OR WRITTEN AGREEMENTS

Hardly a week passes that we do not have occasion to report one or more cases from the police court in respect to the non-payment of wages, and Magistrate Bates must be tired of trying to impress both employers and employees with the fact that a properly drawn up written agreement between the parties would save an incalculable amount of trouble. A great deal of misunderstanding frequently arises out of a verbal contract. The employer may be slightly deaf and not quite catch what the employee agrees to do, and again the employee may be inarticulate in his speech, and his pronunciation of "for one month" may sound to the employer like "the whole season," but in a written agreement there is neither deafness or indistinct speech to be feared, and each party has some tangible evidence to offer in case of a breach.

An article on this subject in the Farmer's Advocate, which we here reproduce, fully bears out Mr. Bates in his contentions. The article reads as follows: "Never a week passes but the Farmer's Advocate receives a greater or lesser number of queries relative to agreements. If the agreement is in writing it is possible to give a definite answer to the query regarding the carrying out of the agreement. On the other hand, where the agreement is verbal and one party to the agreement writes in his side of the case it is practically impossible to give any satisfaction or hope of redress, for in nearly all such cases it is plain to see the writer is biased in his view of the agreement."

"A verbal agreement is never satisfactory. Seldom do both parties understand each other when the agreement is made, and each goes away with a slightly different agreement in his mind. Is it any wonder that dissatisfaction and distrust cause friction in so many of these verbal agreements?"

"On the other hand, a written agreement appears the same to both parties and misunderstandings are practically impossible. A written agreement assures each party to the agreement that the other party will fulfill his part of its equivalent. There is no contract entered into for any future work or privilege but should be put down in writing. It safeguards both parties, does away with suspicion and also avoids lawsuits and entailed expense. A lengthy and intricate form is not necessary for a binding contract—such forms are for lawyers to puzzle over. Put down in a simple way on plain paper full details of the agreement and let both parties attach their signatures. If the contract is important have witnesses attach their signatures as well."

"To trust to a verbal agreement is to court trouble in a hundred different ways."

NOTES BY THE WAY

Some people even send their mail to be posted in Winnipeg, all the way from Brandon to save a few cents.

How often you find that the man who talks most about spending "YOUR" money in the home town, spends "HIS" money in his home town.

The newly formed Federated Board of Trade to deserve any support, must take concerted action and discourage this, alas, too common, habit of not supporting home industries.

Is it true that some of the members of a certain religious denomination, in Brandon, have assumed the functions of the Boosters Club?

By the way! What has become of that organization, that started with such a flourish and was going to do such wonders for Brandon, the Boosters Club? Is it dead, or gone—behind.

Many are the complaints that are being made of the wanton damage that is being done to the young bedding-plants in the city parks by young hooligans. This is especially the case on band nights, when it seems to some to be the occasion, especially provided, to play "tag," or some kindred game, and their playground is the newly planted flower beds. What are the police doing? A man-in-blue is always present. What is he there for? To criticize the music and keep tabs on the band, to report any breach of contract on their part, or is it possible that he is there to protect the citizens' property?

PONDEROUS PERSONNAGES

"Cicero"

By George Fitch
Author of "At Good Old Stewash"

Marcus Tullius Cicero was the greatest orator who ever rose before a Roman audience to say a few words extending from 8:50 to 11:00 p.m. on the tariff. He was the idol of the Roman populace for many years, but if he were alive today he could not be elected to the office of fourth assistant pound-master.

This is because too many American voters have been compelled to read Cicero's oration in the original Latin when they preferred to go fishing.

Cicero was born B.C. 106, of prominent parents. He was popular in his home town and the boy who was clumsy enough with Tully Cicero to play marbles or catch fish in the Tiber with him was much envied.

Cicero studied law and went to war after the fashion of the times and finally went into politics. At that time Sulla was dictator and controlled the credentials committee in all the conventions Cicero published a few brief remarks about boss rule and in consequence retired from Italy for his health.

For several years Cicero hung around Greece, taking elocution lessons, and when Sulla passed under the steam roller he began to pick up an office now and then. He became quaestor, aedile and praetor and in 63 he went after the Consulship. Catiline had the Democratic party in his vest pocket at that time so Cicero joined the Optimates and burned up Catiline in a series of stump speeches which have been famous ever since. This, together with several little irregularities in Catiline's administration, put him on the hummer and Cicero had a walkaway.

However, Pompey formed a triumvirate with Caesar and Crassus and the three dictated every appointment in the administration for several years. This compelled Cicero to retire for his health once more and for many years he spent his time side-stepping popular issues and trying to figure out a platform on which he would be a good insurance risk. Politics was a stern business in those days and the stemen who were discovered in the minority headquarters after the election usually went home in ice.

Cicero finally took the side of the Senate after Caesar's death. This was a rash guess and when the second triumvirate was formed it sent a committee to Cicero's villa and removed him from politics with a short, sharp sword.

Cicero was a pure and lofty patriot and did not become very rich in office. His orations and essays are still preserved and few men have equalled his peculiar style of removing hide of a political enemy while on the stump. His great political genius is evidence by the fact that he lived 63 years—an extraordinary length of time for a Roman statesman.

"THIS DATE IN HISTORY"

June 30

1817—Corner-stone laid at Lexington, Ky., for the first insane asylum erected west of the Appalachian mountains.

1837—British parliament abolished the use of the pillory as a mode of punishment.

1849—Rome capitulated to the French army, after a brave resistance of nearly a month.

1859—M. Blondin first crossed Niagara Falls on a tight-rope.

1863—The two opposing armies marched toward Gettysburg.

1882—Charles Guiteau executed for the murder of President Garfield.

1890—Consecration of the Roman Catholic cathedral in Philadelphia.

1907—United States fiscal year closed with a surplus of \$87,000,000.

1912—Many lives lost and much property destroyed in a tornado that swept Regina, Saskatchewan.

"THIS IS MY 61ST BIRTHDAY"

Halvor Steenerson

Halvor Steenerson, who represents the Ninth district of Minnesota in the lower house of congress, was born in Dane County, Wisconsin, June 30, 1852. With his parents he removed in his youth to Minnesota and his education was received in the public schools in the town of Rushford. Later he studied law in Chicago, and in 1878 he was admitted to the bar. Two years later Mr. Steenerson began the practice of his profession in Crookston, which city has since been his home.

That Terrible Fatigue Can Be Overcome

A Simple Home Remedy Now Cures Lack of Energy, Loss of Ambition, and a Feeling of "Don't Care."

Successful in Nearly Every Case.

That miserable nervousness and half-sick, tired-all-the-time condition is due nine cases in ten to a clogged-up system. You grow irritable and despondent, you lack ambition, energy seems all gone. Surest road to health is by frequent use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they will make you feel like new all over in a short time.

Writing from his home in Barcelona, Mr. Frederick G. Mayer states: "I think no one ever suffered as severely as I did for nearly six months. So many serious symptoms were developing as a consequence of this evil condition of my system that I realized I must find a remedy. The strongest pills of various kinds I tried seemed after the first effects were over to make me far worse and I did not know which way to turn for relief. I saw Dr. Hamilton's Pills advertised, and the first box used satisfied me. I found a true remedy. Instead of gripping with undue activity Dr. Hamilton's Pills acted as naturally as if they had not been taken. I never had to increase the dose, and, indeed, within a month I reduced it, and when the system finally acted of its own accord as a result of Dr. Hamilton's pills, I took a dose twice a week only, just to make sure the old condition would not come back."

No other remedy cures constipation and biliousness so easily, or safely as Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they are an ideal family remedy for all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold in 25c. boxes, five for \$1.00, all druggists and storekeepers or The Cataractine Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

In addition to his legal practice he has large farming interests. His public career began with his election to the office of county attorney in 1881. Later he served one term in the Minnesota senate and since 1893 he has represented his district in the national house.

Congratulations to: Rear Admiral William B. Caperton, U.S.N., 58 years old today.

Leonidas Plaza, president of the republic of Ecuador, 56 years old today.

Halvor Steenerson, representative in congress of the Ninth Minnesota district, 61 years old today.

MAN AND THE CASSOCK

An Enthralling Romance
By Mrs. DAVID G. RITCHIE

(CHAPTER XVI.—Cont.)

questioned Connington. The look in Moul's face did not escape his attention. Moul lowered his eyes till they were almost closed. "I have sorely talked at all."

Connington laid his hand upon his friend's, and felt his pulse. "No, but you listened to talk. You've been a little seedy for some time now," he remarked, as if stating a fact of no great moment.

"Not really seedy," said Moul. "Only a little," replied Connington. "Might I just see what it is that makes that cough. I haven't a stethoscope with me, but I can manage without."

Moul was going to make an objection, murmuring that it was generally a mistake to call too much attention to the subject of health, it being apt to make people feel worse than they really were.

"Some other time will do Connington," he added.

"The subject of health seems always an intrusion to a man like you," said Connington, but at the same time something in his manner as he bent forward bade Moul's resistance to take flight. He submitted with an air of worried resignation to a process that was really unnecessary, obeying Connington's directions with his brow puckered, and when at last Connington had refastened his jacket with the care of a mother, he asked no questions, he wished to hear nothing more, he was weary and longed to be left alone, although he knew he should not sleep.

"Thanks, thanks," he said; "that will do. Good-night, Connington, good-night."

"As I said before, the question of health always seems an intrusion to a man like you, absorbed in work," said Connington, without a trace of emotion in his voice, "and yet it is a question of profound importance." He had not got up from the bed, and instead of going out of the room, he walked to the window. One of the small panes was open. Connington opened the other and looked out into the night.

The moon had at last freed herself from the drifting clouds, and the whole landscape was visible, the dark, solemn ridge of the moor against a fainter sky. The white mist that had covered the summit were coming down slowly into the valley, breaking as they came into separate masses, striking off into thin ragged lines that detached from themselves ghostlike form; these moved slowly along in the moonlight, like wanderers searching for something they had lost. He stood silent and absorbed in the scene before him, so that Moul's voice almost startled him.

"Are you looking at the breaking mist?" he asked, in a tone which plainly announced that he had dismissed all thought of Connington's medical examination.

"Yes," said Connington moving, but not approaching the bed.

"I have seen it so often since I came here," said Moul. "They are like the dead in Hades. I should like to be left alone now, my dear fellow."

Connington did not reply. He leaned out at the window and then round to the bed; his heavy eyelids drooped over his eyes. "You haven't arranged to take early service tomorrow, I hope?"

Moul looked vexed and shut his eyes.

"I take the choral celebration at ten. It will be the first choral celebration with the new organ."

Connington's face was immovable. "I don't think you should take a long service," he said slowly.

"I feel as well as usual," said Moul.

"Only talk so late. I do find fatiguing."

"You have been feeling less well lately. I think," Connington said softly. "Be patient with me for five minutes."

"I can't throw my work on other people at a moment's notice," said Moul uneasily.

"Colebeck takes maths at nine, and the Rector preaches at ten o'clock. I have no excuse for not doing my share. Also it is a special occasion tomorrow."

"Do you make a point of doing this sort of thing fasting?" asked Connington.

"I used to," he wanted to suppress the whole truth for fear of further argument, but his scrupulous honesty forbade it. "I have broken fast occasionally."

"Then you must do so tomorrow. I must insist on this, Moul, and don't go to the afternoon or evening services. Take a complete rest after your morning's work."

Moul was plainly troubled.

Connington walked nearer to the bed. "Moul, you need some one to look after you," he said, in the tone of one speaking to a delicate child.

Moul did not answer at first, but as Connington still looked at him with a question clearly in his eyes, he said wearily, "I have Thompson."

"I don't mean that."

Both men were silent looking at each other. As verily as if she had been there in flesh and blood, Marion Smith stood between them, each seeing her with the breadth and also the limitations of that inner vision peculiar to his type of mind. But both of them saw in the brown, meditative eyes that dominated quality of her nature, her respect for humanity, her desire not to criticize but to understand.

Moul was the first to remove his eyes. A thought, a suspicion suggested by Emily's wretched talk rose in his mind and refused to be put aside. He resented deeply the taint of that thought; it distorted his imagination; it was probably unfounded and treacherous, and yet—

"Connington," he said raising his head. "I believe that the Church has called me to give to her the inheritance of my father. The inheritance of the O'Flyns—insanity and consumption—I will keep to myself." He stopped.

"The sacrifice if great," said Connington abruptly.

Moul looked away and moved his hands restlessly over his book. This evening subjects of a personal and private nature had been forced upon him; talk of the most depressing kind had been thrust upon him. He ought not to have allowed it. He ought to have put it aside firmly and have refused to be drawn into it. He closed his eyes again and leaned his head back on the pillows.

Connington was still standing close by. He could not bear to see Moul's face, so thin and keen in repose, the dark eyelids closed, the hands folded. His imagination leaped to the future, possible, even probable, of which Moul lay yet unconscious. He resented himself by the bed, and reaching out his hand, took the book from beneath Moul's hands and looked at the title. "The Philosophy of Christianity," he murmured, and he began turning the pages over, as if he had forgotten the conversation and was absorbed in the contents of the book. At last he glanced up at Moul. "Not the sort of Christianity that stands or falls by an unique case of Parthenogenesis?" He watched the face on the pillows. Moul opened his eyes. "You were going to say something?" questioned Connington tentatively.

"No," said Moul; "only of course it was inevitable that Christianity should have propped itself up in the past by a materialism that belonged to the age."

"Yes," said Connington, "it could not do otherwise."

"The work of philosophy is to synthesize the 'facts' of its own age," said Moul, stimulated by his friend's voice and manner, and if you expect from it truths that are never to be upset by future experience, you are demanding a superstition and not a philosophy." He fixed his eyes now on Connington; the weariness and vexation were already passing out of his face.

"Then you think," asked Connington in his low, penetrating voice, "that the day has gone by when Theology will try to depend for a living upon a mistrust of the methods of science?"

"That day is going by, never to return," said Moul; "the methods of science are the facts of our age, and Theology must reverence them. To be true to itself, Theology must be indifferent to nothing that is in the mind of Humanity. I have always held that Connington, and sacred as I hold the creeds of our Church, behind them or interpreting them is a creed still more sacred, because it is more Catholic, it is true to all time, and of all places; it is this: 'The spirit of man, whereby he knows God, is simply the spirit of God himself.'" Moul had raised himself from his pillows. His face had become brilliant, hopeful.

Too brilliant, thought Connington bitterly. "We have the same creed," he said getting up from his chair. "Now I'm going to borrow your book, and take it away with me now. You are to sleep. Good-night." He went to the door.

"Good-night," said Moul, but his face showed that he was still thinking of what he had just said, and he scarcely noticed his friend's movements.

Connington closed the door behind him. "He will sleep now," he said to himself as he went along the passage.

He walked as silently as a cat, and as he passed Mrs. Neufmarche's door, he drew in his breath. His own room looked away from the moor, over the valley.

There were no breaking mists and wandering spires; through the window he could see the moist moonlit woods and meadows lying in a motionless haze, stretching on to an undistinguishable horizon. Beyond that lay the sea. He put the book down on the window sill and stood thinking; the air came gently in, and along with it from the depths of that silent valley came from far off the sound of a cock crowing, faint, melancholy, and hoarse.

Is there no hope that the ultimate destiny of man will come? Why should the apparently blind forces of the inorganic world evolve human consciousness? Such a stupendous mystery may well be but the threshold of another mystery—the evolution of human consciousness into full consciousness of God. "I must believe in the Fatherhood of God," he said to himself, "because I have met men and women the highest product of the Evolution, in whom I see the Son seeking the Father."

CHAPTER XVII.

Sunday was a day of mixed pleasure and pain to Agnes. The pain came between the time for tea and evening service, when there was nothing to do. All the rest of the day was pleasure. The morning after breakfast was the most pleasurable of all. A great many people who did not belong to the parish of Averton came

to church on Sunday, by carriage or motor, and took part in the musical services introduced by Moul, and paid for by Moul's money. The Parachute's came, not because the Rector was a widower and two curates were bachelors, and one of them a millionaire, which is an unusual quality in a curate, but because the worship at Averton was just what they liked.

The Tophams came because they had quarreled with the Rector of Dumbury. There were other reasons for other people, and the church was generally too small for the congregation.

Agnes would have liked to stand at the lychnage to watch the arrivals. She would also have liked to be in church simultaneously to watch how the arrivals conducted themselves. As the two positions were not compatible, and Marion would have objected to either, Agnes' plan was to watch from the one window of the Rectory which commanded a view of the road. There, ready dressed, she could see something of everything, and when she saw her father go down the garden path to the vestry door, she hurried out and slipped into her favorite seat close to the organ, from which position she could see the whole congregation.

She was awfully sorry for Marion, who spent her morning looking after the village infants, whose mothers were enabled thereby to go to church.

Besides the pleasure of seeing the clothes of the congregation, and noticing who prayed and who didn't she enjoyed following the service with her new prayer-book of thin India paper, and separating the leaves

that stuck together. Agnes was like her mother. Mrs. Smith had been one of these women who call themselves practical. The term "practical" has been to the woman possessing no ability for anything in particular the honorable refuge that the Army has been to the stupid boy. Agnes followed her mother's example and called herself "practical."

She could pick flowers and arrange them with much conversation and splashing of water, and scattering of stalks, and assistance from the maids. She could carry a correct message to a shop in Dumbury, and could do a great many useful things provided they didn't take a long time to do.

In fact, want of time was one of the chief difficulties of Agnes' life, and she often explained to Marion while Marion was busy, and often to the servants while they were working, how it was that she had no time to mend her clothes, and these explanations generally lasted about three-quarters of an hour. What really was at the bottom of her difficulty was the domestic arrangements at the Rectory. In other houses the servants mended the clothes. When she "had time" Agnes used to tidy up her chest of drawers, especially the drawer where she kept a Bible and a box that had belonged to her mother. Agnes had been a loving but stormy companion to her mother, full of solicitude and affection alternated by moods of gloom, in which she made mysterious allusions to the superiority of Marion's intellect over her mother's, when

(To Be Continued)

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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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CHIC

A Remarkable Expression Of Public Confidence

is shown in the statement of this company for the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1913, as compared with one year ago, the following figures are exceptionally interesting:

ASSETS MARCH 31st, 1913.....\$456,915.72
ASSETS MARCH 31st, 1912.....111,268.60

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This remarkable gain is positive evidence of the convenience and practicability of the C. H. I. C. plan.

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