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MARCH 12, 1904

EVENTS

PUBLISHED
WEEKLY

The Opening
of Parliament
When Great
Men Differ

The Rejection
at the Club



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The New
Leader in
British
Columbia

A Reverend
Traducer

The Truth
Becoming
Clearer

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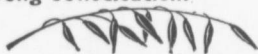
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EVENTS

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EVENTS

Published Weekly.

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Vol. 7, No. 11.

OTTAWA, MARCH 12, 1904.

Whole No. 260.

The Opening of Parliament.

THE Parliament of Canada was opened by the Earl of Minto, the Governor-General on Thursday. It seems so short a time since we had the esteemed members of both Houses in Ottawa last but they can never come too often, provided they spend as much of their indemnity as possible among us. There was the usual stir about The Opening, the civil service half holiday, the swagger officers in military uniform, the crowd on The Hill, the brave show of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards with their nodding plumes and shining helmets, the rolling up the driveway of the Representative of the King, the presenting of arms by the Guard of Honor, the inspiring strains of the National Anthem, the appearance of Black Rod in the House of Commons, the crush in the Senate Chamber, the reading of the Speech from the Throne and, finally, the triumph of wealth over the merely well-to-do when at the Drawing Room on Saturday night some women were enabled to be presented to Their Excellencies in gowns different from that worn at The Opening on Thursday.

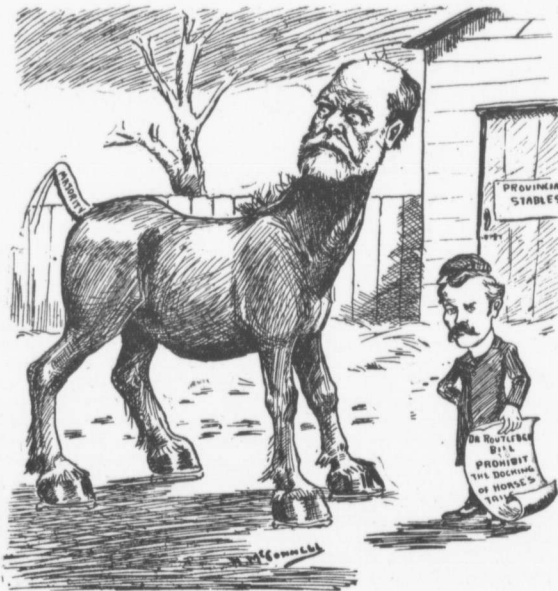
We have not mentioned that solemn and stately function of The State Dinner at Government House on Thursday night. We have never been there, but can imagine that all frivolity is banished for the occasion, and that a number of men who have to sit up very straight inside of brass buttons and a gold lace collar long for the hour to arrive when they can get home and get into their slippers. There is some compensation in the thought that the wine is probably of the best and the viands well cooked. And after all Rideau Hall is a home-like old place and its occupants usually unbend as far as they may without hurting their truly Vice Regal Status. If it was the Sergeant-at-Arms who gave a state dinner he would have to maintain a certain dignity.

By the way a curious thing about this State Dinner at the opening of Parliament, while deputy-ministers are invited, and even the Mayor of the municipal corporation of Ottawa, members of the Senate and members of the Commons are disregarded. It seems to us that a real state dinner con-

ined to the two Houses of Parliament would be quite an imposing and a very useful affair, but then again the trouble arises in the accommodation at Government House which is not sufficient to seat 300 members of Parliament in one room. The Press, which is one of the recognized Estates of the realm, is also left out in the cold. This, however, pleases the scribes who would hate to be deprived of an even-

ing's work which is their only real enjoyment.

Now, then, Parliament is open, each side has a whole park of artillery trained on the other, the gifted generals are firmly seated in their saddles, and the infantry on both sides can be relied on to form a hollow square at any moment, the hollow the better.



War Horse Ross—Ah, mon! Routledge, I wish your bill had "carried"—Saturday Night

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When Great Men Differ.

IT was Voltaire who said that the quarrels of the great and the clamor of the small are necessary to liberty. Is it possible that the quarrel between Mr. Monk, M.P. and Mr. Tarte M.P. comes under the former classification? Relatively, members of parliament may be spoken of as great, though Heaven knows some of them are small enough. But Mr. Monk was a chosen leader and Mr. Tarte had the halo of having once been great. He was jealous of Mr. Monk's official predominance in the councils of the Conservative party of the province of Quebec. Antagonistic to Mr. Monk also and allied with Mr. Tarte were Mr. Pelletier, the selected organizer of the province, and Mr. Hugh Graham of the "Star", one of the self-elected managers of the party. Mr. Monk in his official letter to the leader of the party, resigning his position, gives as the reason the intrigues of these men against him. His position is easily understood. A short time ago, and according to the Conservative press and platform, Mr. Tarte was using bad means to assist in carrying constituencies against a pure and patriotic party called the Conservative. At that time Mr. Monk was formally elected leader for the Quebec section of the Conservative party. Because Mr. Tarte failed to retain his position in the Liberal party these certain persons in the Province of Quebec caballed with him to supplant Mr. Monk.

The views of the Conservative press on the subject are very conflicting. The Montreal Gazette is very flattering to Mr. Monk and pays many tributes to his high character, ability, and zeal in the cause. The Toronto Mail and Empire is also very

courteous to Mr. Monk and wishes to emphasize the fact that he still retains membership in the Conservative party. Neither of these leading papers had a word to say against Mr. Tarte's usurpation of Mr. Monk's place and no criticism of the conduct which Mr. Monk, officially brought to the notice of the leader. Another Conservative paper, the Ottawa Evening Journal, practically said that if Mr. Monk could not hold his position he was not fit for it and that if the party was in such a bad plight in the province of Quebec that fact would make votes for the Conservatives in the other provinces. Another Conservative paper, the St. John Sun, in a leading article of the 22nd inst. rather resents the action of Mr. Monk and thinks that he should have accepted the slight put upon him as part of the game. The Sun agrees with the Toronto World that it is not necessary to elect a successor to Mr. Monk.

This advice is probably based on the fact that it would be quite impossible to elect a successor at the present time, and the 100,000 Conservative votes cast in the province of Quebec at the last general election will go unrepresented for a time in the person of any particular leader. Sir John Macdonald's leader in the province of Quebec was Sir Hector Langevin and he would not allow even so big a man as Mr. Chapleau to interfere with him. Sir Charles Tupper chose Mr. Angers as the leader when he formed his Administration in 1896 and even went so far as to place the choice of his colleagues from Quebec province in the cabinet in the hands of Mr. Angers.

EVENTS

Published Weekly.

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

VOL. 5. MARCH 12, 1904. No. 11

A LETTER received from an esteemed subscriber in Western Ontario complains bitterly of a misapplication of Dominion government patronage. We have heard so many complaints from a good class of Liberals with respect to patronage that the effect of the discontent must be counted on by the government when the time comes to call the members of the party to arms. Complaints are numerous and have been for years, that positions and patronage have gone in no small measure to political enemies. We suppose that many of these complaints are unjust to the Government, but they are so numerous and cover in territory the whole of the country, that it behoves the government to look more closely after their friends if they expect their friends to look after them when the time comes. The view that the patronage at Ottawa belongs to the party is undoubtedly the constitutional view and is expressly laid down by recognized writers. The trouble is that some members of the government forget this great fact and imagine that patronage is their own personal perquisite. This notion gets into a man's mind largely because the applicant for office or patronage must ask for it and it seems to be the proper thing when the application is granted to thank the minister. A clear-sighted minister knows very well, however, that the patronage is not his in the slightest degree. It belongs to those who have a right to ask for it and a right to get it, the minister and the department being the judges as to the fitness of the person or the quality of goods, according to the best of their judgment. The great fact however, remains that the patronage at Ottawa is the patronage of the party in power, and is not the patronage of fourteen or

fifteen gentlemen whom the party have placed at Ottawa in temporary charge of affairs. There is nothing probably so difficult to regulate as political patronage and allowance must be made, but things will not go very far wrong if the central principle, which we have here expressed, is recognized. A party can be expected to respond in defence of reasonable and progressive policy but discontented members of the party in regard to appointments or patronage of any kind are a weakness, if not a menace.

A CANADIAN, who like all educated Canadians is a very intelligent man and, therefore, a subscriber to Events, writes us from London under date, Feb. 21 as follows:—

"I have noticed in London exactly the feeling I was expecting in regard to Mr. Chamberlain. The press of Canada (with the exception of your own paper) has not given us the remotest idea of what this feeling is. In reading those papers one would imagine that the whole of Great Britain is more than enthusiastic for Mr. Chamberlain's methods and policy. As a matter of fact this is not the case. At any rate this seems not to be the case in London. Let me give you an example. On Saturday, the 30th of January, I went to the Alhambra Theatre, one of the largest music halls of London, where I found at the time from five to six thousand persons. There was on the programme songs by a celebrated English vocalist. Being recalled by the audience he came to the front and started to sing a popular song composed recently in the honor of Mr. Chamberlain. Immediately we heard a small claque from the third balcony, apparently previously organized. But, at the very first attempt at a demonstration favorable to Mr. Chamberlain we heard numerous hisses from all parts of the vast hall. These hisses were immense. Another attempt was made to get an ovation for Mr. Chamberlain and his portrait was reproduced on the curtain by electric projections. As soon as the face appeared before the audience an immense clamor of protest and of hostility was heard all over the hall. Of course this was a bad night to organize an ovation for Mr. Chamberlain as the news had just arrived of the result of the Ayr bye-election where the issue had caused a Unionist candidate to be defeated in a Unionist stronghold. Still if this manifestation in the theatre shows anything it surely does not indicate any great enthusiasm in London in favor of

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Mr. Chamberlain's policy. As a matter of fact I think it is already doomed."

We give the above extract without any comment as the testimony of a Canadian who is a good politician and a shrewd observer of political events and who has all along taken an interest in the Chamberlain movement.

IF civic business is not transacted in the cities and towns of Canada better than in Toronto, Winnipeg or Ottawa, then one might say that it was transacted very badly indeed. An interesting example in the city of Ottawa is worth reading. The Mayor, and we presume most of the aldermen, were returned on a platform of a reduction of taxes. That campaign cry was inscribed on the banners and hung to the breezes. The Council met and fixed the rate of assessment Feb. 23, and the newspapers next morning announced that the rate of taxation had been reduced a dollar and a half per thousand. A certain property on Elgin St. in the city of Ottawa paid in taxes and water rates last year \$118. Under this boasted reduction of taxes which now stands to the credit of the City Council for 1904 the same property will pay \$142, a net increase of \$24. The explanation is that the assessment has been increased by nearly 30 per cent. The property in question is an old one and instead of being worth as much this year as last year the assessment might have been a little lower. After having played this trick on the taxpayers the City Council elevated the Mayor's salary about 30 per cent. We do not know whether the Mayor is a taxpayer or not but he is certainly a taxpayer. When the present civic outfit present themselves for re-election at the end of this year they should be replaced by honest men.

THE annual report of the Department of Indian Affairs for last year has been distributed. All these annual reports are printed by order of parliament and paid for by parliament to which they are supposed to be submitted first. Under a wise provision, however, parliament has sanctioned their distribution as soon as they are ready. By means of several highly ex-

cellent halftone illustrations the volume gives a good idea of the appearance of the various industrial schools throughout the Dominion where Indian children are educated. In these schools besides the teaching to read and write instruction is given in domestic housework such as cooking, carpentering, sewing, shoemaking, and so forth, as well as the putting in and the taking out of a crop of grain. The attempt to civilize the Indian by taking him young is an interesting study and it would be of some importance if statistics were available as to the number of these children who when they grow up return to nomadic habits. The number of Indians in the Dominion of Canada does not vary much from year to year. They total about 100,000.

THE St. John Sun, which complains of the increased expenditure at Ottawa, has within the past week contained editorial paragraphs—one of them indeed the leading article—urging increases in pay to two officials. The same paper is also seeking to make party capital out of the failure of the Tweedie Administration to obtain an increased Federal subsidy for the Province. It seems as if economy is all right as a rule, but not if it is practised at home. The Conservative party in New Brunswick is an advocate apparently of an increased subsidy for the Province and of increased pay for the officials, provided they are New Brunswick officials. At the same time the Montreal Gazette, discussing the question of an increased subsidy for New Brunswick condemns it, and in that way rebukes the Conservative party in New Brunswick as represented by its press. If the subject comes up this session Mr. Borden will have to stand between the views of the Montreal Gazette against, and the views of the St. John Sun for, increased subsidy.

IN his explanation to the electors of the county of Jacques Cartier as to what had led him to take the step of resigning the position of Quebec leader of the Conservative party, Mr. F. D. Monk stated some of the indignities he had endured at the hands of members of his own

party leaving aside, as he said, "many pin pricks and petty acts not worth recording." He reveals the fact that certain newspapers and persons in the province within the party started the notion that the only hope the Conservative party had in the province was by securing the active aid of Mr. Tarte but Mr. Monk says that he did not share that view. The reason was that "if our party became identified with the ex-Minister it would become in the eyes of the people a trial of strength between the Prime Minister and his ex-Minister and the result might prove unfavorable." In other words Mr. Monk is shrewd enough to know that the Liberals are wishing for exactly that issue with the full knowledge that the result would be most discouraging to the Conservatives. If, as is said, Mr. Monk is too high minded and too sensitive for the position of a leader of a party of gentlemen he must certainly be credited with more shrewdness than we can ascribe to those who wish to put Mr. Tarte in the forefront.

THE vacancy in the Manitoba Government caused by the death of the Hon. J. A. Davidson, the Provincial Treasurer, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. John H. Agnew, the member for Virden. Mr. Agnew is about 40 years of age and a native of the county of Ontario. By profession he is a lawyer and his experience in public life is confined to one session of the present legislature.

IN an article on the West and the amended Grand Trunk Pacific contract the Winnipeg Telegram says that from Winnipeg to Edmonton prompt and adequate railway construction may be obtained either by the construction of a new road or by the purchase of the Canadian Northern. How would it do for the Canadian Northern to purchase the Grand Trunk Pacific, seeing that the locomotives of the Canadian Northern are now well on their way to Edmonton and it has a large system in operation capable of feeding a trunk line?

IT appears that two cabinet ministers were black-balled at the Rideau Club in Ottawa a few days ago on their being put

up for membership. Both gentlemen are members of clubs in other cities into which some members of the Rideau Club would perhaps not be admitted. The conspiracy, therefore, to give a slap in the face to the two ministers must have been conceived in political gall and was probably confined to a mere half-dozen members of the organization as it only requires a few black balls to reject any person put up for membership. On the same day another member of the cabinet was elected to membership, but it cannot be expected that he would take his seat in a club containing a sufficient number of contemptible persons to act as they acted with reference to his two colleagues. In fact the injury which these members have done to their club is obviously very great. It is against the rule of every decent club in Canada to permit politics within the walls but in this case the political element was undoubtedly the sole cause of the action taken. The Hon. Sydney Fisher, the Minister of Agriculture, was the member of the Club who put up his two colleagues and their rejection is, therefore, a slight upon him. There were 96 ballots cast. It only required one black ball in seven to reject. Fourteen black balls were counted against the election of the two ministers and thirteen against the third Minister, so that the third Minister who is one of the best known and certainly one of the most popular of all the cabinet ministers, only escaped rejection by one. There is some talk of a new club being started and it is also said that the Rideau Club is going to apologize to the two rejected ministers and make some arrangement whereby they will not be exposed again to the humiliation to which they were subjected. The trouble about an old club is that men who were eligible at the time of their election may in after years become degenerate and yet retain their position in the club with the power to cast black balls against proposed members.

NOW is the time for the Prime Minister to keep his promise made towards the close of last session that he would bring down the whole of the Alaska boundary

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correspondence this session. "He said he would ask permission to bring it all down and added that whether he got that permission or not it would be brought down.

AT the time of writing the contents of the speech from the throne at Ottawa have not been made public, but it is safe to say that it contains everything that is of no importance and nothing of consequence. A speech from the throne has been known to make an announcement which caused some stir in the country but such speeches are few and far between.

THERE is a manufacturer of ink who unloads a product on the House of Commons made up apparently of three parts water and one part gunpowder. One would think that the House of Commons would supply itself with ink that was ink and not some stuff that requires a label to enable you to discover what it was intended for.

AS a sample of mischievous partisanship we think the following paragraph

from the Ottawa Evening Journal of March 3 would be hard to beat.—

"We are inclined to think that as a political factor Mr. Tarte's usurpation of the Conservative leadership in Quebec is a good thing for the party outside of Quebec. And what damage can at the worst be done in Quebec? There are only four French-Canadian Conservative members of Parliament from Quebec province at present. Could things be worse? If the whole four were to disappear, it would matter little when noses are counted, and we may be sure that the loss of these four seats would be more than offset by special irritation elsewhere in Canada at a Quebec solidly Liberal."

It does not seem to matter to the Ottawa Evening Journal what "damage" it does to the Canadians of the Dominion as a united people so long as it is "a good thing for the party outside of Quebec." It was the policy of Sir Charles Tupper after 1896 to abandon Quebec politically and then use Sir Wilfrid Laurier's strength in that province as a poison to extract all the prejudices of English-speaking provinces.



The New Leader in B. C.

A FRIEND in Vancouver sends us the following sketch of Mr. J. A. Macdonald the newly elected leader of the Liberals of British Columbia:—

Mr. Macdonald is not of the type of public men so common in the present day, who make of politics a fascinating game, the winning or losing of which is not taken hard. He is in his politics as in all else, intensely serious—politics, now that he has taken them up, are treated by him with deep sincerity. He is intensely earnest, intensely conscientious, intensely honest. A tall, dour Scot, with deep-set eyes long, clean-shaven face with high cheek bones, and a mass of dark hair tossed carelessly back from a high forehead, the new leader of the British Columbia Liberals shows in face and form his appreciation of the seriousness of life. He has won his way to his present professional and political eminence by grim fighting. He has made himself. He has climbed the ladder with toil. He is of the old school—inflexible in honor, eminently just, straightforward in his tactics, with very little hu-

mor to illumine the grimness of his views of life and duty, and small respect for shallow tricks and subterfuges. His friendships are founded upon respect. He is not a man against whom the stock weapons of political abuse can be employed. He builds his political structure with much care as



to the foundation. It is designed to be a structure of gothic massiveness and solidity that will stand in sharp contrast with the gingerbread erections of his heedless predecessors. He may not be politician enough to overturn his political adversaries as quickly as others of the party would had they been vested with the leader's opportunities; but when he does strike to kill, it will be upon some principle upon which he can go to the country with certainty of endorsement. If his appeal results in his establishment as Premier it will be many years before his

reign can be challenged with any prospect of success.

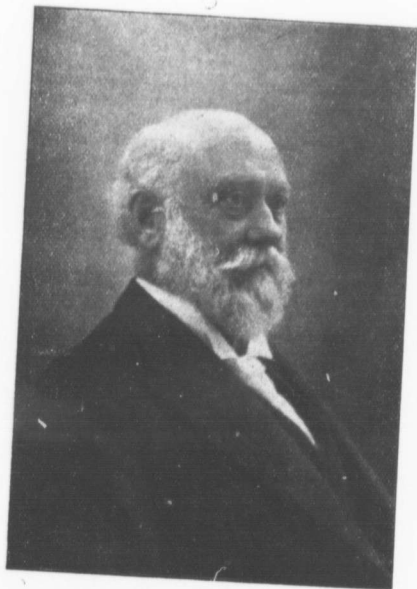
Slow, sound, safe and sure sum up his political methods.

THE New Brunswick opened March 2 enant-Governor Smith speech from the throne increasing interest that

suits, the higher prices of products, and to a steady ket. He also stated that gross had been made in

N. B. Legislature.

THE New Brunswick Legislature was opened March 3 by His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Snowball, who in the speech from the throne referred to the increasing interest taken in agricultural products of coal areas within the province to which the completed railway from Chipman to the coal fields at Minto has materially contributed. References were also made to the subsidy contract for the dry dock



Lientenant-Governor Snowball.

units, the higher prices obtained for these products, and to a steadily growing market. He also stated that satisfactory progress had been made in the development at St. John, which was termed an important work, and to the question of the obtaining of a larger subsidy from the Dominion.

A Traducer of Public Men.

It is about time that the people of this country let such men as the Rev. S. D. Chown understand that a policy of slander cannot be made popular and will be condemned. Such men as the reverend gentlemen seem to imagine that because the slander is directed against public men wholesale it is the right of no individual to object or reply, and, indeed, if an individual public man took any notice of these aspersions, he would be immediately assailed as one who felt the "shoe pinch, whose head the cap fitted, and so on. We think it, therefore, a public duty to say that when the Methodist Church of Canada appointed the Rev. S. D. Chown secretary or agent of temperance and moral reform it never intended him to assume the role of Master in the House of Slander. It was intended that he should assist wherever possible the cause of temperance and moral reform. According to an address which the reverend gentleman delivered at Bobcaygeon a week ago Thursday he construes this as a warrant to devote himself altogether to the task of preaching at the politicians and reviling public men. To show that strong language is justified in this case we reproduce the whole of the local press report of Mr. Chown's address, delivered after he had been vouched for by the Rev. Mr. Batstone as "a specialist on all questions of Social and Moral Reform." The report will show that Mr. Chown is indeed a specialist on the subject of intemperance in language. He seems to be a doctor of diatribe. It will be noticed that he coolly threw the question of temperance over his shoulder at the outset and confined himself solely to the policy of slandering other men who are just as good if not better than he is. The report is as follows:—

Rev. D. Chown on being called expressed

his pleasure on being able to lecture to so large an audience on such an inclement evening. Nearly every person knew as much of Temperance as he did himself so he would confine himself to the other phase of the subject. It was a very broad one and he would deal with but one part of it namely—Political Morality. He said that politics had come to such a state in our day that it was next to impossible for an honest man to enter parliament and carry out his convictions. He must either be a devil or a dog. That is if he was going to place honor, integrity and conscience first he would have to fight like a devil, or else like a dog be whipped into line by the party lash. In all the forms of corruption and bribery which are rampant today man, if found guilty of it outside of politics was punished and punished severely too, but in politics it was considered all right to buy votes, although it was wrong for the poor man to sell his vote. It was a fact that people were selling themselves, their consciences, their souls in politics and the thing was passed over. A church steward could take a sum of money and go out and buy votes and at the Church trial it would be passed over because he had done it in a moment of weakness, but if a poor creature were to commit the least offence against the common law he paid the penalty. The great trusts corporations who were seeking public franchises were the principal cause of this in our parliament today. An honest man elected to represent a constituency for the first time would speak the whole force of his mind against the scheme of a great corporation being thrust upon parliament and after the close of his address would be met by an agent of the corporation who would ask him his price, say \$30,000 or upwards for his next election. The honest man would spurn the offer and would be met by the argument that the corporation would see that he would lose the patronage of his constituency and would use their influence against him at the next election. He had been told by a member of Parliament that they came there with pure motives, high and lofty ideals, and would be before long rounded in by the corporations and forced against their will and conscience, for the sake of their office, to capitulate. Why is it that men would sin and sell their con-

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sciences in politics and it be winked at and passed over while in every day business it would not be tolerated?

He went on to say that his remarks were directed equally against both sides of politics, thus making it plain that this wholesale detraction of public men as either devils or dogs applied to every public man in the Dominion of Canada on all sides of politics.

Rev. Mr. Chown once before told an audience publicly that he knew of large sums of money having been spent corruptly in a certain bye-election in Ontario which took place a few weeks before the time he spoke, and which was protested. He now tells an audience publicly, speaking as a public teacher and responsible to one of the great denominations of the country, that he knows of members of parliament who take sums of money to turn traitor to the public interest and be guilty of

treason to the State. Is it not about time that Mr. Chown either stopped his wholesale slandering or went on the witness stand in an election trial and gave particulars, or in the discharge of his duty as the custodian of Morality in this country give the Speaker of the House of Commons the name of the man at least who told him that he had gone to parliament with pure motives and had been corrupted against his conscience and against his will.

The report concludes:—

For a solution we must look to the Christian Church. He wished Jesus had lived in this day. His was not a day of Political Governments, but He has left us sufficient in his teaching. The Christian Church must by an application of the Principles of the Gospel to Public Morals endeavor to remedy the existing evil.

If indeed Jesus lived in this day are we to think that He would denounce all members of parliament and of legislatures as either "devils or dogs."

The Truth Becoming Clearer.

PREMIER BALFOUR explained to the House of Commons, March 7, that in September last he came to the conclusion that some break up in the cabinet was inevitable and that Mr. Chamberlain arrived at the same conclusion. He, therefore, assembled the cabinet, Sept. 13, and Mr. Chamberlain said that he would resign if the colonial preference were omitted from the government programme. Mr. Balfour said that he had come to the conclusion that it was not within the range of practical politics to impose a food tax.

If the Balfour government is defeated at the polls the government to be formed from the Liberal benches is even more strongly opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's policy and it is now, therefore, easily seen what we have contended from the first, that if Mr. Chamberlain's policy was one of preference and not a confederation of different countries for purposes of war he, as the most practical kind of politician, would abandon it at once. But Mr. Chamberlain's policy is not preferential treatment for the colonies except, to use his own language,

"as a different way to reach the goal of federation of the empire which we must seek along the line of least resistance." Mr. Chamberlain proceeded to say that a new government for the British empire with powers of taxation and imposing a common obligation for purposes of war and defence was "a consummation which could only be brought about by a process of gradual development." "It is very difficult," he said, "to see how you can pretend to deal with the great question of imperial defence without having first dealt with the question of imperial trade. If the people intend to approach this question of imperial unity in a practical spirit they must approach it on its commercial side."

Which means that the practical "Joe" really had in his mind the "kindling in the colonies of a commercial spirit of selfishness and gain merely as the coating to the pill of a central body in London imposing taxes on the people of the colonies for the purposes of the army and navy in all parts of the world.

A Capital Felony.

A Short Story by Roger Pocock.

I.

THE Plains were veiled in the heat-mist, the grass rolled its yellow waves to a quivering skyline, and over the southern horizon, dark against the sun-glare, came a mounted man. His horse was dun of colour like the grass, his shirt and duck overalls were grey with dust, and the one splash of colour was his kerchief, blood-red, about the neck. The middle-aged cowboy's face was ghastly under the tan, and he spurred onward with the haste of flight.

Over the waves and hollows to the north came a second horseman, his jacket of glowing scarlet, his accoutrements glittering like stars, while the chestnut flanks of his fat mare gleamed red-gold under the sun. A constable of the North-West Mounted Police on patrol, the youngster timed a song to his charger's easy pace, and came rolling onwards, holding the mare's head high lest she should buck for very joy of her strength. It seemed as though Death were riding from the south, Life from the north, when in the immensity of the Plains these horsemen met, the trooper as he reined lifting his hand to make the sign of Peace.

"Hello!" he called. Why—say, what's the matter?"

"You of them all, Jimmy"—the cowboy stared at the other's face—"you ride as stiff as ever; I might have known it was you. Well," he added in breathless haste, "I guess you'll do as well as another. It was meant—it's fate!"

"You're wounded!"

The cowboy looked at his bridle-arm where streaks of deep red stained the shirt sleeve.

"That? O, that's only a scratch, and there aint' no time to fuss." He looked over his shoulder along the southward ruts of the long trail. "It's no use making a howl. Here,"—he drew his revolver with a shaking hand and held out the butt—"take my gun and come on."

"But why?"

"'Cause I'm your prisoner. Come on lad.

"My prisoner. O, what have you been and done?"

"Only murder," exclaimed the other bitterly, "that's all. Come on"—he roused his exhausted pony and spurred onward. "Where's your confounded post?"

"Murder!"

"O, its's all right," the cowboy called back in irritable words over his shoulder. "I done it."

The trooper followed doubtfully and shouted after him: "But I don't know as you done it."

The cowboy swung round and stood sideways on one stirrup. "I tell you," he cried, "I shot Pete du Plessis, our foreman. We had an argument last night, and he's sure dead. What's the use of making all this hurroar?"

"I don't believe you done it. You're a liar."

"That's so," the cowboy agreed; "but, Jimmy, this is straight."

"All right," the trooper galloped forward, snatched Kit's rein and turned the pony about. "Look here," he said roughly, "this aint' possible between us two. I aint' seen you for two weeks, I aint' seen you to-day, I aint' heard of the shooting until I gets to the Bar Zee camp. What

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you want to do is to ride for Whiskey Gap. Once you cross the line you're safe in the United States. Then lay up in the Sweet Grass or the Bear Paw, and they can't get you for extradition. Take back your gun and ride."

"O, what's the use! You're a fool. Don't you understand? The boys are hostile. They lashed me into our maggon, but I ate through the raw hides last night, and broke away for the States. They've headed me back, they're driving me now, and when they get me they'll—here they are!"

A group of horsemen had come up above the southern skyline, riding hard.

"They'll string me up now," said the murderer, "bet you a dollar they will."

"Bet you a dollar they won't. You just see. You keep your fur on."

"We'd better make tracks, though," said Ki.

"Turn tail?" said Jimmy, "what would those boys think if they saw my tail? I'm the Police Outfit," he added boastfully, "if they want to take me on—I'm Canada! Let them try to steal my meat! Here," the trooper opened his saddle wallet and tore out a pair of handcuffs, which he threw to his prisoner. "Put them on—to protect you."

"Is this the law?"

"The iron law, and if them boys act foolish, get behind me!"

II.

At sundown, a body of horsemen rolled into Fort MacSteele, and Constable Jimmy Riggs reported with a prisoner at the guard room. Presently he was paraded up by the Orderly Corporal into the presence of the Father of Many Children, his commanding officer.

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

"Have to report, sir—met up with Kit—don't know his other name, sir—Redeye Kit. He says he killed the freeman of the Bar Zee—so I brought him in, and the gun and seven witnesses, and sent a rider to the Bar Zee camp to fetch the body."

"Good boy!" said the Father of Many Children.

So Jimmy was in favor with the Gods, noted for possible promotion, and envied

by the duty men in barracks, who ached for such a chance of rendering service. He was very miserable.

From the Frontiersman's misguided point of view the killing of a man is rather a misfortune than a fault. The shooting may arise from ill-considered gaiety when drunk, it may be required by the etiquette of an armed community which does not tolerate rudeness; it is the occasional accident which attends the practice of real quelling—it may happen to anybody. But under the iron laws of our Empire, laws which are actually carried out, to kill a man is always a dreadful misfortune. If Jimmy cared for Kit he had need to grieve.

Redeye Kit was a cheery old soul. After the killing, which he regretted, and the disapproval of the Bar Zee riders, which he deplored, followed by the pang of surrender to the Law, he felt that the worst was over. The inquest, committal, and trial he took in good part, the sentence of death he met with a brave jest, and in the days which followed of preparation for the end he seemed to be quite resigned. "It can't be worse," he explained, "so my luck is bound to turn."

To this proposition the boys on guard agreed most heartily. Kit was behaving as a white man should, and nobody in the Troop felt righteous enough to cast stones of reproach at a sinner. They would rather buy him cans of tomato on credit, or borrow novels and magazines to keep him amused. They could not allow him a knife for fear of suicide, so cut the plug tobacco and passed in a lighted pipe. If the cell got smoky the Provost Sergeant, rather than take notice of the forbidden smell, would claim to have a cold. The hospital sergeant came daily to dress the slight wound on Kit's arm and provide a medicine for interna application, the very scent of which caused envious excitement in the guardroom. The padre from the village spent long hours in conversation with this man whose feet were on the threshold of Immortality. They would talk about hunting possums and the best bait for catfish, with intervals of prayer. And then came the Tuesday night, the last

but one before the date set for execution. At 9.30 p.m., the Provost Sergeant turned the prisoner into the passage, searched his cell as usual, and found everything correct.

"Say, sergeant," said Kit, "my ears get cold at night. May I have a fur cap?"

"I'll lend you one if you like."

Kit stooped and picked up a regimental fur cap from between the water buckets.

"One of the boys," he said "lent me this."

"All right," said the sergeant, and Kit was locked up for the night with his borrowed cap.

At 2.30 a.m. the prisoner called aloud for help, and the man on duty came running. He was a recruit, and left the passage-door wide open to the guardroom.

"Hello, Kit," he called, "what's the trouble?"

"My wound," Kit moaned very dolefully. "I tore the bandage off, and I'm bleeding to death! Open the door!"

The recruit obeyed.

"Now throw up your hands," said Kit, and with a cold revolver pressed to his forehead, the recruit complied. Lithe as a wild cat now, the prisoner grabbed the man's revolver from its holster, felled him with the butt, rushed the passage, jumped over the sleeping men on the guard bed, gained the parade ground and vanished into the darkness of the Plains.

Three minutes later the bugle called "Boot and Saddle!"

III.

The Father of Many Children sat in judgment, grey, stern, sorrowful. In front of him the sunlight from the windows fell in a blinding glory upon scarlet, steel and gold, tanned faces of the children, eyes that loved him. He looked from face to face—to the sergeant-major the Provost, and then to the orderly sergeants, the armed escort, then to the prisoner, Constable Jimmy Riggs. His eyes seemed to burn the prisoner.

"You are charged," he said, "with making away with government property—your fur cap. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Under repair, sir," answered Jimmy.

"To be ready for winter—eh? Well, who is repairing it?"

"The troop saddler, sir."

"Sergeant-Major, just send for Constable Robinson."

"I lied, sir, cried the prisoner: "the cap was stolen, sir, last night, to get me charged, sir, with—"

"Making away with kit." The officer commanding took from the table a black bearskin busby, with the broad, yellow badge of the corps.

"Is this your cap?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your regimental number has been cut from the lining. Your enemy, Constable Riggs, was considerate—wanted to save you—eh?"

"That's not my cap, sir!"

"Sergeant-Major, just see if this cap fits."

"I confess—I done it."

"You confess that this is your cap?"

"Yes."

"This charge is dismissed, but prisoner, I must warn you, that you will now be charged with the terrible military crime of arming a condemned felon for the express purpose of murder. It may be pleaded that you armed this man for the purpose of self-murder; but even that is a capital felony. At the present moment nearly three divisions are engaged in an attempt to capture this escaped prisoner without loss of life. He is in desperate extremity—he is armed, and if he succeeds in killing any of your comrades, without the slightest doubt you will answer for that with your life. I cannot dwell upon the disgrace which has befallen me, my Division, the Force and his Majesty's Service. I can only think of the many brave men we have lost at the hands of desperadoes in ambush. Now go, and when you're alone remember that I'm not your judge. I commend you to kneel and pray, as I shall for our comrades in peril. What's that?"

Nearer and nearer out of the silence of the plains came the rumble of wheels, the thunder of cavalry, and now of a sudden the returning column came clanking be-

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fore, the windows, halted, formed and dressed. The door opened and an officer strode in.

"Well?" asked the commandant in deep anxiety.

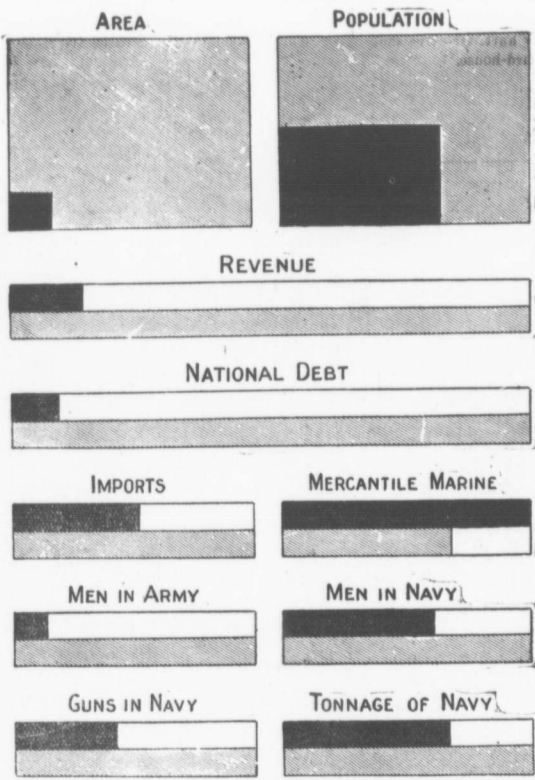
"Nobody hurt, sir—I've sent Kit's body to the guard-house."

"Dead!" cried Constable Jimmy Riggs. "Silence!" said the sergeant-major.

"prisoner, r-right about tur-rn!"
"I don't care!" cried Jimmy. "I don't care! I done right! Kit was my father!"
Jin.my has been pardoned.



THE OLD GAME RE-COMMENCES.
A fight for the constituencies around the G. T. P. Bill.



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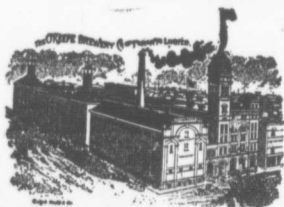
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