

EVENTS

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Effect of the Attacks on Mr. Sifton.

WITH relentless persistency the Conservative press all over Canada has never ceased attacking Mr. Sifton since the famous boast of Sir Charles Tupper that he would drive Mr. Sifton out of public life. The minister of the Interior is not the kind of a man to object to criticism, nor has he ever complained even of the scurrility of the attacks upon him. On one occasion he was charged in a Tupper paper in Winnipeg with murder, or responsibility for a murder, where the culprit was an immigrant. Political malevolence could go no farther. It was something like the Mail's charge that Tartewas responsible for the fire in the East Block, because he had dismissed an employe and in consequence the hydrant was frozen and water was scarce. When the Yukon was first organized Mr. Sifton, with a single eye to the welfare of Canada, worked like a slave, and established law and order in such shape that it was the admiration of the world. But he was attacked in a way to lead a portion of the public to think he was the worst ever. News-

papers invented reports that he was to be dismissed. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was interviewed and replied that Mr. Sifton was too esteemed a colleague to be spared. Fresh stories were rapidly invented and misrepresentation ran riot among his political opponents. Mr. Sifton, a newcomer in the federal arena, gave his answer in results and soon received the admiration and respect of the Liberal party throughout the Dominion. The slanders were so numerous that Mr. Sifton probably thought that he would do his duty best by attending to his Department and let Time answer for him. He couldn't live in a comfortable house in Ottawa like other men in his position without that being made to do duty as the subject of attack and innuendo. As late as nomination day a well known barrister in Ottawa speaking at Russell made the most wanton statements respecting Mr. Sifton and his "palace" in Ottawa. The barrister in question lives in just as comfortable a house as does the minister of the interior, and so does every other member of the Cabinet who keeps house. Why is Mr.

Sifton singled out? He can't keep a horse without it being made the subject of public comment. The campaign was so fierce all along the line that of course the minister's opponents over-reached themselves. They forgot, or did not know, that in the west it is as common for a man to keep a driving horse or team as to keep a clock in the house. Western people, like all clean healthy people, love a horse, and instead of injuring Mr. Sifton it did him good to be advertised as an admirer of a good horse.

What has been the result of the deliberate policy of singling Mr. Sifton out as a special mark? He has come back from the country once again with greater laurels, greater triumphs, and increased reputation as a political leader. He is now the acknowledged leader of a section of country returning 28 members to parliament. Out of twenty seats in Manitoba and the Territories he will return with sixteen or more. He has defeated his opponents on every hand, after appealing to the electors on grounds of public policy alone. He seems to have thrived on those political attacks specially directed against him since 1897, while the Tappers have disappeared from parliament.

The chief purpose of this article is to ask the Conservative press of Canada if it is fair to single out one minister of the government and try to damage him person-

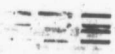
ally! Nothing has ever been established against Mr. Sifton as a member of the Laurier Administration that was not to his credit. He who prospers exceedingly in the public estimation under such attacks may not object to their continuance, but we say it is not creditable to the Press of Canada that it should continue to exhibit a malevolent spirit towards one of the younger, one of the able, as well as one of the hardest worked members of the government. The vindictiveness, however, of some of these papers is not to be silenced by Mr. Sifton's great victory in the West. In its issue of Nov. 5 the Toronto Telegram returns to the attack on Mr. Sifton without rhyme or reason. It is to be hoped that it is music in Sifton's ear to hear those who are hardest hit squeal the loudest.

The latest returns indicate that Mr. Sifton comes back even stronger than was reported on election night. Mr. Cyr, Liberal, has defeated Mr. LaRiviere in Provencher. That places this famous constituency in the Liberal column for the first time in its history. It was there that Louis Riel was elected in 1874 and Sir George Cartier in 1872. Mr. Burrows has been returned by acclamation for Dauphin. The Liberal majorities in the Territories are even stronger than in Manitoba, ranging from 600 to 2500.





HON. RAYMOND PREFONTAINE
Whose majority was one of the greatest that has been.



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Published Weekly.

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

VOL. 6. NOVEMBER 12, 1904. No. 20

MR. R. L. BORDEN sent the following telegram to the Hon. Robt. Rogers, Winnipeg, on the eve of the election:—"Prospects bright and improving every hour. Our friends are assured of a substantial majority in Maritime provinces. Private reports from all over the Dominion most encouraging. Swell the majority."

ACHINAMAN, naturalized in Hong Kong, voted in Ottawa. He split his vote and further spoilt it by signing his name at the bottom of the ballot. He evidently favors open voting.

MR. TALBOT, who was re-elected for Bellechasse, was in Ottawa on Monday and carried a signed circular issued by J. B. Fradette the Opposition candidate in which the Liberal candidate was charged with voting in the House of Commons for, the Militia Bill under which it was asserted that men from the ages of 18 to 60 were to be compelled to serve in the force and have themselves slaughtered at the beck of England, and that the measure also obliges all children from the age of twelve to be enlisted in order that some day or other they may possibly shoot their own parents. The answer the electors made to this was to give Mr. Talbot over 800 majority.

A GREAT many persons, both Liberals and Conservatives, made the remark the morning after the election that Laurier's majority was too large, and some Conservative writers professed to see grave peril and great risk, in view of the heavy public expenditure in sight, at the absolute control of those who were going to spend the money. The main thing is to have men of experience, capacity and honesty in charge, and it does seem a little

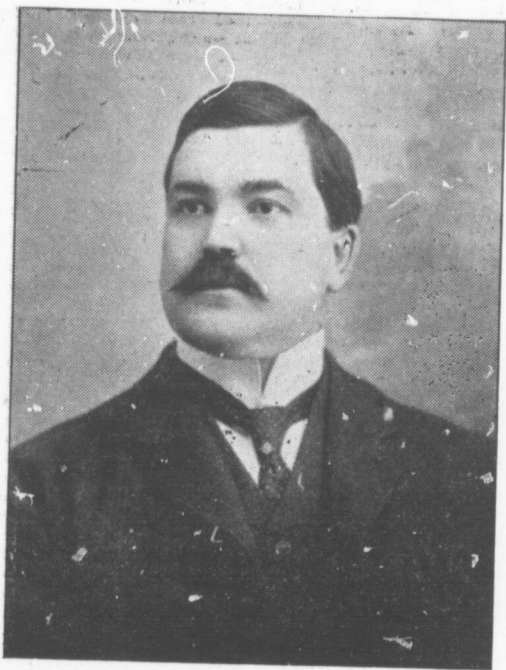
inconsistent when a large majority of the people have just said at the polls that they think the Laurier government trustworthy to raise an alarm as if burglars had broken into the public chest. As for the size of the Opposition we have always held the opinion that a government with a large majority was freer to act in the public interest than a government that is dependent on cabal or intrigue. Sir John Macdonald had as large or larger majority at one time but we don't think he wasted public money for that reason. The Liberals when they were as few in number as the Conservatives will be in this new parliament, formed a very strong Opposition.

THE Conservative candidate in Winnipeg was also the editor of the Conservative organ, and consequently a very good candidate. He went one day during the campaign to address a meeting for Nat Boyd at Portage La Prairie. Next day his paper announced (of course without his knowledge) that the appearance of Mr. Sanford Evans at Portage "created a panic among the Liberals." As it turned out not only was Mr. Boyd defeated by the panic stricken Liberals but the panic producer was also defeated. There are some sad happenings in this world.

ONE of the campaign cries printed prominently in Winnipeg was: "Build the Railway for Canada and not for Foreign Boodlers". As the only interested parties outside of Canada live in Great Britain the application of the words "foreign boodlers" was an astonishing thing to find in a paper that was at the time professing to be shocked at Lord Dundonald having been called—even for a second—a foreigner.

A STORY is told about Herbert Spencer's fondness for billiards, which, whether true or not, is at least most characteristic. He once met an officer from the Senior United Service Club—which, owing to the annual cleaning, was then receiving the hospitality of the Athenæum—in the billiard room of his own club, and incontinently challenged him to a game of a

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HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX, M.P.

Who has offered the Gaspé seat to Mr. Aylesworth.

hundred up. The officer accepted, Spencer led off, and made a miss in balk. The officer then played, and—ran out his hundred at a break. Spencer, says the legend, instantly put up his cue in the stand, and observed solemnly, in his sententious voice, "Some acquaintance with games of skill becomes a cultivated mind, but mastery such as yours bespeaks a wasted youth. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning." It is quite immaterial whether the story is true or false; it gives at any rate an admirable example of Spencer's conversational style.

THE life of the Quebec Legislature having expired it was on Nov. 4 dissolved. Thereupon what the Montreal Star terms a piece of comic opera was played. The Conservative leader issued a manifesto, worded in the very best French style and reading very much like Mr. Monk's constitutional doctrines, stating that the dissolution was "a crime against responsible government", and declaring that the Opposition would not fight, and would place no candidates in the field. The reason is that sufficient time is not given for the discussion of the sins of the government. Polling is fixed for Nov. 25, just three weeks from dissolution. Last time the Legislature was dissolved on Nov. 14, 1900, with polling Dec. 7. At that time the same Opposition did not cry out, "we won't play", and did not argue that the time was too short. The DeBoucherville government dissolved in 1875 June 7 and polled on June 30—just 23 days. In 1881 Premier Chapleau dissolved Nov. 7 and polled Nov. 25—just 18 days. It is obvious that if Mr. Chapleau's 18 days was not a "political crime" Mr. Parent's 21 days cannot be. Sir John Macdonald in 1891 gave only 30 days for a general election. No wonder that even their own friends in Quebec are laughing at Mr. Flynn and those who were responsible for the manifesto. The real offence of the government is in holding the election shortly after the

Dominion election. But they did that before, in 1900 and committed no crime. How can a hasty, per-fervid manifesto erect into a political crime what has always been constitutional? The Conservative Star does quite right to advise the party to pay no attention to the childish advice of Mr. Flynn's to sit down and take a licking. If there is to be a licking let it be taken standing up.

THE suggestion made by the Ottawa Citizen that the Conservatives elected to Parliament should take back seats in the Chamber and be mere spectators of the proceedings of the House of Commons, offering no opposition to the government, is novel, unpatriotic and impossible. It is quite impossible for 60 or 70 men to assemble together without acting in concert, especially when these men are representatives of the public. The government stood in dread of the Opposition when there were only 70 or a few more Liberals. Not more than 20 men ever take an active part in criticising the government. There are over 70 elected to oppose the government. Are these seventy representatives to efface themselves as an organization, and betray the half million electors who thought they were voting for an effective and organized party? The idea that the Conservatives have not a sufficient number of leaders or men of ability to form a strong Opposition is very humiliating, and we are surprised that it should be put forward by a Conservative paper.

HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND one of the most popular and most trusted Liberal leaders in Ontario, is about to resume his duties as minister of public works at Ottawa. Mr. Sutherland's health required to be recuperated, and this led to rumors of his retirement. We are glad to be able to announce that his services will not be lost to the country at a time when prudent, experienced heads are needed at Ottawa.

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The King's Birthday.—From their Majesties last photo

The President Re-elected.

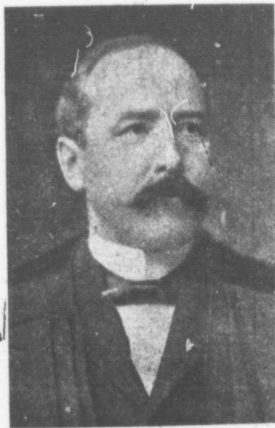
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was on Tuesday re-elected to office by an overwhelming majority. The south remained solidly Democrat but the Republicans



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

The successful candidate swept nearly everything else. Judge Parker the Democratic candidate polled a larger vote in New York city than Bryan did four

years ago, but a smaller vote in the State outside. Mr. Bryan will doubtless view the result of the election with some satisfaction. The public were told that Parker was the strongest candidate possible. If



JUDGE PARKER

The defeated candidate.

so the Democrats are as weak as the Conservatives in Canada are. A curious thing about the popular vote was that some States voted by large majorities for Roosevelt and yet elected governors who are Democrats. The next Congress will be Republican by about 50 majority.

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THE KINGS' BIRTHDAY.

His Majesty with the Duchess of Fife's children.

A Day in a Polling Booth.

A DAY in a polling-booth does not at first appear to have anything very much about it to attract, and yet how few people really have any idea of what it means. Probably to the vast majority of those who read the headline of this sketch a polling-booth is simply a place where men go to do something or other which results in the election of one member of Parliament or in some rare cases two members but it is a great deal more than that.

To the uninitiated there is a certain sense of mystery about the place, which probably accounts for the presence around so many booths of a group of wondering small boys. To others it is merely a place where a large amount of red-tape is tied around a very irksome duty that has to be performed at more or less regular intervals, whilst again to still others it is the place where one does the actual fighting for dearly loved and long cherished principles of political faith.

There is a great amount of truth in all these views of the sanctuary of the ballot-box, but there is more to be said for it than is included in them all.

It was my lot recently to spend a day in one of the polling-stations in a big city, and possibly the thoughts that passed through my mind, though probably not particularly original, may be interesting to some readers.

In the first place there was the gathering together of a small group of men, all of them more or less ardent supporters of different political creeds and principles, bound to spend some nine hours in each others company, bound to do the best they each could for the interests they severally represented and perhaps to very warmly differ on the occurrence of certain events. Added to all this was the feeling in the mind of each that he wanted his

side to come out on top. All this suggested the thought that after all a polling-booth contained the elements for a first rate scrap unless each and every one of those present kept himself exceedingly well in hand, and to the credit of all concerned, though my experience of those places has been large, it has never been my lot yet to see anything but the most kindly consideration for others and their feelings and convictions in any such place. Warmth of argument, appeals to the written law, difference of opinion and even a sense of having been, perhaps a little hardly used there have been but never anything but the kindest feeling and great respect for each other left at the end of the day. Generally, too, there has been a great deal of genuine wit and humor to relieve the monotony of the work.

Deputy-returning officers afford a vast field for study. One never knows till he gets there what sort of a president the little company is to have. You may have a fussy officer who gets confused himself and does his level best to confuse everybody else, or he may be slow and try the patience of voters and scrutineers, or he may be a martinet and insist on everything being done en regle, or worst of all he may be a strong political partisan and endeavor to use his position unjustly for the benefit of his own particular candidate. All these have a place in my experience.

But, after all, the voters themselves offer the chief variety of study, for they represent every kind of characteristic possible. There is the man who knows what he wants to do and does it with a businesslike air that is really impressive; then there is the man who timidly takes his ballot, after having asked for it as if he was asking the greatest favor and carries it away with him into the private recess of the

booth as if he were half afraid of it; then there is the hot tempered man, who having found that he has folded his paper the wrong way, tears it up and hands the pieces to the presiding officer, who of course has to give him a new ballot; there is the man who utterly refuses to hand his ballot back to the returning officer and when shown that the law demands that he shall do so, pronounces the law 'a hess', as did Mr. Bumble; there is the man who wants to ask all sorts of questions, the man who wants to know why he is not on the list or why he cannot vote at your booth instead of going to the one which has been assigned to him by the revising barrister. Beside all these there are a lot of crooks of various descriptions, who, whilst they make admirable studies, give an awful lot of trouble and often do their level best to make mischief in the booth. There is the man who comes in full of elation at the prospect of victory, and the man who wears the aspect of a leader of a forlorn hope; the man who wants to crack a jest with everybody in the booth and the man who comes in loaded for bear because the booth is placed in the wrong part of the polling sub-division or because he has tried to vote somewhere else and has been refused, and does not see what difference it can make when the candidates are the same; there is the man who has heard a good story and must tell it, and the man who thinks you ought to know all about him and will hardly give his name and qualification. These and other varieties of the genus voter offer a wide field for observation during the long hours of a polling-day.

There is yet a more important and wider reaching thought attached to the booth

than any of these, which struck me very forcibly the other day. It was this. Here is a little space, a handful of men putting in a more or less weary day, here are men coming in to receive a little piece of fragile and easily destroyed paper which they take, one by one, into that small secret recess and there place on it certain marks known only to God and themselves, this they then see placed unopened in that box and go away and leave it. That act, be it honest or dishonest, be it the result of hearty conviction or the shameful culmination of a crime, none of them can ever undo. For or against each one of them that act must stand forever, an apparently little thing and yet how momentous in its import. How small a thing it seems after all, this little room, this insignificant gathering of men, this registering of some two hundred or so votes, and yet what a mighty illustration it is of the old Scotch proverb 'mony a mickle makes a muckle'. This apparently insignificant polling-booth is like the single coral insect in its importance. In itself the insect appears very small, but when multiplied by thousands it becomest he great reef on which perhaps many a mighty vessel and many an enormous fortune may be wrecked. Just so in the polling-booth. Taken individually it is of little account, but when multiplied by hundreds it becomes the great reef by which mighty Administrations and great parties may be wrecked, and many a political fortune engulfed.

The polling booth is one of the world's small things, but it will bear looking into, and though working in secret effects enormous results.

YELME DENE.

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THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.
His Majesty arriving at a London Railway Station

The Simple Life.

Written by Margaret Williams.

IT seemed the last house on the road, which had stretched flat and dusty and featureless, for the five miles since he left Birchville, edged by barren pasture land, overgrown with brambles, and with here and there a stunted tree to break the monotony. He slowed his bicycle down as he drew near, looking at the small square dwelling with its whitewashed fence and green shutters and tiny unpainted barn at the back, and a little patch of cultivated ground in which, between rows of bean-poles and cabbages, he could see the moving flutter of a woman's skirt. She had her back towards him stooping to gather something. She turned as he stopped at the gate, and he could see her hands full of green leaves and earthy roots.

"Can you tell me," he began, dismounting, and then paused as he saw her coming towards him. When she moved, something about her struck him instantly as incongruous; he could not have told what it was. She was young and might have been pretty, but that her hair was strained back too tightly from her thin face, giving her a look of plainness. She wore a pink cotton blouse, washed many times and faded, and a short cloth skirt that sagged ungracefully at the back.

"I'm going to ask you," he said, as she came near, "to let me have a drink at your pump and then put me on the right road to Allentown?"

When she spoke, the incongruity resolved itself instantly. She had the voice of his own native city, clear-cut, educated.

"This is the Allentown road," she said,

"And won't you come in, please? The pump is just round at the side."

She held open the gate, and he leaned his bicycle against the fence and followed her in. There was a tin dipper on the pump; he filled it and drank. The water tasted good after seven miles of dusty riding. While he was drinking he observed her again. There was a curious restlessness in her face, a look at once eager and disappointed. It was the expression that comes to those who have watched empty roads for a long time. He glanced at her hands; they were earth stained, and squared at the finger tips by out door toil, and they too had the same nervous lines, the same tired wistfulness.

"I suppose it is very hot riding," she said, as he set the dipper down.

"Scrching!" He looked about him at the tidy garden path with its lines of beans and tomatoes, a few summer annuals blooming unobtrusively among the sober green and brown; a garden essentially utilitarian.

"You have a nice place here," he said.

"Yes. It's very quiet." She dropped the lettuce she was holding into a half filled bucket that was near. Her eyes met his, and there was something childish in their look, almost an appeal. She hesitated a moment, and then said: "Allentown is six miles from here. Won't you come into the house and have some tea before you go on? I was just going to make it."

He looked at his dusty boots.

"I am alone just now," she said, "and it's so quiet here—no one ever comes. One is so glad to see anybody."

He murmured some vague thanks as she turned abruptly, averting her head, and followed her up the little trodden path to the open door. It was a two-roomed cottage, with a tidy lean-to shed at the back, built for a kitchen. She slipped past to it, and he could hear her dragging the kettle across the stove, clinking cups and saucers.

Left to himself a moment, he looked about him with swift observant eyes. Everything in the room was very plain, very simple, spotlessly clean, whitewashed walls and bare floor and the scantiest of plain made furniture. There was one or two good pictures, oil sketches; some margigolds in a bowl on a mantel shelf, near an old pewter jug. A row of books on a long shelf against the wall. A man's straw hat lay on a chair, frayed and shabby and burn by the sun, and he seemed to see intuitively the man who wore it. The room seemed to speak of him, its ascetic bareness, its uncompromising utility.

He moved to the book shelf, knowing in advance what books he would find there. The whole house laid bare its story to him frankly on entry, and the story of the wistful restless faced woman with the city voice. His gaze travelled along the titles, some familiar and some unfamiliar, and as he turned away again he caught sight of a small framed portrait, an engraving hung on the wall. His mouth curved curiously as he looked at it.

The girl came in from the kitchen carrying a teapot and some cups.

"There isn't any cake," she said. "I'm so sorry, but we don't have company often. And you can eat bread and butter, can't you? And there's fruit."

She was making little journeys to and from the kitchen while she talked.

"I knew it queer asking you in like this, but you don't mind, do you? And we're quite strangers, so it doesn't matter. One so seldom sees guests here, one likes to make the most of them!" She laughed, but he could read the nervous restlessness in her voice, the hunger born of mono-ony. "Wont you pull the chair up?—that's right. Do you take sugar? It's an age since I poured out tea for anyone."

There was almost a defiance in her friendliness, a reckless eagerness to make the most of this chance hour's companionship. She ate scarcely anything herself; all the time she was watching him, listening to him chatting in a quick detached way about one thing and another. Gradually there grew up for him in her face, her manner, something quaintly childish, infinitely pitiful. All the loneliness of her life spoke to him wistfully, tentatively, in this room with its unhomelike furnishing, its air of emptiness.

When he had finished she still kept pressing him to take more. His hand moved unthinkingly to his coat pocket, and she said at once: "Yes, do smoke, I do wish you would."

He lit his pipe.

"Do you live here all the year round?" he asked.

"Yes. Summer and winter."

"Not alone?"

She flushed very slightly. "My husband is away today. He is up in the City. Generally he is at home. I expect him back in a little while."

He looked round him again at the bare room, indecent in its silent avowal, at her, sitting there with her restless face, her work hardened hands, and risked all his psychological insight in one single cast.

"Why, dear girl, why did you do it?"

She laughed.

"Why? O, it's simple, isn't it?" she leaned back, her fingers gripping the chair edge. "It's all written out for you. You can just come in right here and read it. I suppose I did it because I was a fool—a fool—a fool! There! I guess you wonder at my sitting here saying it to you, but I've got to just that point I'd say it to anyone—just anyone at all that came along." The childishness went from her face. She rose, pushing her chair aside, and walked about the room.

"I guess I don't have to tell you anything, do I? I was young, and I didn't know anything, and it all sounded very nice and beautiful, and I wanted to try it. I thought it would work. A two-roomed cottage, some books and an acre of ground . . . well, I've found it out. Isn't it funny.

isn't it humorous, the sort of things you read about in books. My God! Do you know when you came along to day I'd got to such a pitch I was nearly crazy. I felt I had to have someone to speak to—someone to talk to—just anyone at all, so long as it was a stranger I could tell it all and then have them go away and forget every word. And if you hadn't come in I'd have made you, if I had to go down on my knees to you! Isn't that shameless? Don't you guess I'm crazy?"

She had spoken, quickly, breathlessly, as though every moment were of value, and she had got it all out before he should go his traveller's way and leave her. Now, as she stopped short her fingers went out to the chairback and clung to it, working nervously.

"How old are you?" he said.

"How old do you think?"

"Thirty."

She laughed again.

"Yes, I knew you'd guess that! I'm twenty five. That's what it's done for me. I used to be pretty. You wouldn't guess it would you? Look at my hands, aren't they lovely? And I've had four years of it—four years! It was all right at first; I liked it. I thought it would go always, but it didn't. I found it out. He hasn't; he thinks it all right still, and he'll never know—that's the funny part. I care just that much for him still—that I'd hate to have him find it out, to know it was all a big mad failure. So I've got to stick to it; only sometimes—sometimes—"

She moved nearer to him across the bare floor.

"I'm so glad you came today," she said. "I'm so glad, because if you hadn't I'd have gone crazy. I would! I wanted someone to tell it all to. Do you know, I've gone out sometimes and talked to the cabbages? Isn't that a symptom of insanity? Well, I've done that before now! And you're a stranger; we've never met before

and we never will again, and you can go right off and forget it. Don't think me mad. Only I had to tell someone. Now I'll be all right. I've had it all out and over, and I can go on for another four years."

"You poor little soul!" he said. "You poor little soul!" He held out his hand, and for a moment she clung to it.

"Yes, that was it—to tell someone. It just got on my nerves. Because I never see a soul here—never, never! I get sick for a strange face. Just this half hour—hasn't it changed me? O, I know it! Am I the same woman you met at the gate?"

It was true; She had seen it, even while she was talking. She led the way out to the garden.

"Look at my marigolds—aren't they dears? They grow better than anything else here. That's the Allentown road, but I'll walk a little way with you. I've got to fetch the cow in before supper time."

He walked beside her, leading his bicycle. It was near sundown, and the level surrounding pasture land was flooded with gold green haze. Some poplars stood up flat against the sky line, and the road stretched like a grey, empty scroll.

They walked very slow and in silence. The cow was tethered to a bush near the roadside.

"I must leave you here," she said. "No, it's all right. I can manage. And you'll keep straight on; I don't think there are any turnings."

They shook hands again. And then it was that the real secret of the strange household, the one thing that she hadn't told him, rose pitifully and spoke.

"I shall never see you again," she said.

When he looked back, after riding a little distance, he could see her still, a lonely blur of pink among the green bushes. Behind her the cottage, small and square, caught the light on its slung roof and whitewashed walls, like a monument set in the wilderness.



THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.
His Majesty watching a skating carnival in London.

