

EVENTS

Published Weekly.

13
Vol. 5, No. 14. OTTAWA, OCTOBER 1, 1904. [Whole No. 289.]

Political Politics in Ontario.

HEADS have been falling into the basket in Ontario under the judicial guillotine until five seats in the local legislature are now vacant. Four out of the five were last session held by Liberals. The opposition press say that this leaves Premier Ross in a minority. But Mr. Whitney knows that he can only put Mr. Ross in a minority in the legislature by a successful fight for those vacant seats at the polls. The Liberals claim that they can carry four out of the five. This claim is probably good for three anyway.

In the meantime the Conservatives are keeping up the cry that elections in Ontario are won by fraud and that the Ross government is responsible. The St. John Sun editorially refers to what it describes as a terrible state of things in Ontario, and screams out that the Liberals are preparing "to repeat 'the crime' of personation carried out at the Soo, by shortening the time for appeals in the case of the Dominion voters lists for the Soo." It says that "hundreds of false names are on the rolls in places where personation can be carried out as it was in the election just

investigated". The personation practised at the local bye-election was done by an American without the knowledge of the Liberal organization or candidate. It was not the work of election experts such as the Buffalo men brought into North York by one of the Conservative organizers. Men who had no votes were taken to two polling sub divisions where the total names on the list were few, and therefore not at all the place for successful personation. It could not fail of being found out. To accuse the Liberal party as an organization of preparing to do this again is one of those reckless charges which were condemned from the bench at the Soo trial.

In that case Mr. Kehoe, who is the Liberal candidate for the House of Commons in whose behalf it is now charged that the lists are being stuffed, was charged in the documents filed with the election petition with bribery and wrongful acts. There was no attempt at the trial to sustain these charges. They had no foundation in fact, and Chancellor Boyd, one of the presiding judges, was moved to say: "There is a reprehensible practice in elec-

tion petitions of inserting the names of very respectable people, charging them with acts of corruption. I am sorry to see these things repeated, because it gives outsiders a bad idea of the morality of the country. They see these charges made but they do not see the refutation of them, and they get the impression that the political element in this country is surcharged with corruption whereas it is confined to a few."

We commend these remarks of the Chancellor's to the St. John Sun whose idea of the political morality of Ontario is thus corrected.

It would not be proper to charge the whole Conservative party in Ontario with responsibility for one of the paid organizers bringing in from Buffalo a gang of election workers, as was done a few months ago. It has just been announced

that this organizer has been appointed by Mr. R. L. Borden one of the organizers for the Conservatives during the campaign now pending. It may be that Mr. Borden did not know of the method of the man he was appointing.

If there ever was a corrupt election it was in the opinion of men the bye-election in North Renfrew. It was so bad that the parties were fearful lest the petition should be tried and the evidence come out. Mr. Dunlop the Conservative who won the seat has therefore resigned. But the good name of Ontario should not suffer because of four or five corrupt elections out of nearly a hundred, and especially when in these four or five the illegal acts were admittedly confined to a few. If half of what some reckless papers publicly assert were true our parliamentary system would break down.

The Irish Nationalist Leader.

MR. JOHN REDMOND M.P. addressed a crowded public meeting in Ottawa on Wednesday of this week, his theme being, chiefly, the condition of Ireland about which the message was in a cheerful and sanguine tone.

When Mr John Redmond entered the British House of Commons in 1881 he had already considerable experience of the forms and procedure of Parliament, for he came straight from the Vote Office into the Chamber itself. His early training as a clerk in the House has stood him in good stead, and perhaps partly explains the fact that he is now the best parliamentary general in the House. He knows when to strike and when to hold his hand, and he knows exactly how far he may stretch a rule without coming into contact with the Speaker. His friends have compared him to Napoleon and Cecil Rhodes, and since his election as leader of the Irish Party he has tried to combine the qualities of both. It is certain that no man, with the exception of Parnell, has exercised such a strong personal influence over the Irish Party.

There is, perhaps, no one in the House of Commons who is better fitted to

lead an opposition. Mr. Redmond's readiness in debate, his self-control, and his keen appreciation of the vital points in Parliamentary strategy have made him a dangerous opponent. Both parties would rather have him as an ally than an enemy. But his maxim is that the true course for the Irish Party is to avoid an entangling alliance with any English Party. "The Irish votes," he once said, "will always be cast just as it suits the interests of Ireland, and my policy," he added, "is to make English government in Ireland difficult and dangerous." If, however, he fights with edged tools, he is careful to keep within constitutional bounds.

He himself believes that he is still on the threshold of his career. Looking into the future, he foresees the time when he will control the debates in another House—in the Parliament of the Irish people. But at the present moment there are troubles brewing again in his own party. Tiger Tim, as Mr. Healy is called, is restless. Mr. O'Brien is on the war path. Mr. Redmond's leadership is being called into question and the next few months will require all his resources, all his ingenuity, if he is to preserve the unity of his party and keep intact their present efficiency.



MR. JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

Leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, who is now lecturing in Canada.

EVENTS

Published Weekly.

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

VOL. 6. OCTOBER 1, 1904. No. 14.

MR. REID, the new Prime Minister of Australia, has issued an address to the electors in which he explains his position. He says that Free Traders and Protectionists have decreed a fiscal peace, which will enable the new administration to restore sound government and repress visionary schemes. "Although our majority is small, it is a majority of the whole House. The Labour Party is no longer in a position to drive the other two parties." In an address to the electors of New South Wales Mr. Reid urges the same argument. He says that the appearance of a caucus-tied Labor Administration raised constitutional and national questions which justified the effecting of a junction to rescue Australian politics from the grasp of an arrogant minority which sought to bend the national power to its own selfish ends. These statements confirm the view most persons took of the meaning of the alliance between Mr. Reid and certain of Mr. Deakin's followers. It is an alliance like that of Fox and North, in which particular measures and old differences are suspended in order to put an end to a particular system of government. Mr. Reid's own following is smaller than that of either of the other two party leaders—14 votes in the Senate and 26 in the Lower House. It is difficult to form an opinion on the prospects of this coalition.

THE Right Hon. John Morley, M. P., the author of the biography of Mr. Gladstone and many other works and who has held important Cabinet positions in Britain expects to be in Toronto sometime towards the end of October. Such is the purport of a letter which the Hon. Mr. Harcourt the Minister of Education received from Mr. Morley. When Mr. Harcourt was about to leave Britain after his recent

visit he learned that Mr. Morley was to go to Pittsburg, Pa., to open the great new library Mr. Carnegie is donating to that city. Mr. Harcourt at once wrote urging Mr. Morley to visit Toronto, and in reply Mr. Morley wrote that he would probably visit Toronto before going to Pittsburg, and might spend two days there.

SPEAKING of the appointment of Lord Grey as Governor General, Black and White says:—"Lord Grey is essentially the type of a man—a type which England has always been able to breed for her Imperial needs—fitted by nature for the great Pro-Consulship. He bears an historic name, that is both directly and indirectly connected with the history of Canada; for his aunt was the wife of the famous Lord Durham, under whom the present constitution of the Dominion was framed; his father held important military command under Lord Durham; and his sister is the wife of the retiring Governor-General, Lord Minto. Lord Grey is a young man, as public men go nowadays, but he is one of manifold activities. He has served as Administrator of Rhodesia, and as a director of the British South Africa Company; and he is one of the founders and leading spirits of the Public House Trust—a movement which has already done so much on new lines in the direction of reforming the licensing system. In politics his sympathies have been of an Imperial rather than of a party character; and though he sits on the Liberal benches in the House of Lords, his attitude is strictly independent, and rather more critical towards the Opposition than to the Government of the present day. He is an admirable speaker, without making any pretensions to showy qualities; and on South African questions speaks with especial authority. But there are qualities even more essential than those of eminent ability for a successful governor of a great colony—the qualities of tact, bonhomie and accessibility. These qualities Lord Grey possesses in a remarkable degree. He understands the Colonial temperament and attitude of mind which have caused such severe discomfort to some Colonial governors; and he knows how to

mail
wha
at a
cacy

G
ernm
ent
agai
artic
Foro
casic
the
On V
lishe
Dunc
tia A

T
The
line
consc
"mil
the w
of ser
to ma
betw
certa
then
force
ious
litari
hand
ther
teer
try an
along
dona
troubl
ment,
operat
not w
party.

Inst
enlist
siasm
the Ca

maintain his dignity without putting on what is called "side." He goes to Canada at a time when situations of some delicacy will have to be encountered; and the

Government is to be congratulated on having secured his services for the position."

Does Canada Need an Army?

GENERAL DUNDONALD is not the first man to try and persuade the government of Canada to establish a permanent and regular military system. A protest against that written by the writer of this article can be found on the first page of the Toronto Globe about ten years ago, the occasion being certain recommendations of the then General Officer Commanding. On Wednesday of last week there was published the recommendations made by Lord Dundonald in 1903 for changes in the Militia Act.

These recommendations were all in the line of a standing army and the system of conscription. He objected to the name "militia" and crossed it out, substituting the word "army". The three years term of service he made compulsory. He desired to make it the law that all Canadian youths between the ages of 14 and 18 must put in certain military service every year. He then desired to increase the permanent force from 900 to 5,000 men. These obvious proposals, smelling so strongly of militarism, are in Lord Dundonald's own handwriting. When the minister rejected them as being quite foreign to our volunteer system and to the spirit of the country and decided to make his own bill along purely Canadian lines, Lord Dundonald revolted and started in to make trouble for the minister and the government. In this attempt he has had the cooperation of the Conservative leaders though not we venture to say of the Conservative party.

Instead of a militia raised by voluntary enlistment based on patriotism and enthusiasm Lord Dundonald recommended that the Canadian army should be raised partly

by volunteer enlistment "and partly by ballot". He struck out the word "Active Militiaman" and substituted "soldier". We were to have an army of soldiers. Lord Dundonald did not forget himself in his recommendations. He was to be by his bill promoted to the local rank of Lieutenant-General carrying with it an increase of pay from \$4,000 to \$10,500, and in addition he was to have the whole military administration and organization of the "army". Under these proposals the Canadian taxpayers would have had the pleasure of furnishing food and supplies for 5,000 idlesoldiers in barracks and for an extra plume in the hat of the War Lord who is evidently a student of the methods and ideas of the Kaiser. Well, the Canadian people get along without Lord Dundonald's expensive ideas as to our requirements, just as they have maintained the Union Jack on many a field without being told in a theatrical manner to keep both hands on it. The first administration in Canada since Confederation to hoist the Union Jack over the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa was the Laurier administration, and that was done without the advice of Lord Dundonald. It may have been that ignorance of etiquette which grieved his Lordship so much as existing at Ottawa.

The more the incident is discussed and as additional facts are disclosed the more confirmed is the opinion of most Canadians that Lord Dundonald, however estimable as a private gentleman, and now ever brave an officer in the field under the command of another, was totally mistaken as to the nature of his duties in Canada and altogether at variance with the spirit of a volunteer citizen soldiery.

The Play of Death.

Tashicahao, July 24th.

Haicheng, July 30th.

THE full-blooded Manchurian sun rose hot and eager above the mountains of Sioung-yo Chan on the morning of Sunday, July 24th. Men were to die on the plains about Tashicahao, and he desired to see the conflict.

Silently, into the fields, plodded the Chinese peasantry. Their interests were not the interests of the men on the mountains, of the soldiers behind the guns in the village. Their purpose was to preserve life, not to destroy it. Russian and Japanese might slay and be slain, the Chinaman must grow the grain to fill the little bodies in the mud-walled hovel he called his home. So, plough on shoulder, hoe in hand, he trudged stolidly, in the early half-light, out into the millet fields, recking nothing, thinking nothing of the tragedy about to be enacted in his midst.

The theatre of battle had been admirably chosen, magnificently set. Stretching to the right and left, and out into the wide sweep of the plain, was a carpet of cool and glossy kiaolang, the lance stalked grain of the country. From it rose two tawny-sided hillocks, the scarred and riven outposts of the purple range of mountains to the left. On the right, and outward to the front, it rolled itself gently, lazily westward into the blazing blue of the Gulf of Liao-tung. Save for the Chinese farmers on the footpaths, the whole expanse was empty, silent, reposeful, wrapped in the peace of a perfect Sabbath morn. At half-past five, suddenly out of the silence the first gun screamed reveille.

Then, out from the shadow of the valley, black guns poked their snouts, soldiers hurried about their business, Cossack orderlies clattered to quarters, officers rose

like warders upon the parapets of the hills. The play of Death had begun, and the overture thundered mightily. In the positions in the valley and in the isolated kopje to the right were the men of General Baron Stackelberg's First Army Corps, twenty-five thousand soldiers awakened to combat. In the spurs of the hills on the eastward were the twenty-five thousand of General Sarubaeff, the men of the Fourth Army Corps. The Play of Death did not lack players—fifty thousand men, with an orchestra of a hundred and twelve guns.

Five thousand yards away in the hills to the southward was the Japanese army of Oku ensconced in the mystery of their recesses. Its batteries boomed a bold antiphony to the chorus of our guns. The mountains shook with the thunder of the cannonade.

The spurs of the mountains on the left were occupied by the men of General Sarubaeff's corps. Against them the enemy first directed his fire. Across the plain the shells came shrieking and thirsty for blood. Above the hill they poised for an instant silent and smoke-shrouded, then swooped to the earth and rent it. The soldiers cowered and crouched. The ground was destitute of cover, sun-baked and time-hardened. The flock of shells increased in number, hailed shrapnel upon the mound as a thunderstorm in summer. The earth sprang back in protest. The hill was lost to view. The flight of shells ceased. The gaunt and grizzled hill emerged from the dust storm. It was wrinkled and twisted as a tortured thing. The sun beat down upon its blistered sides. They were nude and horribly uncovered. The army had vanished. There had been fifteen minutes of bombardment. These fifteen minutes had spelled eternity for scores who ate their mornin' meal

there. The Play of Death had produced its first sensation.

Over on the highest knoll of the central kopje General Stackelberg stood unmoved and immovable. Dressed all in white, cool and collected, he directed the affairs of the fight as a chessplayer the pieces. He seemed something out of place in this hideous inferno. Below our guns baked devilishly. The Japanese sought to disconcert our right, blazed mightily at a lonely kopje there. Growing wearied, they concentrated on the centre, smothered the position in dust and broken stone. Above the sun glowed mercilessly. The Play of Death was interesting now, and he permitted not a cloud to veil the spectacle from his sight. Men, overcome with the heat, fell dead from sunstroke. The horrid chant of the guns augmented in malignancy. The shells, searched the ground behind the kopjes.

An aide, as perfect as his general, well groomed, and graceful in his saddle, rode rapidly down the flank of the principal position, cantered across the zone of fire in the valley, pulled pantingly up the slope to the General of Artillery. At what was his Excellency directing his fire? The Brigadier indicated the position. The aide saluted, galloped down and across the field where the kiao-long crop was being reaped with shell-fire.

The enemy found the mud-huts in the Chinese village, gnawed at them viciously.

Out from the houses swarmed the peasants, old men and children, women with babes at their breasts, the dogs and the squealing swine. The farmers seated them-

selves in a row, impassive, awe-struck. House after house crumbled to its constituent mud. The men sat as statues—a row of Buddhist images contemplating ruin. The Play of Death demanded change of scene.

The sun was hastening on its mission westward. The sea glowed as a burnished buckler. The fields of the morning were bedraggle straw litter. The dust of battle hung low over the landscape. The enemy slackened his fire. The Brigadier of Artillery anxiously scanned the horizon. Experience has taught the danger in these silences of the enemy.

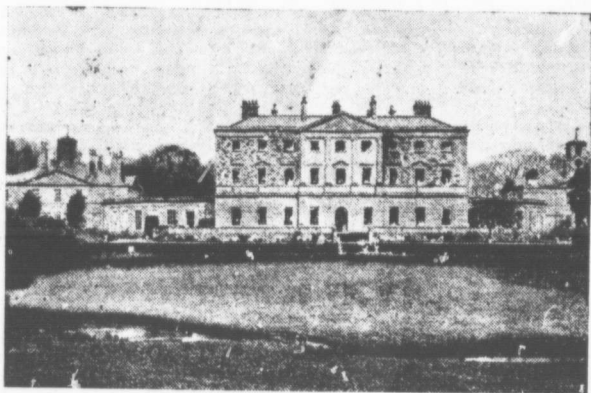
Half an hour passed and then the crash of guns reopened from the west. The Japanese had shifted their position. They were reaching the batteries through the wide strath on the right, having found our true position thus late in the day. Our General of Artillery was wounded in the arm. Evening fell, and twilight.

Now, for the first time, one could learn the position of the Japanese. Red tongues of fire licked their way through the gathering gloom. Wicked snakes' shapes of flame darted across the distant blackness. The Play of Death was closing in a pyrotechnic display.

Night fell, and with it stillness. Away to the left the rattle of infantry fire grew more insistent as the big guns lapsed to silence. The lights of the Red Cross parties and of weary gunners watering horses flecked the darkness. The Play of Death had ended its performance.

DOUGLAS STORY.





Earl Grey's ancestral home at Howick, Northumberland.



WAITING FOR DATE OF GENERAL ELECTION.

R. L. Borden (impatiently) Why doesn't he speak?

P.S.—This cartoon is only good up to Friday the 30th inst.