

Last Chance Statesmen Want an Election Deferred

**Prize Packages Who are Sojourning in the House of Commons
Want the Evil Day Put off as Long as Possible---Anxious to
Pick up Some More Easy Money---The High Costers Have
Little to Fear From the Borden Government.**

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, October 12.—The Borden government is in doubt whether to pull off a general election in December—make it a coonskin coat campaign, as it were—or to postpone the day of wrath until next April. The chances favor the later date.

The April date suits better because many of the surprise packages that found themselves supporting a Conservative government after the election of 1911, realize that their present sojourn in the House of Commons is their last. If the people, at that time, had had any idea that these fellows were going to be elected they would never have received the nominations. They were forlorn hoppers and they looked it. With brighter chances of success, better candidates would have been put in the field.

Want to Hang On.

Naturally, these last-chance statesmen want to hang on as long as possible. They need the money. It's the last bit of easy money they will make, so they demand another session.

The government's friends, the trusts, the combines, the price boosters and the food usurers also favor the April date, because they believe that the high cost of living can be given two or three more twists in that time.

Kind to the High Costers.

The Borden government has been very kind to the High Costers, ever since giving them a slap on the wrist, or in any way exercising their power to keep prices at a decent figure, as has been done in other belligerent countries.

No indeed! Let them take their fill, said the Borden government, and we will take ours.

The Borden government is willing, maybe, to continue its kindness to the High Costers, but the High Costers themselves are the first to see that the goose that lays the golden egg is near its last squawk. They reckon that next April will see a limit to the people's tolerance of their extortions. After that the Borden government can do as it pleases. The High Costers will be gorged to the ears by that time. They will go out together, both with that full feeling after eating.

Meanwhile, they will give the dear public a couple more squeezes.

Election in April.

The government itself looks on April as a desirable date to test public feeling for two or three reasons. In the first place, an April campaign means a short session of Parliament. To dissolve the House and make the writs returnable means a clear space of a month, and that in turn means an adjournment by the end of February. A six weeks' session, occupied largely with estimates and appropriations, will not give a scandalous crusade much of a chance to make headway. The government has enough scandals on its hands already; it don't want any more.

Above all, it doesn't want a long session devoted to new scandals of tremendous proportions, many of which the Opposition has up its sleeve. The people have enough scandals to remember already. Frank Carvell and his comrades must not be allowed another last word to the jury. The verdict is

fatal enough right now.

Impossible to Forget.

The Borden government has given up hope that a great victory by the Allies will cause the Canadian people to forget its long list of sins, because it realizes that no victory, however great, could do that. Even if the Allies could show a victory for every sin the Borden government has committed the people could not forget their grievance.

It didn't take the people long to see which way the Borden government was headed. All the war did was to grease the skids. However, the government will hesitate as long as possible before taking the plunge next April.

No More Extensions.

Yes, and then some, if the government can bring it about. It will ask for another extension—that goes without saying. But it will not expect to get it, because it is quite clear that the country doesn't want it. The old excuses are all played out.

What the country wants is to get rid of the Borden government—the sooner the quicker. Armageddon or no Armageddon, the Borden government realizes that it has got to go. The millennium won't get a fair start until the Borden outfit of listless lingerers is out of the way. However, that won't prevent the Borden government asking for another year's reprieve, the idea being to put the onus on the Liberals for refusing.

Truth to tell, this onus is only a bogey. The citizens of Canada are willing to assume any onus that will put the Borden government on the blink. One onus is as good as another. A million onuses won't save the government's bacon. It will put up an argument—sure it will. It will say: "Don't swap horses while crossing a stream." Yes, it will say that even if the horse is the kind that Arthur DeWitt Foster, M.P., used to buy. The voters will see to it that the horse is on the Borden government, not on them.

Bothered by Omens.

What bothers the government a great deal is the omens. To go to the country they will need to neglect the omens. Everybody remembers what befell Julius Caesar for ignoring the omens—and Julius Caesar was just as great a statesman, if not greater, than Premier Borden. Spite of which, J. C. got his—simply because he pooh-poohed the black cat that crossed his path, the hen that got run over by the funeral, the pin that he failed to pick up, the sodden condition of Pompey's statue—probably erected by the Bob Rogers of the day on a cost plus ten per cent basis—and other prodigies and portents.

Omens much worse than any that happened to Julius Caesar have been happening to the Borden government ever since the war started. Almost any day you could drop into the Public Accounts Committee or the Paper Shoe Committee, or the Kyte Inquiry or the Davidson Commission, and see anywhere from one to a dozen omens being pulled off simultaneously.

The government lost count of these omens long ago, but the later omens are still fresh in their memory.

A Manitoba Precedent.

For instance, there was the Manitoba election omen, with its aftermath of accused cabinet ministers who escaped punishment simply because there were three invincible doubters on the jury. That was followed by the Bob Rogers omen, which is the most dreadful of all.

Circumstances and the evidence closed in on the Honorable Bob to the extent of obscuring his judgment and shattering his temper, with the result that he started out to purify the Manitoba bench, which was quizzing him too hard. Bob purified it to the extent of getting four newspaper men put in jail, two of whom were fined in such amounts that they will probably have to issue debentures to pay them.

That's Bob's way—he doesn't care how many newspaper men go to jail so long as he gets the right kind of a judge to run the show. And the right kind of judge is a Judge that will stick by Bob right or wrong. Particularly wrong, because who needs a judge to stick by him when he is right and everybody knows it?

Hon. Bob's Kindness.

The Honorable Bob's predicament only goes to show how a simple act of kindness can get a man in wrong. He telephoned to Contractor Carter that he wasn't getting enough by \$8,700 for the new power house at the Agricultural College. Bob had exercised power

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1402

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FREDERICTON**

Who Have Not Applied to Enlist to Do Their
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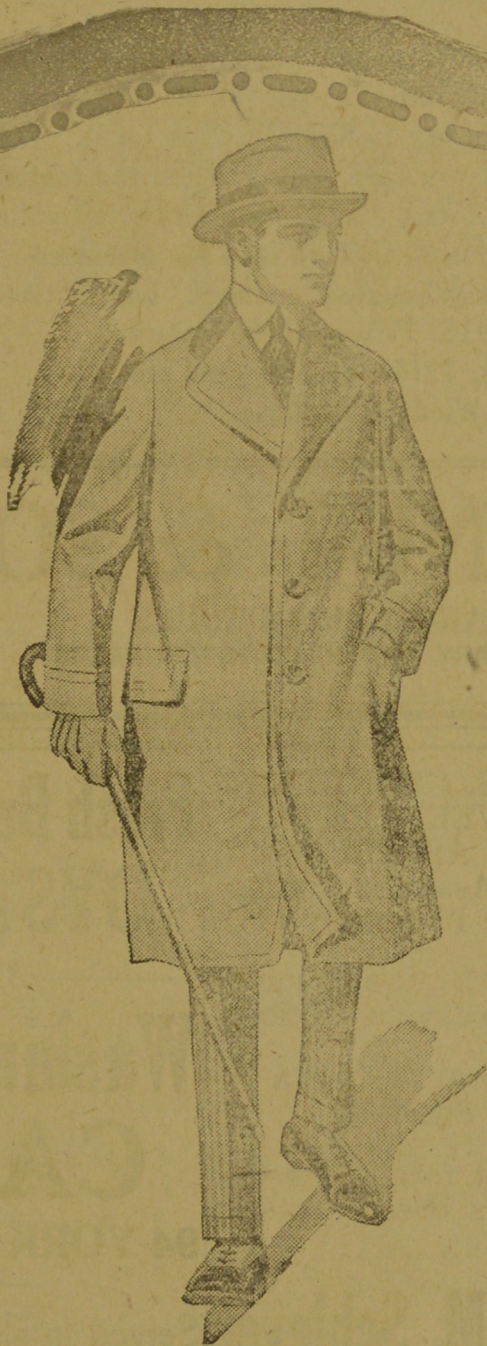
1050

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