

# A LIVELY DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Government Supporters Vote Down a Motion to Have Sale of Ammunition to Col. Allison Investigated by the Meredith-Duff Commission--Sir Sam Defends Col. Allison--Mr. Carvell Indulges in Some Plain Speaking.

Ottawa, May 14.—By a vote of 40 to 17, Premier Borden and his followers in the Commons, turned down on Saturday after an all-day debate marked by a most acrimonious exchange between Sir Sam Hughes and F. B. Carvell, the motion of D. D. McKenzie, of North Cape Breton, to refer to the Meredith-Duff Commission the charges made by the Auditor General in regard to the sale on the authority of the Minister of Militia, of \$60,000 worth of Ross rifle ammunition to J. Wesley Allison.

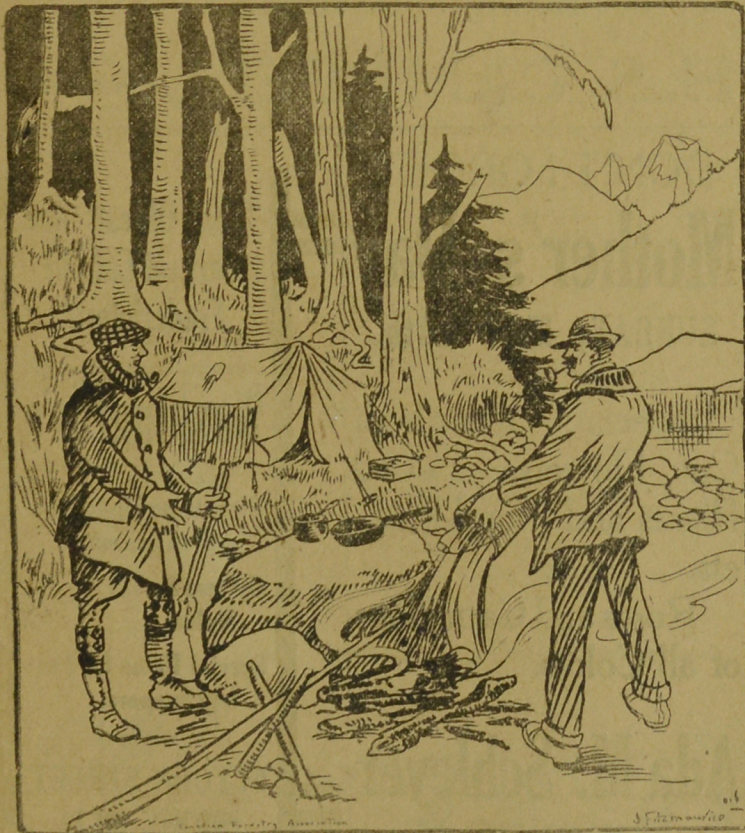
The sale was made last autumn ostensibly for the Vickers Co., of England, for testing purposes. It comprised more than 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition which was "under suspicion" as defective, being part of the ammunition made in the Dominion arsenal prior to 1913, and condemned by the report of the Woolwich arsenal inspectors. It was sold by Major General Hughes without the authority of any order-in-council, to Allison, who was supposedly the agent of the Vickers Co., and, according to the charge, was resold to the Admiralty at an advance of 25 per cent. The sale has not yet been ratified by the cabinet council, although a draft order-in-council ratifying this sale, and also another 2,000,000 rounds which Sir Sam wanted to sell, was prepared in January last. There are many suspicious circumstances in connection with the whole transaction.

## Probing a Mystery.

The Liberals wanted to know why the ammunition was sold at all to Allison, and if, as charged, it eventually found its way to the Admiralty, why the sale could not have been made direct without the intervention of Sir Sam's favorite middleman. The opposition also wanted to know why the Government, which had the matter before them for three months past, had not yet authorized the sale, and what mystery lay behind the unpassed order-in-council. So to insure a thorough probe, Mr. McKenzie's motion, backed up by vigorous speeches from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Carvell and E. M. Macdonald, called for an inquiry by the Meredith-Duff commission, to which Premier Borden had promised any further charges affecting a minister of the crown would be referred.

This commission, the Liberals said, comprising two judges with prosecuting counsel, had the confidence of the people, and could be relied upon to bring out promptly the truth. The government's reply was that after three months of consideration since the matter was first brought to the Premier's attention, investigation had now been ordered through the Davidson commission. The debate hinged largely around the choice of commissions. On the Liberal side it was pointed out that Sir Charles Davidson's commission had already been at work for practically over a year without a single report having yet been made.

Sir Sam in Fighting Mood. Major General Hughes returned to



The Amateur Camper—"You certainly take a lot of trouble to put out a camp fire!"  
The Guide—"Better to take the trouble now than burn down ten miles of camping sites. Only a greenhorn nowadays fools with a fire in a forest."

## HOBBO ORATOR FLAYS THE GANDY DANCERS

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

Gandy dancers, fuzzy-tails and gay-cats have had things said about them of late which must have made their ears burn. These unkind things were said by John J. Murray, the youthful William Jennings Bryan of the International Brotherhood Welfare Association, better known as the "hobbo" union. Stirring addresses by older heads have been delivered, too, for the occasion is the annual conference of gentlemen of the road, held in the headquarters of the local organization, 486 N. 5th street. The convention is neat, but not gaudy. Some thirty gentlemen, either temporarily out of work or chronically averse to it, were gathered on Saturday in the little room, through whose open windows the breath of malt from Molloy's place, down the street, floated tantalizingly. On a kitchen table near the door were heaped piles of red hats, seed cakes and mustard, together with rows of unbreakable coffee cups. But the light repast, which some said had been provided by J. Eads How of St. Louis, "millionaire hobbo," lay unregarded during the flood of oratory. Scarcely anyone even noticed the hand which was thrust around the corner of the door and which closed on a frankfurter, with the grip of death.

Things had changed, said Mr. Murray, since the days when all strikers were known as gentlemen who refused, as a matter of principle, to work. These old-time gandy-dancers, fuzzy-tails and so on had bequeathed a legacy of ill-repute to the hobbo of today, who, he said, is indeed willing to work at times, but who ought to get union wages.

"The old gay-cats queered us with the regular union men, the home guards," he said, "for they have come to think that every itinerant workman is a potential non-union man. We've got to show them that we are as much for the principles of unionism as they are. It ain't going to get us anywhere to sit out in the jungle and knock the cops and the railroad dicks for seating us up and sapping us. We have got to organize and refuse to work anywhere except on a regular scale. The day of the individual has gone. Nobody can function unless he is part of an organization."

"Function" passed unnoticed in the applause which greeted Brother Murray's appeal and he got even more of a hand when he soared into a rapturous picture of the benefits that must follow if a united front were presented to the hell hounds of Society.

"You'll wear silk hats," he said, "you'll tell the boss where to get off, and you'll eat beefsteaks that you can wrap around inside your tonach five times."

But at this the audience was so isibly moved that quiet was restored only after a time. Others, including Millionaire How himself, Malone Barnes, International Organizer, and International President Kruse of Chicago, also spoke, but a sanguine hopefulness had already mingled with the fragrance of the Molloy establishment, around the corner, and even the fact that none of the clergymen who had been invited to attend the conference, put in an appearance, could lower it.

## THE WELCOME CALLER.

Opportunity knocks at every man's door.

Two or three times perhaps, and perhaps many more.

Opportunity knocks but we don't all respond.

He isn't a party of whom we're all fond.

But you may be certain that few men will duck.

Apprised of a visit from old Mister Luck.

were being held back by the men responsible for his appointment. The Premier could make his own choice—the purpose was either to cover up the tracks of wrong-doing, or to whitewash those concerned.

## Sir Sam Interrupts.

Sir Sam Hughes, who had been muttering inaudible comments throughout, jumped to his feet.

"I never was caught impersonating people in New York, or buying blackguards to steal papers," he exclaimed, white with passion.

"The Minister will get his answer to that before many more days go by," replied Mr. Carvell. It was not going to help the minister's cause to keep up the sort of insinuations just made, in certain of the press recently.

"You cannot throw dust in the eyes of the people that way," Mr. Carvell commented.

"You cannot divert attention from Allison. You cannot protect this man who practically pilfered a quarter of a million dollars from the people of Canada. What I did in New York will be public soon, and these insinuations will be dealt with. Meantime, I may as well tell the minister that neither he nor his friend Allison can throw dust in the eyes of the people of Canada in this matter, or save them from the consequences."

## WONDERFUL FOR THE BLOOD

Cures Sallow Skin, Headache, Langour And Tiredness.

You don't need to be told how you feel—blue, sort of sickish, poor appetite, vague pains, tired in the morning. This condition is common at this season.

Fortunately there is prompt relief in Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which immediately relieve the system of all poisons and disease-producing matter.

Thousands have been so utterly depressed, so worn out as to be despondent, "but Dr. Hamilton's Pills always cured them. "I can speak feelingly on the power of Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes C. T. Feamman of Kingston. "Last spring my blood was thin and weak, I was terribly run down, had awful headaches and a gnawing, empty feeling about my stomach. I couldn't sleep or work until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they did me a world of good." At all dealers in 25c. boxes.

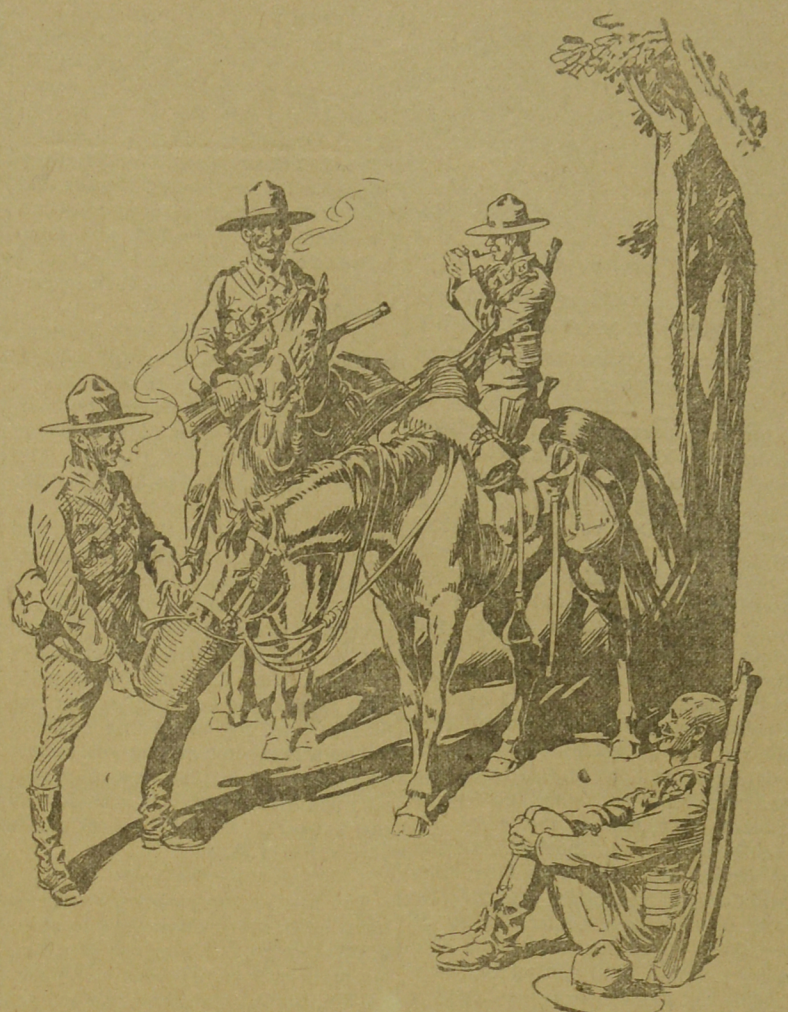
## Sisters United After Seventeen Years

(Canadian Press)

Oakville, Ont., May 13.—Emily and Florence Salkeld, sisters, aged nineteen and twenty-four, who had been separated for seventeen years, met here accidentally through the delivery to Emily of a letter addressed to Florence.

Florence, when a girl of seven, came to Canada from England and had lived in Toronto. Being in poor health, she arranged to take a month's holidays and this brought her to the home of Mrs. Murphy here. In due course, a letter reached the Oakville post office addressed to Miss Florence Salkeld, and the postal clerk, knowing that there was an Emily Salkeld at the home of Mrs. Ashby, gave the letter to Emily. Knowing nothing of the contents of the letter, Emily concluded it was not for her, but recalling having been told that she had a sister named Florence, asked the postmaster if the letter should be called for, to put her in communion with Florence Salkeld. But a short time elapsed and the letter was called for, with the result that a happy reunion took place.

Emily came to Canada only three years ago.



TOMMY NEEDS THE SMOKES.

Contributions to the Overseas Tobacco Fund may be left at the Board of Trade rooms or with the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

## Mail Ads Bring Results

### Middies and Wash Skirts

These are the Garments you will now require, and we are ready to fit you.

MIDDIES in many styles, 75 cts. to \$3.75.  
CHILDREN'S MIDDIES, ages 4 to 14 years, 50 cts. to \$2.50.  
WASH SKIRTS in Repp, Cord, Cream Serge, Velvet Corduroy, etc., prices \$1.00 up.

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Whitewear, etc. at usual low prices. The June Designer has arrived.

R. L. BLACK - - - - - York Street  
Agent for Standard Patterns.

## The Printing and Publicity Specialist Talks To His Son

"Say, John, I feel quite sick today," said Mr. Blank. "Please visit the different doctors in town, and find out who will cure me for the least money. Get your quotations tabulated and then let me see them. Of course we will engage the doctor who charges the least."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," said John. "The idea of getting quotations from a doctor; it's the asylum for you."

"Well now, why not? I am a specialist in printing and publicity. I study my business just as carefully as any doctor can do. If I do say it that shouldn't, I have just as much brains as the average doctor. I strive to give my customers the benefit of my knowledge, my artistic skill and judgement and my ideas on publicity. I give service as the term is understood in the Twentieth Century."

"When some people around here have a little printing to be done, they visit all the printing offices, get quotations from each one, and then give the work to the man who gives the lowest figures."

"The ordinary user of printing knows his own business, but he is no more a judge of the work of printing than he is a judge of what sort of medicine a doctor should give him for the cure of his ailment. If people ask me for quotations and pass me by if my price happens to be a little more than the other fellow, why shouldn't I apply the same method to the doctor, lawyer, dentist and painter? Why not? It's a mighty poor rule that won't work more than one way."

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