

DISCUSSION AT OTTAWA ON THE NAVAL QUESTION

The Borden Government Has Kept Its Promise to the Nationalists and Taken no Steps to Establish a Navy.

HON. MR. HAZEN THE SIR JOSEPH
PORTER OF THE CANADIAN NAVY

Had the Laurier Policy Been Carried Out Canada
Would Today Have Hed Seven Fast Cruisers in
the North Atlantic.

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, March 25.—Not being able to quote British precedent, as inhibiting discussion on war topics, which discussion has been remarkably full and free in the Imperial Parliament, and having already used the stop-for-shame argument to cloak the transactions of the Shell Committee, the Government was fain to listen to a little heart-to-heart talk on the subject of a Canadian navy or the lack of it since the war began.

It all arose out of a motion by E. M. Macdonald, of Pictou, who asked for a return showing the vessels now on service under the provisions of the Canadian Naval Service Act, also a copy of all correspondence relating to the establishing of a Canadian Naval Brigade. The Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who is the Sir Joseph Porter of this struggle, because he sticks close to his desk and never goes to sea by reason of having or pretending to have no Canadian cruisers to go to sea in—the Hon. Mr. Hazen, as I said before, made the reply in chief, but Mr. Macdonald, when all was said and done, gave himself his own best answer.

From his speech and those of Dr. Pugsley, Mr. Carvell, Sir Robert Borden and others who participated in a lively debate, these facts are gathered as to the naval strength of Canada at the present time.

Is Still Alive.

To begin with the Naval Department which came into existence under the Naval Service Act of 1910, is still alive, but has a great deal of time on its hands. It has an admiral at its head and a captain or two in the office, and these gentlemen are permitted, perhaps even instructed, to wear their blue and gold uniforms to show that a war is on, but not to spoil them by hard work.

The uniforms are a guarantee of good faith, a sign that the Naval Department would work if it was let, otherwise they are for advertising purposes only. The Naval Department's main work, the only work it had left after our warships were tied up and stripped, the work of recruiting for the British Navy, has been interrupted, if not stopped entirely. At all events the recruits for the Rainbow and Niobe have been allowed to drift away and until a few months ago no new recruiting was attempted and then only on the Pacific coast.

So far as Newfoundland and the Maritime Provinces are concerned, they might as well have no sea-faring folk at all. The Government cannot see them. Mr. Hazen says that the British Navy doesn't need them and hasn't asked for them.

Promise to the Nationalists.

It is quite true that Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are recruiting Naval Brigades for the mother country without waiting to be asked, but the circumstances there are different. No doubt these countries would have another story to tell if they had a Nationalist-Conservative government the latter half of which had to keep its promise to the former half not to do anything serious in regard to Canadian naval defence.

The fact seems to be that the Borden government considers it had enough to have a Grit Naval Service Act, without doing any recruiting under it. In other words, its love of the Mother country is such that it refuses to take advantage of any Liberal measures to help her.

What Might Have Been.

If the Laurier naval policy had been carried out there would now be on the seas, available for coast defence, the convoy of Canadian troops and the work of patrolling the North Atlantic at least seven fast cruisers with their auxiliaries, the tenders for which were thrown in the waste basket when the Borden Government adopted its contribution policy on the advice of Winston Churchill, who has since been re-

sponsible for the disasters at Antwerp and the Dardanelles.

Mr. Churchill said that warships, torpedo boats and things like that could not be built in Canada because we did not have shipyards and giant cranes and other implements of the higher civilization. Premier Borden took him at his word. Since the war began submarines have been built at Montreal good enough to cross the Atlantic under their own power, but Mr. Churchill is still quoted in debate, though with less authority.

Instead of seven fast cruisers and their auxiliaries, what did Canada have at the beginning of the war? She had what she has now, for she hasn't bought anything since except two dinky submarines rejected by the Chilean government, but purchased by that eccentric statesman, Sir Richard McBride, for \$1,150,000, which was \$300,000 more than the original contract price.

These two tin whales had a habit of choking when they took a deep breath; they couldn't have swallowed Jonah without getting black in the face, so they are now interned at Esquimalt, where they are quite safe as long as they stay on top of the water. Meanwhile the real defence of the Pacific coast is undertaken by a couple of Japanese cruisers.

The Canadian Navy.

Outside of the two submarines what has Canada in the way of war vessels of her own? On the Halifax station in January, 1916, Mr. Macdonald found the Canada, a small vessel with two guns, the Grise, an attached vessel, the Stadacona and Hochelaga, not war vessels at all, Sir John Eaton's yacht, the Florence, and the Starling and the Margaret, two tugs that had seen the error of their ways and had been converted.

Such was the Canadian navy on the Atlantic two short months ago. On the Pacific were the Algerine and the Shearwater, two superannuated gunboats, since docked, and Sir Richard's justly celebrated submarines, which dive like a cork and swim like a stone.

Cruisers Dismantled.

But the Rainbow and the Niobe—those two sad reminders of the Laurier navy, which never was because the Borden government wouldn't let it? What became of them? The same thing happened to both—revenge.

A government that didn't want any naval recruiting done under a Grit Naval Service Act soon put the kibosh on a brace of Grit battleships. After the men on the Rainbow and the Niobe were paid off and encouraged to disperse and the British officers that had been borrowed had been sent home the Rainbow and the Niobe were tied up and dismantled, the one in Esquimalt harbor and the other in Halifax harbor, where they still remain.

The Rainbow has lived up to her name—she has seen nothing but peace since the war started.

The Niobe stands for tears, and how often she must have wept at the humiliating position to which party politics had consigned her. She is younger than forty-six vessels now on active service in the British navy, and of a similar size to eighty-seven now fighting for the Empire, but in spite of that she is condemned as unfit by an unfriendly government and forced to remain ashore.

No German war boat now in the Kiel canal can possibly feel worse than the Niobe.

Lots of Work.

There she is tied to a dock and a shed built over her while ships of her own size or smaller, like the Berwick,

the Carnarvon, the Cornwall, the Cumberland, the Essex and the Suffolk are free to roam the seas, guard the shores of Canada, escort the troops, police the ocean, and generally speaking do the work in which as a member of the Canadian navy she would be having a big share.

It's bad enough to have the British Navy doing her work, but when the Australian takes a hand too it fairly puts the Niobe's nose out of joint.

That's what a battleship gets for being linked up with a political party that is not in power. No chance!

What's worse, they have taken her heart out of her, so to speak, removed her boilers, pulled her funnels out by the roots and stuffed her bronchial tubes with grease on the pretext that she had a cold in the head.

Such the languishing condition of the Niobe, which only goes to show how low party politics can bring one. The poor old Niobe is eating her head off at a wharf with a kind of house built on her deck with sleeping rooms for landlubbers. They call this particular form of disgrace being a depot ship.

Of course the debate touched on naval policy. Premier Borden still sticks to it that the three Dreadnoughts were an emergency measure and that the Liberals ought to have read between the lines and seen it.

As subsequents show, the Borden government believed in the emergency to such an extent that it stopped recruiting for the navy, dismantled the Rainbow and the Niobe, and practically said "Three Dreadnoughts or nothing."

That Emergency.

Since the war began new light has been thrown on the emergency. As late as Nov. 10, 1914, Lloyd George was saying "When this war broke out we were on better terms with Germany than we have been for fifteen years. There was not a man in the cabinet who thought war with Germany was a possibility under present conditions." Evidently Premier Borden knew more about it than the British government.

In regard to the emergency, Carroll, of Cape Breton, pointed out two facts worth remembering. One was that the emergency in the North Sea is being taken care of in the proportion of three Allied ships to one German. Three Canadian Dreadnoughts would only crowd things there, but if half a dozen German ships broke through, then the emergency would shift to the coast of Canada, where it would be mighty handy to have a Canadian Navy. Mr. Carroll does not believe in putting all the eggs in one basket.

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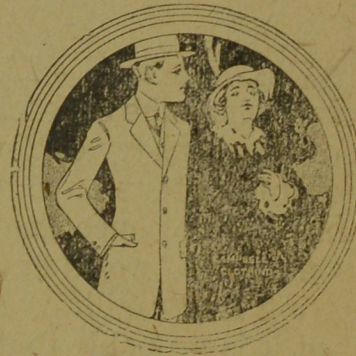
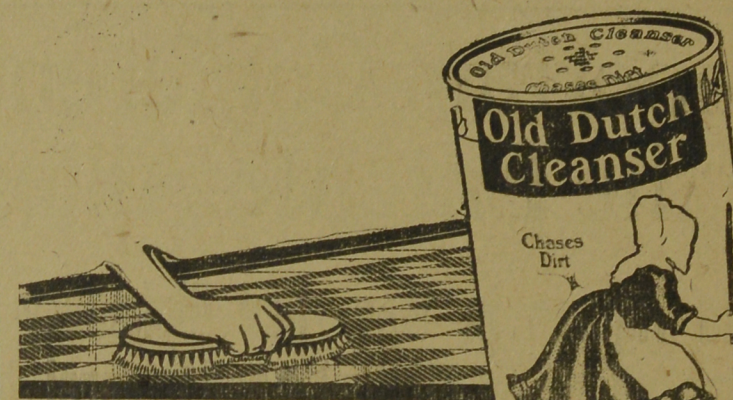
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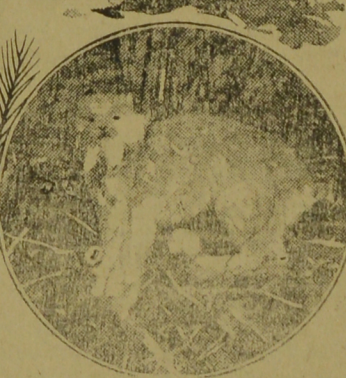
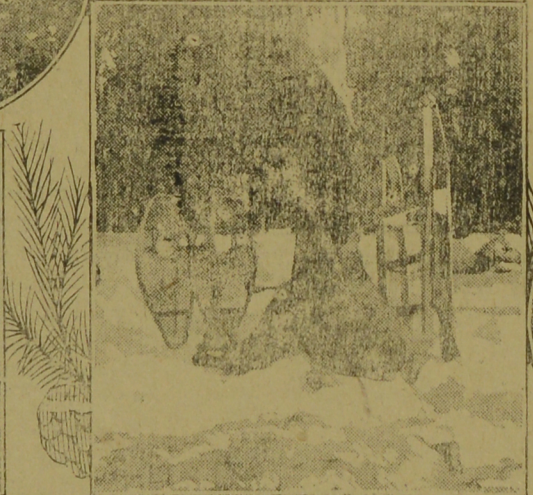
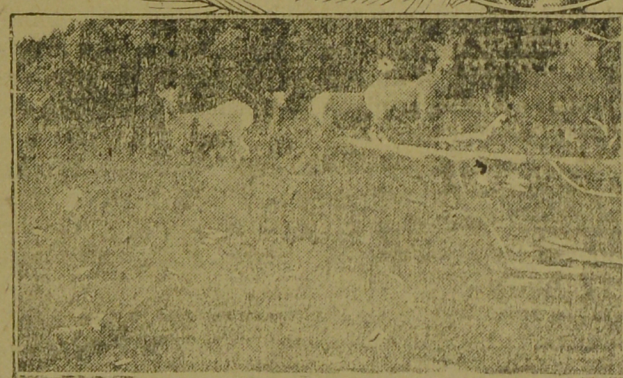
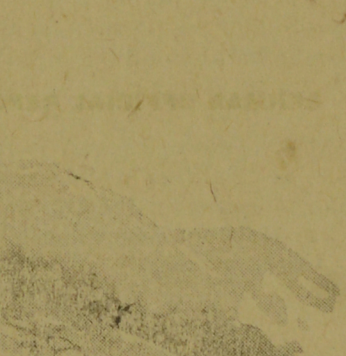
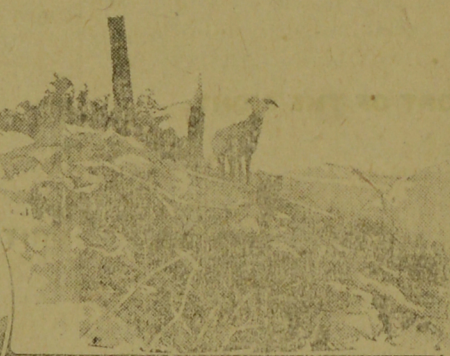
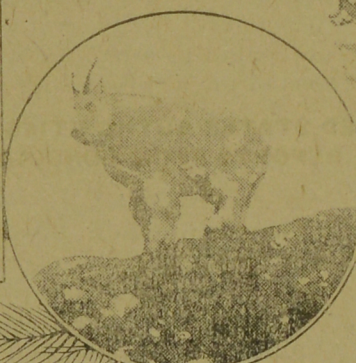
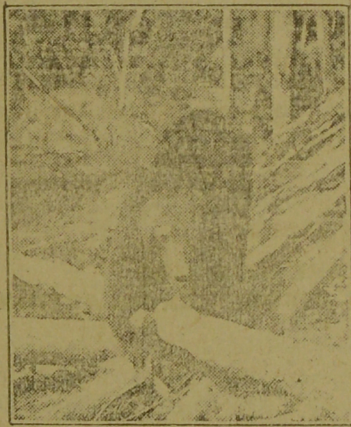
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CANADIAN BIG GAME AT HOME



THE camera brings the features of big game and their haunts to our firesides. All along the Rocky Mountains strange wild beasts roam in abundance. Many of them are not familiar to the human eye at all, but there are others with which every sportsman is acquainted. Perhaps there is no place in the Dominion so interesting from the point of view of the hunter as the Canadian Pacific Rockies with their majestic snow-capped peaks, 46 of which are over 11,000 feet high. At Banff there is a big National Park where nobody may intrude in pursuit of game, for a wise Government has decided that big game must not be hunted indiscriminately, and has instituted

laws for their protection. But outside the preserve the hunter is free to enjoy his sport, and there is plenty of it to be had: the grizzly bear, mountain goat, wild mountain sheep and lynx take up their abode in large numbers in these parts. In the open seasons many a party sets out with guides and ponies from Banff. The spring is the best time to hunt the grizzly bear when his fur is still thick after the winter's sleep. Often it is difficult to bag him, but his skin is a trophy of which any hunter may be proud. It is a pretty sight to watch a wild goat as he stands on some cliff seemingly admiring the picturesqueness of the landscape that lies beneath him. While in

pursuit of the Rocky Mountain goat the hunter has to take some serious risks; he has to ascend precipitous crags hanging on almost by the skin of his teeth. The goat can dash along from rock to rock with the same graceful ease and velocity as that displayed by a bird travelling from twig to twig on some adjacent fir tree. But it is the danger and excitement of the chase that gives the hunter the greatest delight. It is as difficult to shoot the bighorn or wild mountain sheep. After feasting himself on the lowlands in the grey early morning the bighorn ascends to the fastnesses of the mountains. It is almost an impossible task

for the hunter to get within range, and if ever he does get there he must not make the least noise or show himself, for the bighorn is both timid and observant, and when he is startled once there is little chance of again coming into close quarters with him. The bighorn's flesh is pronounced by epicures to be most delicious and his horns make very beautiful ornaments. In its cosy coat of soft ashy grey fur the lynx seems to be like a cat, and he certainly is of the cat family. He is rather pretty, and though not such a prize trophy for the sportsman as some of the bigger forest neighbours, he is always welcome to a rifle bullet.

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