

The Borden Government Will Likely go the Limit

The Premier Will Attend the Meeting of the Imperial War Council---The Food Barons Not in a Hurry for an Election---There a Few Dollars Floating Around the Country Which They Have Not Yet Collared.

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, Jan. 29.—Parliament is now watching straws, because straws show which way the wind blows. One of the chief straws is the speech from the throne, which contained even less than the usual amount of nothing. The only thing mentioned with any definiteness was the extension of parliament, which is the leading, not to say solitary feature of the Borden Government's domestic policy.

No death knells for the Borden Government if it knows it. It realizes that it is safe enough as long as it can avoid a general election. Some talk there is of sudden dissolution and a quick appeal to the country in case Parliament refuses to grant an extension, but this looks like pure bluff. Neither the Borden government nor its throng of supporters, who will never come back, feel like taking fate by the forelock. Why lie ahead of the schedule? Morituri salutamus—but let us string the salute out.

To Take the Limit.

The chances are that the morituri salutamus crowd will bring pressure to bear on the Borden Government to take the limit—that is to say, if any pressure is needed, which is a moot question. October is a long way off. There are eight crowded months of life yet with spoils of office to distribute and the biggest appropriations ever made in the history of Canada to handle, so why quit before the game is played out? Why challenge destruction by an early general election, especially when the wicked grits are chafing and champing for it, no matter when it comes?

The sooner it is over the sooner to sleep. True; but who wants to sleep so long as the war produces fine opportunities for graft for the Borden Government's friends? Moreover, the Food Barons don't want to see the Borden Government go out before next October. There are a few dollars in the country that they haven't got yet, but they reckon to give the high cost of living another squeeze and shake us down for the last cent. Then, and not till then, will the Borden Government be allowed to depart in peace.

The Extension Proposal.

After the address in reply to the speech from the throne has been debated for a week or perhaps for two weeks, the House is expected to get round to the extension proposal. The speech from the throne was very careful to promise that it would be about the first resolution brought down.

Premier Borden would like to have it off his mind before he goes to England. It is a great deal more than an Imperial Conference that Premier Borden is attending. He crosses the seas to take part as a consulting member in Lloyd George's inner war cabinet. He and Premier Massey of New Zealand will be the two overseas Premiers present, Premier Botha of South Africa having made his excuses and sent a deputy, and Premier Hughes of Australia having too much to do at home to appear otherwise than by proxy. It will be the cue of Lloyd George's war cabinet to treat Premier Borden as an ambassador with full power to pledge Canada to what he will in the cause of the Empire, and it will no doubt run with Premier Borden's inclination to

lend a ready ear to these soft whispers.

A Life Preserver.

Such being the case, he would like to feel that the life preserver, in the shape of an extension, which he threw out, had done its work, and that he could come back anywhere inside of two months and still find a Canada that acknowledges him as Premier. Once care free as to his continued existence, he can listen to Bonar Law and Lord Curzon and Lord Milner and the other Empire cementers with close attention. But if he has to think about extensions and things like that only half his mind will be on the subject, and much that they say to him will necessarily go in at one ear and out at the other.

Premier Borden would not miss a word. He is particularly anxious that Canada should not do anything in his absence which would interfere with his chances of a peerage. At one time Premier Borden would have been satisfied with the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of Canada, but now he rather fancies ending his days in England as Canadian law lord on the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council at a salary of \$35,000 a year.

Premier Borden likes England. It is the place where the peerages come from. Even when Canada had its full measure of home rule it was considered too small for a Canadian peer to live in and the chances are that it will seem a good deal smaller after the Empire reorganizers have done their work and whittled its home rule down to about as much as Ontario has now. This, by the way, is Sir Herbert Ames' avowed plan of keeping Canada down

to crown colony size, so that she will not strike too dominant a note in the great imperial harmony which is to take place after the war.

A Matter That Could Wait.

For these and other reasons Premier Borden would lie to see the extension matter settled before he leaves for England. But it is doubtful whether the House will be in as great a hurry to settle it as Premier Borden. It is a matter that can very well wait until Premier Borden comes back from England with the message or messages the statesmen over there ask him to deliver. When Parliament scans these messages it will be in a more knowledgeable frame of mind to determine what Premier Borden should have more time to carry his messages out. There is a great deal of non-controversial stuff which would be discussed in Premier Borden's absence from Ottawa, and if he objects to that the House would no doubt agree to an adjournment for a month or two months, although there is no real necessity for such a course. Business could go on as usual on the understanding that nobody would "start something."

But if neither side will guarantee to hold its horses, then an adjournment could be easily arranged. The House is used to adjournments, don't you know. This would be only a little longer adjournment than usual. It could be easily done. But an extension for a year from October. Come now, old top, isn't that a bit thick?

Election Can Wait Too.

At this writing it doesn't look as if Premier Borden would plunge the country into a general election immediately, if the extension is not granted before he leaves for England. He is keen on attending the war council, extension or no extension, and the general election can wait until he comes back. He is betwixt Seyall and Charvrbis anyway, and he naturally puts off the day when he is due to run on the rocks.

Meanwhile he has an eye to safety first, while he is gone. If the first day's proceedings are any gauge, Mr. Hazen will lead the House, in his absence, whenever Sir George Potser is not on the job.

Premier Borden keeps looking over his shoulder for Sir Thomas White, feeling nervous, as he does, at having the Finance Minister behind him, ever

(Continued on page three.)

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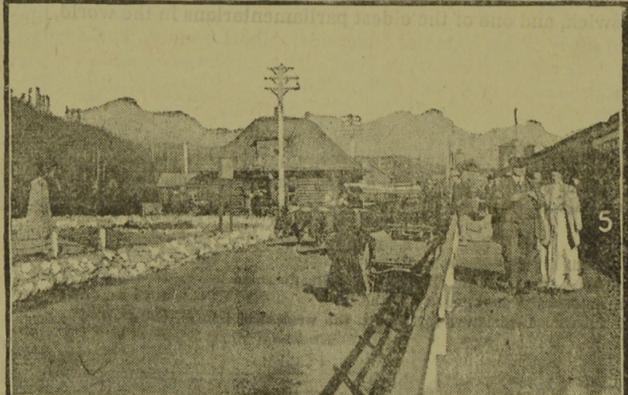
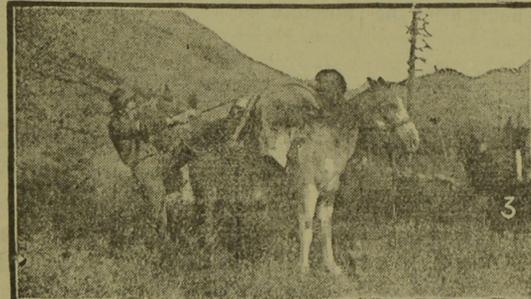
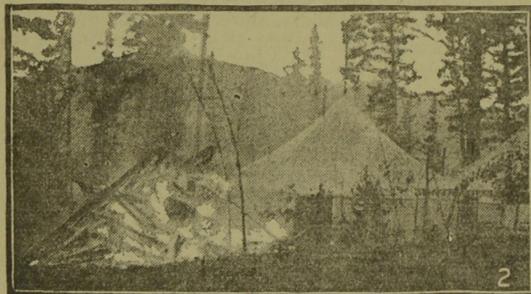
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OUTINGS WITH THE OUTFITTERS



[1] A Group of Guides. [2] Tying the Diamond Hitch. [3] Where the Camp Fire Blazes. [4] Camping at foot of Mt. Assiniboine. [5] Lake Louise

WHO and what is an Outfitter? The real genuine article is a mountain man: guide, philosopher, friend, cook, lumber jack, bridge-builder, broncho buster, hunter—all found under the one suit of clothes. He is a comparatively new type in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, representing a new profession. You'll find him at every C.P.R. tourist point in the mountains, at your service for a modest fee just to keep the pot boiling. You can buy more good fellowship and more undiluted happiness and health in this way than in any other yet invented. I know, for I've tried it out many a time. May I introduce you to a sample Outfitter, at Field, say, or it might as easily be Glacier or Lake Louise or Banff. A gang of tenderfeet have arranged for a trip through the Yoho Valley. The Imperial Limited have

ing dumped us on the platform, dunce bags and all, it does not take long for Mr. Outfitter to give us welcome, with a grip of the hand that says: "I'll see you through." From across the Kicking Horse River comes a procession of ponies—our cavalcade no less, with a couple of trustees to assist the boss. So we are sorted out to our mounts, as we eye each other with mutual suspicion. I don't like the look in the eye of Nebuchadnezzar (Neb. for short), but we hit it off fairly well on the trail. So we're off, single file, a truly wonderful procession of assorted humans. Isn't it jolly just to be in God's garden in the open air, to have all creation to wander in, to be hitting the trail to wonderlands beyond, while giant peaks, like Stephen and Cathedral, Field and Burgess, look down upon us nidgets from their towering peaks

But it is of the Outfitter I want to write. It is worth the whole price of admission to watch him do things and handle situations, to corral a wandering horse, and quiet a refractory one, to be everywhere at the same time, to help the girl from Chicago and the matron from Montreal, and the male tenderfeet from elsewhere in dismounting and mounting, and in guiding their mounts through turbulent streams and tangley woods. No less adaptive are they in the camp. They can handle axe or gun as adeptly as the reins of a broncho. They can fell a tree across a brawling stream with unerring accuracy, or cut a way through a maze of underbrush or Devil's Clubs. So the tents were well pitched and ready, with the nicest of beds made of odorous branches. All one had to do was to spread his blankets, make

a human roll of himself and then journey to Slumber Land, regardless of disturbing gophers or porcupines. But it is as a cook that the Outfitter shines most brightly. The elaborate many-coursed meal at a C.P.R. hotel tasted no better—and they taste well—than the four-course meal Bill served at a quick lunch speed, with unlimited reserves in the end of his little cookery tent. Everything from mush to bannock and tea was on tap, at and in between meals and at bed time. And then the nappy times around the camp fire revealed the Outfitter in a new role—that of a story-teller of rare quality, a raconteur, too. Indeed the trail trip as a whole showed Bill up to be a Gentleman, a Benefactor, and a Philanthropist. So there!