

THE DAILY MAIL

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THE LIBERAL CHIEFTAIN.

The Toronto Globe in a recent editorial paid a well deserved tribute to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Liberal chieftain. It said:

"The political perplexities today have their origin mainly in the general election of 1911. Two distinct campaigns were waged by the enemies of the Laurier government. The English-speaking provinces heard only the loyalty cry, which took the place of economic argument against the trade agreement with the United States. But reciprocity was not made an issue by the government's opponents in French-speaking Canada. Mr. Bourassa found in the Naval Service Act a weapon more to his liking, and an opportunity to indulge his inveterate hatred of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as the chief impediment to his own ambitions, and to the Nationalist movement. To profit by the situation in Quebec, Conservative leaders betrayed the Canadian naval policy. Except in the constituencies where the English voters were in the majority or held the balance of power, the Conservative party in that province merged itself entirely in the Nationalist propaganda. It followed Mr. Bourassa's leadership and abetted his attempts to inflame race feeling and sow hatred of British connection.

"Few English-speaking Canadians have an adequate conception of the malice and fury of the attacks upon the Liberal leader in his own province. The Bourassas, the Blondins and the Sevignys played artfully upon the fears and credulity of a simple pastoral people. The habitant was told that his sons would be dragged from the plough by Laurier's minions and forced to serve on British warships, perhaps to be disembowelled by German cannon. The cry of conscription hurled at the Naval Service Act was repelled by Sir Wilfrid Laurier with absolute sincerity. It is, therefore, not a new issue in Quebec, as in the English provinces. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has had to face it once before. In estimating his present attitude, it is but simple justice to recall the assurances he gave his compatriots when he was commending to them a great measure of co-operation with the mother country in naval defence. He feels, no doubt, that his honor was pledged in that campaign, and that he must escape the reproach of inconsistency if he is to maintain the personal authority which he hopes to exercise for national unity in the future as in the past. In addressing recruiting meetings during the present war he had also pointed to assurances of members of the government that there would be no conscription, and he had joined in pronouncing against it, a view which he shared at the time, with nearly every public man in the country. Canadians opposed to his views ought to make allowance for the position in which he is placed by antecedent events. They ought also to remember with gratitude that he took his political life in his hands six years ago in order to perform a splendid Imperial service. If there are stormy times ahead, he will be a unique moderating and reconciling influence, and will be animated, as always, by the loftiest sentiments of patriotism."

PASSED SECOND READING.

The Conscription Bill passed its second reading in Parliament yesterday by a majority of 63, which is larger than was estimated. The amendment of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to provide for a referendum was defeated by a vote of 111 to 62. The support given to the bill by English-speaking Liberals more than offset the defection of Premier Borden's Nationalist allies from Quebec, nine of whom voted in favor of the six months' hoist. The bill will now be taken up by the House in committee, when it will be fully discussed, and no doubt amended to meet the views of the members who voted for it, Liberals as well as Conservatives. Its passage through the House and Senate is assured. The bill is one of the most important passed by Parliament since Confederation, and if the government expects to enforce it with any degree of success it will need to employ methods altogether

different from those which have characterized its conduct so far on matters pertaining to the war.

New Brunswickers who have visited Niagara Falls and ridden on the famous gorge railway from Lewiston to the city of Niagara Falls, must have shuddered when they read of the accident which occurred on the road a few days ago. A trolley car loaded with tourists left the rails on the verge of the famous whirlpool rapids and plunged into the water. The list of dead and injured numbered about thirty, and the wonder is that anybody escaped.

It is quite plainly to be seen now that the Borden government would have got nowhere with its conscription bill, but for the generous support given by the Liberals in Parliament. Having secured the passage of the bill, Premier Borden's next step should be to muzzle some of the newspaper organs of his party which are making themselves ridiculous these days.

The passing of the conscription bill will no doubt be welcomed by scores of militia officers throughout the country who have been unable to secure appointments for overseas service because of lack of political pull. When conscripted these men will be in a position to don their officers' uniforms and draw the pay of their rank. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

New York Sun: "We do not want coal to heat our houses and our hotels. There is not a man, from King Victor Emmanuel to the poorest peasant in his Alpine hut, who would not gladly shiver and freeze, as hundreds of our brave soldiers have done, if by so doing he could help to win the war for democracy and liberty." So said Marconi. Let us in America ponder this absolutely true statement of the devotion of the Italians, and then ask ourselves what we are doing individually, or are willing to do, to help win the war?

Speaking of the departure of King Constantine, the correspondent of the London Times at Athens says: "The day his abdication was announced—this is somewhat of an anti-climax, but it is significant—potatoes fell in price considerably. Athens is already settling down well to the new regime."

WHAT, YOU HAVEN'T HEARD! WELL, YOU SEE IT'S THIS WAY

(Minneapolis Journal.)

Shampoo, Sir? Yes, sir. Soap or Eau de Zubub? Egg, did you say, sir? Sorry sir, but we've joined the government food conservation movement. Hadn't you heard? Barbers have suggested the idea to Herbert C. Hoover, the food umpire.

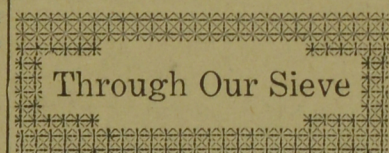
There are 300,000 barbers in the country and each give two egg shampoos a week. That's too low. Say we make it six a week. All right; now a "tonsorial artist"—that is, if he's a "graduate" and no mere novice uses two eggs for each shampoo.

Now, did you ever figure how many eggs that would be in a week? Sure not. Well, that makes 36,000,000 eggs a week. Say, that would make an omelet as big as Lake Harriet, hey?

But, s'pose you string that bet out over a year. It would make you dizzy. In a year that would be 1,872,000,000 eggs. Wow! Those eggs would shampoo the Rocky mountains.

What's that, sir? Just a sea-foam? Yes, sir.

Next!



Through Our Sieve

You can fairly hear the tennis racket and the golf ball these days.

It is hard for women with large feet to understand why short skirts are fashionable.

It is difficult for a man to climb up in this world, but it hurts him lots worse to climb down again.

When a sick woman begins to notice the cobwebs on the ceiling, her complete recovery is assured.

Often a man is justified in thinking that his wife isn't very bright—considering the kind of man she married.

Money we've spent seldom worries us, unless it was spent for something that interferes with digestion.

A girl doesn't trouble herself much about the superiority of the pen or the sword—it's the uniform that catches her eye.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who used to chew sticks of liquorice root and eject the juice between his teeth?

THE GREAT POTATO CRISIS

There are Reasons Why Potatoes Growing Never Will be Popular on the Golf Links.

(Chicago News.)

The tall man poised himself gracefully with one sharp elbow resting on the tobaccoist's glass showcase.

"I see where somebody has suggested that golf players plow up the links all over the country and plant potatoes," he said.

"Wouldn't work," responded the tobaccoist as he proceeded to polish the showcase. "The golfers must have their golf. Spud hoeing will never supplant golf on the links."

"I don't see why," argued the tall customer.

"You don't know much about golf," retorted the tobaccoist. "It's a gentleman's game. You have to learn the right form before you can even hold a club properly. It's a game you must play in white pants, and you have to work up a thirst for long, tall, cool drinks served under the portico at the clubhouse.

"It's a game that ladies in white silk stockings like to sit in the shade and watch with their knees crossed and drinking tea. A fellow out hoeing potatoes wouldn't do for ladies to watch at all."

"There is nothing in the potato hoeing code that forbids men to wear white pants," retorted the tall sad man. "Nor is there any reason why potatoing as a thirst provoker should not be as good as golfing. Neither is there any reason why the ladies should not sit in the shade in white silk stockings and watch the men hoeing.

"Nor has golfing anything on potatoing as a contest. Each fellow could have his own little row to hoe, and the ladies can applaud the winner and he can get his name in the paper along with his photograph and an ad for some particular kind of hoe. Best of all, when the game is over something useful will have been accomplished."

"That's just why potato growing will never be popular on the golf links," sighed the tobacco dealer.

Gardens Doing Well.

Fredericton probably has more garden plots under cultivation this season than in any year in its history. The greater production campaign took hold here from the start and people began to dig as soon as the frost got out of the ground. The outcome will be immense increase in the output of garden truck as compared with last year. While the weather the past few weeks has not been exactly right, garden crops, particularly potatoes and beans, have done well. Potato bugs and other destructive insects are more numerous than ever this season but the amateur gardeners have no intention of allowing these pests to do any more damage than can be avoided.

LIFE'S WEAVER.

(Wm. J. Robinson in Boston News Bureau.)

I sit today at the loom of life and weave and weave and weave. The work is laid by hands divine, but the web is where I grieve.

For every moment in every day the shuttle flies through and through! And the patterns I scheme With the dreams I dream Are made up of the things I do.

I have naught to do with the warp I tread, the threads are already set, But my duty lies, as the shuttle flies, in the fabric I'm weaving yet. Smiles and tears, Kind words and fears, Are wound on the bobbins I wind.

And every thoughtless word is there and every word unkind.

And every act I would fain forget, and the thoughts that were dark and vain,

I view in the fabric of life I weave, and see them and see them again. But I sit and weave with an aching heart, and a world of intense regret,

And tears fall fast As I view the past, And I pray that I may forget.

But out of repining and soul recoil I look in the future and see, My life stretch out in its future plan, and anew hope comes to me.

I know not the length of the warp I view, I know not my given span, But into the fabric I yet may weave, I'll put all the best I can.

Smiles and kindness and patient care, unselfishness, service and love, Harmony, sunshine, faith and hope, and thus my contrition prove. When the "throw" shall fall from my nerveless hand, and the shuttle lies at rest,

May I hear the voice of the Master say, You've done what you thought was best!

Death at Taymouth.

Mrs. Pearl Vinetta Urquhart died yesterday at her home at Taymouth at the age of thirty-three years. The deceased was the wife of Mr. Bert Urquhart. Besides the husband one child survives. The funeral will take place at Taymouth at 2 p. m. Sunday.

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