

Sifton's Letter to Senator Bostock Was Ill Timed

It's Only Effect was to Cause Liberals to Settle Their Differences and go After the Millionaire Plotter--Sir Clifford is Finding It Not So Easy to Fool the People Now as It Was In 1911.

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, Aug. 18. — A subject of jocular comment at the capital is the short shrift the West gave the Sifton movement. The thing was dead before it was born. People are now recalling the old proverb that a live dog is better than a dead lion. Sir Clifford Sifton being very much of both. As a lion he is thoroughly dead and as a dog in the manger he is still alive and on the job.

There is considerable speculation as to Sir Clifford's motives for butting into politics at this stage of the game. Those who know Sir Clifford say his motives are perfectly clear. One reason is that Sir Clifford has made so much money out of the war that he would have indigestion if he made any more. Consequently he wants to win the war so that it won't be hanging around giving him a false appetite. Another reason is that Sir Clifford has been seven years minding his own business and he thinks it is time now to mind everybody's else's. In other words he suffers from a recrudescence of ambition. Having got all the money he can absorb he yearns for fame.

Sifton's Motives.

Sir Clifford has an eye single to winning the war with any kind of government that would land Sir Clifford Sifton on top. As Prime Minister or acting member of such a government he would not only help himself but also the Big Interests which he represents. His underlying motives are to split the Liberal party which no longer honors him with its confidence and to kill Laurier politically, whom he hates for really working at the ideals Sir Clifford makes a mere pretense of.

In 1911 Sir Clifford Sifton was largely instrumental in defeating the Liberal party. To do it he recanted every Liberal principle he ever professed, delivered Canada into the hands of the food profiteers, and shut out the Northwest, which made him as

a public man, from the markets of the United States. By this act of treason he made Canada in general and the Northwest in particular his enemies. Recent events show that they have not forgotten and that they will not forgive.

Big Boodle Fund.

Now that the Liberals come to look back on Sir Clifford's performance of 1911 they don't think it was such a smart trick after all. He had the campaign fund, the biggest campaign fund ever raised in Canada — a campaign fund contributed by Big Business on both sides of the boundary line. He had the campaign and he applied it to the weak spots. He knew where the weak spots were, being in the secrets of the Liberal organization. This was the coup d'état which gave Sir Clifford Sifton his reputation as a master of strategy.

This reputation led Sir Clifford into his present blunder. He knew himself as the same man and felt that he ought to be able to play the same trick again. What fooled him that he did not have the same set of circumstances in 1917 that he had in 1911. Six years ago he was able to wave the Old Flag and delude the people by telling them to have no truck and trade with the Yankees who would probably gobble up their country and make it part of the United States. In other words Sir Clifford was able to fool enough of the people a long enough time to win the election.

Times Have Changed.

But the circumstances are not the same today. The people have got wise to the fact that Sir Clifford didled them into a position where they could not escape the high cost of living. The enemies he warned us against in 1911 are fighting shoulder to shoulder with us in the trenches today. The Union Jack and the Old Glory fly side by side and the Grits die for freedom and democracy on the battlefields of Europe just as loyally

as the Tories. In short all Sir Clifford's buncombe of six years ago has been proven false. He can't catch any more flies with that kind of sugar.

Sir Clifford may not be aware of it but he is regarded by the Liberals as a blessing in disguise. Before he issued his famous letter they had been wrangling a little but when Sir Clifford's manifesto appeared in print the Liberals dropped their quarrels, said, "we'll settle this tomorrow," and got together to foil the arch plotter. Sir Clifford's goose was cooked right there.

Was Bad Play.

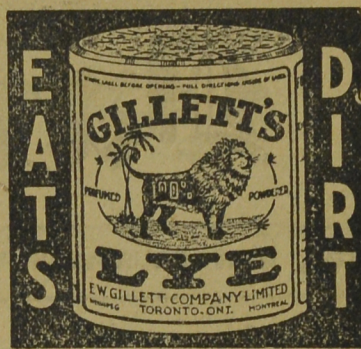
Sir Clifford's judgment is not as good as it used to be. It is common talk around here that his letter was bad play. It was not only ill-timed but it was badly worded. It was ill-timed because it was sprung too soon. Sir Clifford suffers from deafness and it has been suggested that he has lost his nice sense of hearing for psychological moments. He doesn't hear the clock tick any more. At all events he got off too soon and with the wrong foot.

It was badly worded because it showed too clearly that hatred of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the animating motive, not the desire to win the war. Sir Clifford went from bad to worse in his speeches at Regina and Winnipeg. It became clear to everybody that Sir Clifford's life work was to get Sir Wilfrid Laurier's scalp. As it turned out the West did not sympathize with him in this endeavor.

Another disadvantage a deaf statesman suffers is that he can't hear them coming. If Sir Clifford had been quick of hearing he would certainly have heard what was coming to him at that Winnipeg convention and would have backed up before it was too late.

Error of Judgment.

As a matter of fact Sir Clifford's ambition to be the whole works rather clouded his judgment. Being hard of hearing he mistook for public opinion what was really a buzzing in his own



Slants of Humor

A WITTY JUDGE.

In one of Max Beerbohm's most famous cartoons Mr. Justice Darling is depicted in the act of passing the black cap to an usher, with, "Oh, and get some bells sewn on this cap, will you?"

This is clever, but it is hardly fair, for it need scarcely be said that the famous judge would never so much as dream of jesting when pronouncing a capital sentence. But on most other occasions he can be witty enough.

One of his most brilliant judicial sallies, and one which must evidently have been coined on the spur of the moment, was in relation to a case he was trying where one of the witnesses was obviously perjuring himself. The judge cautioned him, whereupon the witness burst forth:

"My lord, you may believe me or believe me not, but I have not stated a word that is false; I have been wedded to the truth since infancy!"

"Indeed," came the retort, quick as a lightning flash. "Wedded to the truth since infancy, eh? But," sweetly, "may I inquire how long you have been a widower?"

MIGHT NOT ALWAYS WORK.

(Zion City Theocrat.)

The two year old baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Erickson had been warned against going too near the bees. The other day, however, his parents found him in the thick of them, and in order to make friends he was saying "Peace to thee! Peace to thee!" He was not stung.

LULLABY

Go to sleep, my baby dear,
May no fears your slumbers fret,
For no Zeppelins are near
To drop bombs upon you—yet.

head. Another error of judgment, on Sir Clifford's part was his notion that he could drop out of public life, come back when he liked, and swing Canada by the tail. To do that sort of thing one must keep up one's muscle. Even Hercules could not have accomplished his labors if he had not been on the job all the time. When the Liberals heard that Sir Clifford was about to stand the party on its head again they laughed. "He can't do it twice," they said. And as it turned out, he could not.

Taking it all in all it would seem to be inadvisable for a deaf statesman who is six years out of practice to put his ear to the ground. If he hears a voice it is not likely to be the voice of the people. In fact he is not likely to hear a voice at all. He is more likely to get his ear full of mud.

** GEMS OF POETRY **

In the Dark.

O in the depths of midnight,
What fancies haunt the brain,
When even the sigh of the sleeper
Sounds like a sob of pain.

A sense of awe and of wonder
I may never well define
For the thoughts that come in the shadows
Never come in the shine.

The old clock down in the parlor,
Like a sleepless mourner grieves,
And the seconds drip in the silence
As the rain drips from the eaves.

And I think of the hands that signal
The hours there in the gloom,
And wonder what angel watchers
Wait in the darkened room.

And I think of the smiling faces
That used to watch and wait,
Till the click of the clock was answered
By the click of the opening gate.

They are not there now in the evening—
Morning or noon—not there;
Yet I know that they keep their vigil
And wait for me somewhere.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

GRAND MAMMOTH CARNIVAL

—AT—

Barrack Grounds and Drill Hall
AUG. 31,
Thursday Afternoon and Ev'ng.

Stupendous Attractions.

Daughters of the Empire and
Fredericton Brass Band.

Watch for Announcements
Later.

SENSATIONAL EVIDENCE IN ST. JOHN MURDER CASE

St. John, Aug. 31.—Nothing of a sensational nature bearing directly on the murder was sprung last night when the inquest into the death of Harry L. Williams was resumed at the court house before Dr. F. L. Kenney, coroner. Several witnesses were examined, but the only new fact definitely established, was that Williams was not in his store at 10 or 10.30 on the night he was murdered. This testimony was given by David McNutt, who made a visit to the store shortly after ten and again close to 10.30, for the purpose of making a purchase.

Gertrude Wedge, or Gertrude Fuller, as she is sometimes called, gave a vivid account of being inveigled into a "joy ride" on the night of August 7. Gertrude Wilkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkins, 410 Main street, who accompanied her, corroborated the story. Two men unknown to them invited them into the automobile near Seaside Park and drove them down Manawagonish road. They protested and insisted on being driven home. Two miles from Fairville the auto collided with a telegraph pole and the two girls were nearly thrown out. They waited until one of the men returned with a team. It was 11.20 o'clock when he came. He drove them to the home of Gertrude Wedge, 22 George street, where the two girls spent the night.

"Did you know the two men," the coroner asked.

Each replied that she did not, al-

GARDEN STUFF

Though I am too old for war
There is something I am good for;
I can raise some garden truck,
And the cost of living buck.
I can raise truck with a will,
And the devil with K. Bill.

BURNS REVISED.

Burns prayed once for some power the gift to give us
That we might see ourselves as others see us.
But far more pleasant were it could the elves
Make others see us as we see ourselves.

though Miss Wilkins felt certain she could identify them.

"Was Stanley Hawkhurst one of them?" they were asked.

Each replied that she did not know the young man.

"Did you know Williams?" Miss Wilkins was asked and she replied in the negative.

The court room was crowded when the hearing opened.

A new witness, Jas. H. Steele, told of seeing a strange individual standing in the Main street doorway of Williams' store on the night of the murder.

The coroner called the names of two witnesses—Silas Gregg and William Maxwell—who did not appear.

Francis Kerr appeared in the interests of the family.



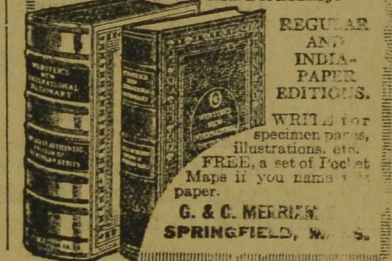
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not give your boy and girl an opportunity to make their study easy and effective? Give them the same chances to win promotion and success as the lad having the advantage of

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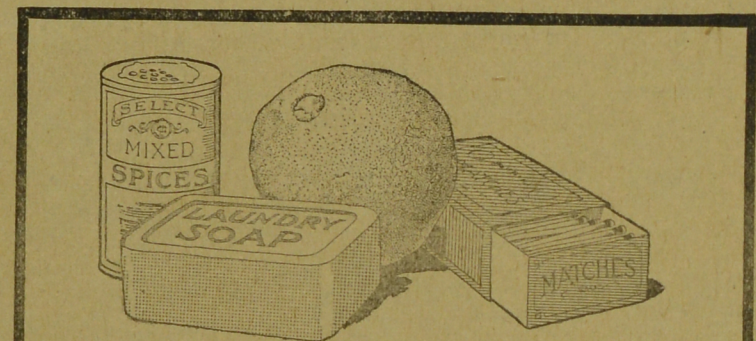
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Enemies of Tea

If tea is left open near oranges, soap, spices, matches, etc., the tea will take on the flavor of any of these articles.

In fact, tea absorbs odors as readily as does butter. This is because it becomes so dry and brittle in passing through the firing or drying oven that it becomes very sensitive to the moisture and odors in the air.

When loose in the chest or bin or bag it quickly loses flavor and strength. Tastes flat, weak, old; dear at any price.

This is why Red Rose is never sold in bulk—but always in sealed packages. The armour that keeps our dust and odors and keeps in the flavor and strength.

The price printed on the package protects you against overcharge. It is the lowest price for which a tea of Red Rose quality can be sold—a price which allows the grocer only a fair profit.

You will enjoy the distinctive flavor and rich strength of Red Rose Tea. Try a package.

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Red Rose crushed coffee is as generously good as Red-Rose Tea and just as easy to make.



War Time Economy COCOA versus TEA AND COFFEE

THE war is being fought in the kitchens of Canada, just as truly as it is in the trenches of France.

The housewife that is genuinely anxious to help the cause of our Empire will use Cocoa on her table in preference to tea and coffee, which—delightful as you may find them as mild stimulants—have no real food value, and hinder the proper digestion of starchy foods, bread, cakes and potatoes.

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There is more nourishment in a cup of cocoa than in a cup of chicken soup, bouillon or beef extract. You require less of other foods when you drink cocoa. You save money on your table expenditures.

The money you save will enable you to purchase War Savings Certificates. For \$21.50

you can buy at your nearest bank or Post Office a Certificate worth, in three years, \$25.00.

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COWAN'S Perfection COCOA