

"A PLEASANT LITTLE PARTY, WASN'T IT?"

Thus 'Toronto Saturday Night,' an Independent Weekly, Describes the Average Meeting of Borden's Ontario Tour—'A Very Lady-Like Affair'—'as Entertaining as a Wet Day Funeral'—'The Conservative Party wants Battle-axes, not Kid Gloves.'

A writer in The Toronto Saturday Night, an independent weekly published in the Ontario capital, has this to say about the recent tour of Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the opposition members in the House of Commons:

When some three years ago Mr. R. L. Borden toured the West in his capacity of leader of His Majesty's Opposition in the Federal Parliament, that portion of the Dominion had the worst harvest in its history. When in August, 1907, Mr. Borden paid a visit to the Quebec bridge, that structure, on the very same day, tumbled into the St. Lawrence. It was noised abroad that a hoodoo followed in the wake of the Conservative leader, and the genial Halifax lawyer was looked upon with something approaching suspicion, not on account of his personality, but rather for the ill-luck that seemed to accompany him. Failure of crops, due to rain or frost, the collapsing of bridges and other incidents of a like character, came to be regarded as part and parcel of a Borden campaign. But the hoodoo has been broken; the evil spell dissipated. Mr. Borden started his tour of Ontario on the 14th inst. For some weeks previous inclement weather was experienced, the rain was incessant, and one of the wettest months on record seemed to be in store. Lo and behold, with Borden came the sunshine. The opposition meeting at Campbellford, by the side of the rushing Trent, was held under torrid conditions, and the heat followed Mr. Borden and his lieutenant, Judge Doherty, wherever they went. So remarkable was the change, that even the leader himself, whose public utterances are not famed for the side-splitting humor they contain, made a "near" joke at Aymer when he remarked that the sunshine was very welcome, accustomed as he was to the "shades of Opposition." From which, it will be noted, that Mr. Borden's humor is as hard as the much sought nest of the wild pigeon.

Why a company of able-bodied politicians should find it expedient, these balmy fine days, to stomp the province breathing out slaughter against their opponents, is a conundrum.

In the first place, after six months of wrangling at Ottawa over such bones of contention as the naval bill and anti-gambling legislation, the country is heartily sick of the mere mention of the word "politics." It is a herculean task to make a man stop hoeing his potatoes in order to listen to a learned disquisition on solid rock and common earth excavation on the National Transcontinental. It likewise takes an optimist to believe that, at the present juncture, there is anything boiling in the political pot. Therefore, as might have been expected, Mr. Borden's tour of Ontario has been a very "lady-like" sort of affair. No plates were sprung in the Laurier ship. The whole tour may be summed up in the words of one of those present at the little gathering at Ingersoll a few days ago. After it was all over, and all the ice-cream and pink lemonade had disappeared, one young fellow said to another: "My word, what a pleasant little party, wasn't it?"

Mr. Borden's meetings have been, in truth, very "pleasant little parties." Those whose duty has called them to follow the doings of the tour from close range, thereby enjoying the lux-

uries of fast trains, early morning calls, country hotel food, and other enjoyments which go to make rural life in Canada famous, have had occasion to note that not a voice has been raised in anger, either by Mr. Borden or Mr. Doherty against the record of the Laurier Government. Even Mr. Pugsley and his sawdust wharf scandal were so nicely treated by the opposition leader, that the Honorable William, had he been there to listen, would have rubbed his eyes in astonishment at this type of campaigning. The late Mr. J. Israel Tarte made famous the remark that "elections are not won by prayers." It may be remarked for the edification of the two amiable gentlemen who have been ambulating about Ontario for the past two weeks, preaching the angelic political doctrine of purity and high ideals, that if the Laurier Government is ever defeated, it will not be done through the medium of "piousness." Victory and ice-cream do not go hand in hand.

Everyone who knows Mr. R. L. Borden recognizes the charm of the man's personality, but it is not the kind of charm that gets over the footlights. He cannot grip an audience. In the tricks of the platform, Sir Wilfrid Laurier can give his leading opponent aces and spades. Without magnetism and the art of popular oratory, Mr. Borden on tour is about as entertaining as a wet day funeral. With these facts admitted, it would have been thought that the "high brows" who managed the tour, would have selected a running mate for the leader who would have at least been able to offer the public something light and tasty after the rather solid meat of Mr. Borden. But not so. In the Conservative campaign of 1907, J. G. H. Bergeron, the "Beauharnois Boy," went west as the chief orator, or as one Government organ somewhat cruelly put it: "Mr. Bergeron was taken along to dispel the gloom caused by Mr. Borden's speeches." On the present occasion, if the party managers had tried to pick a man as nearly alike to Mr. Borden in personality and characteristics, they could not have hit upon a more suitable man than Mr. Doherty. The member for St. Ann's has had not one iota of experience on the stump. Of the rough and tumble of political fighting he knows nothing. He is not an orator by any means, and his enthusiasm-rising ability nil. So by two men of almost similar dispositions and characteristics the province has been stumped.

Of enthusiasm there has been none. The stage management has been faulty. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whenever he goes vote-hunting, carries a body of advance agents and a carload of political scenery. Mr. Borden does not even have a private car. He drops in to a town and out of it before the inhabitants know he is calling. Laurier would have a big streamer across the main street asking for permission to "finish his work." Borden prefers a quiet chat to men and women under a shady tree, with the children sucking ice-cream cones.

The Ontario tour of June, 1910, will be remembered by those who followed it, chiefly on account of the absence of hard hitting and the presence of a gentle criticism which, while nice, never yet turned a government from power. The Conservative party wants battle-axes, not kid gloves.

PRESS COMMENT ON CURRENT EVENTS

The Liberal meetings in Manitoba are being attended by Conservative representatives. It seems to be impressed by the current incident of the Government, and it is safe to conclude that many will vote in condemnation of it.

Up to date this year there have been more settlers enter Canada from other countries than in any previous twelve month period. The number is something more than 112,000. And this in face of the fact that immigration regulations are such now as practically prohibit the entry of any but handicapped people.

A railway strike at this time on a large scale would give Canadian prosperity a blow in the face. The railway companies and the railway brotherhoods are under a deep responsibility—London Advertiser.

At last the people of the United States are to get the advantage of postal savings banks. But the rate of interest to be allowed is only 2 1/2 per cent. Here in Canada there is some grumbling at what is considered the low rate of 3 per cent.—Hamilton, Ont., Times.

There is no evidence that Mr. Borden's cry that the National Transcontinental Railroad is costing more than was anticipated as making any impression upon the electors. The latter are content to know that a road of superior quality is being constructed with entire freedom from scandal, and that it is playing a necessary part in the development of the country.—Brantford Expositor.

A fellow-citizen in Quebec Province is being congratulated on the fact that he has been married three times. The people of his race in old France are taxing bachelors and giving a premium on marriage in the fear that their race will perish.—Toronto Globe.

It is said that farmers from the Western States have brought \$10,000,000 into Canada with them this season. Is it any wonder that Chicago and other United States points have put up a strenuous campaign entitled "Why Go to Canada?"

There is some relief, anyway, in having a strong feeling of security. A Montreal baseball fan can go into the woods beyond the range of newspapers for a week and know where the Montreal team will be on his return.—Toronto Star.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of his accession to power by calling the bluff of "Bob" Rogers. And it is a "call" which will require a better hand to beat.—Ottawa Free Press.

QUEBEC DIDN'T LIKE THE "HEAVY STUFF"

H. Price Webber, the veteran theatrical man, who pilots a show company around New England and the Lower Provinces, and is the dean of the circuit, was in Boston the other day, and was telling some of the experiences in the country with his Boston Comedy Company. He told a good story of a theatrical man who once started off with a company of New York artists for Quebec province, and as Webber was booked over the same circuit, the New Yorker advised the New England man to call off his dates, "so that the comparison between your performance and mine will not obtrude closely to the public, to your disadvantage."

"Well," replied Webber, "I can hardly change now, as I have been going over the route for some years and they expect me to keep my bookings."

"Very well," said he, "but I don't want to do you up. Therefore I am giving you this chance and put, say six months between us. I have certainly got the goods, and it will be bad for you to come so close to me."

Webber asked him what plays he was going to perform. He said: "We are going to play 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Don Caesar de Bazan,' 'Ruy Blas,' and 'Leah the Forsaken.'"

Webber remarked that these were good plays, and might prove drawing cards.

"Drawing cards!" exclaimed he, "Why, my boy, we will pulverize the public."

However, Webber didn't call off his dates and some five or six weeks afterwards he was at West Farnham, P. Q., and when the Bedford train drew up at the station, who should come up but his former acquaintance. "Hello!" said he; "how are you getting on?"

"Oh," Webber said, "I get a dollar occasionally. How are you doing?"

"Nothing!" said he, "absolutely starving!"

"Why," said Webber, "what is the reason you are doing so badly?"

"Twenty-five years ahead of time. My pieces are too rich for their blood. They ain't educated up to my standard. I am sowing so that somebody else will reap."

The result was that Webber, in the kindness of his heart, paid the fares of the stranded troupe back to Boston.

Aquatic Recreations

(Toronto Globe)

The season of holiday making and recreation has already been saddened by drowning accidents. The open water, delightfully inviting in the sultry days, is the greatest source of the season's dangers, and it is necessary to impress the fact that death lurks always under its smooth or undulating surface. This may seem like the needless exaggeration of timidity, but the records show the lamentable necessity of continuous reiteration. The first step toward enjoying the recreations of the water should always be to learn to swim. There are now such excellent provisions in Toronto not only for boys and men, but for girls and women, available all the year round that neglect is scarcely excusable. Sufficient experience and skill to avoid the impulse of terror that makes rescue impossible when a boat has capsized has often turned the balance between death and life. With regard to a capsized boat the best advice is to never have such an accident. Other warnings are of little account, but if the great blunder is made, always cling to the boat. While it floats never leave it unless rescued. As to rescues, they occur almost every Saturday and holiday on Toronto Bay, and the rescued are generally inclined to laugh over their pitch and toss with death. A sad record shows that many take similar chances at northern lakes and summer resorts, where rescuers are not on hand.

All who participate in aquatic recreations should learn the rules of the road for all kinds of craft, and the meaning of lights and ordinary signals. Those not inclined to take such precautions on grounds of safety may be influenced by the reflection that it is ridiculous to make an amateurish display of ignorance on the water. Having learned the rules, it is well to avoid situations where there would be an inclination to insist on rights against larger vessels.

Large steamers under way cannot be stopped or turned suddenly to avoid accidents, and their officers may not always be considerate. It is better to yield rights than suffer an accident. The canoe is a delightful craft, but it should be used only by those who can swim. Its freeboard is not sufficient for open water. It is quickly filled in a storm, and unless there is much captured air under it when upturned, it has very little buoyancy.

Swells from gasoline and steam launches often cause canoe accidents. Men with gasoline launches should be more considerate toward canoeists, and sailboats need not always insist on their right of way. The skiff is the safest and for that reason the most enjoyable craft. If kept out of the way of other boats, not overloaded, and its occupants never stand up nor leave their seats, accidents are virtually impossible. With easy rowing they ride almost any storm. The gasoline launch is a source of many dangers to the incompetent sailor and to those who may be in his erratic way. They will continue to make a record of accidents until men and boys are willing to learn how to handle them before making the attempt. With sailing skills, dinghies, and yachts, large and small, the need of apprenticeship is imperative. They afford the most delightful of aquatic recreations. The man who can sail may resent advice, but he may with profit be reminded that the habit of lazily belaying sheets in squally weather has been responsible for many mishaps. Necessary caution and common sense can avert many of the disasters that seem every season to wait for participants in the most delightful of summer's recreations.

The human skin is perforated by at least 1000 holes in the space of each square inch.

To prevent a dog from fraternizing with strangers a good plan is to get an outsider to coax the animal to him, and when it does so, to administer a pretty sharp stroke with a cane. A young dog can be taught thus quite readily.

Hawick, the "Queen of the Borders," and a typical Scottish town of 16,000 inhabitants, has at present, exclusive of gardens under private ownership, the imposing total of 500 allotment gardens, a fact which in itself bespeaks an unusually large share of the acknowledged Scottish thrift and industry.

Stage line for Meduetic and points on western side of river leaves the post office Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7.30 a.m.

Steamer Hampstead leaves Fredericton every week day for Gagetown at 4 o'clock p.m. Arrives from Gagetown at 10.30 a.m.

Steamer Victoria leaves for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock a.m. Arrives on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4.30 p.m.

Steamer Elaine leaves for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at eight o'clock. Arrives every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 4.30 p.m.

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GUIDE FOR TRAVELLERS

INTERCOLONIAL DEPARTURES.

No. 303—Mixed for Loggieville, 5.00
No. 317—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 6.15.
No. 321—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 11.15.
No. 323—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 16.20.
No. 301—Express for Loggieville, Chatham, Campbellton, Quebec, Montreal, etc., 18.30.
No. 327—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 18.40.
No. 329—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 22.00.

ARRIVALS

No. 306—Suburban from Marysville 7.45.
No. 302—Express from Loggieville, Chatham Junction 11.25.
No. 308—Suburban from Marysville 13.30.
No. 304—Mixed from Loggieville and Chatham Junction, 16.00.
No. 310—Suburban from Marysville 19.15.
No. 316—Suburban from Marysville 21.55.

CANADIAN PACIFIC DEPARTURES

6.20 a.m.—Express for St. John, Portland, Boston, Woodstock, etc.
7.55 a.m.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North, Leaves St. Marys at 8.10.
9.45 a.m.—Express for St. John and points east.
4.45 p.m.—Mixed for Woodstock, via Gibson branch on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
5.50 p.m.—Express for Montreal, and Boston, Woodstock, St. Stephen, etc.

ARRIVALS

9.10 a.m.—Express from St. John and points east.
11.20 a.m.—Mixed from Woodstock, via Gibson branch, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.
11.35 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Boston, etc.
7.50 p.m.—Express from St. John, and points east.
9.05 p.m.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points North.
10.50 p.m.—Express from Boston, Portland, Woodstock, St. Stephen, etc.

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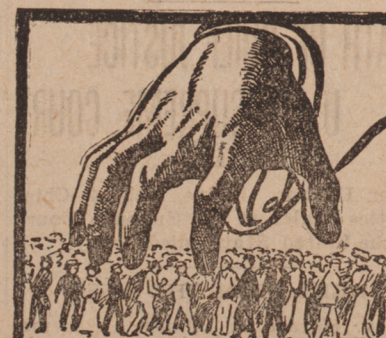
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