

MR. BORDEN'S LEADERSHIP.

Utterly Fails to Control His Followers in the House.

STANDARD OF COURTEOUS EXPRESSION HAS FALLEN.

And Bar Room Language Has Been Adopted by Tory Spouters.

(Moncton Transcript.)

The failure of Mr. R. L. Borden as a parliamentary leader is too marked to escape recognition by the country. The politician who fails to successfully lead his own political friends in opposition cannot hope to successfully lead them in an administrative capacity.

The true test of successful political leadership lies in the uniformity and reasonable consistency with which the views of a political party upon any one subject are expressed by many of its leaders and deputy leaders within a reasonable period. Measured by that test Mr. Borden's leadership falls short of even moderate success; because on almost every political topic, the opposition leaders and budding leaders have voiced as many divergent views as there were speakers. It is unnecessary to cite the numerous instances because they are too glaring and too frequent for any student of public affairs to overlook their existence.

A successful political leader, however, must besides maintaining a reasonable uniformity of party expression of views upon public topics, also firmly insist upon his associates uniformly maintaining that dignity and courtesy in debate consistent with the highest and best traditions of British parliamentary procedure. It is in this feature, lies Mr. Borden's most deplorable failure. Since he became leader though not with his personal example, yet through his personal responsibility for not firmly insisting that his supporters shall abandon such a course, the standard of courteous expression on the Tory members that has distastefully fallen.

Where lies the responsibility for this? Mr. Borden is gentlemanly, courteous and honorable in his own remarks it is true, but he fails in firmly insisting that his followers must accept his personal example or cease to be his parliamentary supporters.

Is this charge of the decadence in the Tory standard of parliamentary courtesy this season, withdrawn? Let the leader judge for himself from these instances collected from the House of Commons Hansard during three consecutive days' discussion:

Mr. Cochrane—(Tory)—Do not get off on some high fulfuttin' talk like that.—Col. 4599, July 4.

How dignified! It sounds like a breeze from the Bowery. Again in Col. 6107:—

Mr. Lennox—(Tory)—The Minister of Finance need not think for one moment that he is going to crowd it down our throats, etc.

What charming delicacy of language. What an addition to famous parliamentary phraseology which forms the model from which the youthful orators of our universities are to copy.

The next day July 5, Mr. Cochrane had the floor again and on being asked a number of irrelevant questions, a cabinet minister remarked that the question was laying out a very large contract for the minister.

Mr. Cochrane—(Tory)—Yes, to get much into your head I suppose. How polite! Then the Tory railway expert so-called, from Hamilton, poses:

Mr. Barker—On every occasion there is an avoidance of telling the whole truth—that is the plain English of it.

The preceding is doubly polite, but on July 6 there was a continuous scene in which the Tory members appeared as buffoons. One of the most flippant of the Tory brigade is Mr. Ingram of East Elgin. He endorsed a statement respecting the Hon. Wm. Ross, for the withdrawal of which there was a general demand. Here is an extract:—

Mr. Armand Lavergne.—So much the better.

Mr. Ingram—Here is another fresh one who has just come in.

Mr. Armand Lavergne.—Better to be too fresh than too rusty.

Mr. Ingram.—When my young friend is a few years in the House he will learn to hang his hat on a peg. He will know less in the next five or six years than he thinks he knows today. Let me give him a piece of advice; don't be quite so fresh my young friend and you will get along better.

How dignified this method of talking slang across the house, instead of addressing the chair respecting the actual subject under consideration. Then on the same day (Col. 6326 of Hansard) Mr. Sproule, Mr. R. L. Borden's chief deputy from Ontario, who can talk longer about nothing than any other man in public life was ventilating his views. Mr. Fielding was speaking when Mr. Sproule interrupted him and tried to speak at the same time, and Hansard reports him thus:—

Mr. Sproule.—I can give the hon. gentleman instances which he must know himself.

An hon. member.—Sit down. Mr. Sproule.—Who has the insolence to tell me to "sit down?" If he were outside I would slap his mouth.

"I would slap his mouth!" There is Tory argument, in the good old-fashioned way! How low has fallen the Tory standard of debate! Mr. Borden should have repudiated his chief supporter's manner. What material from which to form a Tory cabinet.

Then again the same day, Mr. Blain (Tory) was professedly quoting from Hansard:—

Mr. Armand Lavergne. Give us the page?

Mr. Blain.—Give my hon. friend a cigarette, he has softening of the brain now and perhaps he will get it a little more. It is page 2564.

The request for the page was a proper one; Mr. Blain's retort was blackguardly. But where was Mr. R. L. Borden's control of his party. Then Mr. Ganong of Charlotte, added his quote to the degrading exhibition. He said:

This Saint Henry of the House, that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, our newly fledged saint is indeed very peculiar.

What dignity of expression! How elevated the tone! How choice the contribution to the classics of British parliamentary lore. And this is the successor to the Hon. Mr. Gilmor whose eloquence won a tribute of applause from political friend as well as foe. How great the falling off in the ability of Charlotte's federal representative.

A reference to the Hansard for other days would reveal a similar degradation of the parliamentary standard of discussion by the Tory opposition; and Mr. R. L. Borden owes it to himself to insist upon the owes it to himself to insist upon his chief supporters mending their parliamentary manners.

A MAN HATES HIMSELF

When he wakes up with headache and bad taste in the mouth. Something is needed to settle the stomach, clear away the dull heavy feeling and create a little appetite. Just get a tumbler of water, some sugar and pour in a stiff dose of Nerviline. You'll pick up immediately and feel tip-top in a few minutes. Nerviline hasn't an equal for a condition of this kind. It stimulates, stops the headache, relieves the sick feeling and fits you for a hard day's work. Try Nerviline. Large bottles cost 25c.

AN AERONAUT'S DEATH.

Dropped From a Balloon Into the St. Lawrence and was Drowned.

(Montreal Herald.)

An unfortunate accident, with a fatal ending, marred the special programme of festivities at Riverside Park, Saturday, in celebration of the fall of Bastille. A balloon ascension by James Anthony Bennett, of 156 St. Lawrence Street, was one of the chief attractions at the afternoon fete. The ascension was made successfully, but when coming down on the south side of the river, Bennett dropped from the balloon, struck the water, and disappeared. Rescue boats immediately started for the scene, but nothing could be seen of the body. George and John McGill, of 38 Mance Street, were boating not far from where the aeronaut fell, and immediately rowed to the spot, but all they could find was the life preserver, which he had strapped to his body before going up. Yesterday morning renewed search ended in the recovery of the body in about two feet of water.

Before ascending Bennett had several times remarked that the balloon was too light for him. The ascension, however, was made most successfully, and all went well until

the balloon began to descend near Longueuil. This it did quite rapidly, and it is thought that Bennett lost his nerve and dropped from it into the water about forty feet beneath. He was a good swimmer, and had on a life preserver, but must have been stunned by the shock, as he was immediately lost sight of. ...

Bennett was an experienced aeronaut, as he had travelled in that capacity through the United States before coming to Montreal. The ascension on Saturday he was making as a trial before seducing an engagement with the Riverside Park management for weekly exhibitions during the season. He was of English birth, 38 years of age, and has a wife and two children surviving him. The inquest was held at the morgue this morning by Deputy Coroner Biron, and resulted in a verdict of accidental death.

DO YOU TIRE EASILY?

If You Lack Strength, Energy and Force, It's Because Your Blood is Thin and Watery.

THE BEST TONIC IS FERROZONE—READ OF THE MARVEL IT PERFORMED FOR THREE SISTERS IN LAWRENCE TOWN—IT CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU.

Speaking for herself and sisters, Miss Dorothea Borden writes: "I am anxious to make known the great benefit that I and my sisters derived from Ferrozone. A short time ago I was tired out and depressed, and felt as if some severe illness were hanging over me. I was so nervous that I found it hard to keep up with my work. Noticing that many Canadian women were being built up by Ferrozone I sent for a supply and took it regularly for a month. So great was the improvement that my sisters took Ferrozone. Not one of us had a spark of color in our cheeks, but Ferrozone soon made our complexions ruddy. We soon had good appetites, slept better, and were helped a lot by Ferrozone. We still use Ferrozone, because we find it keeps our systems in a strong, healthy condition. It is certainly a wonderful tonic, and a fine remedy for weak women. Ferrozone has been worth its weight in gold in our family."

To take Ferrozone means you get more strength; means a reserve of energy, and protection against weakness and sickness. Ferrozone is a food medicine that supplies the body with everything needed to build up the brain, blood and nerve tissues. If its health you seek, Ferrozone will bring it quickly. It is a food- tonic that every woman should use. Refuse a substitute and see that you get the genuine Ferrozone. Price 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50 at all druggists or N. C. Polson & Co. Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

ESCAPED FROM NIAGARA RAPIDS.

Edward Lloyd of Hamilton, Fell in Above the Falls.

Edward Lloyd, a shoemaker from Hamilton, Ont., had a narrow escape from going over the American Falls recently. He was walking on Willow Island, and stepped on a rock at the water's edge to get a better view of the rapids. He slipped and fell into the water.

He was carried rapidly down stream towards the Falls. He struggled bravely to reach the shore, and just above the Goat Island bridge, when he had given up hope of reaching the shore, he struck a rock and managed to cling to it until his strength returned. He then made a final effort and succeeded in reaching a place of safety just below the bridge. He walked to a saloon on Falls street, where he collapsed on the floor. He was taken to police headquarters in the ambulance, and recovered consciousness in a half hour. "It was at first thought that he had made an attempt at suicide. His statement, however, is accepted by the police. Lloyd came to this country in search of work. He had 26 cents in his pockets. His escape from the plunge over the Falls is considered marvellous, as he cannot swim a stroke.

Nature "makes all things beautiful in their time." Every one of life's seasons, when life moves on Nature's lines, has its own charm and beauty. Many women dread that period when they must experience change of life. They fear that face and form may suffer by the change, and that they may fall to please those whom they love. The value of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription in this crisis of woman's life lies in the fact that it assists Nature. Its use preserves the balance and buoyancy of the mind and sustains the physical powers. Many women have expressed their gratitude for the help and comfort given by "Favorite Prescription" in this trying period. Its benefits are not passing but permanent and conduce to mental happiness as well as physical strength.

Our Nurses in Japan.

Miss Adelaide Mackereith, a Philadelphia nurse who made one of Dr. Anita Mance's party now serving with the Japanese army, says she and her companions, Americans and Canadians, have been treated like goddesses by the Japanese.

"Hundreds of people lined the shores as we came in," she writes. "They waved fans and parasols and as we passed by them bent themselves double on each side of us. Buddhist priests gave us a reception in their temples. They burned incense and did curious things. The first week we felt as though we were princesses in fairyland. Even the princesses called on us."

Proceeding to Hiroshima where there is a great hospital filled with Japanese who were wounded in Korea, she writes a postscript: "At every station there were crowds of people to welcome us, even during the night. Our car was one mass of flowers, fruits and presents and welcoming addresses. At large stations there seemed to be hundreds of people. They deem it wonderful kindness on our part to come so far to nurse their wounded."

MUST NOT BE DECOLLETE.

Low-Necked Dresses Considered Indelicate in Japan.

"When you go into Japan," said Rev. R. P. Mackay to those in attendance at the Presbyterian Quincentennial School at Toronto, "you find everything done in such a peculiar way—in most cases the very opposite of the way in which we do them."

"In Japan, when a lady dresses for a festive occasion, her neck is always covered. It would be considered a most indelicate thing to go any place with the neck exposed. She usually goes barefooted, too."

"If you go to a funeral you will not find the solemn stillness that pervades a funeral in this country, but everything is made lively and there is a great deal of chatter."

Continuing, Mr. Mackay pointed out many other respects in which the Japs differed from other races. One of their most striking characteristics was their love of heroism. For this reason, he said, missionaries who did not make much display were not as successful with the people in Japan as some plenipotentiaries who made reputations for themselves by establishing themselves in the imagination of the people.

Lincoln.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

The farmers in this vicinity will commence haying this coming week. They report the hay crop very light.

The strawberry festival which was held in the hall on Thursday evening was a success. The amount of \$20.00 was realized after the expenses are paid the balance goes towards the debt on the Orange Hall.

We are pleased to note that Mr. John Donnelly who was seriously ill last week is somewhat improved and we hope to see him out again before long.

Mr. Edward Patterson has returned home from the West, where he has been spending the last year. He visited the St. Louis fair and reports the weather very warm there.

Mrs. Frank Rowan and children of Fredericton, are visiting her sister, Miss Emma Smith.

Our two popular school teachers, Miss Clara Smith and Miss Effie Hayward, have gone to Gagetown for a visit.

Mrs. J. Fred Williamson and children of St. John, are the guests of J. H. True.

Rev. E. H. Cochrane and wife have gone to Pettediac to spend a well earned vacation of two weeks.

Mr and Mrs George Palmer and wife of Carleton county are the guests of Mrs. H. B. Mitchell.

IF YOU DON'T SLEEP WELL

It's because your nerves are in a weak, irritable condition. Ferrozone will make them strong and correct the trouble causing your insomnia. "I fell into a state of nervous exhaustion last fall," writes Mrs. J. Stroud of Dexter. "I was run down, couldn't sleep and felt perfectly miserable,—tried Ferrozone and was quickly benefited. I can recommend Ferrozone to any one suffering from overwrought nerves and sleeplessness." No tonic is better, try Ferrozone. Price 50c. at druggists.

No man can love his neighbor as himself if the aforesaid neighbor is learning to play a cornet.

Cultivate cheerfulness and amiability.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap powder is better than other soap powders. It also acts as a disinfectant.

SUING HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Attleboro Man Says She Alienated His Wife's Affections.

"A mother-in-law is a woman who would do anything or anybody if she got the chance, and I know what I am talking about." This was the answer that James Robinson, of 26 Starkey avenue, Attleboro, gave me when I asked him his opinion of his wife's mother. Mr. Robinson is the man who has brought a suit for \$5,000 against his mother-in-law, Mrs. Isabel Reid, of North Attleboro, for the alienation of his wife's affections.

His wife has left him. His home is broken up. Two lawsuits hang over his head.

Dave Stevens, a former fiance of his wife, is said to have disappeared the same day she did.

Mr. Robinson says his advice to every unmarried man is that he marry an orphan or else make sure that a good many miles lie between his family and his wife's family. And he would advise the young husband never to allow "dear mamma" to pay him a visit or see the young wife too often.

He is in dead earnest, too, this young man of twenty-six, with big blue eyes. If he were not so in earnest and did not take even the humor of his peculiar situation so seriously, I think I should have enjoyed his tale of woe far more than any mother-in-law joke in a comic weekly.

The young man is a jeweller in a factory, and came home, or rather to the place where he hangs his hat, at 6 the day I met him. He stopped on the steps to tell his marital troubles.

Well, mine is a clear case of too much mother-in-law, he remarked, when I asked him to tell me about his \$5,000 suit.

Do you know I believe I'll write a book yet and call it "My Opinion of a Mother-in-law," and dedicate it to my own.

My wife was Sadie Rogers. Her mother had married again, and was Mrs. Isabel Reid. They lived at North Attleboro. Sadie was engaged to Dave Stevens when I met her. Mrs. Reid seemed to like me, and offered her daughter a new silk dress to throw Dave over for me.

So we became engaged, and Mrs. Reid gave Sadie \$700 for a present. She used to like to call it her daughter's dot. That money went toward a house which cost \$5,000 on John street, here in town. I furnished the rest of the money.

Well we were married, and Sadie's mother and two brothers came to live with us. Then the trouble began. The mother held the whip hand, and didn't do a thing but pull a tight reign over the whole house.

For a year and eight months I endured this martyrdom. Frequently Sadie's mother and I clashed, but for my wife's sake I stood it bravely.

I loved my wife and we never had a word. Maybe she'll come back to me yet, and I'm ready to take her, for I knew she only left me because her mother influenced her.

The old lady grew to hate me cordially, and finally the climax came when she accused me of stealing money from her room. Afterwards it appeared that a child had taken it, but I had stood the limit, and ordered her out. She never had paid any board.

Four months from the time she left my wife went away leaving a note for me on the table saying she had gone forever. Dave Stevens disappeared the same day. That was six months ago, and neither has since been heard of by me.

The mother told several people, so the latter say she had given her daughter money to go to Nova Scotia, to leave me and had helped her to pack up to go.

Mrs. Reid then brought a suit against me for breach of contract, declaring she had only loaned the \$700 with which to buy our house.

Then I sued Mrs. Reid for \$5,000 for causing my wife to leave me and breaking up my home. I don't know yet just how my suit will come out, but I expect to win.

Of course, I've always heard a lot about mothers-in-law, but I never knew in real life before that they are such shrews. Why, scores of married men in this town have come to me to offer their sympathy, and tell me of their trouble. Nothing is good enough for me or my daughter, is the lay of their chant, and therein lies all the trouble. Without the mother, so the men tell me, the wives would be sensible.

Well, I love her yet, though I've come to the conclusion that love is a farce, marriage a failure, and a mother-in-law a woman who ought to be locked up.—Benlah Dickinson.