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Livingston's, Brock St

A Little Out of the Way, But It Will Pay You To Walk

PRESS GALLERY GLIMPSES

Special Whig Correspondence From the House of Commons.

CAUSES FOR TROUBLE

(Copyrighted.) Well, whatever else happens in this dreary waste of words, we had one lively day. It occurred last week but it dwells in the memory yet like an attack of acute indigestion. This parliament is suffering from large emotions, sternly suppressed. Although it talks some, it says little, because the good stuff will keep until a general election, and also because the public isn't listening any way, both its ears being in Europe. Consequently, when a genuine old blood-and-fire debate, in which passion speaking and hard hitting are the order of the day, takes place it acts as a mustard plaster and greatly eases the pains and aches of the body politic.

Looking back over the area of disturbance one sees now that the trouble was due in almost equal parts to the freedom and independence of Professor Adam Shortt, the growing nature of the party trust, Tom White's sense of humor, and George Graham's gift of repartee. incidentally, George Graham had the best word and it was a scorcher. Professor Adam Shortt is chairman of the Civil Service Commission and his duty is to place the civil service on as high a plane as the abstract principles of efficiency struggling with the time-honored patronage system will allow. Admitting the professor had a hard job and he is often between the devil and the deep sea, that is to say, between the pressure of the local member backed up by the cabinet minister and his own conscience. The professor finds it necessary to summon all his philosophy against the slings and arrows of outrageous politicians but he carries it off well and is seldom tempted to make a hot answer. Being removable, like the auditor-general, only on a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Parliament, he understands that his office is out of politics as much as any office can be and that it is his fate to fret the government and be defended by the opposition of the day to the end of the chapter. At least if the professor doesn't understand it, he doesn't know his job, and I have no reason to believe that he lacks intelligence.

The moral so far as Prof. Shortt is concerned is to beware of statistics. It was almost a month ago that he strayed into figures at the People's Forum in Ottawa, and the day being Sunday, he told as much of the truth as was revealed to him. In other words, he stated that since 1911 there had been 2,000 dismissals and 10,000 appointments in the civil service. His words were: "Two thousand were dismissed and how many took their place—just ten thousand." Naturally these figures and the exact infection the professor gave them, received a wide circulation at the hands of the Liberal Press, because they proved that the Government was "going some." Just as naturally the Government presented a text with so much edge on it. They put up a holler that the professor didn't know his multiplication tables.

As a matter of fact the professor didn't. He was under, rather than over in mark, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is the best little digger not actively engaged in the Allies' trenches, got busy with the disjointed verbiage suggested by the various departments, he figured out that there had been eleven thousand dismissals and, toward appointments which make the spread between dismissals and appointments two thousand more than the professor's estimate. And at that there are several cabinet ministers to hear from. Subsequently, Dr. Pugsley calculated the eleven thousand civil servants at an average of one thousand dollars each meant eleven million additional dollars a year at a time when Canada should be pinching pennies. Altogether, Prof. Shortt seems to have a good margin to come up on.

Although the Government hasn't put all the facts on the record yet, because truth is precious and must not be parted with wholesale, the Cabinet ministers answered Prof. Shortt in various ways. One after another they got up and said these hands are clean, that they were engaged at the idea that it took a five Tories to supply the place of one Grit. The increases had merely kept pace with the general expansion of the country. Also great play was made with "resignations." Prof. Shortt had not differentiated between resignations and dismissals. Perhaps he hadn't. Perhaps he didn't for a reason aptly put by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who said that resignation was a virtue and that people often made virtue of a necessity, which might have been the case with some thousands of Liberals, who got out from under before the axe fell. At all events many high-minded Liberals, feeling, doubtless, that they couldn't work under a Conservative Government, fixed themselves while the firing was good. There was a regular epidemic of hard-knock Liberalism. "Go-borders," particularly in the outside services, in the post office, public works and customs departments. Prof. Shortt may have made a mistake in overlooking this delicacy of feeling on the part of Grits holding down Government jobs, but I don't think he did. If he had it, would have made the figures that much larger. Prof. Shortt is a just man and he doesn't want to give an Government more than the worst of it.

Probably because their figures in rebuttal were not wholly convincing, the cabinet ministers went at Professor Shortt from around the corner. One accused him of being a Grit appointee and a fierce partisan; another charged him with setting stiff examination papers for landing waiters; a third with being an egotist. The argument was

Codlin's, our friend, not Shortt. From that it wandered to the broad question of spoils versus merit in civil service appointments and that serene and yellow field was harrowed by shot and shell. Sir George Murray's dusty report being tread out and unlimbered, did good work. One way and another the engagement lasted nine hours. The Professor's name may be Shortt, but he made a deuced long day of it. However, he was only a peg to hang bigger matters on.

Galloping around the war zone without the aid of a horse, several members touched on the subject of loyalty and its silent side-partner, the party truce, which, like charity, is being used to cover a multitude of sins. The biggest source of some think, was boosting the tariff seven and a half per cent, and giving the British Preference a pill while the Opposition was holding its breath, but naturally this was not mentioned by the Government supporters. They did, however, set up an item in the Liberal Monthly which asked Sir George Foster why he didn't get busy and land some of the British Government's war orders for Canada. They claimed that this was a dastardly deal, not unlike that of the Argentine Mariner, who shot the albatross. It was one poor little item in seven months absolute fidelity to treaty obligations, a piece of friendly advice in the true spirit of harmony, a tip on which Sir George Foster acted promptly, but they certainly did make a great holler over it. It was capped with a forceful quotation from the Federal Press Bulletin, which showed that the enemy was using the truce, not to bury its dead, but to bring up big guns and build concrete emplacements, but that made no difference to the snipers. They took their cue from the tariff, which, like the German Zeppelins, was brought out under pressure of interested opinion to drop something somewhere, and they kept on plotting.

Fowler, of King's, who has a tongue like a sharp sword, was for drawing the Senate's sword, of whose latest appointments were hanging over the gallery railing, but he was checked up by the Speaker, who didn't want any more trouble than he had on his hands already. Even Arthur De Witt Foster did not differ to smile, and that was pretty nearly the limit. Arthur De Witt Foster, B.A., is the briskest rafter-boy in the House, but too green to burn yet. Not too green, however, to land the government with a set of old crocks as war horses which he bought, with the assistance of two veterinarians, in his native Nova Scotia. Broadly speaking, the trouble with Arthur was that he didn't know the difference between a war horse and a saw horse, and he made his purchases on that basis. One charger he picked up had seen thirty summers and as many winters and died of old age three days after reaching Valcartier camp. Major-General Sam, being asked in the House what was its disposition, replied the glue factory. This is a sad fate for a horse which should have spent its declining years in peaceful contemplation instead of prancing along those paths of glory which lead but to the grave. But it's all up to Arthur De Witt Foster, who might have counselled the horse to shun ambition and avoid the sin by which the angels fell. However, Arthur is due to fall at the next general election himself, so we need not follow his remarks any further.

Somewhere in the dead waist and middle of the debate, Finance Minister White, intending to slap his old friends, the Liberals, on the wrist, expressed surprise that the honorable gentlemen opposite did not seem to be aware that there was a war. They lacked vision and imagination. While the great Allied fleet was smashing its way through the redoubts and the Allies, and the war were in conflict on the plains of Troy, where Gods and heroes once fought, the honorable members were discussing fertilizers and squid. It was a brilliant flash, and I remember it well, because it stuck out like a gold tooth. There was humor in it, too, the kind of humor that ate the other fellow out under the collar. Humor is a serious profession, even more serious than being an undertaker. If you don't handle it just right there's a come-back in it and then the laugh shifts to the other side of your face. Humor is like the art of eating spic, hettif, if you don't know how, you're apt to get involved in it. You slap a man genially on the back and you find you have hit a boil.

All of which is to say that George Graham was there with the come-back. He made a speech fifteen minutes long and seven minutes Shortt, the other eight being devoted to answering the Finance Minister. It was the liveliest eight minutes the House has listened to for two years. Hansard will be ransacked in vain for a passage more sparkling. The speech reads as well as it sounds, and that is an unusual quality in parliamentary speeches. The member for South Renfrew was swept out of his gentle banter. He edged his words with satire, and used the sharp whip of scorn. Not to put too fine a point on it, it was nuts for the Liberals. George Graham shot back the impetus of disloyalty, and the ball was so hot that the Finance Minister dropped it.

"I want to say," challenged the member for South Renfrew, "that because the Allies' feet is breaking into the Dardanelles is no reason why we should stand silent and let anybody break into the treasury of Canada." Later on he followed up the point. "We are ready to vote millions for war," he said, "but not one dollar for graft." He pointed to the empty seat of

Fr. Bland as attesting the loyalty of that son of French Canada, Dr. Clark had a son at the front, so had Mr. Gauvreau, but they were not using brass bands to tell about it. He repeated that never in his life had he seen a disloyal Liberal or a disloyal Conservative.

"We are prepared," he said, "to vote all the money that is necessary to carry the war to a successful issue, but we do not give up our right to criticize the administration of the affairs of this country. We are not going to abrogate our functions simply because somebody wants to dodge behind the fact that there is war."

And so the speech flamed on, a furnace blast in every sentence. The pity is that it is too big for this story. However, it's a safe bet that the jokers on the Government side won't stick pins in the truce any longer. George Graham's speech will hold them for a while.

—H. F. GADSBY.

COBALT WAS SAVED

BY BLUNDER OR GERMAN WHO CUT WRONG FUSE.

In Attempting To Explode 120 Cases Of Dynamite In Nipissing Powder Magazine — Plot is Charged.

Cobalt, March 11.—A piece of fuse about two inches long, to which was attached a cap for exploding, and which was cut off in the dark by a German Pole conspirator in error, has saved Cobalt from a terrific dynamite explosion which would have carried with it death and great destruction to property.

This has been revealed through the efforts of Provincial Police Inspector Rowell who followed up information laid by the Nipissing Mining Company that their powder magazine had been broken into sometime during the last week in February and an attempt made to blow it up by a stick of powder, fuse and cap.

Thomas Szyzkow was arrested a week ago and this story was that at the instigation, and after much pressure on the part of the two other men, he broke into the powder house, laid a stick of powder on one of the one hundred and twenty-nine cases of dynamite and lit a fuse. In the dark he had cut off two inches of the fuse, but did not apparently know it included the cap, with the result that the explosion did not take place. Had this happened at the time the fuse was lit, 8.30 in the evening, all the mills at the south end of Cobalt would have been put out of commission, the street railway destroyed, and much loss of life resulted, as the powder house is on solid rock, and three tons would have exploded.

Tremendous excitement reigns throughout the town at the narrow escape, especially among experienced mining men, who know what could have happened. The two men who came before the magistrate to-day. They were farmers in their own country. All three had been employees of the Nipissing Mining company, but were laid off recently.

Good News For Kingston

Gibson's Red Cross Drug Store will have Neilson's ice cream bricks on sale Friday and Saturday, March 12th and 13th. We have had so many calls for this famous ice cream in bricks these last few weeks. Mr. Gibson decided to begin the season earlier than previous years and expects to be able to supply all demands on and after March 12th. The quality of this famous ice cream is so well known in Kingston and all over Ontario it needs no more introduction.

A Parlor Social

The Kingston Order of Canadian Home Circle held a successful parlor social Wednesday night at Mrs. Charles Smeaton's, Raglan Road. An enjoyable evening was spent in games and music. Those taking part were Mr. and Mrs. Tidale, J. Smeaton, Pte. Comago with the violin, and Mrs. G. Prager as accompanist. Palm reading was done by Pte. Johnston Paudash, 21st Battalion.

25c. Eggs, Eggs, Eggs, 25c. Fresh eggs, only 25c. per dozen. J. Crawford.

A good liver persuader is the spring works wonders if you are not feeling right. Go to Gibson's Red Cross Drug Store.

Harry K. Thaw is in a serious state of health due to a cold contracted in the Tombs, New York.

PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, smarting, burning Piles. No matter how long they have been there, Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as a certain cure you can get it at any drug store. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 10 cents.

Silk at Exceptionally Good Values

This is an opportunity to secure your spring or summer dress; in new and seasonable silks, at prices that are much below regular.

Black Paillette Silks

Soft and evenly woven, 36 inches wide, regularly valued \$1.00. To-morrow, yard 75c

Black Duchesse Silks

Soft and a perfect weave; correct weight, 36 inches wide; regular value, \$1.25. To-morrow \$1.00

New Dress Materials

Never before has our Dress Goods department been able to offer a better assortment.

Materials for Spring Suits.

Materials for Afternoon Dresses.

Materials for Street Wear.

All the spring novelty shades as well as all staple colors.

Navy and Black Serges . . . 49c to \$2

Novelty Suitings \$1 to \$2

SILK WARP CREPES, POPLINS, CREPE DE CHENE.

White Washable Chamoisette Gloves

A perfect fitting Glove. All sizes for women, and a particularly attractive glove for spring.

50c a Pair

Skinner's Lining Satins

FOR SUITS FOR COATS

In Black, Grey, Fawns, Drabs, Cream, 36 inches wide.

\$1.25 a Yard

John Laidlaw & Son

\$1.98 | Two Good Bargains | \$2.38

FOR LADIES

Two Tables Full of Ladies' Fine Shoes on Sale. \$1.98 and \$2.38, all \$4.00 and \$5.00 Empress and Dorothy Dodd Shoes. —SOME SPLENDID VALUES—

The Lockett Shoe Store.

P.S.—A Big Shipment of Trunks and Suit Cases just received.

Special Sale Spring Suits

AT

Waldron's

SATURDAY MORNING, \$15, \$18 and \$20 Values for \$9.98

48 LADIES' SPRING SUITS

All this season's newest styles, short coats and full skirts. Materials are Cheviots, Gaberdines, Men's Wear Serges and other popular fabrics. All sizes and a full assortment of colors, including Navy and Black. These garments are all well made and finished. Regular values, \$15, \$18 and \$20.

Special Saturday Morning for \$9.98

120 PAIRS WHITE CORSETS

All this spring's new models in every size. Regular \$1.50.

Special for 98c

15 DOZ. BLACK UNDERSKIRTS

Sateen, Moira and Taffeta Regular price \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Special Saturday 98c

See corner window.

WALDRON'S