

YEAR 85, NO. 93

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1918

THIRD SECTION

DEBATES DRESS PARADE OF CANADA'S PARLIAMENT

The Old Fashioned Member Says That the Women Will Vote the Same Way As Their Men - Gadsby Tells of An Interesting Interview.

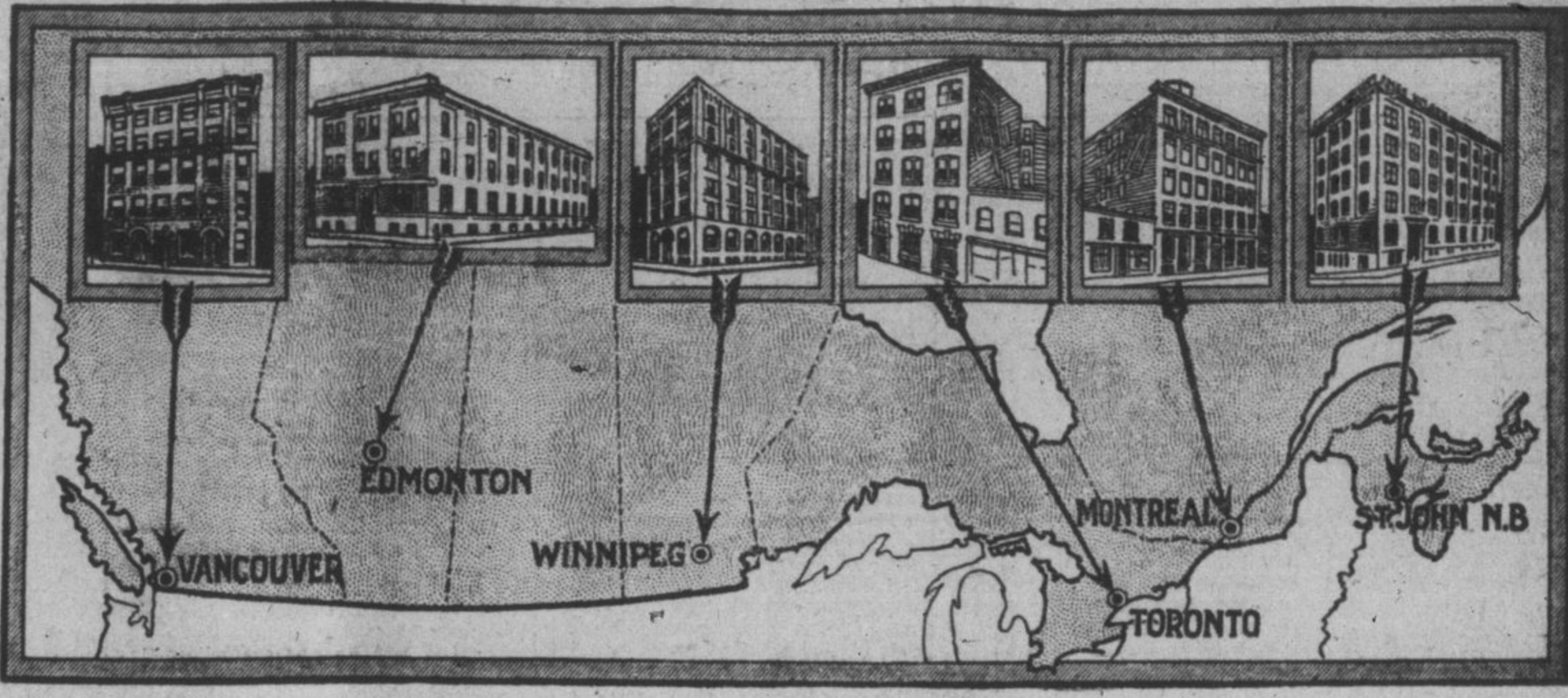
Ottawa, April 20. One must not bank altogether on the debates in Parliament. They are the dress parade of dissimulation—language is used there to conceal thought. The last word is always said outside the House and frequently it is quite different from that which Mr. Speaker's ears. As some members make a practice of it to talk one way, vote another and think a third, it is difficult to keep track of their real opinions. I am not sure that woman suffrage does not go through the House with a shrug of the shoulder. The Old-Fashioned Member does not believe in it but he regards it as inevitable—part of the ferment of the age—and he is not without hope that it will soon pass and that men and women will get back to being men and women again in the good old way that Providence intended. "I would," said the Old-Fashioned Member, "that I could utter the thoughts that arise in me but my constituents won't let me. I have a good sized women's vote in my riding and I may need it at the next election. At the same time I'd be glad to do without it. They'll vote the same way as their men. Simply doubles the canvassing—that's all I can see in it." "Women," I suggested, "will regenerate politics. You must remember that she is man's equal and has an equal right to share the responsibilities of state with him." "Equal!" snorted the Old-Fashioned Member, "equal in vote, but not his superior—some of them go that far—but I'll never agree to that. Equal rights with man. Granted. Then equal duties and equal penalties. They are the weaker sex no longer. Having edged in on man's rights they can hardly lay claim to woman's privileges. For instance why shouldn't a brisk young woman of voting age give up her seat in the street car to me, a tired old man of sixty-five?" "I suppose," continued the Old-Fashioned Member chewing his cigar savagely, "that when a woman kills her husband by putting powdered glass in his food or arsenic in his tea, that she will expect to receive a reward as usual. The mere fact of her having a vote won't prevent her chivalrous friends of both sexes from melting the kind heart of the Minister of Justice with pleas to let her off because she is a woman. And what's more I suppose the Minister of Justice will go on doing it. He's old-fashioned too and doesn't like to see a woman dancing a jig on the empty air." "Evidently," I said, "you're on the same side as those bright young men from Quebec—Sir Wilfrid Laurier's rising hopes—who developed their college theses the other day to the effect that woman's kingdom is the home. How did one young gallant put it—that her throne was on the fireplace? A pretty hot spot for a throne—but let it go at that." "Those bright young men from Quebec," replied the Old-Fashioned Member, "were quite right. I say nothing about the influence of a church which has sanctified motherhood and does not want to unsanctify it, but I do take my ground on human nature. Woman suffrage is a great deal more serious than politics—it is sex. Politics may shift but sex is immutable. I am disinclined to do anything that would interfere with love making the world go round as it has done ever since Eve was created. There will be many social, economic and political readjustments after the war, but I don't see how we're going to readjust sex." "The women are doing their best right now," I objected, "especially the pretty ones. They say that they're going to have a good time, like the men and devil take the hindmost." "A fever," said the Old-Fashioned Member, "they'll get over it when they find that husbands are not won that way. Twenty years of that Dead Sea apple, pleasure, and they'll get back to first principles—husband, a home, children. And I'm prophesying that they won't think as much of the vote after they've had their fling as they do now." "But their influence as moral reformers," I objected, "Prohibition and all that sort of thing, don't you know?" "Prohibition!" said the Old-Fashioned Member, "it wasn't the women that did that—it was the men. We said that booze was bad business and that killed it. There wasn't much moral reform in it—simply a conservation of resources and energy under stress of the war, and I'm in doubt whether it will last. Prohibition just now is a mood—it remains to be seen whether it is a conviction." "The women," continued the Old-Fashioned Member, "had their reasons for prohibition, but they were not moral reform ones. I leave you to guess what they were—they were economic and, er, or, physiological, but they were not moral. As a matter of fact the women are not moral reformers—they don't know when to stop. They spill goodness by carrying it so far that it becomes a vice." "As how?" I inquired. "Well, I hear that they're going after tobacco next. They say it's a waste. So it is. But waste has its place in the scheme of things. Tobacco is comfort—an easement of life—and woe to the woman if they try to take it away from us. When it comes to tobacco, they haven't got a leg to stand on. Tobacco doesn't break up the home—all it does is stink up the curtains." "Meanwhile," I said, "you object to votes for women?" "For heaven's sake," the Old-Fashioned Member was really alarmed, "don't quote me as saying that. It might lose me my seat. What I'm telling you is confidential. I'm a man all through, and I'm much prouder to speak of the plea my mother used to make than my son will be to speak of the votes his mother used to cast. There's the case in a nutshell." The Old-Fashioned Member went on to explain that we were running after new things—new taxes, new royal commissions, new orders-in-council—very much like the Athenians of old whom St. Paul reproached with that very habit. "Why don't they dismiss Parliament altogether," he growled, "and let the Cabinet run the show? We're only rubber stamps. I'm hopelessly out of date with my ideas of representing the people and the responsibility of Government. I don't represent anybody and I am not responsible for anything. I don't get a chance. Things move so fast here that I am left standing." "How about that?" I asked. "Daylight saving—doesn't that appeal to you?" "I have been a daylight saver all my life. I am a farmer. I work till the sun kicks. And I can't see anything in trading a bad hour in the morning for a good one in the afternoon. Let those save daylight who want to. Why make a law about it? As for the city people, the very best way to lengthen their day is to steal a few hours from the night. They won't go to bed any earlier—I'll bet on that." —H. F. GADSBY.

GOT WET FEET TOOK AWFUL COLD COULD NOT SLEEP FOR COUGH.

A bad cold accompanied by a distressing cough that keeps you awake at night is most aggravating, and unless it is attended to at once may develop into something very serious. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the remedy you should take. It heals the mucous surfaces, relieves oppression and tightness of the chest, removes the accumulation of phlegm, quiets the most obstinate and distressing cough, and secures rest and sleep at night, not only to the sufferer, but to others whose rest would be otherwise broken. Mrs. Ezekiel Acker, Lake Pleasant, N.S., writes: "I got wet feet and took an awful cold; could not sleep at night, and would do nothing but cough. My husband got me a bottle of medicine, but it was not worth bringing home. I was a friend to call the doctor in when a friend asked me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I told her I had little faith in it, but she urged me to get a bottle. I did, and I must say that of all the medicine I ever took, it is the best, and relieved me the quickest of anything I ever saw." "Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 35c and 50c; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Public Library Bulletin

Some New Books of Interest For April - Free To All Citizens. Mushroom Book - N. L. Marshall. Tree Book - J. E. Rogers. Chamberlain Pocket Garden Library - I. Barron. Breeds of Live Stock - C. W. Gay. Cookery - Williams and Morrow. How to Start Poultry - F. L. Cooper. Fireless Cook Book - M. J. Mitchell. Motor Mechanics, Handbook - Rogers. Business Motor Handbook - Watson. Horological Science - A. T. Schofield. Modern Europe - 1713-1914 - S. Herberg. England's Financial Supremacy - Froben. Frankfurter Zeitung. Naval Power in the War - G. C. Gill. Dawn of a Patriotic - J. D. Hunt. North American Ideas - J. A. Macdonald. Irish Rebellion of 1916 - P. Boyle. Nothing Matters - H. B. Tree. History of Music - C. V. Stanford.



How Canada's Greatest Shoe House Supplies the Nation's Footwear

CONSIDER the amount of time and the infinite care you take when buying footwear to suit your own taste in regard to style, size, etc. Multiply your own individual needs by millions and you will get an idea of the immense task which confronts the makers of Canada's footwear, and the size of the organization it is necessary to maintain for that purpose.

The buying of a single pair of shoes is an event that occupies a person but a few moments two or three times a year—but to meet the accumulated demand of a nation's individuals, it requires the whole resources of a gigantic industry. Ames Holden McCready are truly "Shoemakers to the Nation." It is a title justified by their size and the importance of their business. It may be a revelation to many Canadians to know that to supply them with proper footwear, this firm maintains huge factories each with many acres of floor space, and hundreds of intricate, almost human, machines—facilities and equipment sufficient to turn out 8,000 pairs of shoes every working day. It requires a small army of work-people, clerks and warehousemen, in addition to executives, buyers and travellers. It requires much study and thought to plan styles and models of Men's, Women's and Children's shoes in their various grades and styles. In order to secure the best results in the production of various kinds and grades, it is also necessary to specialize. For example: Ames Holden McCready factories are separated into three distinct factory units, each a complete factory in itself. One unit of our factories is devoted entirely to the manufacture of high grade footwear for Women and Children. Consider the great variety of styles in women's footwear, including high-top boots, oxfords and pumps. Consider the many different patterns and lasts, the varieties and shades of leather and finish—then you will see what a great number of models are required to meet the widely different needs of Canadian women in the cities and towns and also in the country districts. Another factory unit is devoted to making only the better grades and styles of Men's Shoes—shoes for professional men, lawyers, doctors, and all business men, whose occupations permit the use of fine leathers such as calf and kid. The third unit specializes in sturdier types of shoes for heavy wear and rough usage. Shoes for farmers, lumbermen, miners, trainmen, and workpeople who require a heavier and more solidly-constructed boot. In addition to the work of manufacture—the requirements of distribution are also tremendous. A manufacturer must not only make his goods economically and well—but he must deliver them—DISTRIBUTE them. Therefore, in addition to a force of 60 travellers constantly visiting the retail trade from coast to coast, Ames Holden McCready maintain, in the centres of population throughout Canada, immense stocks of boots and shoes ready for immediate shipment to the retailers in each section. These warehouses are located in the following cities: St. John Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Vancouver. Years of experience has taught us the kind and styles of boots which are required in each locality. No matter in what part of Canada you reside, no matter what particular kind of shoe you require, your retail dealer can procure it for you without loss of time. And that is the reason why you will find, even in the outlying districts, that dealers selling Ames Holden McCready goods are up-to-date with stocks that are fresh and new, and which reflect the latest shapes and styles.

When you see the A. H. M. trade mark on a shoe, you know that not only is that mark an endorsement by the largest shoe concern in Canada, but that being the product of a highly organized industry, the shoes you are buying represents the utmost in value, style and wearing qualities which can be obtained at the price.

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED "Shoemakers to the Nation" ST. JOHN MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER. Includes images of factory buildings and the A.H.M. dog logo with 'RELIABILITY' text.

The Man on Watch. One class who will be affected by daylight saving will be the "mooners" in the park. When dusk comes it will be time for Janes to go home. How would you like to be a doctor and continually be entitled to be the custodian of ten gallons of whiskey in your house? The iceman isn't in these days with the pill man. University avenue is again to the fore. A mad dog was shot up there the other day. The avenue also claims the widest lot of kids and automobile speeders. When it comes to getting fuel in winter time, there is a great social levelling. The local fuel controller has made the poor and the rich equal for once. Of course, they will not stay equal, for in the summer time the man of means will again take his place in the sun. "Do as I say, not as I do," is said to have been the answer of Councilman Newman when charged with not setting his clock ahead an hour to conform to daylight saving which he advocated so enthusiastically. Great men are often very forgetful. There are some people in Kingston who simply will not keep the daylight saving regulations. They do not believe in them. Of course, they are not of the working class like the rest of us who simply have to carry out the new scheme. The Lampman would like to view a voluntary church parade to see if some of his friends would line up for the divine worship march. It seems strange church attendance should be enforced upon soldiers and prisoners, while the rest of us have the liberty of attending or not. Writing out requisitions for coal is the easiest part of the fuel controller's work. The controller has his task cut out when there is a shortage in supply and when he has to make a very little go a long way. Have you ben out in your backyard forking the ground yet? If not dig in and produce something, if only a radish. "It is impossible to feel perfectly at home in the house of another," reads a real estate man's advertisement. Yet in one way you do feel quite at home as you can allow the children to tear the place to pieces when it belongs to someone else. The shore of Macdonald park was "The old swimmin' hole" of Kingston many years ago. The boys used to crawl under the barbed wire fence and make their way among the cows at pasture to the shore. May a police raid took place for in those days swimming garments were not in fashion in Kingston and the lads had to get into some of their clothing in pretty quick order when the sentry gave the alarm and the gang made a safe getaway. —THE TOWN WATCHMAN. Printer's Dual Personality. The story of a compositor's worries with Thomas Carlyle's manuscript recalls to a correspondent of a London paper the somewhat kindred experience that befell a typesetter in the office of a Dundee newspaper, to whose columns George Gilliland frequently contributed. Being a member of Gilliland's congregation, this compositor was "favored" with a large amount of his minister's wretchedly written copy. One day when the manuscript was even more undecipherable than usual, the man banged it down on his frame with the remark: "As a Christian I honor and admire Mr. Gilliland, but as a compositor I'll never be happy till his body gets three clasps of the spade." Yes, Elizabeth, you can get a first class waffle expression by sleeping on an old-fashioned corded bedstead. Girls should never flirt in public until after they have a strong hold on the art.