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M. B. Holmes, Athens, warden of the Ontario Municipal Association, was selected for the office of second vice-president at the annual meeting held in Toronto.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By H. F. GADSBY.

Ottawa, Sept. 4.—Having nothing much to do save draw its seasonal indemnity Parliament naturally grumbles a great deal at things as they are. The grouch is confined to the Government side of the House where the question is frequently asked "Why isn't the Liberal-Conservative party born again?"

The grouch has spread from the Gincer Group to most of the old line Tories who put high tariff above the convenience of Union Government which seems to exist now, only to perpetuate its orders-in-council. The enthusiasm displayed at the Liberal Convention leads many supporters of Premier Borden to ask why the Liberal-Conservative party doesn't hold a national convention also and grab its share of the hurrahs. Some of the bolder souls suggest that it might be well to copy the Liberal example and choose a young, new leader, while others, more timid, argue that Premier Borden is all right, if he'll only take that name—Liberal Party—out of his hatband. They say that Premier Borden made a bad guess when he elected to cling to a name which puts every element of discontent in the country on edge.

In short Premier Borden is up against a recalcitrance of human nature which demands the if political parties shall be of one solid color or another and not piebald. The Liberal party has Liberalized itself. Very well the answer to that is that the Conservative party become Conservative again, a divorce, and resume its maiden name. The same philosophers point out that the old name will work no hardship on the Liberal members of the present Unionist party, the term Liberal-Conservative having been specially invented by Sir John A. Macdonald to cover the case of Liberals who found themselves becoming Conservatives as they grew older and more satisfied with their lot. It is recalled that Sir James P. Whitney who was once a Liberal always found an excuse for the love of his old age by calling it the Liberal-Conservative party and so blessing the bans.

The name Liberal-Conservative has a face-saving quality which permits high tariff Liberals to take the oath of allegiance to the National Policy and remain where they are. There are perhaps only two Liberal ministers in the Cabinet who would find the new allegiance awkward and Newton Wesley Rowell is not one of them. Besides, Unionist is a bad example. Call a coalition by any other name and it has the same troublesome results—intrigue, suspicion, lack of cohesion and worse matters. Moreover, it is a trick that can be played by the "groups" who might be defeated or bargained off one by one who become a dangerous political blow when they join hands. The returned soldier, and the United Farmer threaten to do in Ontario and elsewhere.

The Liberal-Conservative shooters say that it is not too late for Premier Borden to yield in this small item of a name and that if he does all may be happy as wedding bells. But if he doesn't—well the whole is greater than the part and if he tries to kidnap the Conservative party and rechristen it the Conservative party is entitled to try its brute strength on him.

There is another point on which Premier Borden may yield if he is to survive as leader of the Liberal-Conservative party—Rowell must go. Indeed some say that the choice is this way—either Borden stays and Rowell goes or Rowell stays for a few perilous minutes longer and Borden goes for letting him stick around. Mr. Rowell has been definitely kicked out of the Liberal party and now that Mackenzie King has draped the Liberal platform with Mr. Rowell's social-reform bowels wonder is expressed that Premier Borden should keep him in an avicinated condition in which he is of no use to anybody. Mr. Rowell has lost his home with the Liberal party and he seems not to have found one with the Conservatives who ask why they should acquire a hump carrying him around. Mr. Rowell is the one camel your good old Tory cannot swallow—the one Jonah that must be thrown overboard before the Liberal-Conservative party can joyfully answer the helm.

I often wonder why the Tories hate Rowell so. God knows he has done his best to be a loyal, Empire-loving, tariff-worshipping Conservative but he seems to be about as welcome as a spider at a picnic. The fact is there and cannot be gainsaid and does much to prove the old saying that virtue is its own reward because nobody will reward it. If the Liberal-Conservatives have their way Mr. Rowell's

brief but fevered career in Dominion politics will come to a sudden close. Mr. Rowell has been diligent, faithful, enterprising, minding everybody's business including his own, and talking the while with both sides of his face and all he gets out of it is jeers for Jonah.

"Overboard with him," I hear the mutineers. "The whole is waiting, it will be tough on the whole—we know that—it's hard to keep a good man down. But never mind. The whole has a mouth as big as a High Court Judge's bench and now's the time for disappearing."

Yes, the rebels are very saucy. Another grievance they urge is that there is not enough youth and vigor in the Cabinet. A brisk business man is needed in the Department of Trade and Commerce, where Sir George Foster has fallen into a trance so deep that you can stick pins in him and not wake him. Incidentally Sir George Perley, having no further chance to clutter up the war with his imbeddities, is back in Ottawa and letting the High Commissionership go bang at a time when Canada's live-wire should be on the job of getting new business. Also there is Mr. Doherty who has reached the slipper stage and might very well retire to private life and help grandmothers to such eggs.

Meanwhile Cabinet reconstruction tags and British Columbia, which has the smallest representation in the House of Commons next to Prince Edward Island, enjoys two Cabinet ministers, a horse doctor who operates as Minister of Agriculture, and Mr. Burrell who as Secretary of State, operates nothing at all except sealing wax, and yearns for a happy release and a snug billet in the Parliamentary Library. The Department of Public Works goes begging. It will probably be filled by a shift of portfolios, the idea being to head off any more by-elections that are absolutely necessary. There are eight by-elections on the horizon now, each one a cloud considerably larger than a man's hand, but they will be postponed to the end of October so that the lightning, if any, can be bottled until next year.

True the deferred by-elections will keep the new leader of the Liberal party and the new Minister of Finance out of their seats for this session but this inconvenience is not worth regarding beside the feeling or comfort and security the Government will enjoy for the next eight weeks. Parliament has been called to ratify the Peace Treaty, which explains itself and the new domestic loan which needs so much explaining that the seldom-mentioned item in their deliberations. It does not aid clear thinking to get a chill down one's back.

Ratifying the Peace Treaty is regarded as a rare joke by a Parliament which has not met largely to ratify an extra hand-out of two thousand five hundred dollars per. Parliament is under the impression that Canada ratified the treaty when Eng-

land ratified it for her but is willing to accept any excuse for another swig at the fountain of blessing. Besides there is always the danger that if we don't ratify the treaty, the war will have to be fought all over again.

As a matter of fact it was Mr. Rowell and others who put the "rat" in ratify but we shall not labor that point more than to remark that Parliament will say as little and do as much less as it can for the money. The times are hard, of course, but what's an odd million more or less when the National Debt is going to make us all rich at five and a half per cent? We are borrowing another three hundred fifty millions from Peter to pay Paul and the joy will be unconfined so long as Peter doesn't ask for his money. This frenzied finance of ours reminds me of the town where everybody got high taking in each other's laundry.

I hear faint murmurs that the finances of Canada are such a great problem that they ought to be entrusted to an expert committee of three instead of to one amateur Finance Minister but the voice is sweet and low and does not rise above the blackbone and a rejuvenated Liberal-Conservative party that will spurn the false whiskers and green goggles of Unionism.

I hear other faint murmurs that theft, having won the war, might well be given a chance to do the same thing for peace. In other words no more borrowing—but retrenchment as they are about to have it in England and a ruthless looting off of the superfluous war establishments which still cumber the pay roll. Now that the army is demobilized of what use can three hundred and fifty million more dollars be except to help the grafters and feed the spongers?

Salaries For Commerce Board. Ottawa, Sept. 4.—Sir Robert Borden sponsors a resolution, to be debated this session, to amend the Board of Commerce Act passed at the last session so that ten thousand dollars can be paid annually to the chief commissioner of the Commerce Board, and eight thousand dollars annually to each of the other commissioners.

LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN

Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best, freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost. Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles, sunburn, windburn, and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

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TODAY IN HISTORY



One year ago today, September 4, 1918, the Dusseldorf Nachrichten said that "The German Army is now undergoing the severest trial to which it was ever exposed."
Find another Hun.
Answer to yesterday's puzzle: Left side down forehead at chin.

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Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Etc.

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