

THE DAILY NEWS
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BRITAIN SHOULD NOT ACCEPT THE MONEY

Could any government of Great Britain, looking as it would be in duty bound to look to the future of the Empire, afford to take from a self-governing overseas Dominion a cash donation of \$35,000,000, if that donation were carried through the House of Commons of that Dominion by the introduction of closure to gag the elected representatives of half the people of the Dominion?

The representatives in Parliament of 660,000 Canadian electors will overcome by force of numbers representatives of 630,000 electors, and decide to make this spontaneous contribution, which Mr. Churchill says is not needed and will not be used for the purpose for which it is granted.

The North Sea, he says, is safe. It is sufficiently defended, and provision for its sufficient defence for years to come has been made. The ships we pay for will not be needed there, and will not be placed there. But Mr. Churchill will accept the \$35,000,000 if it is contributed. Who, in his place would not? Also he will exercise his ingenuity in finding a use for the money by setting up a special squadron for cruising in distant seas—a squadron the need for which nobody ever thought of until Mr. Borden's gift had been dangling in the air for several months.

CALL UPON BORDEN FOR PROTECTION

How can Mr. Borden "protect" this country against the insidious designs of the low-tariff Democrats who propose

to let our goods find a market in the United States? Here is trade trying to run north and south again. How can it be headed off and this country saved from rust and decay?

PERSIA HAS ALMOST CEASED TO EXIST

What is to become of Persia is a question that more attention might possibly have been paid to by the diplomats of the great Powers but for the Balkan war troubles and controversies. They have all been so absorbed in the European situation that most of them have forgotten the derelict Persian Empire, which lies helpless but dangerous in the broad stream of international politics. The Persian problem can never be solved from within. For this the condition of the Empire is hopeless. Is Russia to be permitted to insidiously creep on and on until she has gobbled it up, or is Great Britain, with large interests there needing her protection, to take a hand in the solution?

Persia has no sovereign for the boy shah does not count. She has no regent, for the worthy gentlemen who fills that position has gone to Europe, and is unwilling to return. She has no parliament, and past experience leads to the conclusion that the summoning of a new Mejliss would only make confusion more confounded. She has no money, for the limited revenue that is now collected is either earmarked or is abstracted on its way to the exchequer. She has no efficient government of any sort. There is a ministry, but it is treated with limited respect in the capital and almost disregarded in the provinces. As a nation, therefore, Persia has almost ceased to exist.

The Irishman and His Brogue
 (An Apology.)
 Written Specially for the News.

Nowadays when the imagination is so much made use of in creating remote historic assumptions upon which to build up scientific data to be set before the public afterward as ascertained truth it cannot be out of place to invoke its aid in determining the value of factors nearer hand in the life we live. It is an old adage, "You'll never miss the water till the well runs dry"; that is to say, the empty well shows the value of water more than the full one. But we need not wait for that to happen in order to appreciate the gift, we can anticipate the event by imagination, and rightly estimate the value of the water without suffering its loss.

And this brings me to the Irishman and his brogue, in whose individual praise, however, this is not to be taken as written, for circumstances have handicapped me by a too close acquaintance with him to permit of my singing his praise. Those who want to hear his praises sung must put his historic record to music; I think they will find the meter scan all right. This is an attempt to appreciate him, and, in a way, to apologize for his brogue; and the best way to begin is to imagine what the world would be without him—would the elimination of Paddy spell gain or loss? Would people miss the "merry twinkle" of his eye, his light hearted optimism, the buoyancy of his spirit, his volatile fancy, his unpremeditated wit, his good humored sarcasm, and last but not least his soft, rich Irish brogue—and his Irish bull? I certainly think they would miss them all, and be the poorer for the loss.

And what would the British Empire be without Paddy, anyway? When it comes to the point—the point of the bayonet—as at Waterloo, Inkerman, Kandahar and other places too numerous to mention, who would take the place of the Irish infantry? Echo answers, Who? To think of pulling off a victory without the Irish is like—well, like trying to think without words.

The Irishman, while not overburdened with ideals, is proverbially rich in ideas. They bubble up within him subconsciously; they scintillate with all the colors of the rainbow; they jostle and hustle each other; sometimes they trip each other up and perpetrate the well known "bull," or throw off a sparkling bit of wit. The Irishman can say things no other man can say—if he uses the brogue. The brogue holds perpetual poetic license. Ideas can be clothed in the brogue, and appear in public, that would not pass muster if clothed in conventional English dress. I think therefore that if we would have Paddy at his best we must allow him the free use of his brogue. In these days of materialistic self-sufficiency we need his idealism and spiritual instinct more than ever. Many a true word is said in jest, and Paddy's wit is hardly ever without the merit of serving to throw light on some moral truth, especially those involved in the burning questions of the day. There is no need to say, May he long live to give us the pleasure of his company; for, if statistics are to be relied upon as proving anything, he himself intends to live on this planet for some time to come and do something more than tickle the risible faculties of his fellow residents with the feather of his wit.

PADDY'S LETTER FROM RUPERT.

Setting forth the circumstances under which he left New York for Rupert. Edited by Rev. J. B. McE.

PART II.

Wid wurrin' hard in Rupert here whin I might boss it there. An' so it is, 'faith—but, ye see, the drivin' power wuz strong; 'Tis conscience that I suffer from—I'm quick to right a wrong! 'Twuz wan day out in Hoboken, the place wuz all 'ang fate, An' there meself wuz sthrollin' round wuz happiness elate. Fair bint upan binevolence wuz I that very day, An' ready for to fight the man that sed me conscience nay. All undhernathe mé oxsther sure I tucked me bit av sthick, For fear I'd meet an axident an' want it purty quick. Well, round a carner booth I kem an' there, as large as life, Shaped out agin the canvas wuz a head invilin' strife! Amazed I pawsd upan me toes at that ofindin' sight, An' coked me eye to view a wrong that wanted puttin' right. To pass it by in cowldblood sure 'ud sarve me conscience sore, An' never to me dyin' day eud I thrail coattail more. Whoo-oop! sez I, an' grasped the sprig I'd cut in Ballybrack, An' by a nate turn av the wrist gev that bowld nut a crack! Wid that there opens up the lilt I love to hear, An' out they hops in dozens from their mugs av lager-beer: "Vare iss dot guy vot giff our Hanns dot plow upon hiss het?" He's here, sez I, an' ready, 'faith, to put yez all to bed! An' then we had what they do call a "rippin' time" all round, I gev 'em hugs an' blacked their mugs an' sthrewed them on the ground. An' then the polis butted in wid sarjint av the beat— A carporationed chap he wuz that cudn't see his feet: "Me man," sez he, "ye'll come along an' take a sate in quad!" In'troth, sez I, I'm just yer man, me owld gasteropod! An' 'fore ye put me in the jug ye'll have to thry a fall, For 'tis conthry to me conscience to go wid ye at all; Yer invitation's all the same owld maids give out to tay, But if ye want me company ye'll have to earn yer pay! Wid that he looks round at his min, an' 'tis this what he sed, "You, Hennesy an' Kelly there, just grab him by the hed, An' you, O'Rourke an' Gore'ran, lay an him by the feet, O'Shea an' Connor, catch his arm—now lay him on the sthreet!" An' there I lay upan the sthreet wid all me breat' expent, For, as he called thim Irish names, in grate astonishment I elane forgot meself an' all me bag av fightin' thrieks! An', 'fore I knew, they had me fast in tightest kind av fix. Well, before two days wer' over, me eyes wer' opened wide— The bobbies all wer' Irish an' the magistrates beside! They fined me fifteen dollars down, and then sed I wuz free. An' free I'll be, bedad! sez I, from all this tyranny! There's no show in New York, sez I, for rightin' any wrong. An' so I'll cut me sthick afresh, an' thramp me way along. So here I am in Rupert where I'm flourishin' apace. An' if there's any wrong to right, why, here I am on hand. Wid a few other Irish boys, the finest in the land!

(To Be Continued.)

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Drawn for The Daily News by "Bob"

