



THE BLUENOSE

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THE MAN ON THE STREET.



THINGS LEARNED BY HIM IN HIS RAMBLES.

EDITING A COUNTRY PAPER.

THE troubles of a country newspaperman are forever new and real. A day or two ago I happened across an old friend who is manager, editor and reporter of a Hants Co. weekly, who claims to have the perfection of newspaper offices. In one corner is a mining engineer, forever crushing and cracking quartz. In another is a civil engineer who puts in his spare moments—none too few—moulding bullets and tinkering up odd machines. In the remaining space surrounded by books, papers and all his editorial paraphernalia our friend composes Philippics against political opponents and panegyrics on his friends. He has come to the city for a little rest and quiet. I think he probably needs it.

BACK TO AFRICA.

One at least of the returned Canadians has the courage to once again brave the elements and revisit the country of his late trials and tribulations. It is Corporal J. Gallagher, before the breaking out of the war an employee of the I. C. R. Mr. Gallagher has the record of being the only

lance-corporal of "H" Co.—there were eight in all—who marched all the way to Pretoria with the regiment. May like success follow him in civil matters.

AN ELECTION TRICK.

The purchaseable vote has in recent elections shown considerable worldly wisdom. At first it appeared to have a conscience of a kind. It seemed to think it immoral to take money without giving something in return. Even the worthy papers descended to suggest that such is immoral. The men without money have preached another doctrine. They say "Take all the money offered you. It is the people's and has been stolen directly or indirectly. But vote as you please." There is not much to choose between the two views. The latter will probably render bribery more or less useless, unless the open ballot is adopted or some device—such as the eye hole in the booth—is hit upon to show the *corruptor* how the *corruption* has voted.

New Brunswick, so it is said, has experienced the open ballot in local elections and in the Dominion a more ingenious scheme. At least this is what is told me by a man who came down from the sister province after the elections. The tempter gives the victim a thin envelope or case the size of the ballot. When the voter is in the booth, the ballot is so placed in the envelope that, when it is marked, the impression by means of carbon paper is passed on to the envelope, which is then removed, put into the pocket and afterwards presented to the briber. The money is paid over, if the mark is right; and the corruptionist piously praises the ingenuity of the man that has prevented another fraud.

SOME ELECTION STORIES.

Speaking of this reminds one of some election stories that are being told. These are only a few, but if you want more you needn't do anything else than walk round and talk with people for an afternoon. Election stories are almost a drug on the market. There is a tale of one man who drove 100 voters to Chez-

cook, paid all the expenses of their transportation and meals—not to mention liquid refreshments—and had the sublime satisfaction of learning next day that 65 of them had voted against his candidates. There is another story of another who paid four strong party men to go fishing the day of elections to keep them from voting. This being close season there didn't seem to be much logic in tempting a man away from duty to break another law of the country. But perhaps the fish warden was away voting that day. Then there was another heeler who marched into a polling booth in the north end of Halifax with ten dusky brethren of the Ethiopian race. The officers smelt a rat and put the oath, which the first gentleman of color took quite readily. "Better read the penalty clause," said one of the officers. This was promptly done and the gentleman didn't wait to hear anything more. He sought the open air of heaven. The oath didn't amount to much, but the penalty clause—that was different.

A DEAD MAN'S VOTE.

Before election day when some active canvassing was going on, a liberal worker in one of the provincial towns heard of a man whose vote ought to be enquired after. Accordingly he made a visit to the house on a Sunday afternoon, and in reply to his knock a very poor and decrepit looking man came to the door. "Is Mr. —in?" enquired the canvasser. "No," replied the man, "But Mrs.—is; I'll call her down." The lady presently appeared and the man explained his errand. "Who did he vote for at the last election?" he asked, to learn how the land lay and prepare himself for future action. "Oh," she replied, "he always voted for the tories." "I'm sorry to hear that," replied the other; "how do you think he's going to vote this time?" "Ain't goin' to vote at all" answered the woman. "I guess I'll have to see and persuade him some day before elections then," remarked the gentleman as he prepared to take his departure. "Can't do that," the woman answered; "he's been dead two years."

THE MAN ON THE STREET.