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**THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH**  
is issued every Wednesday and Saturday by The Telegraph Publishing Company, of St. John, a company incorporated by Act of the Legislature of New Brunswick.

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**THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH**  
**THE EVENING TIMES**  
New Brunswick's Independent Newspapers.  
These newspapers advocate British connection, honesty in public life, measures for the material progress and moral advancement of our great Dominion.  
No graft!  
No deals!  
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined, The Maple Leaf forever.

**Semi-Weekly Telegraph**  
and The News

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 23, 1910.

## JUSTICE

A few weeks ago in Winnipeg, where the Railway Commission was sitting, the court room was thronged with railway solicitors from the cities and farmers from the outlying country who had come to present their grievances against the great roads that are gridironing that region. Give the devil his due, much of the injustice that the railways inflict upon the people of this Dominion is really due to the very efficiency of their organization. The railway companies have trained specialists in law and construction, and once their rails are laid they do not stop to pay everybody who asks for remuneration for trespass, or for neglect, or for injury to property. The farmers, as a rule, are unorganized, and it has been most difficult for them to obtain satisfaction from the big companies without going into expensive litigation which often is of a character too formidable for the individual complainant to undertake.

Now we come back to that Winnipeg court room. There was among the men waiting to have their cases called a stalwart old Scotchman of sixty-five or seventy, not particularly well dressed, not very well accustomed to the atmosphere of courts, but with honesty and determination written plainly between his eyes. When his case was called, Judge Mabey said to him in a tone of ordinary kindly conversation: "Well, Mr. Brown (let us call him Brown for the purpose of this narrative) what is your complaint against this railway?"

"Well, your honor," said old Mr. Brown, "two years ago the railway ran its line across my land. Ever since that time I have been trying to persuade them to move it in their right of way, but they have never done so. They kill my stock, and do other damage, and I have never been able to get any satisfaction out of them. So, I have come to you."

Judge Mabey glanced for a moment at the company's solicitor, and said with characteristic brevity: "Mr. Jones, have you any answer to make to this complaint by Mr. Brown?"

The solicitor sprang for an opening. "Can you prove to this court that you own the land in question?" he asked beligerently.

"Well," said old Mr. Brown with a twinkle in his eye, "I have been there seven and twenty years, and you are the first man who ever expressed any doubt as to my ownership of the land."

There was a moment's silence, and then a moment's conference between the members of the court. After that Judge Mabey glanced at the stenographer and said, in substance:

"The court orders that the railway shall erect such fences as are necessary along its right of way through the land of Mr. John Brown, within thirty days. Any claims for damages that Mr. Brown has will come up in the ordinary way. Next case."

No pretence is made here to reproduce word for word the conversation in that court room, but one who heard it, and who was yesterday discussing with The Telegraph the manner in which Judge Mabey reaches justice by means of short cuts through a lot of red tape, described the scene as it has been given here. Any one who has seen Judge Mabey in action will recognize the truth of the picture.

It was a Conservative who was talking to The Telegraph, and he said: "If the present Federal government had done nothing more than establish the Railway Commission in its present form, and make Judge Mabey its chairman, it would deserve the thanks of this whole country."

The Railway Commission is only beginning to be known in all of the provinces, in spite of the immense amount of sterling work it has done for the people of Canada. Judge Mabey is a little more than

chairman, and he is not particular about formalities. He has a trained and logical mind, and he seems to go instantly to the heart of the question before him. Once he sees the kernel of it clearly he brushes away the irrelevant and time-wasting efforts of either lawyer or complainant. The corporations do not enjoy his methods, but the people more and more, wherever the court sits, are saying that here is a man who fills a great and responsible post with marked distinction, and who believes that justice is good enough to deal out without the delays and subterfuges with which too commonly the legal servants of the corporations seek to surround it.

## THE LESSON

Nearly every provincial newspaper which comes to this office in exchange has, in these days, an article of warning based upon the Campbellton disaster. Most of these articles are of the same tenor. They complain that in many New Brunswick towns there is a tendency toward false economy and that, while there is in most instances protection against fire that seems to be fairly satisfactory, in many cases still more money should be spent, in order that the risk might be reduced to a much lower point.

The Campbellton fire merely proves once more what is too often forgotten—and that is, once a blaze secures sufficient headway in the ordinary town or city, if it is fanned by wind of any strength, the flames cannot be checked until they burn themselves out. It is, therefore, of the most vital importance that there should be a sufficient water supply and sufficient well-manned apparatus to deal with any fire that occurs, before it can attain dangerous proportions. There is, of course, nothing at all new brought out in these examinations of local conditions that are going on everywhere today in this province, but at least they should do some good, in the light of the Campbellton misfortune, by making the taxpayers think carefully of the risks they are taking, and of the ordinary scrutiny of the men whom they have elected to administer the affairs of their communities.

## THE REVOLT

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, who writes of American political conditions, in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, predicts that the Republicans will be overthrown in the next presidential campaign, and that even Mr. Roosevelt would be swept away should he attempt to resist the popular movement toward a lower tariff, and a reduction of the excessive cost of living due in no small measure to overmuch protection.

In this connection it may be interesting to read a recent criticism of President Taft, delivered in the Senate, by Senator J. P. Dolliver of Iowa, a Republican who is now one of the leaders of the insurgents. "None rejoiced more sincerely than I when he won the nomination. I did what I could to promote his candidacy for the presidency. I supported him from one ocean to the other after he became a candidate. When he took the oath of office I had but one sentiment toward him, and that was the hope that God would give him power to stand against the conspiracy of greed and avarice that would enslave the party."

## DR. PUGSLEY IN THE WEST

In an editorial article dealing with the opening of the St. Andrew's locks a few days ago, the Manitoba Free Press contrasts the policy pursued in this matter by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Minister of Public Works with the vicious criticisms and inaction of Mr. Foster and others. The Free Press says editorially:

"At the formal opening of the St. Andrew's Locks yesterday by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Pugsley, the Dominion Minister of Public Works, there was present a representative assemblage, including many of the leading business men of Winnipeg, all of whom have confidence that that improvement in the navigation of the Red River will be amply justified by the commercial results."

"In this connection it is interesting to recall that Mr. George E. Foster, M. P., at the banquet in his honor in this city on October 26 last, which was presided over by Mr. Robert Rogers and at which in addition to the speech made by Mr. Foster, speeches were also made by Premier Roblin, Alexander Haggart, M. P., Mr. George H. Bradbury, M. P., and others, Mr. Foster in criticizing the 'extravagance' of the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier came down from generalities to particulars and gave one specific instance of the 'waste' he was condemning. He said, as reported in the party organ:

"Some one says Grand Trunk Pacific. Do not go so far away. Come with me down the River to St. Andrew's Locks. I give you a challenge. Take out any three of your business men. Set them to work. Ask them what is to be done as a result of the \$1,500,000 of expenditure there. I am satisfied to take their verdict. If you were trustee of an estate, and did a thing like that with the money of the estate, the law would put you beyond control of the estate for many long years."

"This means, practically, that the building of St. Andrew's Locks was an act of criminal extravagance, for which the minister responsible should go to penitentiary for a long term. The people responsible for the building of St. Andrew's Locks are the people of Winnipeg, without distinction of political party. For years, or rather decades, as everybody knows, the question of building these locks was a political football in Manitoba. No candidate on either side of politics ever stood for office in this constituency without pledging himself to support the building of these locks. Just before the Dominion general

election of 1896, the premier of the then Conservative government, in which Mr. Foster was Minister of Finance, gave a special pledge for the early construction of the St. Andrew's Locks. The present Dominion government was attacked year after year for being backward in completing this important public work, which, the opponents of the government declared, a Conservative government would have hastened the construction of more rapidly. The St. Andrew's Locks are now finished, and the course of navigation between Winnipeg and Lake Winnipeg is clear. This great public work will prove of incalculable advantage in the future development of this country, and of this city."

## AGRICULTURAL CONDITIONS

Two active men who are much interested in improving agricultural conditions in the Maritime Provinces, Mr. F. M. Scanderv, formerly of this city and now commissioner of the Saskatchewan Board of Trade, and Mr. J. D. McKenna, editor of the Kings County Record, have favored this newspaper with interviews on the growing of alfalfa in New Brunswick, and dealing with the outlook generally for improving agricultural production in this region. Mr. McKenna, in an interview published this morning, reviews some of the statements made by Mr. Scanderv, and points out that the latter seems not to have been fully informed as to the progress of successful experiments with alfalfa carried on by Mr. McDougall, chief dairy superintendent of the province, at Sussex.

Mr. McKenna says that Mr. McDougall has already produced healthy alfalfa plants from seed grown in this province, and has demonstrated that they are more hardy than those from the seed originally used. He tells of excellent crops produced in several localities, and makes it appear that, in Kings county at least, the business of alfalfa production is being given resolute and intelligent trial with every prospect of admirable results.

The Telegraph is glad to record this evidence of progress, because there is no more welcome task than that of reminding our own people how much has been done already where fair trial has been made, and then indicating how much more may be done to secure from a great deal of land that is today seemingly of little value, paying crops of one variety or another. Mr. McDougall has done well. More power to his elbow, say we.

Mention was made by Mr. Scanderv of a district—it was not in the immediate vicinity of Sussex—where much really good land has been allowed practically to lie idle and is not even affording good pasture. There is, in the province today, a great deal of such land that might be made to grow very good crops of hay, grain and vegetables. Mr. Scanderv is really an enthusiast regarding the possibilities of New Brunswick agriculture, and so is the editor of the Sussex Record, and both have convincing grounds for their confidence in the expansion of farming in this section in the immediate future. Both of them do not doubt realize that while in many sections there is some land that is tilled almost in the manner of intensive farming, there are, in nearly every county, great tracts in which the very opposite methods are employed, with the result that the farmer has little profit. Robert G. Ingersoll, who once delivered a noteworthy address to a convention of farmers, in it dwelt very strongly upon certain principles which have been expounded over and over again by most of the men who have talked agriculture. He said that the farmer who grows oats to sell, and hay to sell, is likely always to be poor. He meant that the man who grows hay ought not to sell hay, but cattle and their products. He extended these principles to other branches of farming and hammered home the important truth that the farmer must keep his land in condition by adding to the richness of the soil, to replace the elements he extracts from it in agricultural success in any country where the land year after year is to remain properly productive.

It is to be hoped that the alfalfa experiments at Sussex will stimulate a great many more New Brunswick farmers to make a careful trial of this plant, which has done so much for other countries. It is worth while remembering that it is very easy to experiment with alfalfa in such a manner as to make failure almost unavoidable. If, however, care be taken in the selection of the seed, in choosing ground suited for this crop, and in preparing the ground for planting, there seems to be no reason why alfalfa may not be very widely adopted in New Brunswick within the next few years. It is known as the "balanced ration" for farm animals.

**DRESS UP**  
The weeks are slipping by, and it will soon be time—indeed the time has already come—for the civic authorities and all who may be interested officially in such matters, to give thought to improving the appearance of the city generally, and the conditions of its streets and sidewalks, before the arrival of the Dominion Exhibition week. General complaints as to the streets and sidewalks that need repairs, are of little use, and it will be necessary to have prepared a detailed list of all of the thoroughfares and walks requiring attention, so that the aldermen and the city engineer may select from this list the portion of the work that must be put through before St. John is invaded by the exhibition visitors.

Unless all signs fail, the Dominion Exhibition will be a tremendously important event for this city and this province, and it would be well if attention were given in time to such matters as those referred to. Preparations for the show, and for specially illuminating certain streets during its progress are going forward satisfactorily, and it would be a matter for regret if there were to be undue delay in attending to such streets and sidewalks as are in bad repair. The list, unfortunately, is not a short one.

In attempting to convince the taxpayers of its city that they never will have satisfactory civic government until they show close personal interest in the election of their aldermen, the Toronto World tells

## ECHOES OF A DINNER

Some days ago, when there was printed in a Montreal newspaper an alleged interview with Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, in which he was quoted as having made some astonishing assertions regarding annexation sentiment in this country, The Telegraph ventured the opinion that when the Admiral had had a chance to characterize the interview he would say it was incorrect, and would be disposed to sink the interviewer with a well placed 12-inch shell loaded with facts.

The Admiral has now been heard from, and he makes wholehearted repudiation of the statements attributed to him, which were to the effect that many men in Canada, some of them connected with the government thereof, said and did things that had an annexationist flavor. The Admiral says he made no speech, gave no interview, did not go to the Canadian West, never for a moment entertained the notion that the United States settler is given better treatment in Canada than the Englishman, and never made anything like a suggestion that some Canadian officials were annexationists at heart. Admiral Douglas came to Canada to receive a degree from McGill University—not because he could not live without it, or expected to find it of much use on the day of Armageddon, but because the McGill authorities desired to do honor to a distinguished Canadian who has risen high in the Imperial service. In a word, the great sailor merely consented to be decorated by some of our learned civilians. But as for the interview which has caused so much comment, he says, in his straightforward fashion:

"No one knows the Canadians better than I do; I am a Canadian myself. They are loyal to Britain to the backbone, and will laugh at such nonsense as the article referred to contains. Canadians are too proud of their Mother Country and of their own future under her protection to dream of annexation with the United States, much less to talk about it. The Dominion is advancing by leaps and bounds, and Canadians make no secret of their loyalty to the Old Country. People who go out from here are treated with the greatest respect and love by the Canadians; therefore such attempts to create bad feeling are absolutely wicked."

They are absolutely wicked, as the Admiral says, but fortunately they are also absolutely futile. No sooner does an excited or excitable newspaper or politician launch some pirate craft of untruth or exaggeration of the sort here in question, than some good marksman like the Admiral trains his bow upon it, and it is all over but the cheering.

The same British mail that brings newspapers dealing with "Admiral Douglas" statement, brings also a detailed account of the recent Dominion Day banquet in London given by Lord Strathcona. These newspapers contain extended mention of Hon. Mr. Fielding's memorable speech on that occasion, and record the fact that it made a most admirable impression upon the people of the Old Country. Thus we find the Canadian Gazette saying:

Mr. Fielding did some straight talking at the Dominion Day banquet on the subject of Canada's commercial arrangements with foreign countries. He says he finds an impression abroad in this country that these arrangements Canada has made are "less free than formerly to deal with the Mother Country." That is not so. It is to Canada, in a large measure, that the Empire owes its freedom from the obstacles to Colonial preferences in favor of British goods which the old German and Belgian treaties created.

Earl Creve, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in the course of a short but striking speech, marked by the clearness and directness which characterizes nearly everything that he says in public, dealt broadly with the old question of Britain's relations with the self-governing dominions. It is the habit of Conservative politicians in this country to harp endlessly upon the empty contention that the Canadian government of today is separatist in its policies, and that if Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding and some others could have their way, or had the full courage of their convictions, they would take Canada out of the Empire. See, now, what Earl Creve has to say regarding one of these Conservative charges, namely, that in the recent framing of trade treaties, Canada has shown a disposition to disregard Imperial considerations:

"I spoke just now of self-government," said Earl Creve, "but Canada has passed beyond self-government in the sense as ordinarily understood in domestic affairs. Self-government has now been applied to international relations. Speaking as an English Minister of the Crown, I most heartily welcome that state of things, and speaking of the commercial treaties, I know not only that everything that Mr. Fielding has said of this is true, but that also in the actual carrying out of these transactions the Canadian government took every care in framing their tariffs to avoid even a slight injury to any particular British industry. (Cheers.) Transactions of that kind are far better carried out by men like Mr. Fielding than they possibly could be by Ministers here, however abundant our goodwill. In all matters it is our desire and object to leave Canada to settle her own affairs in her own way. To the superficial observer this might seem like an advance towards independence on the part of the Dominion. This is not so, because what is aimed at is not independence, but combined and concerted action." Lord Creve then paid a tribute to Mr. Bryce, who he said, "as acted as Ambassador for Canada quite as much as Ambassador for Great Britain."

These several echoes of the Dominion Day dinner in London make not unpleasant reading in this country, and surely tend strongly to banish some of the phantoms which our Conservative friends are so busy conjuring up.

## TAXATION

Maybe this is the reason the man has been absent from Sabbath services for several Sundays—Pittsburg Times-Gazette.

Iron horsehoes have been found dating as far back as the year A. D. 480.

its readers that electing a city council is, or should be, just like electing a board of directors. It complains that the ratepayers leave the civic election to the party organizations or to chance, and that half of the voters are never represented at the polls.

These observations are so evidently applicable to conditions here that The Telegraph reprints two more paragraphs from the World's editorial:

"When the ratepayers begin to realize that they are not paying their tax money over to a foreign power, but to themselves, or to those they appoint to represent them, and, that it depends upon themselves to choose the best delegates to handle their money, there will be an improvement in the city government in efficiency and in economy," says the World.

"By having the elected directors act in the usual company way and appoint the permanent and responsible officials we believe better government could be achieved, and this may be recognized more fully later on. But the first thing the citizen needs to appreciate is that in paying his taxes he is not rendering to Caesar what is Caesar's, but that he is rendering to the people, of which he is one, what is the people's."

**THAT LITERARY FEELING**  
Every little while some male or female person, either in the congested cities or in the day-dieck rural regions, rises up in the morning and hears a loud clear call to become a poet. It must be a most joyful sensation, that absolute conviction that one is full to the lips of unspoken thoughts for which the world has long been waiting. It seems always to be accompanied by a profound belief that the poets of the past have fallen down on the job, and that there is nothing to do but hurl a few real verses into the arena and modestly accept the plaudits of a worshipping world.

The world is filled with poets, and near-poets, and the shameful thing is that the newspapers try to discourage them; while everyone knows that no newspaper man has the slightest idea of what constitutes good poetry, though, to be sure, most newspaper men harbor the delusion that they can detect bad poetry at a distance of five miles and three or four paragonages.

However, notwithstanding the conspiracy of the newspapers to discourage real genius, the poets keep right on, and every few weeks some one of them contrives, in spite of all handicaps, to get into print some song that fires the nation. Generally it requires some moving and inspiring occasion to cause the erstwhile mute inglorious Miltons to fire off a real poetical salvo; and so it was the other day in Ontario when a well known man got drowned and the local poet produced the following, which was duly printed in the Wallaceburg Herald-Record:

He wasn't in the water long  
When something about him went wrong;  
Something bothered in his head,  
Soon he sunk to the bottom, sunstroked, dead.

He sank and soon the bubbles rose,  
Something happened, no one knows,  
For he never once came to the top,  
And after him the divers had to drop.

Talk about poetic license! There you have it. See how the poet, a fire alarm that seems almost commonplace! This drowned man sank to the bottom—as is not uncommon in such cases—but when the poet adds that he was "sunstroked," he gives the drab incident that touch of embroidery which distinguishes real poetry from a verdict by the coroner's jury. If it were not for such adornment, one is not quite sure that he would not prefer the literary form of such a verdict to the poetry of Wallaceburg, but the people of that community must be permitted to judge themselves.

The editor of the Wallaceburg Herald-Record has done the cause of literature no inconsiderable service by showing the courage necessary to print the poet's poetry just as he wrote it, and no doubt the awful example will be remembered for some years to come. Meantime, the Wallaceburg editor probably sighs for the sunrise of that far off time or country:

"Where the Ryduvards cease from Kipling,  
And the Hagards ride no more."

**THE SPIRIT OF CAMPBELLTON.**  
(Montreal Star.)

The disastrous fire which wiped out all but seven houses in Campbellton (N. B.), which made many of its most prosperous people paupers, and drove two thousand of its inhabitants to camp out in a dreary rain, has incidentally served to show what kind of stuff these New Brunswickers are made of. Today they are about the only walls Campbellton has, and every man, woman and child (including nearly a dozen babies born in the fields since the fire) is a brick. There were, we are told, few tears and sighs and no disorder worth mentioning. The whole population is calmly going to work to rebuild Campbellton, and to restore its fortunes. A third of them have lost all but the clothes they wore, and the other two-thirds have lost nearly all they had, and they are calmly and even cheerfully beginning life afresh. The very magnitude and universality of the disaster deprives it of some of its sting for the individual. Nobody is much worse off than any of his neighbors, except in the lack of energy and mental resources. These are the kind of people who command admiration rather than sympathy; and who are entitled to all the help their more fortunate fellow-countrymen can give.

## THE EVER-FAITHFUL ONE.

An employee of a railroad entering Pittsburg proved his devotion and fidelity to his employer's interests recently in a striking manner.

The man lives on Mount Washington, and is a conductor. He also is a hard worker, and this is probably the reason he fell asleep in his church several Sundays ago. His wife was mortified when he was away from her for so long a time. The wife could stand this no longer, and with all her strength punched her husband in the ribs with her elbow. Quick as lightning the man sat bolt upright, and his voice rang out clearly:

"Tickets, please."

Maybe this is the reason the man has been absent from Sabbath services for several Sundays—Pittsburg Times-Gazette.

Iron horsehoes have been found dating as far back as the year A. D. 480.

## FIRST WEEK OF TOUR ENDED

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is in Fine Form

## ROUSING RECEPTIONS

"Bill" Staples, Conservative M. P., Above Party Feelings and Joins in Somerset Demonstration—Old Friends Meet; Addresses Read—Is Squared up to Roblin—Important Statements.

Somerset, Man., July 17.—W. D. Staples, Conservative M. P. for MacDonald, is the political David Harum of Manitoba. His constituents call him "Bill Staples." Here tofore official Conservatism has held some what sourly aloof from the enthusiastic receptions accorded Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but not so Mr. Staples.

When the train pulled in here this afternoon, a tall, spare figure crowned with a wide crush, straw hat drawn down at a striking angle, under which keen grey eyes peered over rimless glasses, was the first man to board the premier's car and extend his hand.

When Mr. Staples learned that Sir Wilfrid was to visit his constituency and the people were debating how best to entertain him, he drove over from his farm eighteen miles away and took charge. He organized a reception, helped to construct a temporary speaking stand, assisted in erecting non-political banners of welcome, contributed towards bringing a band six miles at a cost of \$100, and then proceeded to scout the outlying portions of the riding and drive his veteran Liberal allies to meet their distinguished leader, who could not otherwise have made the journey.

When, at the suggestion of the premier, he was called upon to speak, the quiet Tory farmer climbed out from the back of the platform. "We can't always agree in parliament," he told his people, "but it is a privilege to have a visit from so honored and distinguished a statesman. We welcome him heartily, and hope he will live long to serve his country. It is a rare and happy occasion for Somerset, and we hope Sir Wilfrid will come again."

## He Gets His Reward.

The political yeoman had his reward. The premier paid him a graceful compliment. Hon. Mr. Graham expressed the hope that so good a man would see the error of his party ways, while Mr. Parlee told the people that few parliamentarians were more popular. When the cheers had been accorded the king and the premier, a strong lunged enthusiast called for three "for Bill Staples," and Sir Wilfrid, stepping to the front of the platform, waved his hat with the vigor of a general, still peering over his rimless glasses, smiled.

There is no losing oneself in the west. It is peopled with old friends. No matter how small the hamlet, no matter how secluded or inconsequential the community, some old time voice, ringing with new optimism, will hail the eastern visitor.

Today, Sir Wilfrid shook hands with his second cousin, L. Cussen, a pioneer settler from Quebec, who renewed an acquaintance of thirty years ago.

Tall, vigorous, white haired, a veteran of eighty-three years drove in nineteen miles and inquired for the minister of railways. He was John Graham, uncle of the Hon. George Graham, the minister's father. "I'm proud of you," was his greeting to his distinguished nephew.

## Mr. Norris Joins Party.

T. C. Norris, leader of the provincial Liberal party, has joined the tour for the balance of the Manitoba trip and took part in today's welcome. Somerset lies 80 miles southwest of Winnipeg where one leaves the prairie and passes through a rolling and hilly country. The community is largely French and the premier spoke both in French and English. Among the interested spectators were six youthful priests in black lustrous cloaks over cream colored robes. They were members of the brotherhood of L'Esperance. Blanches, who were expelled from France at the time of the ecclesiastical suppression. They nodded a smiling approval of Hon. Mr. Graham's happy allusions to Canada as a country of religious fraternity and freedom.

A little boy presented to the premier a bunch of wild pink prairie roses.

"And what is your name my little man?" queried Sir Wilfrid.

"Francois Xavier Jean Baptiste Thomas," replied the little fellow without hesitation. He got his kiss.

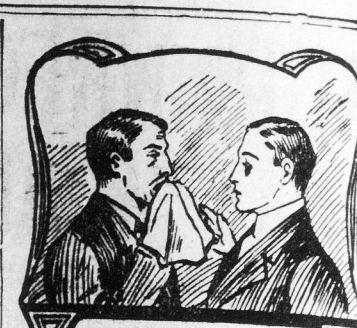
J. P. H. LeBlanc, president of the Liberal Association, presented an address of welcome. He asked the premier to deal liberally with the Manitoba boundaries and the grain elevator situation.

## The Premier's Speech.

Sir Wilfrid spoke on Canadian citizenship and expansion and development of the west. He referred to the address, stating he would leave leaving the province, probably discuss the grain situation. Of the boundary embargo he said: "If Mr. Roblin and his party join hands with me, we can settle that question in a few days. If Mr. Roblin and Mr. Roblin is willing, Manitoba will be generally dealt with. We are prepared to discuss compensation either in land or money."

## The Minister of Railways.

Hon. Mr. Graham dealt with transportation. He alluded to the conference



**GET RID OF IT.**  
If you don't stop that cough, it will soon stop you. Every day you neglect it adds millions of new germs to the horde already existing away at your lungs. Kill them off!  
Don't merely dote them into insensibility by taking some ordinary cough medicine containing opiates or other injurious drugs.  
**WINE OF TAR, HONEY AND WILD CHERRY**  
Will splinter any form of cough, consumption, etc. It is simply what its name implies, and contains no harmful ingredients. We absolutely guarantee it to cure any form of cough, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, etc., and to soothe the throat or bronchitis tubes.  
Your Dealer Sells it. If it doesn't do all we claim, he will refund your money.  
Large 6 oz. bottle—enough for any ordinary case—50c. The BAIRD CO., LTD., Manufacturing Chemists, Woodstock, N.B.

between Judge Mabey, representing the Canadian Railway commission, and the United States representative, Mr. Knapp. "If it results as we hope and intend," said the minister, "I expect to introduce an act at the next session of parliament providing for control of international freight rates." (Applause.)  
On the return trip, the train stopped for a few minutes at Carman where a large crowd of citizens, headed by the mayor and council, had gathered. Mayor J. D. Carthow read an address and the premier replied from the back of the car. He had been "cheered in heart and head" by the visit to the west he said amid cheers.

## Off to Brandon.

In the evening Sir Wilfrid received a unique deputation of thirty hoary-headed pioneers, mostly old factors of the Hudson Bay Company, who presented to him an address of welcome. They were nearly all Highland Scotch and Orkney by birth. The old shook hands with each and chatted with them over the history of pioneer achievement. The deputation was headed by G. G. Hay, former leader of the Liberal party in the Manitoba legislature.

The premier was today the recipient of a consignment of ripe fruit from the Ontario department of agriculture. It was from the pick of the fresh fruit exhibit which is attracting much attention at the Winnipeg exhibition.

Sir Wilfrid concluded the first week of his tour with a splendid day despite the intense heat and overwork. He has been delivering two or three addresses each day. He expressed himself as unfatigued and in the best of spirits. He will leave for Brandon en route westward tomorrow at midnight.

## DISCUSS ENLARGING OF FREDERICTON HOSPITAL

Fredericton, N. B., July 18.—(Special)—At a public meeting tonight a citizens' committee was appointed to act with a committee of the trustees of the Victoria hospital to look into the matter of enlarging the hospital. A committee will report to a public meeting.

The citizens' committee is composed of Rev. J. H. MacDonald, Rev. Dean Schofield, Rev. Father Carney, Edward Moore and Donald Fraser. The attendance was small but representative.

## THE CAMPBELLTON DEBT

(Montreal Herald.)

The embarrassing position of Campbellton in regard to its municipal debt may possibly serve as a warning to Canadian towns against the habit of borrowing freely upon assets that cannot be insured. The debt of \$200,000 upon a community of 5,000 people is calculated, or \$40 for every man, woman and child in the place, is a pretty severe handicap for even an unburnt town to carry; and when the taxable property of that town is wiped out by fire, somebody is going to suffer.

Evidently it is to the interest of the bondholders, who are probably insurance companies and trustees for the most part, to make such terms as will allow of the rebuilding of the town and prevent the absolute destruction of what is left of their security. A considerable writing off of interest and possibly of capital may be necessary. This is a risk that investors have to consider in buying small town securities, and doubtless accounts largely for their low price. Probably the most effective aid that the Province of New Brunswick could give in the circumstances would be to extend its guarantee to the distressed town's indebtedness during the years that must elapse before it is again on a sound financial footing. The precedent of the Ontario Government and the embarrassed Sault Ste. Marie industries is here applicable, and indeed the Campbellton situation would justify such action even more strongly.

## RUINS OF

order to establish a system of relief donations: St. George, \$250; St. Stephen, \$400; Sussex, \$200; Quebec, \$1,000.

Mrs. John McKane and medicine. The relief fund has \$45,000, but this will not be which it is intended.