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.

E. W. McCREADY,
President and Manager.

Subscription Rates

Sent by mail to any address in Canada at One Dollar a year. Sent by mail to any address in United States at Two Dollars a year. All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Advertising Rates

Ordinary commercial advertisements taking the run of the paper, each insertion, $1.00 per inch.

Advertisements of Wants, For Sale, etc., one cent a word for each insertion.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 25 cents for each insertion.

Important Notice

All remittances must be sent by post office order or registered letter, and addressed to The Telegraph Publishing Company.

Correspondence must be addressed to the Editor of The Telegraph, St. John.

Authorized Agents

The following agents are authorized to canvass and collect for The Semi-Weekly Telegraph, viz.:

MRS. E. S. McKOY.
W. D. GOUGH.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
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 dodge!
"The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose and Maple Leaf forever."

Semi-Weekly Telegraph and The News

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 17, 1912.

A DUCAL NIGHTMARE

By the Apostle Paul, shadows tonight
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.

—Rich. III.

It falls to the lot of Lord Haldane, the British War Secretary, to dissipate the nightmare of many a man in England who sleeps ill at night, or does not sleep at all, because of the dread of invasion, and, it now seems, even of civil war. Lord Haldane is a man of generous girth, philosophic temperament, wide learning, infinite patience, and a saving salt of humor. It is, therefore, an incident worthy of observation when the War Secretary finds himself confronted with the task of subjecting the nightmare of some distinguished opponent to the healing and healthful influences of the sunlight of facts.

There was a case of the sort the other day in the House of Lords, when the Duke of Bedford, K. G., the owner of Woburn Abbey, lord of 40,000 acres of English soil, and a multi-millionaire, rose in his place to interrogate the government solemnly as to its preparations against foreign levy and domestic strife. His Grace expressed the fear that, on some future occasion, when Britain's expeditionary force is all employed on foreign soil, there might arise a rebellion at home. At such a time, it occurred to His Grace, the "large alien hostile population in London" would take to arms and sack the capital city of the Empire. Having conjured up Britain in this plight, engaged in a foreign war, rent by civil strife, its capital city in the hands of German waiters, the duke sternly demanded from Lord Haldane an exposition of the measures taken by the government to cope with a situation so dire.

With almost suspicious meekness the War Secretary admitted that the government as yet had formulated no plans to take care of a situation so terrible. This frightful admission Lord Haldane had the temerity not only to make, but to defend. "The noble lord," he said, "is haunted by many nightmares. It is, of course, possible that at a time when we are being invaded, a large portion of the civil population will rise in rebellion; but that is a contingency against which it is impossible for any government to prepare. The Territorial Force cannot be embodied for the purpose of quelling civil riot, but every man is liable to be called upon to act as a special constable if the state require his service. Even the honorable duke and myself are not exempt from this liability, although, perhaps, the noble duke will be able to render more efficient service than I could. (Laughter). As to the nightmare of the foreign waiter, I think we shall be able to take care of him when the contingency arises. Besides the 410,000 men left at home as an organized force when the expeditionary force has gone abroad, we shall have the national reserve, which already numbers 70,000 men, and a large number of capable men from other sources could be relied upon to render assistance in emergency." Among them, no doubt the Duke of Bedford and other titled special constables, the size of whose stake in the country would increase their fervor in its defence.

It is the habit of the school of uneasiness in Great Britain to think up problems of this sort for the War Secretary to solve. On one occasion, at a public meeting, he was asked what he would do should Russia suddenly invade India, and should the United States assail Canada at the same time by marching a large army across the frontier. Lord Haldane mildly replied that it required no great ingenuity to imagine a situation with which no nation could cope, but that under such circumstances the British Empire would be compelled just to do the best it could. Whereat he smiled benignly. He added a moment later that a great British general had one time said to him that, after all, the Foreign Secretary was the real commander-in-chief, meaning, apparently, that it is the business of foreign secretaries to foresee and checkmate hostile alliances which would confront their country with a world in arms. The history of the British foreign office shows how long and how successfully it has succeeded in performing this invaluable service. And nobody recognizes better than Lord Haldane the fact that the word of a foreign secretary in diplomacy must be fortified by a preponderance of British sea power and an army clearly equal to any emergency that may be deemed reasonably probable.

MR. MORINE DROPS OUT

Mr. Borden is receiving compliments for his expedition in accepting the resignation of the chairman of his "purity" commission, but before getting too enthusiastic, it is well to remember that the resignation is received when Mr. Morine had finished his work. The head-hunting commission is not a permanent but a temporary thing, and the activities of Mr. Morine during his continuance in office were unprecedented. He has done all the judging and condemning that even those greedy of office should consider necessary, and far more than moderate men consider seemly.

And it was clearly brought out in Mr. Carvell's charges that the sinister activities of his chairman were not unknown to Mr. Borden. He was informed in detail five years ago of Mr. Morine's acts. He appointed him to his judicial position with this knowledge in mind. He knew that Mr. Morine's name had become a byword in Newfoundland politics. He gave him this high mark of confidence knowing that if half the charges that had been made against him were true, Mr. Morine's name was branded with indelible infamy. This is the rub in the whole matter.

It is not only a question of Mr. Morine's integrity but of Mr. Borden's. The chairman of the purity commission is not chiefly involved in Mr. Carvell's charges, but the First Minister of Canada. In making this judicial appointment with the knowledge he had, Mr. Borden has, at the same time, handed over his reputation to the mercy of his opponents. The question is not, Did he act unwisely in the matter? That is conceded by all. But, Did he act honestly and honorably? Was the appointment made because the Premier desired a willing and pliant tool for his unscrupulous intentions? The retirement of Mr. Morine settles nothing, but it brings the question of Mr. Borden's complicity to the forefront. The reproach is not against the agent but against the principal. Mr. Borden's honor is clearly involved in the matter.

AN ACID REACTION

It is a well-known rule of physics that action and reaction are equal, but it is difficult to realize what combination of acids turned blue litmus red for Kipling and produced the extraordinary reaction that finds expression in the poem he calls "Ulster." Kipling has always been a man of bias, but at one time he was also a man of promise. That was before the serpent had power to seduce his pen and use it to advocate racial supremacy. Middle-aged men can easily remember the time when Kipling was regarded as a national asset, when they saw in him the promise of a very great poet. But he threw away his sword Excalibur, which many hoped he might brandish like a true knight, and adopted a blade of baser metal in his eagerness to advocate the claims of an arrogant Toryism. The ancient hates wrung out of passion and terror, and fast growing archaic and meaningless, he would fan into new life. The class antagonism which torment us, and which tell of the selfishness of the fathers, who, while there was yet time, failed to bind men to men as fellow-laborers in the cause of true patriotism, Kipling would make perpetual, and he exchanges noble themes for meaner ones in his determination to do so.

To the men of the twentieth century, his assertions and warnings from the mediaeval time sound remote and incongruous. Every one regrets that there should be an Irish question, but the matter of how to deal with it is a purely practical one. An hereditary obstinacy is the only solution Bonar Law or Carson or Kipling has to offer as an alternative for the government proposal. They are the real traitors who would lead the country down slippery paths. There is more menace in the futility of their alternative than there can possibly be in constructive legislation.

But the case of Kipling is both tragic and pathetic. Nature and the British institutions can at any time turn out an over-abundance of politicians of the Sir Edward Carson type, but with the poet it is different. Poets are born, not made, and to Kipling was given the mighty secret of songcraft. But he falls into the abyss before he sees the vision, and in that abyss he uses the words in which he has so much skill to multiply prejudice. Spirit becomes matter in his hands and rather acid and useless matter at that.

THE PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS

It is expected by many that Premier Flemming will bring on the elections soon after the Legislature has been prorogued. In that case we may have the campaign in May. Much that has been said in the Legislature during the last week or two has obviously been aimed at the country, and if the electors had given reasonably close attention to the well-reasoned criticisms of Mr. Copp and his followers, it will be admitted that the opposition has discredited the Flemming government by evidence of the most convincing character.

Both parties in the House have been in favor of the construction of the Valley railroad, and it was due to the Liberals that the road is to be a trunk line and not a trolley affair and virtually a branch of an existing corporation road. Thus fair minded electors are bound to give the Liberal party due credit for its work in connection with the Valley line, the construction of which is to be Mr. Flemming's principal talking point in appealing to the country.

Aside from the Valley railway the campaign will necessarily turn upon the government's record since it took office. And it has been shown by the opposition, beyond dispute, that the administration has broken every one of the pledges it made before obtaining power, that it has used public money profligately to subsidize its supporters, that it has plunged the province into debt to an alarming extent, that it has driven a coach and four through its own audit act, and that in spite of its record revenue and its unparalleled expenditure, it has not produced in any one of the public services an improvement in any way corresponding to the outlay.

Although this administration has been in power four years it still attempts childishly to answer every criticism by referring to the real or imaginary offences of the old government. The coming elections will be run on this government's record, not on the record of the old government; but it may be said truthfully that there is no offence of which the old government has been accused, rightly or wrongly, of which the present administration has not been guilty. The old government was condemned by the electors, and the new one was introduced to office because of its manifold promises to practice economy and to inaugurate solidly progressive measures relating to the principal interests of this country. Year after year we have heard outlines and promises concerning these progressive measures, yet now when Mr. Flemming is ready to go to the country his government can point to no accomplishment, carrying out his pledges with respect to constructive and progressive legislation and policy. The Valley railroad, if it is to be finally built from St. John to Grand Falls, will be a Liberal rather than a Conservative achievement.

Mr. Copp and his supporters are in a position to appeal to the voters of New Brunswick with much confidence in every constituency. They will have to meet the Federal Conservative machine as well as the local one, and they may expect that the enemy will be well supplied with funds for purposes of corruption. Yet, if the electors are guided by fair play and by due consideration of the facts, neither money nor the influence of the Conservative machine will be able to swerve them from their duty to the province. This conclusion is abundantly justified by Mr. Copp's able and destructive exposure of the folly, extravagance, and bad faith of the government. When Mr. Hazen formed his government in 1908 the province had given him a magnificent opportunity, and with it a grave responsibility. Mr. Hazen and his successor both failed. The Flemming administration has betrayed its trust openly and glaringly. If the credit of the province is to be saved, if waste is to be checked, if there is to be a cessation of wild partizanship, if the revenue is to be expended wisely and reasonably in the public interest, the electors must give Mr. Copp and his candidates their support.

GRASPING AT THE SHADOW

It is hard to find a better illustration of the process of throwing away the substance and grasping at the shadow, than in the present activity of Mr. Foster in the cause of reciprocity. Last summer, in a moment of weakness, he tickled the ears of the people as he rang the changes on the dangers of north and south trade, while his friends, the manufacturers, tickled their palms. The result was an effect of eloquence that proved irresistible. Now he becomes such a violent convert to the benefits of southern trade that he goes to the hemisphere for it. He goes so far south that he reaches north in his quest. His words go on like a brook regarding the advantages of reciprocal trade arrangements, but if he is in quest of one that offers real and solid advantages, the prize somehow eludes the seeker. It lies too too near at hand for this eagle-eyed politician. The reality is to him more vain and nebulous than the scenes and sights of sleep.

Friends of lower tariffs will welcome any arrangements he may be able to make with countries difficult and remote, or near at hand, though it is not easy at present to see just what great advantages can be secured from a reciprocity treaty with Africa. Mr. Foster is rendering a real service to the country in keeping before it the memory of the loss of an enormous opportunity. The shadow suggests the substance, and although it is not necessary for the country to be so reminded, still, he is doing something that will assist those who will fight for lower tariffs at the next elections. The gentle insinuation that reciprocity is a good thing, lodged in Mr. Foster's activities, cannot hurt the opponents of high protection. Mr. Foster has for long been the brains of his party, and his pre-eminence in this particular is now more in evidence than ever. His own mistake has been that he refused to acknowledge the limitations of the accepted moral standards. Disraeli once defined political morality, as: "First, enormous lying; second, inexhaustible boasting; third, intense selfishness." This was the great mistake of his career, and the success which Mr. Foster might achieve in the councils of the country and the hearts of the people, is lost through a similar blunder. He is still diligently throwing away the substance and grasping at the shadow.

INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY

The largest and most typical of tariff trusts is the United States Steel Corporation. Its outstanding capital is over a billion and a half. The Senate's committee reports it for maintaining a "brutal system of industrial slavery," and in many other particulars it accuses it of most of the crimes that are within the scope of a colossal and heartless organization. One paragraph of the report says: "This government is bound to interpose between the strong and the weak. No man can meet the obligations and discharge the duties of citizenship in a free government who is broken in spirit and weakened in body through such industrial peonage. And before he has reached the prime of life in such conditions, sodden in mind and broken in health, he is cast off as a useless hulk—a burden and a curse to society and a menace to the government. It is just as much the government's duty to protect citizens from such outrageous treatment as from the burglar and the highwayman."

The condition of the 70,000 or 80,000 men in Allegheny county, Pa., who are engaged in producing steel, was pretty well known through the country by the publications of the Pittsburg Survey. The report of the Senate's committee gives the subject a new and more direct interest. Fully sixty per cent of the workmen are immigrants, the Slavic races largely predominating. Most of them are unskilled laborers; few of them are citizens; a majority are unable to speak the English language. This mass of illiterate, unassimilated foreigners greatly complicate the labor problem in the steel mills. It has given the management the opportunity for maintaining conditions that are becoming absolutely intolerable for the native Americans. Mr. Fitch, of the department of labor in New York, who conducted the investigation, details a conversation on the industrial situation with a father and son on the ground. Addressing both, he asked them what in their judgment would be the outcome of the unrest and discontent, the reasons for which they had so strongly set forth. The father shook his head and said sadly: "There is no way out. There will be no change." But the son cried out through set teeth, "Yes! there is a way out, and it is through an armed revolution." This opinion widely prevails among the most intelligent of the workmen, and the most thoughtful of them hold the view that the only way out of a situation that is fast growing intolerable is through an appeal to force.

John Griswold, a Scotch-Irish furnace man, told Mr. Fitch of his work at the furnace: "Mighty few men have stood what I have, I can tell you. I've been twenty years at the furnaces and been working a twelve hour day all that time, seven days in the week. We go to work at seven in the morning and get through at night at six. We work that way for two weeks, and then we work the long turn and we change to the night shift of thirteen hours. The long turn is when we go on at seven Sunday morning and work through the whole twenty-four hours up to Monday morning." Twelve hours a day for twenty years, and a twenty-four hour shift every two weeks is something of a record, but while it produces steel it produces a human overstrain that is fatal to manhood and democracy. It is "a brutal system of industrial slavery," truly.

MUST SERVE THE PUBLIC

Those who reason that combination is natural and inevitable in the development of trade and commerce stand on ground that is absolutely incontrovertible. Combination is of the essence of organization, and organization is the great device for increased power by those who are brought into association for a common purpose. If one is trying to carry on the struggle for existence with nature the fact that others are doing the same under similar conditions is an essential condition for him. He and the others may so interfere with one another that they will all fail, or they may combine, and by co-operation raise their efforts against nature to the highest power. The latter is the method of modern industrial organization. Men are continually forced to raise the organization to greater complexity and more comprehensive power, without limit.

The aim of those who hope to break up the modern industrial organizations into their component parts, and force them to serve the people through the introduction of competition and the struggle for existence, is impossible of realization. A combination can exist where each of its members would perish. To prevent it by a return to more primitive conditions is a socialistic fallacy that has apparently captured many conservative statesmen. Even President Taft has no other solution for the evil and adverse activities of great trusts. What the public desire is a decrease in the cost of production, the application of improved machinery and conditions to manufacturing, so that the cost of living may be reduced and living conditions improved for all the people. These things cannot be brought about by breaking up combinations into their component parts, and setting these parts to fighting with one another in a struggle for existence. It is not by urging rogues to fall out that good men can get their due. This is to champion the tribal order against the civil order.

The trouble is not with the combination, but with the fact that so many of those in power use the fiduciary relations as an open gateway to greed. They serve themselves instead of the public. The corrupting corporation president is loyal to his stockholders. He has not yet realized that true loyalty to them would force him first to be loyal to the public. There is an enormous field here for the great corporation which will take part in the defence of society against evil-doers. It would arouse much more praise and enthusiasm than the building of libraries and the endowing of colleges. It would indicate far greater originality and give better returns for the investment. There is no limit to what the public will do for the combination or the corporation that considers fairly every interest it is supposed to serve. The difficulty today is that so many of them consider they have to wrong and defraud the public and corrupt legislators before they can do justice to their shareholders. This is what makes the great trust today the enemy of society. It must be curbed by strict oversight and legislation, until it has learned the lesson of public service. The trust that is going to survive must become a public servant. The others will perish.

RECREATION CENTRES

Chicago is not generally regarded as a city noted for its civic spirit, but no city on the continent has built such elaborate and carefully planned parks and recreation centres. It has twelve of these centres, varying in extent from ten to sixty acres. There is an outdoor gymnasium for men and boys in each, and another for women and girls, with competent gymnasium instructors. A large swimming pool is provided—suits, towels and the use of the dressing room being absolutely free. The sand piles and wading-pools for children have seats surrounding them, so that the mothers can be comfortable while the children play. The playground is divided into different parts for younger and older children, so that each group may have just the sort of apparatus and games adapted to its particular age.

There are indoor gymnasias and assembly halls for meetings and social gatherings, and small club-room for the use of small gatherings and societies. The restaurant in connection provides food at little cost, and a reading room is maintained as a branch of the public library. For none of these facilities except the restaurant is there the slightest charge. All the space and facilities are at the disposal of the people of the neighborhood for any reasonable use except political and religious meetings.

And the public is taking advantage of these opportunities. A million people use the shower-baths, and as many the swimming pools every year. The club rooms are in much demand, the skating rink and ball grounds are in use all the time in their respective seasons. The Chicago Park Commissioners have worked out the ideal park for industrial centres. They have provided facilities which serve not only the children but the whole family, and every member of the community, young and old. They have the playgrounds for the children, and grass where the workingman's wife and children can sit during the hot afternoons. Tables and seats and abundance of light are provided where the man after a hard day's work can find a pleasant place during the evening hours, and one in which, if he so desires, he can take his evening meal. He can have band concerts and parties, a stadium and indoor and outdoor gymnasia, shelter from the rain, and heat and light during the winter evenings.

One or two recreation centres of this nature should be considered an essential in a modern city. There is a pitiful lack of opportunity in congested centres, for children to play, and hardly any opportunities at all for men. One such centre in our city with free indoor and outdoor gymnasia, swimming pools and shower-baths, would do more for the cause of temperance and public morals than restrictive legislation for a generation. A lamp will drive out darkness when a club of knotted oak would make no impression. Well-equipped recreation centres are true regenerative agencies, and not the most costly.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Dr. Landry's long speech was a sort of valedictory. He knows what is coming in Kent.

* * *

Premier Flemming's temper isn't to be depended upon these days. It takes a big man to face troubles smiling.

* * *

Mr. Bentley's rebuke to the Premier who repeatedly and deliberately misquoted him should never have been necessary. The facts are seldom good enough for Mr. Flemming.

* * *

But a little while and Hon. Mr. Flemming will be asking for another term in order to "finish his work." The resources of this province are not inconsiderable, but they have been bled extensively during the last four years, and they are scarcely equal to another period of Flemming extravagance.

* * *

There is to be another Central railway inquiry. This time the boot is on the other foot. The former management of the Central was making it pay its way. Now there is a big deficit, and the province is to present the property to the C. P. R. Presumably it was decided first that the road must not be allowed to pay. That decision made it easier to present it to friends of the administration.

* * *

The Hon. John Morrissy's long and troubled speech would have been much more valuable had he told in a few words why his government is not willing to give the public the names of the individuals who got the bridge money and the various reasons why they received it. All the government's protestations about its honor and its honesty fall flat before the fact that it hides these facts from the people who pay the bills.

* * *

The country will adopt Mr. Copp's motion of censure if the House fails to do so. Mr. Flemming has a majority in the Legislature, but presently he has to go to the electorate for endorsement. The voters will ask him what has become of the biggest revenue any New Brunswick government ever had. They see little evidence of its having been spent to build up the country. They know hundreds of partizans have been fattened, and that the government refused to make public its expenditures in detail. Secrecy in such matters wears an unpleasant color.

* * *

$7,000 FIRE IN LOGGIEVILLE

Chatham, N. B., April 12—(Special) — Fire yesterday destroyed the freezer at Loggieville belonging to O'Leary & Montgomery. The loss will be about $7,000. The wind was very high, and for a time the town was in danger. An engine was sent from Chatham, but was upset in a snowbank and did not reach Loggieville for three hours, meantime the fire was under control.

MORRISSY'S LIBERAL MASK TORN FROM HIM

Hon. John Can No Longer Pose as the Coalition Link in the Flemming Government—General Elections Likely in June if the Tories Can "Repair Their Fences"—Opposition Welcomes the Fray, Confident That the People Will Reject the Conservative Spendthrifts.

Fredericton, April 13—The pyrotechnics of the session are over. John Morrissy, chief commissioner of public works for New Brunswick, has spoken. The roof is still upon the legislature structure but the tympanum of his neighbors' ears are broken. In tones of thunder he crushed the criticisms of his reckless squandering of public money, with reckless phrases he hurled insinuations at his opponents and his huge moustache bristled and his eyes darted fire as he challenged his political foes. He evidently hoped to see the opposition wither under the fire of his scathing sarcasm, to wilt before his baseless insinuations hurled forth with all his pent-up energy and vindictiveness, but he hoped in vain.

Poor John! The opposition and his own friends are used to him now. They have heard him "speak in meetin'," and his bark is worse than his bite. As years go by and he continues to remain in bad political company the respect that his former Liberal friends had for him is waning, if it has not disappeared altogether. This session he has sat in his seat and listened to his colleagues gloat over the defeat of the Liberal party to which he professes to belong; he has heard them deride and sneer at reciprocity which he so strongly advocated; he has joined with them in the plaudits over McBride's victory in British Columbia; he has sat at the festive board and cheered the federal provincial Tory leader, Mr. Hazen, to the echo—and yet he would have New Brunswick Liberals understand and believe that he is still one of them, still belongs to the Grand Old Party and is loyal to its leaders and policy.

Pshaw! Such Liberalism is unworthy of the name. The flimsy cloak of pretense should be torn from Morrissy's shoulders and Liberals no longer look to him to lead them anywhere—except into difficulties. For years John Morrissy has permitted himself to be made the political tool of Hazen and Flemming—the excuse for the coalition policy, the temptation for hesitating Liberals to follow his example. It is time the mask is off. Liberals in the future want their friends to stand in the open, to fall with them in time of misfortune, to triumph when they exult.

Pretending to be their friend, Morrissy has been their worst enemy. He was a party to the Great Temptation and the Greater Deceit of 1908 and aided and abetted his Tory colleagues who sought to trample upon and despise those Liberals who had placed them in power.

The charge against John Morrissy is that he permitted this. His department controlled more patronage than any other, and yet it was in his department that hundreds of Liberal officials found the axe of the Tory headsman. Morrissy should read and ponder over Abraham Lincoln's saying: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Morrissy's fireworks followed the lengthy and able speech of the opposition leader. The tactics of the government were never poorer than shown in the manoeuvre to get Copp into a corner before the Easter vacation and break up his criticism of the administration. He was forced to take the floor at midnight, one hour near the end of last week, and to speak three-quarters of an hour. Next day bills were considered until a late hour and then Mr. Copp continued until 6 o'clock, when the house adjourned until the following Tuesday morning. Wednesday afternoon the budget debate was again taken up for nearly two hours and the banquet to Mr. Hazen preventing an evening session, the opposition leader had no chance to finish his speech until Thursday afternoon.

In spite of these continued interruptions his effort was a masterly one, his argument convincing, his facts incontrovertible. His critical review of provincial conditions is most valuable and no doubt soon will be placed before the people of New Brunswick in such a form as to be kept for reference.

The electors will thus be able to arrive at a calm consideration of the fact facing them, of the records of the Flemming government, and some comparisons of their record with that of the much abused old government.

And yet Mr. Copp warned the government again and again that the people would not judge them by what the old government had done, but would try them upon their own record. Their promises and their performances would be placed side by side and the people would decide what kind of stewards they had been.

All this looks like an election and that is what the people may expect perhaps before three months. From June 1 to 15 is the unsettled date of the provincial contest, though even this is not entirely fixed, many of the government supporters not having their houses in proper order for such prompt work. They shudder, too, at the spring roads when all their wretchedness will be visible, when the farmer will be ready to damn all governments and road acts that will not help him any more than this one. There is another reason. The Valley railway will not be far enough along, the effects of the patronage will not be apparent, the contractors want more time and the politicians money.

These are all considerations to be looked at and Premier Flemming will want a chance to look before he leaps. His position was never so precarious since March 1908, as it is today. He can see no gains anywhere and losses stare him in the face.

Even Northumberland with his "Liberal" colleague looks badly. There are many on both sides of politics there who will not have Morrissy and his Waterloo is near at hand.

Kent too is in the hands of the enemy. The medical agriculaural commissioner must go. No surety there of government support. That may make a solid North Shore against Flemming.

Where then will his majority come from? Can Slipp and Woods win Queens again? Will the incomparable Perley and Glasier hand over Sunbury once more? The opposition crowd in those counties smile when you ask them and say: "Wait." Count them up, you friend of the government. St. John county and Westmorland, Albert, Queens, Sunbury, Victoria, Madawaska sure to add to the North Shore contingent. Carleton county confident and splendid fighting chances in Kings and Charlotte.

Will Mr. Hatheway, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Maxwell please St. John Tories again or has the glamor evaporated? Wilson's friends say he must be "Hon.", the Laborites say Hatheway is no longer a possibility, and Maxwell yearns for the repose to be found within four walls with a velvet pile carpet, a roll top desk and a massive cuspidor, all supplied from the government stores.

The people, of course, will have something to say about it, but the average Tory loves the "machine" better than the primaries, and "slates" these days are more convenient than popular.

The situation is brighter for the opposition party, and their forces are in readiness to marshal. But provincial or federal or county leaders can do little without the help of parish committees. There lies the strength of any progressive political party. The men who win or lose elections, who make and unmake governments are in the parish committees. In their strength lies much of the strength of a candidate, a ticket or a party. The moral to friends of the opposition is clear. Get ready with your parish or town organizations, begin to think and talk of the work ahead, and when the word is given be prepared for the fray.

With the opportunities this government has had, with a buoyant, overflowing revenue, with assistance from every quarter, there is no doubt that with capable leadership and economic methods carrying out all their reform pledges this government might have had a long lease of power. But with every promise broken, with the patronage used and abused to the limit, with the unwarranted dismissal of their Liberal allies, with extravagance on every hand, and useless officials increasing with their salaries, with a huge deficit after a year's receipts that have never been equalled, the people have lost faith and stand ready to condemn where they approved.

New Brunswick is a small province—so small it could be placed in one corner of enlarged Ontario or Quebec. Its resources bear similar comparison. There is only one of any magnitude, the crown lands, and one would think governments would be jealously careful of any depletion of them. It is like killing the goose that lays the egg. And yet there isn't any doubt this is the case. Their first act to decrease the size of the saw log was the sign of the lumbermen. The watchword went out: "Cut as much as you like and as small as you like so long as we get the revenue." And they have had the revenue for three or four years, but they can't have it forever. The forests are going, and when they are gone the revenue goes too. What remains then? Nothing but direct taxation.

Think well of it, electors of New Brunswick.

NERVOUS DISEASES IN THE SPRING

Cured By Toning the Blood and Strengthening the Nerves.

It is the opinion of the best medical authorities, after long observation, that nervous diseases are more common and more serious in the spring that at any other time of the year. Vital changes in the system, after long winter months, may cause much more trouble that the familiar spring weakness and weariness from which most people suffer as the result of indoor life, in poorly ventilated and often overheated buildings. Official records prove that in April and May neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy and other forms of nerve troubles are at their worst and that then, more than any other time, a blood-making, nerve-restoring tonic is needed.

The antiquated custom of taking purgatives in the spring is useless, for the system really needs strengthening, while purgatives only gallop through the bowels, leaving you weaker. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine, for they actually make the new, rich, red blood that feeds the starved nerves, and thus cure the many forms of nervous disorders. They cure also such other forms of spring troubles as headaches, poor appetite, weakness in the limbs, as well as remove unsightly pimples and eruptions. In fact, they unfailingly bring new health and strength to weak, tired and depressed men, women and children.

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ANOTHER CASE OF SMALLPOX IN MEDUCTIC

Lower Wodstock, April 13—Another case of smallpox has developed in Meductic. Mrs. Jacob Porter, the mother of the young man who brought the disease from the west, has been stricken. The quarantine had been lifted from all the houses, except Jacob and Jerome Porter's before the second case developed.

ABE MARTIN

Th' only way t' find some fellers out is to call on 'em. Rev. Wiley Tanger has set Wednesday aside fer amateur night at th' Baptist church.