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THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH
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Honesty in public life
Measures for the material
progress and moral advancement
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No deals!
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**Semi-Weekly Telegraph
and The News**

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 20, 1910.

THE VALLEY RAILROAD

If Premier Hazen had been in earnest about the building of the St. John Valley railroad, that line would have been under construction today.

But Mr. Hazen was neither in earnest nor progressive and courageous enough to map out a reasonable and progressive policy, and so he has had to fall back upon his old tactics of deception and delay. One instance of this on his part recently appeared in the form of a statement issued by Mr. Maxwell, the engineer to whom Mr. Hazen has entrusted the survey upon which Mr. Hazen hopes to run another election.

The manner in which Mr. Maxwell came to issue a statement is deserving of some examination. A few nights ago, when he was in St. John, Mr. Maxwell sent to The Telegraph, through one of its reporters, a typewritten statement in which this paper was made to say that it had sought an interview with him, and asked him for any comment he might have to make upon an interview with Mr. F. B. Carvell, M. P., which had been published a few days previously. Mr. Maxwell told the reporter that unless The Telegraph published the statement exactly as he or his superior officers had written it, he would send it to the Standard. As the fact was that The Telegraph had not sought an interview with Mr. Maxwell, and as the first part of his typewritten statement misrepresented the facts in that regard, word was sent to him that The Telegraph would be glad to print the substance of his statement provided he placed it in the form of an interview or letter, either signing his name to it or accepting full responsibility by having it placed in quotation marks. He was told, further, that if this were done it would be published without the alteration of a word. Mr. Maxwell agreed to these conditions, and the typewritten statement he had prepared was published, his own introduction to it being omitted.

Some will infer from these facts that Mr. Maxwell's superiors, political or otherwise, had urged upon him the necessity for making some sort of answer to the forcible criticism of the survey which had come from Mr. Carvell.

Having thus stated the origin and history of Mr. Maxwell's communication to the public through this journal, let it be agreed, for the sake of argument, that the engineer did the best he could in preparing the letter or interview, or in arranging for its publication if it were prepared for him.

Mr. Carvell, who saw Mr. Maxwell's interview in Woodstock on Wednesday, returned promptly and vigorously to the attack, and those who read what he had to say will unhesitatingly agree that the last state of Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Hazen is worse than the first. Mr. Carvell, as he says, is intimately acquainted with every foot of the territory which the proposed road is to traverse between Woodstock and Lakeville, and he knows that the route that should be chosen would be shorter, straighter, and have easier gradients than that selected. Because of "political necessities" Mr. Carvell says the road between these points is at least a mile and a half longer than it should be, and has hundreds of feet of unnecessary hill-climbing. Mr. Maxwell has defended some of the excessive grades by saying that they are no greater than some on the Intercolonial north of Moncton, but Mr. Carvell replies that unnecessary grades would be avoided were the proper course followed, and that the I. C. R. was built forty years ago, since which time railroading methods have been revolutionized. He adds, significantly, that if Mr. Maxwell has the courage of his convictions he should publish to the country a full and frank profile. That publication,

the member for Carleton says, would be the most effective answer to Mr. Maxwell's own assertions. "I can tell him further," says Mr. Carvell, "that I have it from the man whom Mr. Hazen has brought into New Brunswick for the purpose of building this branch of the C. P. R., that he will be satisfied with one and one-third per cent. grade."

It must be clear from Mr. Carvell's statement that this survey of Mr. Hazen's is but another device of the time-wasting sort with which the Premier has attempted from time to time to delude the people of the river counties.

No attempt on the part of the local government can suffice to confuse the issue now before this province in this matter of transportation for the St. John Valley. The Hazen-Gould trolley line is, as everyone knows, a proposition that will never be acceptable to the people who have been so long denied the effective transportation that is so vital to them. What is needed has been stated again and again. It is a line from St. John up the valley to Grand Falls, connecting there with a trans-continental road, affording the people of the river counties a good service over reasonable grades, giving through connection, and competitive rates.

With the reasonable co-operation of Mr. Hazen, this solution of the valley problem can be reached; but if he pursues the tactics which he has followed ever since he came into power with regard to this important matter, the people of the river counties will deal with him and his government as they deserve. By one act after another in regard to the Valley road, Mr. Hazen has absolutely forfeited any respect or confidence which the people may have reposed in him. He promised that he would put through legislation nearly two years ago, preparing for the construction of the line. He broke his word. That is a typical example of his attitude in this matter. At last, driven into some pretence of action by the growing indignation in the valley, he forced through the Legislature the foolish trolley scheme; and he has followed that by the survey about which he and Mr. Maxwell are talking today. Nothing could be clearer than that the people of the river counties must have a reckoning with Mr. Hazen and his government in the near future.

ENGLISHMEN AS IMMIGRANTS

The Toronto Weekly Sun prints an interview which tends to show that recently arrived English immigrants are getting along well on the farms in Ontario, and New Brunswickers will see no reason why a much greater number of them might not get along quite as well on the farms in this province, more particularly as it is quite possible for a man who never could hope to own land of his own in the Old Country to secure a farm in this province by hard work within a reasonable period, and be his own master thereafter.

Speaking of some of the immigrants who have come to Ontario, the Toronto Sun says:

"They are receiving from \$150 to \$250 a year each, with board, in a few cases as much as \$300 a year being paid. Most of these will save their money for a few years, then rent a farm and eventually buy one. One lad of nineteen, who has been out for some years working on a farm, has saved \$800 already."

Willingness to work and some little knowledge of agricultural conditions, together with a readiness to accommodate oneself to the conditions of this country, do not make up a very formidable equipment to demand of a settler, yet if an Englishman should come to New Brunswick with only these things and a pair of strong arms, the way to success is open for him here. Should he have a little capital, of course, the way would be smoother. The Toronto Sun speaks of some recent arrivals as "good, willing workers, young, ambitious, and determined to get on." New Brunswick would like very much to have an army of men of that sort, and there is no place in the world where their efforts will gain for them more comfort, peace of mind, and independence than here in this province by the sea. Moreover, they will be warmly welcomed. The province needs men, but, now as ever before, it has no welcome to extend to those who are unwilling to work for themselves and who merely criticize country conditions because they are somewhat different from those that obtain in the congested cities in the Old World. The rural districts of New Brunswick are not dotted very thickly with public houses or music halls, but they are very pleasant places in which to work for a living and to strive for that independence which is more than mere money.

POWDER SMOKE AND THE STOCK MARKET

A few days ago a depression in the New York stock market was explained by local brokers as due, according to their advice, to a rumor of trouble between the United States and Germany. It turns out now that the report, which actually did somewhat accentuate the gloom in Wall Street, was due to a cable from Berlin, which said that the Kaiser had refused to recognize Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation of the Monroe doctrine which requires that the United States shall be consulted before any other power may interfere directly with any of the South American republics. In a word, the German Emperor was reported to have said that Germany would do as she thought fit with respect to Nicaragua, notwithstanding any claim that the United States might set up as its right to be consulted as the guardian of the republic in question.

If it should develop that the Kaiser really said this, it would mean that, theoretically at least, he had torn the Monroe doctrine in two and thrown it at the feet of Mr. Taft, upon whom, for the present, rests the mantle of the militant Roosevelt. If there should come, on top of that, some actual test of the matter by Germany, such as an attempt to coerce Nicaragua by seizing custom houses or

landed marines, then it would be "up to your Uncle Samuel with a vengeance."

At Washington for some years past, the idea has gradually grown up, until it has come to be regarded by Americans as a stable principle of international law, that the United States would permit no other power to exercise any measure of control in the Caribbean Sea, or in South America generally, unless Washington should consent. It has been predicted on more than one occasion that this expanded Monroe doctrine—the gospel according to St. Theodore—would one day bring the great republic face to face with Germany.

At the close of the Spanish-American war there ran through the whole American navy a very sharply defined impression that within a year the American and German navies would come together in the Caribbean. The action of the German admiral at Manila—where the British stood by Dewey—had left a distinctly bad taste in the mouths of the American people. When Sampson and Schley brought their victorious ships back to the Hudson from Santiago, the first question that the American officers shouted to the dispatch boats which met them down the bay was: "What's the latest from Kaiser Bill?" These men expected that the heather was already afloat.

That breeze passed, and after it came the visit to America of the Kaiser's brother, which tended strongly to improve the ruffled relations then existing between the two great nations. A little later, many publicists and not a few statesmen of note, began to talk vaguely of Germany's ambition to carve out for herself a new empire in South America, beginning with the occupation or seizure of certain provinces of Brazil in which the German population strongly predominates. That caused another flurry, but it passed like the other. Then, but a few months ago, came the publication of General Homer Lea's book, "The Valor of Ignorance," in which this noted soldier-writer piled up evidence to convince his astonished countrymen that the United States was helpless to protect itself from Japan on the Pacific, or from Germany on the Atlantic.

That book, which was reviewed very extensively throughout the United States, assisted somewhat in pushing forward the "big navy" idea at Washington, and was employed by all the contractors, shipbuilders, and steel companies that expected to make money through the enlargement of the already vast American navy.

Thus, from time to time, there has been a persistent if seemingly unfounded feeling that Germany and the United States might go to war. It was realized on all sides that were they to do so it would be a crime against civilization, but nevertheless the feeling was there. Very likely this new report in which the Kaiser is committed to a defiance of the Monroe doctrine as enlarged by Mr. Roosevelt is an exaggerated one, but because of the incidents that have gone before and the unrecurrent feeling that has been noticeable on many occasions, it is not difficult to understand why the bears in the stock market should have found the Berlin rumor a pretty weedy stock with which to knock down uneasy traders.

In all probability there will be no trouble between the United States and Germany, at least in the near future; but if tomorrow, or next week, it should be seen that such trouble were actually threatening, the Concert of Europe would be staggered in twenty-four hours and there would be a rush to form new alliances. For while the civilized world marvelled over the struggle between Japan and Russia, that war was waged on the farther rim of the world, whereas if Germany and the United States were to clash the odor of powder would be in the world's nostrils from St. Petersburg to San Francisco.

OUR WAY

There is a steamship in Montreal harbor the crew of which is not allowed to land day or night, no matter how hot the weather may be. The men are not permitted to buy clothing or other necessities for themselves, and they are treated as if they were plague-stricken or criminals. The reason for this is that they are Chinamen.

This statement will cause no great wonder or indignation in this country, where most people are accustomed to think of the Chinese nation as composed mainly of laundrymen or Pekin coolies. But if a ship from Montreal were lying in some Chinese harbor, with a Canadian crew aboard, and the "heathen Chinese" authorities were to keep the Canadians imprisoned on their vessel week after week in excessively hot weather, we should soon be asking the British government to blow some holes in the Chinese scenery with some of its great guns.

All of which goes to show that the Canadians are a Christian and a civilized people, while the people of China are mere heathen. The manner in which we draw the line, no doubt, assists them very greatly in perceiving the beauties of the Christian religion.

AT BISLEY

The Canadian team at Bisley has won the Mackinnon cup for the third time since the new conditions for this match were created in 1902. This year Canada's nearest competitor was the Scottish team, which lacked forty-one points of the Canadian score, and it is noteworthy that the Canadians made a new record with 1,567 and now have two top scores to their credit in Bisley history. There seems to be no doubt left that the Ross rifle is an excellent target weapon.

Captain Campbell, who finished first in the first stage of the King's prize match with a record score of 104, only failed to touch the bullseye once in twenty-one shots at distances of 200, 300 and 600 yards. It required a score of ninety-seven to reach a place among the 300 eligible to fire in the second stage. Not very long ago ninety would have been sufficient to qualify; and this means that the rifles,

the sights, the ammunition, and the marksmen have all improved.

Of twenty men on the Canadian team only three failed to qualify for the second stage, and of six unattached Canadians who were shooting, three stood this same test; so that Canada had twenty representatives in the second stage. This would show that the Canadian marksmen rank well above the general average of the 3,500 contestants.

It will be a matter of no little regret that the Maritime Provinces are not more strongly represented at Bisley, for in the old days this part of the country produced some sterling shots. So it will again.

WHERE AND WHAT IS HEAVEN?

"Where is Heaven?" asks a headline in the *Fredericton Mail*. We give it up. It can't be up in the sky. It is too cold there. Nor down in the centre of the earth. It is too hot there. Nor in one of the stars. They are suns, like our own, and not habitable. If the *Mail* editor doesn't find it within him, we fear that he will never have his question answered.—*Chatham World*.

The Sage of the Miramichi would like to give the *Fredericton Mail* man some assurance as to the nature or location of Heaven, but, having reviewed the old question again, he is almost disposed to give it up. Yet there is in his offering to the troubled *Fredericton* editor possible evidence tending to support a theory to which he might well give further attention. It will be noted, upon comparison and examination, that that which the *Chatham World* now says to its neighbor, was said, though somewhat more musically, by Omar the Tentmaker, long long ago. It has been suggested that Fitzgerald, the wonderful translator of the Persian, may have been a reincarnation of Omar Khayyam, and, if we compare what the *Commodore* now says with what the Tentmaker said in his day, why should we not say that Omar or Fitzgerald lives again on the banks of the Miramichi? For Omar would have said to the puzzled *Fredericton* man:

Some for the Glories of this World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Heaven cannot be up in the sky, says the *Commodore*, nor down in the centre of the earth. So said the Tentmaker, rare old pessimist that he was. Quo' he:

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sat,
And many a Knot-unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see.

Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE
—and ME.

Not content with thus disposing of the matter, he disposed of it again, still musically, the repetition being common to editors even in these days, though one does not always find, more's the pity, the rhythm and the wedding of beauty and facility of expression. The more one examines it, the more one is convinced that after all there must be something in this idea of reincarnation, for though the *Commodore* has not yet developed the full vigor of his inheritance one cannot but note the striking similarity of his thought and that of the Persian. Let us turn again to the evidence. Where is Heaven?

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas
that mourn
In flowing Purple of their Lord's torn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that Afterlife to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered "I myself am Heav'n and Hell."

Heav'n but the vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire
Cast on the Darkness into which Our
selves
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

And then, with that touch of defiance
which shocks the orthodox as the Sage of the Miramichi sometimes delights to shock them, old Omar said:

"Why," said another, "Some there are
who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—
Pah!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

Of course some humdrum fellow will tell us that there is nothing at all in this theory that the soul of Omar now inhabits the sanctum of the Chatham World, and will plague us with the suggestion that the *Commodore* merely read the Rubaiyat and unconsciously gave expression to some of the thoughts therein when he discovered his *Fredericton* brother floating helplessly in the upper ether of doubt and speculation. There are, of course, as there will ever be, wooden folk who must measure their evidence as if it were a cord of wood; but there are others, of a finer temper, to whom the evidence we have cited will be absolutely convincing.

ANOTHER THREATENED HORROR

Fashion, one reads in an exchange, has now decreed that young women shall wear their "wrist watches" on their ankles.

This is a peculiarly cruel decree, and may lead to some controversy and confusion. Why not some ankle watches on their wrists? A cruel Ontario editor advances the horrible theory that this new fad is merely another excuse for lifting the skirt. The man who is guilty of this crime resides in Ottawa and is employed on the *Free Press* of that city. Young women who are properly annoyed by the atrocity that we have thus traced to him will, no doubt, be able to bring him to a proper sense of his shame by writing him their personal views on the matter.

Meantime, let it be recorded with a sense of relief that thus far the ankle watches have not invaded the Maritime Provinces. Nevertheless, let us not care-

lessly exult very much in advance. Thirty or thirty-five years ago we used to say we should never have the potato bug, but a few years after that we had used tons of Paris green in stopping the ravages of this invader. So the ankle watches may come too; but, if they should be introduced, it would be well to have the wearers licensed for a small fee at City Hall, like other attractions or nuisances.

SIR WILFRID'S TOUR

The London Times thus contrasts Sir Wilfrid's present tour of the Canadian West with that which he made in 1894, before his government party came into power at Ottawa:

"Sixteen years ago there was a certain hopelessness in great portions of the West. Population was coming in slowly, communications were scanty and inadequate, and the future seemed dark. The Canadian Pacific was a single-track line with comparatively few branches; it now has branches in all directions, which are added to every year, and its main line is being double-tracked. In addition, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific are rapidly opening up vast territories, into which streams of new settlers are pouring. What were struggling towns sixteen years ago are now great and prosperous cities, what were villages are towns on the way to cities, what was prairie is covered with townships. These places grow with a rapidity which baffles all our Old World conceptions of agricultural life. While an English country town is getting a few sheets of plate glass in its principal street, a Canadian village is equipping itself with theatres, public halls, electric tramways, libraries and newspapers."

The Telegraph and The Times have presented daily very striking reports of the progress of the Prime Minister and his party since they left Ottawa. These newspapers are having sent to them daily a telegraphic report of the meetings, and this is followed somewhat later by special letters written by a well known newspaper man who will accompany Sir Wilfrid throughout the trip.

The letters and the despatches show Sir Wilfrid at his best. He is an old man now with many years of success behind him, and the fair promise of other years of success to come. He speaks with the decision and confidence which are becoming only in men of great achievements. Much of his abounding and inspiring faith in this Canada of ours has been already justified by events; but he looks forward to still greater progress, and as he goes among the people there is everywhere to be seen convincing evidence that his faith in the future is sure to be justified. His trip through the West will be the most successful by far ever made by a public man since this Confederation was formed. The Premier has no personal enemies, and even his political opponents cannot withhold from him a measure of admiration because of the greatness of the work that he has done, and the magnetic and inspiring personality that is his. Politically this western trip is the despair of the Opposition.

NOTE AND COMMENT

It is hardly generally known that except for Alberta, Ontario is the only province in Canada which produces natural gas, and the production is increasing every year.—*Ottawa Journal*.

If the Ottawa Journal man will stand in the streets of Moncton and repeat this awful statement, this newspaper will present to him one silk hat and a medal, but it doubts very much whether or not he will escape alive to wear the hat and show the decoration. New Brunswick has natural gas in plenty, and Moncton is banking on it heavily. What's more, Moncton's hopes seem to be well founded.

George H. Ham declares that Jeffries is the latest victim of the black hand.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

As a son of Ham, the genial George ought to know.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

Is it possible that "genial George," the "big smoke" of the C. P. R., is one of those who is carrying the white man's burden because he backed the wrong animal?

There is a revival of the report that the King and Queen will make a tour of the Empire. Canada will hope that the report may prove to be well founded. The Dominion would greet its sovereigns with a really royal welcome.

Mr. Asquith says that if women are given the right to vote they must also be given the right to sit in Parliament and to become members of the cabinet. That seems a very fearsome statement until one remembers that Mr. Asquith has not yet shown any unbridled enthusiasm in the matter of actually conferring the franchise upon the Suffragettes and near-Suffragettes.

A contemporary suggests that if less attention were given to the militia and more to volunteer fire brigades and improved water supply systems, there would be fewer conflagrations and less hardship. While that may be true, it is not a very convincing statement, because the fact is that more attention might well be given both to the militia and to fire brigades and water supplies. All of these are good and necessary things, and neglect of one cannot be excused by attention to another.

The Montreal Gazette is seeking to create the impression that Sir Wilfrid's western tour will result in increasing the pressure to bring about reciprocity and a general reduction of the tariff duties. The Liberal party's tariff legislation is aimed to promote the well being of all the people of Canada rather than that of any particular class, and if it be shown that a reduction of the tariff is in order, no doubt it will be decided upon. The Gazette will discover presently that it is not easy to terrify the Canada of 1910 by prophesying the introduction of a modified tariff. There is among the great mass of consumers a growing curiosity as to what

benefit some of the higher duties confer upon them.

In The Outlook for July 9 there is an article on American control of public service corporations, written by Mr. Lyman Beecher Stowe, the opening sentence of which is as follows:

Public service companies should be conducted for the service of the public. They should be conducted for the purpose for which they exist, and for no other purpose. This proposition, while axiomatic in principle, is both new and revolutionary in practice.

There are people hereabouts who would be interested to know what Mr. Stowe would say about Mr. Hazen and Mr. Mr. Hazen's Public Utilities Commission, if he had before him Mr. Hazen's statements in the Legislature regarding the regulation and control of such corporations, and a copy of the act by which the commission was created.

There are all sorts of ideas as to what constitutes sport. The following extract from Mr. Roosevelt's account of his African adventures, printed in the *African Scribner's*, in which he tells of his experience with a hen ostrich, has led some reviewers to say that his sportsmanship is open to question.

The next day we returned, and dismounted before we reached the near neighborhood of the nest. Then I advanced cautiously, my rifle at the ready. It seemed impossible that so huge a bird could be hidden in such scanty cover, but not a sign did we see until, when we were sixty yards off, the hen ostrich this time was on the nest, rose, and I killed her at sixty yards. Even this did not make the cock desert the nest; and on a subsequent day I killed him at eighty-five yards; and glad was I to see the huge black-and-white bird tumble in the dust.

No matter what Mr. Roosevelt may think, says one critic, many people will still insist upon believing that shooting birds on the nest is not the real thing.

Among recent visitors to the United States have been the Gaekwar of Baroda, his wife, the Maharane, and their children. This man rules a large and populous district in India, under the protection of the British Crown. His wife, who has been interviewed extensively by American newspapers, says, among other things, that she has found a roughness in American manners very different from the universal courtesy towards strangers prevailing in her own country. We find at least one American newspaper, published in Boston, that is disposed to agree with her. The United States, it says in excuse, is still a very young country; and it goes on to recall that "as Thackeray has profoundly written, 'a boy is an ass at twenty-one.'" Further it says:

"Bad manners in children means always that they are not subjected to discipline; those who are not disciplined are lacking in respect, and he that cannot learn respect learns nothing. This is an age when an oriental race whose personal manners are based on a code of grave and formal respect between each other, and that shows its parents the most scrupulous deference, has learned to such good purpose that it has changed the politics of the world. Perhaps our youth will interrupt itself to profit by the example."

THE "BOY ORATOH."

It is narrated that Colonel Breckinridge, meeting Majah Buford on the streets of Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, sah, of the cono'se befo' the co' house?"

To which the Majah replied:

"General Buchneh, sah, is making a speech. General Buchneh, sah, is a bo'n oratoh."
"If yo' or I, sah, were asked how much and two make, we would reply 'foh.' When this is asked a bo'n oratoh, he replies: 'When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessary to take an intehge of the two denominations and add it, sah, to an intehge of the same denomination, the result, sah—and I have the science of mathematics to back me in my judgment—the result, sah, and I say it with out fear of successful contradiction, sah—the result is 'foh.' That's a bo'n oratoh."—*Lyceumite*.

THAT ACHING BACK

Will Promptly Get Well if You Help It a Little.

Father Morrissey's medical researches led him to evolve, out of Nature's laboratory, a Liniment of remarkable curative power. It had the merits of other prescriptions of the kind, without their disadvantages, and contained other ingredients with unique value in bodily ills.

The good priest-physician prescribed it for many kinds of aches and pains with most gratifying results, and after his death it continues to relieve and cure suffering.

In cases of backache due to kidney trouble it is efficacious as a supplement to Father Morrissey's "No. 7." It is indispensable in rheumatism, strains, bruises and many similar affections. Taken with the Lung Tonic, it quickly cures cold on the chest.

The Liniment is clean, has an agreeable smell, and when rubbed in goes to the seat of the trouble and promptly gives relief. Nothing more widely useful has ever been compounded. Keep it in the house.

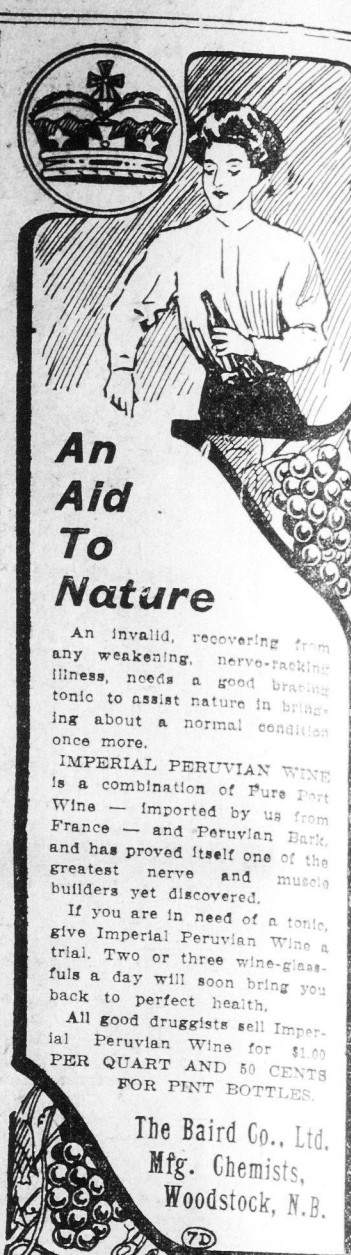
Ask your druggist to-day for a 25c. bottle of Father Morrissey's Liniment, or get it from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

Uncle Walt The Poet Philosopher

"Then scatter seeds of kindness," I heard a pilgrim sing; and then, with human blindness, he scattered t'other thing. He scattered seeds of sorrow, complaining at his lot; af'd they will grow tomorrow, and thrive where he has wrought. How often we have sent it, from thoughtless lips, that song! And if we only meant it, 'twould help the world along. We drone a noble anthem into the weeping night; we learn our hymns and chant them as cultured parrots might; we deal in stately phrases, and heed not what they mean; we roam through wordy mazes, and prize things for their show; we dish up truth in thimbles, and platitudes in mass; and all is tinkling cymbals, and all is sounding brass. In careless words we riot, and life would be less sore if tongues would but be quiet, and let the heart say more.

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WALT MASON.



**THE PRIME MINISTER
ON THE PLATFORM**

(Toronto Globe.)

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has no peer on the political platform in Canada. When he stands on his feet before an audience he is master alike of himself and of those who hear him. Never does he lose control of the attention of his audience, and he is from sheer physical fatigue. And when he is at his best, when his mind works smoothly and his voice is fresh and his imagination kindles to his theme, then he takes rank with the foremost orators of the age in any land.

The qualities that give distinction to the Prime Minister's platform style are those very qualities which will command attention and win response throughout western Canada. Sir Wilfrid's mind, his frankness of manner, the definiteness with which he sends a willowy phrase straight to its mark, the unalloyed cheerfulness of his spirit, and, beneath it all, that certain note of definite conviction which to those who understand gives determined purpose to what he seems to say with airy lightness—these marked characteristics of the Laurier manner on the platform are such that when he faces a western audience one result is inevitable. The conditions meet which make a great occasion. Antagonisms of race or creed and the antagonisms of party politics will melt and fuse into a common emotion. Grit and irony and the stranger from foreign lands who has not yet found his political bearings will surrender as one man to this master of the platform art.

There is something very subtle in the Prime Minister's power. William Jennings Bryan ranks with him as one of the greatest of all time. That power is not explained by any reference to philosophical acumen or logical mastery or school-taught rhetoric. It is personal. It is that touch of the magic which nature has bestowed on some men, which gives one man ease and excellence in doing what another can do only with difficulty or not at all.

But Laurier's gift is by no means the clever trick of a stage artist. His power on the platform has behind it the highest achievement in statesmanship and in public service, especially in the development of western Canada, which gives point and emphasis to what he has to say when he faces the people. They know, very many of them, what he and his government have done in rolling out the map of Canada since 1896. But his telling of it is what will capture and inspire the western mind.

Slender as the people of Canada are learning to under the silk glove of the Prime Minister there is a hand whose grip is firm. The brightness and gentleness of his manner gave ground for the notion that he lacked in masterfulness. But those who know the real Laurier have no such illusions. He has the temperament of the poet, the far vision of the seer, and the imaginative vitality of the Norman French. But blended with all these qualities is the full potentiality of an autocrat. Laurier is by nature a leader and master of men. Were it not for his inbred democracy and the spirit which he inbreathed from Gladstone and Bright and Lincoln he never could have been an exponent of Liberalism, the spirit of democracy that is in him makes him a man of the people, and the note of power makes him a leader whom the people will follow to the end.