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JOHN RUSSELL, JR., Mgr.

E. W. MOREHEAD, Editor.

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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, and Centwine.

The Maple Leaf forever.

Semi-Weekly Telegraph
and The News

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 9, 1910.

LARGER CROPS

It is often said, and the force of the statement is more fully recognized year by year, that if all the land under cultivation in the Maritime Provinces were made to produce the crops it should produce and would produce profitably, there would come about here in the East a tremendous agricultural revival the effects of which would be very wonderful.

There is just now being printed in many newspapers a piece of information which bears directly upon this matter of larger crops. It is said, for example, that the grain crops grown by Canada in 1909—chiefly wheat, oats and barley—required for planting 34,000,000 bushels of seed grain, and agricultural experts have figured that had all of the seed used been of the best type and vitality, the grain harvest of 1909 would have been increased by 180,000,000 bushels, which vast quantity would be equal to more than four times as much as all the grain and flour that passed through the port of Montreal in any season prior to 1907.

The Federal department of agriculture and the agricultural authorities of several provinces are giving increasing attention to this matter of pure seed, and where experiments have been made with care, it has been found that the results have been most profitable. By varying the type of grain according to the locality, temperature, and moisture, a much greater yield has been secured, and in many instances immunity from frost damage has resulted by using grains that ripened more quickly than the varieties formerly planted. At Macdonald College, for instance, they have developed a kind of barley particularly suited to Quebec and to the Maritime Provinces.

We have in the Maritime Provinces a great many farmers who are "land poor," as the saying goes, in the sense that while they have more than enough land, much of it is practically waste, and the portion that is actually cultivated is not made to yield more than what in reality amounts to half a crop or less. Many of these men will tell you that, while they would prefer to grow a great deal more on their land, they are prevented from doing so because of the lack of effective farm help at reasonable prices, or by lack of cheap transportation or other considerations. Formerly they were accustomed to say that they did not have a good market, but of late that complaint has practically vanished with the exception, perhaps, that there often is comment over the too great variation in the price of some product like potatoes.

So long as this province continues to import great quantities of provisions, of beef, butter, flour, and much mixed feed for stock, so long as the farmers are content to buy horses in other provinces instead of raising them here, just so long will it continue to be apparent that our farms in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are not being made really productive.

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In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where the farmers as a whole are fairly prosperous—much more so than they were fifteen or twenty years ago—they are still a long way from taking full advantage of our agricultural opportunities. Many things are needed, first of all perhaps an intelligent and progressive provincial agricultural department that will avoid formula and long winded reports and get actually into touch with the most important class of our population—the farmers.

THE GROWTH OF THE SHIPS

A recent despatch from London says the Cunard Company is to build several new ocean liners of 80,000 tons each, and that in preparation for the accommodation of these leviathans, the Mersey Dock and Harbor Board will build an immense dock with berths a thousand feet long. The Toronto Globe is reminded, just as this announcement is made, that just fifty years ago people in Canada were reading of the arrival in New York of the Great Eastern, and marveling over her great bulk and her other features that were so amazing in those days half a century ago.

There are men on every other street corner who can remember the launching of the Great Eastern, which was then thought to be the limit in shipbuilding. She was 683 feet long, 118 feet wide over the paddle-boxes, and her gross tonnage was 18,915. She was driven by both screws and paddle-wheels. It required three years to build her on the Thames, and three months and an expense of \$300,000 actually to get her from the cradle to the water. Two more long years were used in equipping her, and finally, after a series of troublesome mishaps which cost several lives, she succeeded in crossing the Atlantic in eleven days.

The Great Eastern was an unprofitable venture. The coal she consumed occupied so much space that there was not enough left to stow a profitable amount of freight and a proper number of passengers. After a short experience as a passenger vessel, the Great Eastern was employed in laying the Atlantic cable. After that she resumed passenger service, later going back to cable laying in the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Red Sea; and she ended her existence ingloriously as a coal barge at Gibraltar.

Alongside the Lusitania and the Mauretania, not to speak of the projected Cunarders, the Great Eastern would not be much of a ship. Since her day the Atlantic has developed a series of fast ferry services, and gradually knot by knot has been clipped from the record until now the passage is reduced to less than five days from Dumfries Rock to Sandy Hook lights. The Cunard line, by building the Lusitania and her sister, recaptured the blue ribbon of the Atlantic from the Hamburg-American line, but now there are building at Belfast new ships that will outfoot the Lusitania, and before they have been long afloat the Cunard line and the Hamburg-American will launch new greyhounds which will come near to realizing the dream of McAndrews:

"We'll have the loco-boiler next at thirty knots an hour."

MR. BORDEN AGAIN

Mr. B. L. Borden has been seeking to make some political capital out of the recent case of exposed dishonesty in the Printing Bureau at Ottawa. As on another certain famous occasion, the Montreal Gazette, the senior Conservative organ in this country, is unable to agree with its leader, Mr. Borden and the Gazette had a clash at the time of the announcement of the Halifax platform, over the question of public ownership, and the leader should have been warned by that incident that he is expected to follow the Gazette and must not expect the Gazette to follow him unless he develops some genius for politics greater than he has hitherto exhibited.

We find the Montreal Herald saying: "Mr. Borden is a poor hand at resisting temptation. If he had been shrewd he would have left the Printing Bureau scandal alone until it had broken out in a way which would have given him a good excuse for attacking the government. As the case stands so far it is perfectly patent to everybody but himself that the case is being handled in the right way. He might read the Montreal Gazette, if he wants to know what the cool headed amongst his political partisans think of Hon. Mr. Murphy's way of shaking things up. It will be hard to convince the average man that a minister is inherently wrong who, once he finds occasion to suspect his subordinates, goes personally and directly about finding out all about it, and who succeeds so well that the guilty officials are not merely discovered but so completely exposed that their flight, dismissal or suspension gives the public its first knowledge that there is any trouble. No doubt it would suit the purpose of Mr. Borden much better to make as much noise about such a situation as possible, but then his only object would be to try to convince the public that Mr. Murphy was incapable. All the row that was made about the Marine Department led up to the daily denunciation of Mr. Brodeur as incapable or worse. The Herald always held the view that Mr. Brodeur was altogether too considerate of the feelings of his subordinates when he asked for the Cassels inquiry, and that it would have been better for him and more to the credit of the country if he had simply dealt with those whom he knew to be offenders as they deserved to be dealt with. He chose the other course, demanded by those who wanted to destroy him, nearly killed himself with worry, and in the end did just what ought to have been done in the beginning. Mr. Murphy, to Mr. Borden's great regret, does not mean to make the same mistake. He is going to straighten up his department first and let Mr. Borden talk about it afterwards if he wants to."

So long as this province continues to import great quantities of provisions, of beef, butter, flour, and much mixed feed for stock, so long as the farmers are content to buy horses in other provinces instead of raising them here, just so long will it continue to be apparent that our farms in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are not being made really productive.

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In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where the farmers as a whole are fairly prosperous—much more so than they were fifteen or twenty years ago—they are still a long way from taking full advantage of our agricultural opportunities. Many things are needed, first of all perhaps an intelligent and progressive provincial agricultural department that will avoid formula and long winded reports and get actually into touch with the most important class of our population—the farmers.

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champion after champion has gone down the dusty road to extinction. It is said, over and over again, that it is age that beats the champion fighters. That was true in the case of one or two of the famous English pugilists in the old bare knuckle days, and perhaps it was true also of Fitzsimmons the wonderful Kangaroo, but for the most part the story of these men is the story of Jeffries, of Sullivan, of McGovern, of Corbett, and of many another, who, after a period of success and the acquisition of an amount of money that seemed to them sudden riches, plunged into fast living and frittered away the strength, dash, courage, and general stamina that won for them their earlier battles.

The fighting animals do not dissipate. It is to the animal world we must go for comparisons when we take up the causes leading to the downfall of the great ring generals. The quadruped fighters are always in condition, until old age robs them of their strength and of their teeth; but the spoiled and light-headed human favorites of the ring are assailed by temptations which the other animals do not experience. It is only one fighter in a hundred who has the modicum of hard horse sense that keeps for him both his money and his prestige.

It is a curious axiom of the ring that in a big fight the favorite in the betting seldom wins if he is matched against a really formidable opponent. Sporting men who gamble on these events are in the habit of recalling that Dempsey was the favorite and was beaten, that Sullivan was the favorite over Corbett at New Orleans, that it was so with McAuliffe, with Corbett himself at Carson City, and with Fitzsimmons when he lost to Jeffries at Coney Island. So it was now at Reno, when the favorite again went down to defeat and the men who pocketed the money were those who favored the long odds.

Outsiders who bet on a contest of this kind have a somewhat smaller chance of winning than the man who places his money against the stock ticker, or against the men who control its fluctuations. To bet on these things, too, is to transgress the good rule laid down by Mr. Pat Sheedy, a sporting prophet who had some honor even in his own country, gambler though he was, and who said: "Never play another man's game."

The fight at Reno was a miserable flash in the pan. At the end of three months of continuous advertising, boasting, and tiresome publicity of one sort and another, Jeffries at the age of thirty-five, after months of training, made a wretched exhibition of himself when he faced the first strong man he has encountered in many years. Ten years ago this giant mechanic was a physical marvel. He fought then at 230 pounds, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and for a man of that weight he was wonderfully fast. To whatever natural courage he may have possessed, there was added a mighty confidence born of perfect condition and the inner consciousness that he could withstand severe punishment for a long time without suffering real injury. But at Reno all his wasted years weighted the right arm of the black man in front of him and assisted in striking him down.

For young men there is a sort of false glamor about the prize ring. They read much of the money these men make, and they form false ideas regarding the cheap glory of a prize fighter's life. With few exceptions these gladiators reap little profit for themselves, and are sent into the arena from time to time by shrewd managers who are hard masters, and whose one aim is profit. As to the manner in which this profit is exacted from the fighting animal, the fight managers are with out bowels of compassion.

All in all, it is a poor business, brutalizing, and by no means creditable to the civilization of today; yet in Jeffries' downfall there is lesson enough if young and foolish men will but lay it to heart. In a wider sense it is significant that a fight of this character should have created interest so intense and so widespread, not only in the United States but in Canada as well. Such happenings set thinking men to examining the progress of the race upward. The world has softened a great deal during the last hundred years, but it has a strong streak of brutality still. The Romans of old sat by applauding and but mildly interested while beasts and men fought in the arena or while the old cry went up: "The Christians to the lions!"

Not long ago in France it became necessary to abolish executions by the guillotine in public, because each of these legal tragedies drew from the underworld, and from a fringe of the polite world as well, a horde of human beings who fought for places of vantage near the "Red Maiden" as their forbears in the days of the Terror.

As a matter of fact here in our own quiet country it would not be well to go back to the practice of public executions for reasons that may be surmised. In a word, our civilization is much better than many that have gone before, but there is still vast room for improvement.

Our correspondent intimates that partisanship and lack of good management in road expenditure are the outstanding weaknesses of the Hazen road administration in that vicinity, and this is true of most of the places from which complaints come from time to time.

Politics aside, it would be difficult to find in any county today unprejudiced men who would say, and attempt seriously to maintain, that Mr. Hazen's road administration has been anything but a failure. The old government's management of the roads was not what it should have been, but at least it did not promise the people control of their roads one day and take it from them the next, as Mr. Hazen has done by means of the new road law which was to give the province good thoroughfares.

For many years a great deal of the money spent on the roads of New Brunswick has been absolutely wasted because the repairs and improvements that were made were not part of a definite and permanent scheme of betterment, but commonly were mere patching up which frequently did not outlast the summer and in any case disappeared with the spring rains.

The authorities who have these matters to deal with have not paid enough attention to the suggestions made not long ago by Hon. C. W. Robinson and by Mr. Hawke of the Moncton Transcript, who urged upon the province the necessity of undertaking the construction of permanent highways, even though it should be necessary to entrust so important a work to a non-partisan commission.

It would be thought that such a commission should have for its chairman or for its chief adviser an engineer of established reputation in road-making, who would personally direct new construction and whose business it would be to see that the people of the province received good value for all of their money that was expended. The patching process and the political weaknesses that have accompanied it have cost New Brunswick many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and there is today no sign that the politicians do not intend to drift along in the old way unless their intentions or their powers shall be modified by one of the political revolutions in which this province, fortunately, indulges from time to time when its affairs show prolonged neglect.

This question of the roads is one that comes close to the people. Bad roads lie at every man's door in the country, and the rural residents have come to realize that a bad road policy, badly administered, imposes upon them continual discomfort and hardship and amounts to a high and oppressive tax for which the local government of the day must be held responsible.

It is the fashion today to speak much of the improved agricultural conditions which might be brought about in New Brunswick were the people of the counties given effective official encouragement and assistance in matters that naturally fall within the scope of the provincial agricultural department. To the farmer an enlightened agricultural policy would indeed be a great boon. But it is quite as important that he should have good roads, over which he may transport his products without unreasonable expense. As has been said over and over again, improved highways would increase the value of every acre of land in the province, and since a great deal of money is expended on the roads from year to year it is folly not to insist that it be so expended as to produce at least reasonably good results.

The name of the white man's burden is now "Johnson."

Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, Dempsey his Fitzsimmons, Sullivan his Corbett, Corbett his Fitzsimmons (Fitz was a repeater), Fitzsimmons his Jeffries—and Jeffries his Johnson. Yea, the pitcher goes once too often to the wall—and the pugilist many times too often to the beer barrel. Johnson gets the money—but the real victor is Old John Barleycorn. He whips 'em all.

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In an interview which appears in our news columns today, Mr. D. McNicol speaks in a reasonable and interesting way about the matter to be discussed at the committee meeting this afternoon. It may be hoped that at last arrangements are to be concluded for the final transfer on the west side, as the matter has been delayed unduly, in a manner by no means creditable to the city's enterprise and good sense.

Speaking of the colonization scheme recently brought before the Emigration Conference in London by the Allan line, the Halifax Chronicle says:

"It contemplates the sending out to Canada 2,000 pioneers, their wives, and 4,000 children this year, and 5,000 men, their wives, and 10,000 children in subsequent years. Each man would be provided with credit for the equipment of his homestead, and the whole cost to each family, including insurance and fidelity bond, would be \$150. This would be advanced, Mr. R. S. Scott explained, as a loan bearing interest at 7 per cent, repayable over five years. Such a scheme could be administered on a maximum credit of \$225,000, which in the sixth year by repayments with 7 per cent, interest would fall below \$100,000 and remain at that figure. It would provide a start in life for 20,000, pay interest at 3 per cent per annum, and furnish a reserve fund of \$30,000 per annum, and \$10,000 for administration in Great Britain. He stated that the scheme was being considered by the Labor Exchange authorities and would be submitted to the Canadian government."

During the last ten years 1,500,000 immigrants have entered Canada, says the Victoria Colonist. Of these 600,000 have come from the United Kingdom, nearly as many from the United States, and the remainder from non-English speaking countries. An Ottawa despatch says: "The Immigration Department has in compilation a new pamphlet, giving facts and figures respecting the immigration of the past decade up to the close of the last fiscal year. The records show that of the total immigration from Great Britain since 1900, England and Wales sent 420,000, Scotland about 115,000, and Ireland about 35,000. During the past fiscal year the total immigration was 208,794 distributed as follows: From United States, 103,708; from England and Wales, 41,144; from Scotland, 14,798; from Ireland, 3,940; from other continental countries, 45,206; from Japan, 271. The deportations during the year totalled 734, and since 1902 the total has been 3,883. Of the total deportations over 2,000 have been English immigrants. During the past fiscal year 8,997 persons seeking admission to Canada from United States were debarré as undesirable."

The first point to decide is what is meant by the word "inhabitants." Can vessels flying the American flag employ fishermen not alone residing in the United States, but who may be shipped in Canadian ports or on the high seas off the Newfoundland coast, beyond territorial jurisdiction? Newfoundland holds that none but genuine "inhabitants" of the Republic residing in that country and shipped at an American port can be employed, while America takes the position that the flag covers all who may be on board.

The second point that arises is what is meant by the liberty to take fish "in common" with British subjects. Are American fishing vessels and their crews, operating in Newfoundland waters, bound by the local regulations that may be made from year to year by the Island Parliament? Newfoundland contends that they are so bound, but the United States maintains that any such regulations must be by joint agreement, dictated solely with the object of preserving the fisheries, as if the colony were conceded the right to make regulations of itself, it could so frame them as to destroy the value of the liberty granted to American subjects by the treaty.

The third question arising is as to whether inhabitants of the United States are required to report at the custom houses, pay light or other duties, or be subject to any similar regulations. Newfoundland contends that she is entitled to require that vessels of every nationality entering her waters must report at custom houses, and, as they participate in the benefits of her lighthouses and other service, should pay light and harbor and similar dues, whereas the United States maintains that American fishing vessels are under no such obligations.

The fourth question is as to where the three marine miles off the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors mentioned in the treaty of 1818, are to be measured from. This rises once more the whole "headland" question, on which there will doubtless now be a definite pronouncement. Britain maintains that territorial jurisdiction extends seaward for three miles from a line drawn from the outer headlands, no matter how wide the bay that is enclosed may be, and the United States on the other hand, maintains that the three-mile limit should follow the sinuosities of the coast.

The fifth question involved is whether Americans have the right to take fish in the bays, harbors and creeks of Newfoundland and the Magdalen Islands, as they admittedly have on the coast of Labrador. Newfoundland maintains that they have not, on the ground that the differing phraseology implies a difference in the liberties conceded, whereas the United States contends that the admitted practice since the treaty of 1818 was negotiated has been for Americans to fish in these inlets.

The arbitrators are five in number, one of whom represents Great Britain, one the United States, and the others being foreigners. The president of the Tribunal is a foreigner. Very great interest attaches to the decision that shall be arrived at. There has been nearly a century of controversy over the question; but we assume that the verdict, whatever it may be, will be accepted in good faith by both parties.

THE MAZUMA.

(Ottawa Journal).

The fact that \$150,000 cash has been offered in advance by a shrewd business man for the Canadian rights of the moving pictures of the Jeffries-Johnson fight is as good an indication as any of the amount of interest—whether desirable or otherwise—that Canadians as a rule are taking in Monday's prize fight.

THE EASY TEST.

(Toronto World).

If what the Canadian Pacific has been doing with its financial bonuses, "melons," stock, to shareholders for less than par, disobeying the law limiting its return to shareholders—is to continue then every railroad company, every street car company, everyone exercising a public franchise, ought to be doing the same. What would the financial chaos then be?

HE KNOWS.

(Hamilton Spectator).

Chairman Mabee, of the railway commission, says that sleep is not a luxury, but a necessity, for the railway traveler, in spite of statements of railway people to the contrary. Every one who has had personal experience in a day coach on an all-night run trying to get himself into a position where he could get a few brief naps without danger of breaking in two over some shaggy seat corner.

BILL NYE'S PLAN.

(Ottawa Journal).

Pembroke in despair over the conduct of some of its juvenile population has sent for John Keane to whose experience that town is trusting, as a last resort. And if Mr. Keane fails, why then remains but the system of Bill Nye.

"You ask me," said Nye, "how to successfully bring up a boy, why, that's simple. Put him in a covered barrel, and until the age of sixteen, pass his food in to him through a bung hole."

"And at sixteen," inquired his friend, "put in the bung."

DEADLY.

(Toronto World).

Special warnings are being issued by the health authorities with respect to the danger of the common house fly. It is called the "typhoid fly" because it carries the germs of the disease on its feet, and infects milk and other articles of food on which it alights. It is the cause of the death of thousands of infants. It is not the least but the fly that causes summer complaint and similar maladies. Get the flies out of the house and keep them out, and leave no dirt or garbage about in which they can breed.

PILES CURED AT HOME by New Absorption Method

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 70, Windsor, Ont.

Uncle Walt

The Poet Philosopher

Oh, Tumbo, Bwana Tumbo, we are glad you're back again, with the lion that you slaughtered in its cheap but useful den; with your crates of anacondas and your sack of crocodiles—

THE COLONEL we are glad indeed to see you, and the land is AT HOME

Tumbo, when you roamed the distant field, killing camels with the weapon that no other man could wield; and the rust of peace was on us, and our martial spirits fell, and our lives grew stale and stagnant, and we got too fat to yell. Oh, the land was like a homestead when the boss is gone away, when the woman sit and mumble and the kids refuse to play. But you're with us now, B. Tumbo, with the skins of beasts you slew, with the bones of bear and walrus and the stateliest kangaroo, and the gloom has left the shanty, and we moon around no more, for the colonel's quit his hunting and his face is at the door!

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WALT MASON.

WHY NOT
CURE
YOUR
COUGH?

It's no very great thing to do if you use a little common sense. Listen to what we have to say: We guarantee that

Wine of Tar
Honey and
Wild Cherry

will absolutely and permanently cure you if you suffer from any form of cough—consumption excepted—cold, hoarseness, loss of voice or bronchitis or other injurious cough. Can anything be faster than this offer? Take us at our word and try a bottle at our risk. Get it today. Large 6 oz. bottle 25c (enough for any ordinary cold).

THE BAIRD CO. LIMITED,
Manufacturing Chemists,
WOODSTOCK, N.B.

MR. HAZEN'S WAY.

(Moncton Transcript).

The Hazenites say to the justly complaining farmers "State of the roads here

Why don't you use a flying machine."