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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 deals!
"The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose and the Maple Leaf forever."

Semi-Weekly Telegraph
and The News

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 7, 1910.

BOARDS OF CONTROL

Ottawa is one of the cities that has tried a board of control in connection with its aldermanic government. Recently the controllers and the aldermen became involved in a prolonged dispute as to their respective powers and privileges, and now the ratepayers of the city are to vote on a proposal to abolish the control system. Judging by the Ottawa newspapers it seems likely that the electors will vote in favor of continuing the board of control, but if they do so it will apparently be necessary to secure more satisfactory men, both as aldermen and controllers. The Free Press says that "to revert to the old system of aldermanic committees, with all the baneful influences of ward patronage, would put Ottawa back a decade in its municipal development."

The trouble in Ottawa, as in other places, lies not so much in the system of government as in the lack of civic spirit and the difficulty of securing as members of the city government citizens of sufficient independence, public spirit, and sound civic instincts, to give the taxpayers businesslike and honorable administration. The average alderman, even in St. John, receives more kicks than halfpence, and as there is no monetary reward worth mentioning if, perhaps, not surprising that aldermen, even if they have ability, become careless of the public interest. One of the peculiar developments in St. John has been that very often new men elected to the Council, who are good citizens and men of high repute in the business world, have been either misled by the aldermen of the board or have found that they would have to make themselves and some of their fellow aldermen very uncomfortable if they intended to institute any really useful changes in the old way of doing business. This has discouraged some men and has caused others to "stand in" with the reactionary majority and assume a defensive attitude toward all critics of the administration.

Mayor Frink's idea that government by commission would be a good thing for St. John will have to receive serious consideration. Many citizens who are opposed, in principle, to the commission plan, will soon be found ready to vote for it, because of the prolonged failure of our present system to produce satisfactory results. A bad commission would be quite as bad as a poor council, but if the ratepayers decided to ask for legislation to change the city charter, they would doubtless make up their minds to permit only the best of the first rank in point of ability and public spirit to become members of the commission; and it probably would be agreed that the fewer members the commission contained the better, three or four being enough. It would be useless to talk seriously about a commission unless the city became ready to look the arrangement squarely in the face and to pay the commissioners salaries large enough to enable them to devote all of their working time to civic business. The experience of Ottawa and of other cities tends to show that a board of control is not enough in itself to cure such dissatisfaction as has long existed here. For that matter, a commission would not cure it unless the commissioners were men of high merit and ability. Such men would be given a free hand, and a strong and earnest popular demand for a new deal might bring them forward. A prolonged and disappointing experience under the existing system must have persuaded a large proportion of the electors that it is time to give the commission plan serious thought.

CONSERVATIVE TWISTING

"The lightninglike variation and political somersaulting of the Conservative party," as Sir Wilfrid Laurier described it, is a mournful exhibition to all who believe

that party government is to continue for some time to come. The present is a period of transition in Canadian national life. The arrival of the Rainbow at Esquimaux and the Niobe at Halifax marked the beginning of a new epoch. And in this crisis time, all that a once great party has to offer in the way of direction or leadership is political somersaulting. Evidently the Conservative leaders stand aghast, and are desperately desirous of recovering their way over the electors, whom they feel are slipping further and further from their grasp. This blind and selfish appetite for mere power, without regard for genuine public interest, is new in Canada in this unblinking form. It is an insane policy. There are at all times matters of expediency and experience which force parties to change, and justify them in changing their purpose and policy; but between graduation or modification and political somersaulting, between honesty and dishonesty, there is a great gulf fixed which none may bridge and none may ford.

It is not difficult to predict the future of a party led by so unstable a political craftsman as Mr. Borden. This instability must ultimately permeate the ranks of the party, corrupting and demoralizing it, with the result of rendering it impotent. In the career of parties, no less than in the lives of individuals, there come crises which determine what a profession of policy is worth. Only when adherence to principles involve sacrifice do we discover whether the principles have been firmly grasped and allowed their fair influence. But here there is not the slightest indication of the presence of any principle, but a certain fearful looking forward in search of some popular appeal that will offend few and deceive most. Mr. Borden is trying to build for his party a foundation on the sands of opportunism, thinking thus to make head against one on the rock of principle. His building he expects to be ready to dip, and lurch, and change, and drift and swing, presenting new sides, to all classes as the sands shift with the beating of winds and waves upon them. The very highest authority would teach him to expect a different result. Mr. Borden is preparing for a debacle of the Conservative party in Canada.

AT OTTAWA

Conservative correspondents who have been writing from Ottawa to the effect that the Laurier government is in a shattered condition, that its forces are in a state of dismay and panic, and that Sir Wilfrid is old and troubled, will have some difficulty in explaining the events of the last few days in the House of Commons.

On division on the naval policy Sir Wilfrid finds himself with a majority of 53, which for political purposes is both as wide as a church door and as deep as a well. In the face of that record majority a great deal of the superheated air that has been coming over the telegraph wires from Ottawa to Conservative newspapers will appear to have been wasted. Moreover, Sir Wilfrid's latest speech in itself proof of the utter folly of those Conservative writers who have been attempting to persuade their readers that the Liberal chief's powers have in any way been diminished. The test of battle finds him on the firing line, with all his old vigor and fighting efficiency, and with an unbroken and steadfast following at his back.

The latest Conservative canard is to the effect that because of trouble over the naval question Sir Wilfrid will go to the country immediately after the present session. It is too early yet to form a very definite idea as to when the elections will be brought on, but certainly there is nothing in the situation over the naval bill to cause the Prime Minister to change any plans he may have made. The Conservative device is an old one, that of attempting to divert attention from the troubles of Mr. Borden and his party by creating imaginary troubles in the ranks of the government. The Conservative party is still divided with respect to the navy, and with respect to the tariff. It is still in such a state of uncertainty and division with respect to the tariff as well as the navy that it is not deemed safe to set a date for the national convention of Conservatives, which was to have been held some months ago, but which was postponed then because the convention would have meant an open row.

While Mr. Borden and Mr. Monk are talking about the navy, the Liberal government is proceeding to carry out the naval policy to which the country is committed, and in support of which Canadian sentiment is practically unanimous. The Niobe is in Halifax harbor, and the Rainbow is at Esquimaux. Here, already in our ports, are the first ships of the Canadian navy that is to be. The extent of that navy will depend in a measure upon future events, but so long as Britain finds it necessary to tax herself heavily for the purpose of maintaining British supremacy and sea power, Canada as a loyal member of the British Empire will continue to contribute her fair share toward the first line of defence. The great fact is that we have entered upon a settled policy in this regard, that a start has been made, and that the first ships are already here. All this is due to Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

COOK'S CONFESSION

Dr. Cook, who became famous as an explorer and infamous as an impostor, all in a few days, and who since his exposure has been a wanderer and a fugitive, has once more challenged public attention by means of a confession contributed to Hampton's Magazine. The confession was unnecessary, and it will excite little interest, because its author gives no plausible reason for his astonishing lapse. Indeed, he still professes some uncertainty as to whether or not he did reach the North Pole. But the public feels no uncertainty, and little curiosity, in regard to the subject.

There is some doubt, perhaps a growing amount, as to whether or not Peary reached the pole, but somehow or other polar exploration is not likely to excite much interest for a long time to come. To some extent the change of public opinion has been due to increased progress in aerial navigation. Today it is not probable that

the finding of the North Pole would be thought a highly important matter, and at some time in the future when airships have been developed to a greater degree, the business of going to the pole will not, perhaps, be regarded as especially difficult.

Captain Robert F. Scott is now on his voyage of discovery in the Antarctic, and before leaving New Zealand he expressed the hope that he might reach the south pole in December, 1911, a year from now. Since Shackleton's voyage to the Antarctic, interest in that region has been stimulated, the more so because Shackleton proved to be very much of a man, and because his lectures on his experience were much more straightforward and picturesque than the accounts of the far north given by those who had adventured in that direction. Captain Scott seems to be a dependable sort of navigator, and if he should return with the announcement that he had found the south pole he will be believed. And yet such announcement would cause little excitement. Truth to tell, the world is somewhat tired of news about the polar regions.

HOUSE-KEEPING

Housekeeping is yet to be made a beautiful art; now it is too often regarded as slavery or drudgery. No work can be done finely until it is thought to be dignified. Today housekeeping is the only remaining occupation to which a democratic society dares to give the name "service." About it lingers the contempt and shame of slavery. It has little place in the school houses except here and there through the bold fad of some reformer who would teach the science of cooking, of home-keeping and home-making to girls who look forward, in a few years, to leaving their fathers and mothers that they may cleave to their husbands. The consequence of our attitude towards housekeeping is that in spite of all our activity, out-door exercise and out-door life, we are a nation of dyspeptics. The ecclesiastical gleefully points out the fact that we will suffer for our sins, and while he rejoices that there is no hope in the worker of iniquity may hide, here we suffer because home-making and housekeeping have not been raised to the dignity of a fine and beautiful art; our stomachs are full of ferments and undigested and indigestible food, with a myriad of diseases and bad tempers and family quarrels. So far have we gone in this direction and so much have we suffered that even in the godly, self-righteous city of Toronto a large proportion of the men must resort to drink for stimulants and to the saloon for companionship.

We have only yet imperfectly recognized that labor is a blessing. Housekeeping is still regarded only as a necessity, not as an opportunity for bestowing great moral and social compensations on society. There would be much more optimism, self-confidence, joy in life and eagerness for the future among the people today were housekeeping looked upon as a sport and undertaken for its own sake, instead of a drudgery forced by a cruel necessity. All religions are beginning to recognize the blessings of labor. In the Book of Proverbs idleness is denounced as the cause of poverty and want. The rabbinical literature is full of passages in honor of all productive labor. Even the Zoroastrian religion approves all the economic virtues, and productive efforts, and all labor to increase favorable conditions and to overcome harmful and destructive influences. It would especially commend housekeeping. And today when we are beginning to understand that the ethics of poverty are as well worthy of study as the ethics of wealth, and to teach that waste in any department is a crime, we are beginning to realize that life and religion are both developed forms of the strife between good forces and evil forces, and that high among the activities best calculated to overcome the evil and toward forces in life stands the activity of the housewife and the laborer in the kitchen and the home. The father labors, wins and saves, and the housekeeper all ways decides whether this labor will be a curse or a blessing. Against her decision there is at present no appeal, and there does not promise to be for a long time to come.

Our difficulty is to make ourselves believe that the poetic, the romantic, the adventuresome, are connected with housekeeping. But it is really the innermost inspiration of the artist, the architect, orator or other maker trying to improve and transform the world. It is the great activity that keeps humanity's courage up and saves the world from heart-break over the misdeeds of its actual performance. It creates the beauty and strength of which the artists dream, and to paint red in the cheeks of men and women; hope into their eyes, and beauty into their forms. It is surely the art of art, the art that unites and consummates all other arts. It is the art that colors our social life. It is no doubt true that man cannot live by bread alone, but he cannot live without bread. All social industries are specialized housekeeping carried out on a grand scale. The earliest industry was the finding, gathering and preparing of food. This is an art which does not threaten to become obsolete. Nutrition conditions spiritual life and all else.

BRITISH ELECTIONS—THE FIRST ROUND

Whatever it is John Bull is voting on in the present contest, whether it be the veto power of the Lords, protection, or the budget; or all three, the first day of the battle is indecisive. Both sides will be disappointed by the returns of Saturday. Both hoped for an advantage so decided as to influence voting in the remaining contests, both hoped for proof of gains great enough to foreshadow a decisive win. The polling of Saturday gives little encouragement to either side, confounds the more thoroughgoing prophets of both, and so far as it indicates anything at all, points to a stalemate in the next House.

When the polls were closed on Saturday evening the Unionists had won sixty-two seats, and the Liberal coalition sixty-three. London had given the country no guidance, and Manchester none. If anything they favored the government a shade as compared with the last battle. Assuming that the fighting of Saturday is a fair index of the fighting to come, the outlook is for a long period of unsettled political weather. For if Mr. Asquith were to find himself at New Year's with a majority too small to enable him to carry through the larger measures to which he is pledged he would resign, having pledged himself not to continue in office unless he can give effect to what he believes to be the verdict of the people with respect to the Lords, the Budget, and Free Trade. And if he should resign Mr. Balfour, who would be called upon to mount the quarter deck, would be unable to command a working majority; the Liberals and their allies, if too weak to govern the country effectively, will still be too strong to permit the Unionists to carry through a single one of the measures of importance to which they are pledged, least of all tariff reform, which is the thin edge of the giant wedge of protection. All this, of course, is assuming that the voting of this week will give no more decided advantage to either party than did that of Saturday.

Mr. Bonar Law, the New Brunswick speaker, is spoken of as likely to become Chancellor of the Exchequer if his party gains power, failed to convert the Manchester division from its old view. The Liberal majority there remains. Another seat will, doubtless, be found for Mr. Law, whose party needs him in the House. Mr. W. Max Aiken had better luck. His win in Ashton-Under-Lyne is one of the few Unionist gains recorded. News of his success will please his Canadian friends, and astonish them more. Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist, a more hardened Tory than Mr. Aiken can hope to be for some time, holds his seat easily. Mr. Birrell and several junior members of the government were elected, and no man of mark excepting Mr. Law appears among the slain. Mr. Law let a forlorn hope.

Two or three days' more may show that one party or the other is developing new power, but with Scotland, Wales, and Ireland regarded as practically solid, and with Saturday's vote in mind, most observers will look for a drawn battle.

THE YOUNG LIBERALS

Those who attended the successful and enthusiastic meeting of the Young Liberals on Friday evening last must have been struck by the fact that a great majority of those present were men who have not yet cast very many votes. The fact that these young men, and so many of them, are displaying keen interest in public affairs, and are giving their support to the Liberal party, is certainly a most encouraging one.

From many standpoints this Liberal rally must be regarded as showing that the party is in a healthy condition. The cheering that greeted the hard hitting with which Mr. Messrs. Robinson and Sweeney handled the Hazen government was but a fair tribute to the speakers, for between them they went over the record of the present local administration in a most telling manner. No review of political conditions more damaging to the prestige of the local government can well be imagined. Both Mr. Robinson and Mr. Sweeney have followed public affairs in this province for many years, and they are familiar with every move and every failure of Mr. Hazen and his colleagues.

Naturally enough both speakers dealt with the long array of broken promises which form the record of the administration. They proved their case as they went along by referring to facts within the knowledge of all present. Mr. Hazen and his lieutenants promised economy, and they have been extravagant beyond all precedent; they promised good roads and a non-political-road policy, yet in spite of the fact that they have had an increased revenue to dispose of the roads are in worse condition than ever, and partisanship has been a most objectionable feature of the government's road policy; they promised early construction of a railroad down the St. John Valley, yet all they have done thus far is to attempt to commit the province to the building of an electric road that would connect one station on the C. P. R. with another point on the same road.

In every county in the province people have in mind some of the broken promises of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Sweeney spoke so forcibly at Friday night's meeting. What happened in the last Federal campaign in New Brunswick is well remembered, and the Federal elections came but a few months after Mr. Hazen had carried a large majority of the seats of the province. The reversal of the verdict in his favor when the Dominion elections came along was a most signal one. As the speakers clearly proved, the Liberal party is in a position to undertake with great hope of success, and as a public service of the highest value, the overthrow of the Hazen administration in the next provincial campaign.

The resolutions passed at Friday night's meeting, expressing confidence in the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and appreciation of the services of the Minister of Public Works, were adopted with significant enthusiasm. Never in the history of the Liberal party did any leader command to such a degree the confidence and esteem of all Liberals as does Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The record of the Minister of Public Works, from the standpoint of the whole country as well as from that of this city and province, has been one to which all Liberals may well point with pride.

Hon. Mr. Pugsley, in the administration of his great department, looks carefully after the needs of the whole country, and much that he has been able to do for this port and this province has been along national lines. Thanks to his efforts St. John is recognized as the Winter Port of Canada—and that recognition is marked by the expenditure of Federal money here on the ground that the work to be done is national in character. The recognition of that principle was a turning point in the history of St. John.

When Liberals get together in these days the occasion is a happy one, so great are the services which the Liberal government has rendered Canada since the great victory of 1896. In New Brunswick as elsewhere in the Dominion the party is strong, confident, and united.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A difference of opinion over certain matters in connection with the Blue Bell tract and Hon. Mr. Fleming's connection therewith has developed between Mr. Thomas Hillyard and Hon. Robert Maxwell. The facts in such a case should not be hard to ascertain. During the next session of the Legislature, if not sooner, they should be placed before the public. If they vindicate Hon. Mr. Fleming so much the better for him.

The Young Liberals are to be congratulated warmly upon the success of their political smoker. This is so good a start that it should be followed up, not here alone but throughout the province. The Liberal party is so prosperous today that activity of this sort may be thought unnecessary by some, but there is nothing like getting together and hearing sound and inspiring speeches in support of the good cause. Hon. Mr. Robinson and the other speakers who contributed so happily to the success of last night's function deserve the hearty thanks of the party.

The following from the New York Times is timely: "You did it last year earlier than before. Do it again. It is better for you. You will be less crowded in the doing of it. You will have a better choice of the commodities that are offered, and more time to make your choices. It is a great deal better for the forces in the shops; the girls and men who wait on you, and deliver your purchases. The strain of the Christmas shopping on the shopgirls, in particular, is still very severe. Mitigate it, you who can, by every means in your power. Get your matters out of the way early. There will be many who won't and a good many who can't, and the rush will be hard enough in any case. Do your Christmas shopping early! It is wise; it is thrifty, and it is kind."

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The lights of Saturday night beat golden, golden over the pillared street; The long plate glass of a Dream-Dream olden is as the footlight shining ever.

Street lamp—flambeau—glamor of trolley—comet-fall of the trains above, Splash where the jostling crowds are jolly with echoing laughter and human love.

This is the City of the Enchanted, and these are her Enchanted People! Far and far is Daylight, haunted with whistle of mill and bell of Steeple, The Eastern tentacles loose the women, The Western, flares release the wives To touch, where all the ways are common, a glory to their sweetest lives.

The leather of shoes in the brilliant case sheds a lustre over the heart; The high-heeled foot in the flaring balm gleams with the tints of Turner's— Darwin's dream and the eye of Spencer saw not such a gloried race, As here, in copper light intenser than desert sun, glides face by face.

Yes, in this people, glamor-sunned, demure wins heaven again. Here the unlearned and the unmoneyed laugh in the lights of Lover's Lane! O Dream-World lights that lift through the ether millions of miles to the Milky Way!

Tonight Earth rolls through a golden weather that lights the Pleiades where they play! Yet . . . God? Does He lead these sons and daughters? Yes, do they feel, with a passion that stills, God on the face of the moving waters, God in the quiet of the hills?

Yet . . . what if the million mantled mountains, and what if the million-moving sea Are here alone in facades and fountains— Our deep, dark world of humanity— We builders of cities and civilizations, Walled away from the sea and the sod,

Must reach, dream-led, for our revelations through one another—as far as God. Through one another—through one another—no more the gleam on sea or land, But so close that we see the Brother—and understand—and understand. Till, dark in swept crowd closer, closer, We seek the gleam in the human cloud, And clerk and foreman, miller and grocer, are in our family of God.

James Oppenhe-

LONG STANDING SCIATICA

Completely Cured by One Box of Father Morrissey's No. 7 Tablets.

Sciatica is hard enough to endure, and harder still to cure, in many cases, with ordinary remedies. Caused, like rheumatism, by impurities in the blood, which in this case set up an irritation of the sciatic nerve, it is so difficult to get at with external applications that many sufferers try in vain to get relief. Mr. Charles McEachern, of Summersville, P.E.I., was in just that position until he started to take Father Morrissey's "No. 7." He writes: "After trying several doctors and spending large sums of money without avail, I was completely cured of Sciatica of long standing after using one package of your Medicine (No. 7 for Rheumatism). No matter how long you have suffered from Sciatica or Rheumatism of joints or muscles—no matter how much medicine or liniment you have used without result—try Father Morrissey's No. 7 before you give up. It has restored health to many who were almost hopeless." 50c. a box at your dealer's or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CERTAIN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS AND CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

See Similar Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* NEW YORK. At 6 months old 35 DROPS—35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE
WELCOME TO KOSSUTH
By Charles Sumner

From a speech advocating a resolution of welcome to Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, in the U. S. senate Dec. 10, 1851.

BUT I would join in this welcome, not only because it is essential to complete and crown the work of the last congress, but because our guest deserves it at our hands. The distinction is as the early, constant and incorruptible champion of the liberal cause in Hungary, who, while yet young, with unconscious power, girded himself for the contest, and by a series of masterly labors, with voice and pen, in parliamentary debates, and in the discussions of the press, breathed into his country the breath of life. He deserves it by the great principles of true democracy which he caused to be recognized—representation of the people without distinction of rank or birth, and equality before the law. He deserves it by the trials he has undergone in prison and in exile. He deserves it by the precious truth which he now so eloquently proclaims of the fraternity of nations.

As I regard his course I am filled with reverence and awe. I see in him, more than in any other living man, the power which may be exerted by a single earnest, honest soul, in a noble cause. In himself he is more than a whole cabinet—more than a whole army. I watched him in Hungary while, like Carnot in France, he "organizes victory." I follow him in exile in distant Asiatic Turkey, and there find him, with only a scanty band of attendants, in weakness and confinement, still the dread of despots; I sympathize with him in his happy release; and now, as he comes more within the sphere of our immediate observation, amazement fills us all in the contemplation of his career, while he proceeds from land to land, from city to city, and with words of matchless power, seems at times the fiery sword of freedom, and then the trumpet of resurrection to the nations.

THE TRAGEDY OF GRAND MANAN

(Toronto Star.)

Off Maine, but in reality a part of Charlotte county, New Brunswick, is the little island of Grand Manan, whose coasts have for years been the scene of Canadian and United States sardine fisheries. It is not far from that tiny bit of an island known as Pope's Folly, which Canada recently surrendered to Uncle Sam in return for certain fishing rights. But while Pope's Folly is little more than a rock, and known to the public only through the determination of its solitary inhabitant to vote in both New Brunswick and Maine elections, Grand Manan has an area of one hundred square miles and is an important summer resort.

In commercial life, however, it is valued chiefly as the locality in which sardines are netted. Even the most innocent consumer, of course, has long been aware that sardines used hereabouts do not come from Sardina; and many of them, at any rate. While that island in the Mediterranean was the original home of the fisherman who caught the original sardines, almost any kind of a small herring is a sardine nowadays, and packing is done in almost every quarter of the world. There are 32,000 sardine fishermen in France, and 15,000 people are employed in the country's canning factories. But their product reaches Canada in only small consignments. Be it also known that when a Canadian dines upon the succulent sardine, the "pure olive oil" in which it is

packed is usually either peanut or cottonseed, almost invariably the latter. But the fact remains that most people cannot tell the difference between a real sardine and the Canadian article, the catching and packing of which employs a large number of New Brunswickers. They are not rich people. Fish trusts have flourished and grown financially fat, but the men who do the work, the fishers themselves, have seldom developed into capitalists. Fishing has been a hazardous and unremunerative task since the beginning of things, and now the sardine fishermen of New Brunswick are faced with a winter of famine because they find there are no sardines to be caught. For them it is a tragedy, but for Canada it may prove a needed lesson.

The long and short of it is that the "sardines" which are caught off the Maine-New Brunswick coast are nothing more than the young of the herring. The absence of these yearlings in 1910 is an indication of the depletion of the supply of full-grown fish in the years to come. It is time for New Brunswick to consider, indeed, whether the sardine fisheries should not be prohibited altogether. It would mean that those who now make their living from that source would have to find other employment. But under present conditions the yearly slaughter of the small herrings threatens to exhaust the supply in coast waters. The fish should be allowed to reach maturity and multiply. If the sardine is costing Canada its herring fisheries, it is bought at too dear a price.

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MRS. EDDY'S
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but there were
although man-
would know
the great org-
joyously and
of the leaders
sent from the
those who were
public expres-
denomination
ized leader.
Several of
Mrs. Eddy be-
would not be
methods of ca-
teachings and
lity followed.
she founded w-
future as he
out today
routine matte-