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JOHN RUSSELL, JR., Mgr.
E. W. McCREADY, Editor.

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some quarters people are reluctant to admit prosperity, but it is a fact that there is more of it in New Brunswick today than ever before in its history.

Here we have given but a hurried glance at conditions in this province, but we have said enough, perhaps, to explain to our distant friend, the Colonist, why The Telegraph is going to continue preaching, with conviction, from the text: "Young man, stay in New Brunswick."

AGAIN, THE BOY PROBLEM

A shocking case of youthful depravity again directs St. John's attention to the "boy problem," which problem is but one of several involved in the duties of good citizenship. Given idleness and vicious surroundings, the average boy, lacking proper parental control and direction, will go to the devil at a gallop. It would be interesting, if alarming, to discover how many boys in St. John today are carrying concealed weapons, stealing when opportunity offers, and generally training themselves for the penitentiary or the gallows. From evidence disclosed from time to time, affording a partial revelation of city conditions, one is led to fear that the number would be found surprisingly large. In a great speech recently delivered in Toronto by Mr. T. C. Robinette, K. C., at the opening of a new boys' home, the speaker eloquently reminded his fellow citizens that the hope of this nation lies in the quality of its children. Mr. Robinette's theme was the value of the boy, to himself, to his parents, to the country. "Get out the pure silver from the ore," he said; "cast aside the by-products. Show the boy that he is honest; it pays to obey laws and rules; it pays to act squarely and live clean. The boy is a keen observer and a wide-awake critic. His conscience is whole." He said the cost of keeping a boy in the humblest circumstances to the age of ten years is \$1,000. That meant the boy is a thousand dollar asset to the country. "What do you do with a lot worth \$1,000?" he asked. "You fence it in, pay taxes on it, so that it has protection from the public, and, perhaps, improve it to the extent of another \$2,000. What do you do with a horse worth \$1,000? He has a groom to rub him shining every morning; his box stall keeps deep with straw, a carefully ventilated stable and selected food. The greatest care is taken as to his exercise, and all this for a horse that dies in a few years after serving man, and leaves no continuing interest or asset behind him. Why do we treat our boys less carefully than a horse or a lot? Should we not take equal care? Why should we turn this valuable asset of boyhood loose to care for itself? Boys are naturally good and want to do what is right, only they need to be told how. Nine boys out of ten err on account of ignorance and lack of advice. Let us get hold of them at ten years of age. Bend the tree aright and it will grow straight. Don't wait until the boy is eighteen or twenty and has had his habits formed." He spoke of Canada's mighty resources and splendid destiny, and then he added:

"But though all these assets be glorious and vital factors in her wealth not one of them is as vital as the boy, for he is the daily bread of the life of the nation and the prayer of Canada should be, Give us this day our daily bread—the boy. Let this be the daily prayer of Canada, the nation."

"The assets of Canada are the boys and girls of our country. For were it not for them the wealth of sea, the riches of forest, the golden grain of prairie, the fruit of valley would be waste and useless in this broad land of ours."

"The nation's greatness is commensurate with the greatness of its people. It can be no higher than the aspirations of those people. Be those aspirations low, then will progress be slow. Be those aspirations lofty, then her progress will be mighty."

"The boy tills the soil. The boy sows the grain. The boy grinds the grain. The boy fits it for commerce and sends it out to feed the world."

"He is the blood that beats in the great heart of the nation and flowing out through the arteries and veins sustains the national life."

"See to it, then, oh you people of Canada, that these boys, the blood in the heart of your nationhood, be good, red blood, pure and undefiled, that so too may be your nationhood to flower before the world."

A really bad boy is a plague spot in the community, corrupting others of like age, or younger, who come within his influence, though he himself may not really be to blame for the vicious character he has developed. The amazing thing is that the community discovers its vicious boys only once in a while when they commit some offence that startles and offends the people. So long as they do not proclaim their existence the community is willing to assume that they do not exist. Such neglect, raises an evil and inevitable harvest."

United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew—once esteemed a prince of wits because he was kind to the newspapers and they paid him back many times over in the coin of kindness—has challenged public attention briefly once more by an utterance which had it come from a bigger man would have in it elements of international mischief. Mr. Depew's fragile claims upon greatness were broken by the insurance revelations in New York a few years ago, after which the same press of the country held him up to public contempt along with the late Thomas Collier Platt, his fellow in the Senate, asking how long the Empire State would keep as its representative in the Upper Chamber such men to remind it, by contrast, of Robespierre. Platt died, broken and despised. Senator Depew remains, tolerated until now because of a tendency toward discreet silence. He seems to have mistaken toleration for some feeling of producing good crops. This discovery will mean an agricultural revolution. Our mining development is only beginning. We are only now learning the value of our forests and our water powers. In

the time of the Venezuelan trouble Lord Salisbury had declared his belief that on account of the rancor coming down from the revolutionary war and accentuated by certain occurrences in the Civil War, the United States meant to have a war with Great Britain at some time, and his (Salisbury's) belief was that that occasion was the best time, as the United States had no navy.

Mr. Depew has chosen badly. This sort of thing should be told of someone other than Lord Salisbury if it is to carry conviction. It should not be told at all without evidence of unquestioned weight to support it. Its purpose seems to have been to win support for the tremendous naval budget which Congress was then dealing with and which it subsequently passed. It is war talk that best opens the treasury for the big navy men, in all countries. All that the world knows of Lord Salisbury ranges itself solidly against the probability of the Depew story. In more than a ten years when a moment's bad counsel would have given popular passion its way—as in the hour when England learned of the Russian sinking the North Sea trawlers—Lord Salisbury stood like a rock for dignified deliberation. The nation trusted him, felt that the honor and prestige of the country were safe in his hands, and never waited long for proof that its confidence was justified.

Further—as the Montreal Gazette well argues—Lord Salisbury's conduct at the time of the Venezuelan affair tends strongly to discredit the statement of Mr. Depew and his "intimate friend who was an intimate friend of Lord Salisbury."

In 1895, after British subjects had been harshly treated by Venezuelan officials and when there seemed no prospect of settling the questions that had been raised about the location of the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana, President Cleveland sent to the U. S. Congress a message which in effect declared that the boundary must be ranged to the satisfaction of the United States, and at once, and suggested the appointment of a United States commission to inquire into the facts. The tone of the message was such that had it come from any but a United States diplomat it would have been regarded as a threat of war. Much less in 1870 brought on the Franco-Prussian struggle. Lord Salisbury was prime minister of Great Britain, and contented himself with stating the British case, which was later sustained in almost all its phases by arbitrators. There certainly was nothing in his conduct to suggest that he thought or desired that war could or would come from the interference of the United States, and even after the Congress at Washington voted money in its connection, he made much for arbitration, if not enough for war, all that the British government did was to organize a cruiser squadron, too weak for anything but the protection of British interests in South America. If Lord Salisbury's thoughts were to be judged by his actions, he had something like contempt for the course the United States government was pursuing, and no such interference by Queen Victoria as Mr. Depew's unnamed friend spoke of could have been necessary. A little later, also, when the United States hurried on the war with Spain over Cuba, Lord Salisbury had an opportunity of sharing in the humiliation of the United States, and by his attitude actually helped that country. "Europe's continental powers, naturally sympathized with Spain and to some extent showed their feelings. Lord Salisbury refused to countenance any co-operative European demonstration, and by his instructions the British consuls in the Spanish dominions took charge of United States interests and the interests of United States citizens."

So plain a recital of the facts is enough to suggest not only that Senator Depew's story is mistaken and of mischievous tendency, but also to remind all who read it that the passion of Cleveland and the calm of Salisbury on the occasion in question will ever be recalled with more equanimity in London than in Washington. In the same black-headed article containing the President's threatening message the present owner of the New York Sun, then in charge of its evening edition, inserted one line in very small type over which much of the country was soon laughing. It was a paraphrase of the famous line of a famous song, and it read: "Grove's off to the war!"

LIST, YE LANDSMEN!
Curse on the fog! Is there never a wind
Of all the winds I know
To lift the smother from off my chest
And let me look on the blue?
—From the lament of Reuben Paine.

St. John enjoyed a clear and a starry sky last evening and all sorts and conditions of men gazed long and fixedly into the velvet blue to appraise for themselves the much advertised comet. It was there, tail and all, but in theatrical parlance, it was not up to the advance notices, even though one might not properly describe it as a "shine."

But while the world rings with disappointment over Halley's path wanderer, individuals here and there have had no cause to complain. There are, for example, the skipper and crew of the schooner Minnie Mand, whose experiences on the run from Gaspe to Montreal are sketched in our despatches. They sailed through the comet's tail on the night of May 19, gasping for one long hour in the suffocating fumes given off by this highly offensive caudal appendage. It is, of course, useless to argue that the Minnie Mand story is mere moonshine, for the suffocated sailormen know what they know, and there's an end on't. Besides, it is not well to dispute with those who go down to the sea in ships, or even in schooners; they are not easily persuaded. Were it otherwise one would be disposed to recall the experience of a yacht's crew in that same Gaspe region, pleasure folk bent on salmon and trout fishing, who lay off shore there part of a night in the breath of an off shore breeze that carried to them and wrapped them round in an odor deadly and indescribable. When their reeling senses recovered somewhat from the first shock they pulled up the anchor and stood off shore with all the heels the wind provided, gradually escaping the clutch of the odor as they retreated from its source. They, too, told a tale to make the landmen wonder—and they scoffed at the explanation. It was that Jean Baptiste and a lumbering crew in

camp to windward of their anchorage were having a bit of an innocent celebration in which whisky blanc and tabac Canadian were employed with prodigal freedom.

This, of course, is only a story; but so also is that which has been said of the skipper and the crew of the Minnie Mand, and if we overestimate the pungent quality of Quebec grown tobacco it is just possible that they have exceeded the probabilities in describing their fearsome wrestle with the tip of the comet's tail.

A FINE ADDRESS

Men who write books are sometimes a disappointment on the public platform; at times because a public acquainted with the written word expects too much of the spoken; at other times because the man who writes a good book is by no means an impressive speaker. Rev. Mr. Knowles, who spoke before the Canadian Clubs here last evening, speaks as well as he writes, and, as he writes admirably, his audience had reason to congratulate itself upon the flavor of the feast for which the Women's Canadian Club made provision when its officers secured Mr. Knowles' consent to speak here. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to remind the public that the distinguished visitor is to be heard in the pulpit tomorrow.

In a day when the philosopher is too often shouldered aside by men and women in their headlong pursuit of money, of "success," of advancement or advantage of one sort or another, an address like that of last evening is welcome for its thoughtful tendency to restore in some degree our disturbed sense of proportion, to correct our disordered estimate of values. Mr. Knowles does not thunder, but he thinks, and without hammering his facts home he induces others to think. We could do with many more like him. Men who goad us to greater material progress are necessary enough, and it is perhaps well that we have developed an army of them; but their very success along that line, upon which we frequently congratulate ourselves, too often makes us forget to examine our progress to ascertain whether or not haste and exertion are winning for us the goal that is really worth while. In a strenuous day—as ours is—we have all the greater need of the philosophers who stand aside from the fret and fury of their fellows. For life, mark you, is pretty much anything, but that which most of us seem to think it.

Members of the Public Utilities Commission have perfected their organization and will be ready for business early in June, provided the local government loses no time in approving of the rules of procedure which the commission recently adopted. The board seems not yet to be quite sure as to the extent of its jurisdiction, and it may well be that tests of its powers and of the scope of its authority will show that the act of last session, by which the commission was created, will require amendment next session. The sooner the commissioners get to work, the sooner will the real value of the act be made plain. Under the law the commissioners are not bound to wait until some person or persons make a complaint against a public utility company; the board has general supervision of such companies and is supposed to see that they comply with the provisions of the new law. Further, of course, reasonable complaints are to receive attention as early as the business of the board will permit it. There are in the act several sections making these points clear. For example, section 5:

"Every public utility is required to furnish reasonably adequate service and facilities. The charge made by any public utility for any heat, light, water or power produced, transmitted, delivered or furnished, or for any telephone message conveyed, or for any service rendered or to be rendered in connection therewith, shall be reasonable and just, and every unjust or unreasonable charge for such service is prohibited and declared unlawful."

Cities or individuals may demand investigations of complaints lodged by them, but it by no means follows that the commission would remain idle if no complaints appeared. For sections 6 and 7 of the act say:

"6—Every public utility shall, annually, make a return to the board, in a form and at a time prescribed by said board. Such return shall set forth the amount of its authorized capital, its capital paid up, its liabilities and assets, its receipts and expenditures for the preceding year, its dividends paid or declared, and such other statements showing its financial condition as may be required by the board, and such returns shall be signed and sworn to by the principal officers or person engaged in the management of such public utility, at the time of the making of said return."

"7—The board shall have the general supervision of all public utilities, and shall make all necessary examinations and inquiries and keep itself informed as to the compliance by the said public utilities with the provisions of this law."

Thus the commissioners are directly charged with the duty of such supervision and investigation as they enable them to prevent injustice. They already have a complaint as to telephone conditions, but even if none were formally made they are by law directed to investigate such conduct as led to the recent widespread public complaint against the New Brunswick Telephone Company.

Again, section 8 provides that:

"Every public utility shall, on or before such date as is fixed by the board, file with the board schedules which shall be open to public inspection, showing all rates, tolls and charges which it has established and which are established at the time for any service performed by said public utility within the province, and until such schedules have been filed, the rates, tolls and charges shall not exceed those charged at the time of the passing of this act."

Though the scope of the commission's authority may not be, and probably is not, so great as is desirable, the sections quoted show that if the commissioners are progressive, energetic, and public spirited there

is much they can do. It was said the other day that they had no power to prevent the destruction of trees by the telephone company, and no authority to compel it to remove its unsightly poles instead of cutting them off near the ground and leaving dangerous and unsightly stumps. This is strange, if true. The Quebec commission, according to a recent statement by its chairman, is not so impotent. It has power to regulate the placing of poles, wires, conduits, pipes and other appliances along, across, over or under any road, street, square or watercourse; settle difficulties as to use of streets, roads, etc., between municipalities and public utilities; see that wires are so placed and supported that they are neither dangerous, unsightly nor obstructive; upon the application of any city, town or village, compel the putting of wires underground upon the conditions the commission may fix. Fourthly, in the carrying out of these powers it may require the construction or demolition of any works, or that they shall be altered and repaired, and how and at whose expense this, or any of it, shall be done. It may also take entire possession of any public utility and all its property and powers, using and exercising them until its orders have been carried out. Lastly, if there appears to the commission no means of compelling a public utility to comply with its orders, it may report this to the Attorney-General, who can then take proceedings to dissolve the corporation.

It is clearly in the public interest that the New Brunswick commission's powers, and its conception of its duties, shall be reasonably tested before the Legislature meets again. There is in New Brunswick no intention that the politicians and the public utility companies shall be permitted to continue the tacit alliance that has hitherto prevented proper regulation.

THE CANADIAN RIFLE

Sir John French, in his impressive address to the Montreal troops on Saturday, used direct and convincing language in dealing with the training of the Canadian militia, making the point that citizen soldiering in these days demands devoted attention to work by both officers and men if there is to be the real efficiency that alone can be of service in the hour of national peril. War today is not the thing of fifty years ago, or even of ten years ago and as the art of war has been revolutionized, it has been necessary to revolutionize also the training that fits men for active service. The Inspector General speaks highly of the Canadian government's recent militia policy, and describes the rifle adopted by this country as one of unexcelled range and power.

This certificate for the rifle from an authority so eminent comes at a time when criticism of the Ross gun has been to some extent revived by two or three accidents on the ranges. There was one on the St. John range on Saturday, very similar to two others recently reported from Montreal. Two weeks ago in Montreal a rifleman using a Lee-Enfield narrowly escaped serious injury, the head of the breech-bolt being blown off, and the mechanism of the breech wrecked. A little later a Ross rifle was fired with practically the same result, the breech-bolt being blown open, the magazine blown off and the bolt cover and stock split. Such accidents, to rifles of different make, would argue either that the breech had not been properly looked, or that some of the ammunition used was defective.

The Montreal Star, which is no friend of the Ross rifle, is inclined to suspect the ammunition. "A cursory examination into the circumstances," it says, "seems to justify the conclusion that the issue of ammunition now being distributed at the ranges has not been properly calibrated, and that a certain proportion of the cartridges contain bullets too large for the rifles. What must inevitably happen when one of these cartridges is discharged has been twice demonstrated in the last fortnight. The bullet jams in the rifle a few inches above the breech and the gases generated by the explosion of the firing charge have to find an exit at some other point than the muzzle."

The Star suggests investigation by the militia authorities, and no doubt investigation will be made. It may show that there is some defective ammunition, or that the rifleman who met with accidents had not completely closed the breeches. The modern military rifle, with its charge of cordite, is a weapon requiring thorough knowledge and careful handling, and Sir John French seems to have laid some stress on this very point in his address in Montreal on Saturday.

TAKING STOCK

Prof. E. B. Fernow, dean of the Faculty of Forestry of the University of Toronto, and one of the foremost living authorities in the matter of forestry and conservation, has just gone to Nova Scotia to complete the forest survey begun in that province last year. He is accompanied by two members of the faculty, Dr. C. D. Howe and Mr. J. H. White, and by three students, Mr. T. W. Dwight, Mr. Alain Joly de Lotbiniere and Mr. Wm. Kynoch. Last year the western half of the province was surveyed. This year Dr. Fernow expects to complete the survey of the eastern half, including Cape Breton.

New Brunswick—which has much greater forest wealth than Nova Scotia and which is much more dependent upon its Crown lands for revenue and future prosperity—is not making any forest survey. Some few years ago provision was made for the survey and classification of our Crown lands, and for the protection of our watersheds and the maintenance of stream flow; but after the legislation was passed nothing was done to give effect to it. The University of New Brunswick now has a forestry chair, and its forestry professor and students could no doubt be enlisted during the summer months for some such work as Dean Fernow is prosecuting in Nova Scotia. That province derives a great revenue from its coal mines. Fortunately the prospects for mining develop-

ment in New Brunswick are improving, and in all probability our mineral wealth will soon be found to be much greater than most people have supposed. The recent discovery of oil and gas in Albert county is pleasing evidence along this line, as is the growth of the iron industry. While there is much hope in this direction there is no less reason for progressive action in regard to our forests, and our streams. The survey and classification of our Crown lands ought not to be longer postponed. There is need for an authoritative report on water powers also. As in the matter of immigration, so with forestry; Nova Scotia's progressive policies should serve to suggest to the rulers of this province that it is time to get to work.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Standard is not wholly satisfied with the I. C. R. operations for the year, but in discussing the road it is compelled to give some publicity to the fact that there is a surplus of \$623,000. It is somewhat heartening to the Standard, but there it is.

The Boston Transcript says Canadian reciprocity is a mirage. It will be until Uncle Sam corrects some of his own tariff excesses. This country is in a position to wait. The Congressional elections in November next will give some indication as to the progress of low tariff sentiment in the United States and the ability of the Republican party to adjust itself to the needs of the time.

The Minister of Public Works, discussing transportation matters before the Ontario Club in Toronto last night, spoke of a day in the near future when all our railroads and canals will have more traffic than they can handle. Our ports will grow under the impetus of that trade. Of his political opponents and their attacks upon him, Dr. Pugsley spoke briefly, referring to the fact that in New Brunswick, where he is best known, the Liberal victory in the last general election was the most sweeping one in our history. Conservatives hereabouts have not forgotten it, but their policy in slandering the Minister of Public Works is not helping their case. They can campaign on slander, and all the Dominion remembers the people's answer.

MOMENTS WITH MARCUS AURELIUS

One man's pleasure lies here, another's there. Mine lies in preserving a healthy mind;—a mind that shrinks from no man, and from naught that befalls man, but be- holds all things with a kindly glance of welcome, and uses them as they have merited.

Take me and cast me wheresoever thou wilt. For there, too, will the godhead within me abide calm and propitious; content, that is, if it feel and act in harmony with its proper constitution.

Remember that