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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 deal!

The Thrift, Shamrock, Rose entwined, The Maple Leaf forever.

Semi-Weekly Telegraph and The News

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 15, 1910.

TRUTH VS. SUCCESS

The North American Indian generally regarded deceit by which an enemy was outwitted as praiseworthy; it was a part of the art of war. It is still so regarded in modern civilized warfare. It is only in the highest stage of civilization that deceit is regarded with contempt and is thought not to pay. That honesty is the best policy is current doctrine, but not established practice, for whether or not it is a success policy is not a closed question. Our moral sense has become so developed that we ask the question today: "Is a lie ever justifiable?" but in former days it was a question whether a true success policy was to be based on truth or falsehood.

The Greeks admired cunning and successful strategem. Odysseus was the man of many wiles. His maternal grandfather was endowed by Hermes (a god of lying and stealing) with address in lying and thieving beyond all men. The great epics exalt the heroes who are noteworthy for tricks, strategy, ruses and perfidy. Krishna is such a hero who invents strategems and policies for the Pandungs in their strife with the Kurings. The king of the latter when dying declares that the Pandungs had always been dishonorable and tricky, while he and his party had always adhered to honorable methods. However, he is dying and his party is almost annihilated. The victors are somewhat affected by his taunts, which refer to Krishna's inventions and suggestions, but Krishna shows them the booty and says: "But for my strategems you would have none of these fine things. What do you care that you got them by tricks? Do you not want them?" They applaud and praise him. Then the surviving Kurings, weary of virtue and defeat, surprise and murder the Pandungs in the night.

The same poem says that five lies are allowed when one's life or property is in danger. The wicked lie is one uttered before witnesses in reply to a serious question, and the only real lie is one uttered of set purpose for selfish gain. The same conception was taught in the German epics as in the Greek and Indian. These clever heroes, developed out of the life of one period and fixed in the epics, become standards and guides for the customs of later times, in which they are admired as types of what everyone would like to be.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries even many words became perverted and were given a peculiar and technical meaning for use of the period. Virtue, meant the ability to win success. Machiavelli uses it for force, cunning, courage, ability, and craft. It was quite compatible with craft and dissimulation, or with the indulgence of vices. Cellini was a typical man of his age. He committed several murders to say nothing of minor crimes. A most religious man he was, often celebrating and praising the Deity, but he kept religion and morality far separated from each other. In his memoirs he says: "I shall now proceed to inform the reader how it pleased God that I should come into the world." And a little afterwards he tells of how he pursued a somewhat innocent musketeer: "I pursued and in four steps came up with him, when raising the dagger over his head which he lowered down, I hit him exactly upon the nape of the neck. The weapon penetrated so deep that, though I made a great effort to recover it again, I found it impossible." It was assumed that genius combined with force of character released men from the shackles of ordinary morality.

We are elevating the cult of success today even more than they did in the fifteenth century. In politics, finance, and industry, we see the man who can do things elevated to a social hero whose success overrides all other considerations. When that code is adopted it calls for

arbitrary definitions and untruthful character. Moral traditions are guides that no one can afford to neglect. The Renaissance in Italy showed that although moral traditions may be narrow and mistaken, any morality is better than moral anarchy. For man to lose sight of the highest moral traditions in business, industry or government is to become morally lost. Their notions, desires, purposes and means become false. If all try the policy of dishonesty, the result will be the firmest conviction that honesty is the best policy.

HERE IN THE EAST

The Dominion government has just issued a new cereal map of the Western provinces, showing the crop areas for 1909. In a bulletin issued in connection with the map this statement appears:

"The land available from existing lines of transportation is now, however, rapidly approaching exhaustion. There is, to be sure, a great deal of agricultural land in the West still unoccupied, but there is little that is at once of good quality and very near existing lines of railway. The first great rush westward is coming to an end.

For one thing this should mean that a larger proportion of the stream of immigration should now be directed toward the eastern provinces. As The Telegraph remarked the other day, 250 miles of new railroad through the very heart of New Brunswick is just being completed and will be in operation next year. The opening up of this railway, gives access to much Crown land, and much land owned by private companies in large tracts, which should be available for settlement as well as for lumbering.

In other portions of New Brunswick there is still much agricultural land that can be acquired at reasonable prices, and many farmers from the Old Country would find conditions of life here in the East more attractive than here in the western provinces. During the next few years New Brunswick should be able, by proper advertising and the presence of intelligent agents in the United Kingdom, to acquire a very large number of immigrants of the kind who would be of great benefit in developing large areas in this province which are at the present time practically unproductive.

If New Brunswick is in earnest in its effort to secure desirable settlers, its government should profit by such words as these of Lord Brassey in his recent address to the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Manchester:

"What opportunity does Canada offer to those who, for various reasons, desire to better their condition by emigration? We will limit our view to the older provinces. It is here that settlers not able to bear the hardships of the homesteaders in the Far West should have the best chance of success. In central and eastern Canada the pioneer work has been done. The country has been settled more than a hundred years. Land is cheap. The returns from the arable, the pasture, and the orchard lands go far beyond those realized in our own country in ordinary years. To fathers with growing sons the educational opportunities at low cost and the many openings to useful and honorable careers are not the least of the advantages offered. We may very properly consider also the possibilities of emigration for women. I have already referred to the extensive and profitable cultivation of fruit in Canada. Fruit growing seems an employment especially suitable for women, in whatever state of life they may have been brought up. Canada may confidently be recommended to those with small capital."

THE CHIEFTAIN'S RETURN

One or two of the more foolish Conservative newspapers have spoken of the recent tour of Sir Wilfrid Laurier through the West as, in some respects, a failure. We say "more foolish newspapers" in this connection because the more sensible ones have not attempted to dispute the very evident and very widely advertised fact that the tour of the Liberal chieftain has been the most noteworthy thing of the kind in the political history of the Dominion.

When Sir Wilfrid Laurier addresses his Canadian fellow-citizens today the whole country instantly knows beyond all question this man, because of his strength, and eloquence, and vision, and patriotism, is easily the first Canadian. His words have weight and influence with a greater number of Canadians than were ever enjoyed by any one man in our public life before.

Several years ago we were accustomed to say that the Prime Minister had reached the zenith of his career, but such events as the Montreal demonstration in his honor on Monday evening serve to remind us that, great as his influence has been for many years past, he is still increasing it. When he speaks on the question of the hour his words stir the Liberal party throughout the nine provinces like a peal of trumpets. From the time he left Ottawa on his way to the Pacific his every meeting—and the tour was a succession of triumphs—was followed with growing interest by the people of Eastern Canada, and, as report after report told of the acclaim which marked his progress westward, the people of the East formed the impression which found a voice in the tremendous enthusiasm at the Monument National in Montreal on Monday night.

For the purpose of diverting attention from the weaknesses of their own party, it has been the fashion in some Conservative circles of late to pretend that the Liberal party is marked by divisions concerning important questions. Talk along that line has proved to be a somewhat unfortunate direction for Conservative enterprise.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the course of his striking speech in Montreal, devoted a few sentences to a merciless analysis of the conditions existing in the Conservative party today, the party that was once powerful when solidly arrayed behind Sir John Macdonald. This analysis by the Prime Minister of the state of the Opposition is one that will not soon be forgotten, so thorough

was it, so lucid, and so wholly in accord with the known evidence. Let us repeat a part of it here:

"We are evidently in the midst of a series of important events, and the most remarkable fact of the present time on the political horizon is that the Conservative party, the party of Macdonald, the party of Carleton and of Chapleau—is in process of disorganization, and that in a short time it will be fully dissolved even if dissolution is not already accomplished. This is a very significant fact to which I am going to refer. During the last session at Ottawa it had been decided by the chiefs of the Conservative party to hold a convention during the year, which is now about to close, and it is a fact no less remarkable that this convention, after having been decided upon, had to be abandoned."

"We know at Ottawa, it is a well known fact, that there was a meeting of the heads of the party to which had been invited all the sub-chiefs of the country and that at the close of a fairly stormy discussion the plan which had been conceived had to be abandoned. "It was not at this convention, I shall not surprise anyone if I tell you, I was not there. I did not expect to be there, my place was not there, but I know what took place, as if I had been present. One need not have the gift of second sight to know what took place in this convention. I am pretty well experienced in the trade, and I know the moves on the board perfectly. I know those who were present there, I could give you the speech of Mr. Borden, the chief of the party. I could give you the speech of his lieutenant, Mr. Foster. I could tell you of the speech of his ex-lieutenant, Mr. Monk. Gentlemen, let it suffice that there was a great deal of disputing there and that never since the tower of Babel has there been such a confusion of languages. What was the cause, gentlemen, of this confusion?"

"I have just told you that I know perfectly well what occurred there. Some wanted a programme which would have pleased the west, but would not have pleased the east. Others wanted a programme which would have been pleasing to Quebec but to which Ontario could not agree. Some wanted an increase of the tariff, others wanted a lowering of the tariff, some wanted a contribution to the imperial navy, others wanted neither contribution nor navy. And then, gentlemen, finding it impossible to do anything, they decided that the best thing to do was to do nothing at all."

The Conservative party, therefore, has no programme, and in the struggle which will take place before long there will be as many programmes as there are provinces. In the province of British Columbia, which I visited with a few of my friends some time ago, a battle will be waged against the government on the question of Asiatic immigration; in the province of the west, Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the question will be the fiscal and the lowering of the tariff will be demanded. In the province of Ontario the question will be on fiscal matters, and it will not be the lowering of the tariff that is demanded but the increase of the tariff."

"In Ontario, also, war will be made on the question of the navy, and the assertion—not this assertion well—in the province of Quebec that the navy is going to lead us, as to the enslaving of our province, as we are told here, but to the separation of Canada from Great Britain. "In the province of Quebec war will be made—it has already begun, as you know—on this question of the navy, but with the assertion that the navy is going to lead our country to the loss of her autonomy and to the enslaving of our province to Great Britain."

"In the maritime provinces, I do not yet know what will be the plan of attack, but I am certain that it will be as absurd as elsewhere. In every province the methods of attack will cross one another, and it will simply be a jangling of confused waters with the hope that in these troubled waters some good morsel may be found."

BRITAIN'S PROGRESS

The tariff reformers who are attempting to promote their new fiscal policy by telling the electors of Great Britain that the old country is steadily losing ground, are finding the recent figures regarding trade and commerce very awkward. For, as a matter of fact, British trade is increasing with great rapidity. Fifty years ago the British flag floated over fifty-four per cent of the world's shipping; today it floats over fifty-nine per cent. The increase in the volume of British trade last year was \$280,000,000. Germany during a like period showed an increase of a little more than half as much. The increase in the United States was only about one-third that shown by Britain, and that of France was about the same as that of the United States.

With facts like these before them, the British electors are naturally not easily persuaded, even by perverted oratory, that their country has fallen, or is falling, into a hopeless condition, and that only a strong dose of tariff medicine can save the race from the competition of other countries. Compared with her highly protected rivals, Britain under free trade has made a singularly strong showing, her trade growing more rapidly than that of any two of her neighbors taken together. Germany and the United States together have a population three times greater than that of the United Kingdom, yet in the last six months the increase in British trade was greater than that of the trade of Germany and the United States together by more than \$25,000,000.

Canadians who are urged to intervene in the domestic politics of the United Kingdom, upon reading these figures will be more than ever willing to allow the people of the Old Country to settle their

tariff questions for themselves, even as we settle our tariff questions for ourselves. If the British electors desire to try the high protection medicine, that is their privilege; but it would be rather odd if they should try it just as a reaction against high protection is becoming evident in the United States, in Canada, and in other countries.

DR. PUGSEY AND MR. POWELL

The public will read with considerable interest certain telegrams exchanged by Hon. William Pugsley and Mr. H. A. Powell, K. C., which are printed today on another page of this issue. Mr. Powell's partizan course during the investigation of Central Railway matters by the local government commission appointed for that purpose, and the political nature of the report framed by that commission, apparently with Mr. Powell's adroit assistance, all tend to lend an additional degree of interest to the situation in which Mr. Powell has now placed himself, which situation is made clear by the telegrams made public today.

There appeared in The Telegraph of Sept. 23 an Ottawa despatch giving an interview with the Minister of Public Works regarding the decision of Chief Justice Barker on the bill filed by Dr. Pugsley against the New Brunswick Coal & Railway Company, for the taking of an account for the receipts and disbursements of that corporation. Dr. Pugsley in that interview said that upon reading the judgment he had written to his solicitor instructing him to appeal to the Supreme Court.

While he expressed the greatest respect for the learning and ability of the Chief Justice, he said that but for the decision he would have supposed that as a director of the company he would be entitled to have such an account taken, and he still regarded the matter as of sufficient importance to warrant him in obtaining the opinion of the full court upon it. He expressed disappointment at the result of his suit, because, as he said, he had hoped to have a full and complete investigation, "and not a partizan and unfair inquiry, such as took place before the commission, where every effort was made to suppress the truth and distort the facts, and which resulted in a false report, prepared largely by Mr. Powell, the counsel for the provincial government."

Further, Dr. Pugsley said that at considerable expense he had employed a skilled accountant who had examined the books of the various banks and other financial institutions where the company kept its accounts, and whose testimony as to the large sums paid out for interest, wholly omitted by the commissioners from their report, would have corroborated the statement which he (Dr. Pugsley) made in Parliament, when he showed to the complete satisfaction of every impartial listener the thorough unreliability and worthlessness of the commissioners' report.

This was, indeed, plain speaking, but it must have had the endorsement of all impartial men who gave close attention to the proceedings of the commission and also to the statement of the Minister of Public Works in Parliament. Mr. Powell, however, appears to have felt that the publication of Dr. Pugsley's interview made it expedient for him to endeavor to give the whole matter a complexion more favorable to himself and to the Hazen government. At any rate, with this or something similar in mind, he telegraphed on Sept. 26 to the Minister of Public Works asking him if he had been correctly told in the interview telegraphed from Ottawa to this journal.

Dr. Pugsley replied, on September 27, that the summary of the interview telegraphed him by Mr. Powell was substantially correct, and adding: "My statement was based on information in my possession which I regard as reliable and entirely justifying the statement."

On the following day, September 28, Hon. Mr. Pugsley sent to Mr. Powell a second telegram, which will be read with keen interest by all who are at all interested in public affairs in this country, and who are familiar with the many and peculiar efforts that have been made by the political opponents of the Minister of Public Works to injure him in the eyes of his fellow citizens. The second telegram follows here:

Ottawa, Sept. 28, 1910.

H. A. Powell, Esq., K. C., St. John, N. B.

Referring to your telegram to which I replied last night, I infer that you are considering question of proceeding for libel. It seems to me this would be an admirable way of investigating as to truth or falsity of report, and I invite you, or the commissioners, or both, to proceed against me for libel, either civil or criminal. I will be in St. John early next week, and will gladly accept service of civil process, or answer to charge of criminal libel, whichever proceeding may be preferred by you.

WILLIAM PUGSELEY.

Upon this little comment is required. Up to date Mr. Powell has shown no desire to accept the very broad and convincing invitation offered to him by the

Minister of Public Works to try out the whole matter in a court of record, free from the influences of party politics. The public, having read Mr. Powell's telegram and Dr. Pugsley's reply, may be safely trusted to draw its own conclusions.

UNREST IN EUROPE

Yesterday's grave tidings regarding the great railroad strike in France, and the widespread uneasiness caused by it and the fear that even graver events are toward, follow closely upon the revolution in Portugal and the rumbling portending a similar upheaval in Spain. Germany has been having extensive labor troubles, marked by riots in which the strikers have been roughly ridden down by cavalry in the streets of Berlin. There have been strikes in Great Britain recently also, but there, as in the land of the Kaiser, the disturbances seem rather of a different order from those in the Latin countries, and give rise to much less uneasiness.

In Great Britain, troubles as are the questions at issue, the people are of a slow pulse, naturally law-abiding and great respecters of law and order, and they will fight these matters out peaceably, though not necessarily without considerable heat, and will arrive at a just conclusion without any revolution. To a certain extent this is true also of Germany, though there economic questions are rendered more delicate by a considerable amount of discontent over the autocratic methods pursued by the Emperor.

In France, as in Spain and Portugal, the question of religion and sharp divisions in regard to it, have given rise to conditions the outcome of which no man can today predict with certainty. France is strongly socialistic, and the temperament of the people is such that they take fire easily, and it may be that the maintenance of order can be won only by a lamentable armed collision between the forces of the government and those of the strikers and their sympathizers; and the issue is not yet sufficiently clear to make it apparent whether or not the restoration of order by such means would mean more than a temporary burial of the real trouble.

Portugal, for weal or for woe, has turned its back upon monarchical institutions, seemingly for all time. The very sweeping success of the Portuguese revolution, considered together with the long existing public discontent in Spain would strongly suggest that an explosion at Lisbon may be followed by an even more momentous one at Madrid.

Compared with these mercurial countries the lands under the British flag hold the even tenor of their way most admirably. The British way of grappling with the big questions that sometimes vex a nation is a slower one than that followed on the Continent, but it is more certain to reach a just and stable conclusion, and in its working out it involves much less economic waste and commonly neither violence nor bloodshed. To some extent this is accounted for by the British temperament, but perhaps of more importance is the fact that in all British countries the form of government is the most free and democratic known to the world, not even excepting the United States of America. The unrest that holds Europe in suspense today leaves the United Kingdom untouched. The people there have many political and economic questions over which they dispute, and sometimes with bitterness, but as to the advantage of their institutions, and their form of government, and their loyalty to the Crown, there is no question.

"Here, then," says the Canadian Gazette, London, "is the gist of Canada's new and national tariff policy—lower duties by the aid of a modified reciprocity with the United States, and by the aid also of an enlarged Imperial Preference. It may well prove to be a good working policy and good politics as well."

THE PRESS AGENT'S PRESCRIPTION

Dr. Dwigginton finished in hard luck at the end of his press-agenting, but it was all his own fault because he didn't stick to the job. The first story was great. Dr. Dwigginton had written a really excellent story for drinkmakers and the drug habit, but without publicity he might as well be practicing at the bottom of the Arctic Ocean. It was really too easy to prescribe for him. Do you remember that artist like Mephistopheles and drew weird comics for the Sunday papers? Well, that's the man. I got him to decorate the doctor's reception-room late one afternoon with devils and dragons and woolly fiends out of all the Welsh-rabbit nightmares you ever heard of. They were done in red and green and blue and yellow crayon. Then I went with the doctor to the West Forty-seventh street police station and helped him report to the sergeant at the desk that while he was out on a call a tall, dark, beautiful and mysterious young woman, very nervous and shuddery, had called at his house and insisted upon waiting to see him. She remained nearly two hours, unwatched, of course, for she was not suspected of anything, and she suddenly departed a few minutes before the doctor returned.

A ward detective was sent around to make an examination. He came back scared and told such a vivid tale of what he had seen that all the reporters covering wide-side stations telephoned down to the night city desks. Special men were sent up on the case, and all the papers next day carried spread-headers and long stories. Three papers published flash-light photographs of the crazy drawings on the doctor's walls. Good business, eh? The doctor's practice doubled, tripled, quadrupled in a few days.—Zebulon Hagadorn, in Harper's Weekly.

WIRE THERE'S A WILL.

(Chicago News).

A week before Christmas holidays, a Princeton undergraduate who lived in Chicago wished to start home, thus gaining a week's vacation on the other side. He had, however, used up all the absences from recitations which were allowed and any more without good excuse would have meant suspension. In a quandary he hit upon this solution; he telegraphed his father the following message: "Shall I come by the B. & O. or straight home?"

The answer he received read: "Come straight home."

An exhibition of the telegram to the faculty was sufficient.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Maypole Soap Dyes Perfectly

No streaks—even, lustrous colours that won't wash out or fade.

No stains—hands and utensils as clean as after washing.

In soap-form—no powder to fly about and waste.

"Madame" (the English home-magazine) says: "Maypole Soap is really wonderful. Dyeing becomes the easiest thing in the world with its help."

All dealers—colours, 10c.—black, 15c. Send 10c. (for black, 15c.) for dainty booklet, all about dyeing—and full-size cake to try—mention colour.

F. L. BENEDICT & CO., MONTREAL.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

END OF THE BOSTON LIBERATOR
By William Lloyd Garrison

From the Liberator, Dec. 29, 1865.

I BEGAN the publication of the Liberator without a subscriber, and I end it— it gives me unalloyed satisfaction to say—without a farthing as the pecuniary result of the patronage extended to it during 35 years of unremitted labors. Most happy am I to be no longer in conflict with the mass of my fellow-countrymen on the subject of slavery. For no man of any refinement or sensibility can be indifferent to the approbation of his fellow men, if it be rightly earned. But to obtain it by going with the multitude to do evil—by pandering to despotic power or a corrupt public sentiment—is self-degradation and personal dishonor.

For more true joy Marcellus exiled feels, Than Caesar with a senate at his heels. Better to be in a minority of one with God—branded as a madman, incendiary, fanatic, heretic, infidel, frowned upon by "the powers that be," and mobbed by the populace—or consigned ignominiously to the gallows, like him whose "soul is marching on," though his "body lies mouldering in the grave," or burnt to ashes at the stake like Wickliffe, or nailed to the cross like Him who "gave himself for the world"—in defence of the right, than like Herod, having the shouts of a multitude crying, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man!"

Farewell, tried and faithful patrons! Farewell, generous benefactors, without whose voluntary but essential pecuniary contributions the Liberator must have long since been discontinued! Farewell, noble men and women who have wrought so long and so successfully, under God, to break every yoke! Hail, ye ransomed millions! Hail, year of jubilee! With a grateful heart and a fresh baptism of the soul my last invocation shall be:—

Spirit of freedom on—
Oh! pause not in the flight
Till every clime is won
To worship in thy light:
Speed on thy glorious way
And wake the sleeping lands!
Millions are watching for the ray,
And lift to thee their hands.
Still "Onward!" be thy cry—
Thy banner on the blast;
And like a tempest, as thou rushes by,
Despots shall shrink aghast.
On! till thy name is known
Throughout the peopled earth;
On! till from every vale, and where the mountains rise,
Mans heritage by birth:
On! till from every vale, and where the o' the skies
The beacon lights of liberty shall kindle mountains rise.

Uncle Walt The Poet Philosopher

I walk through the streets of the city, as gay as a bumblebee, and my heart it is singing a ditty of gladness and sunshine and glee; and then I encounter some fellows—the heart music suddenly stops; for they lean on their green umbrellas, and talk of the weather and crops. I call at the home of a lady; my heart and my soul are at ease; I swallow some drinks lemonade, and pretzels, and fragments of cheese; I'm speaking of poets and mystics—how quickly the mercury drops. For some one is springing statistics concerning the weather and crops! Attired in my modest alpaca, and collar of Byronic roll, I call at the store for tobacco, for smoke always comforts my soul; I light up my trusty old brier, when in some case chin-whiskered Pops; their voices rise higher and higher, discussing the weather and crops. Sometimes, when I contemplate dying, I feel a cold thrill of despair; I fear that the seraphim flying around in the ether up there, may weary of singing their chorus, and send their harps back to the shops, and sit in a circle and bore us with talk of the weather and crops.

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ST. JOHN
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Toronto Writ
to Bear

PRE-CONF

The Promises

Times When

Here—Exter

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His Worship M

Wednesday's mail

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Rev. Dr.

Church here:—

The report that

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Canada revives the

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