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Have a Look and be Convinced.

SPECIAL VALUES THIS SEASON

Fred B. Edgecombe Co. Limited.

THE EDITOR'S TALK WITH HIS FRIENDS AND PATRONS

Editor's Room, George st.
Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Friends:—Well, the old editor is still pegging away, but not making much headway, as he has a great deal to do and only one hand and brain to do it with, and but a small recompense for what he does, with (to his meagre rewards) he has comparatively large demands to meet promptly. With increasing age and failing strength this is by no means a bright outlook, and at some times he is tired and disgusted with the struggle, still he doesn't despair and will do the best he can under the circumstances until the end. Talk about "working one's way up"—there are only three things by which it can be accomplished. Luck:—that is, where a man falls into a fortune by a lucky strike of business; by succession or discovery of rich deposits of wealth, a rare combination of fortunate circumstances in a new and growing community with the ability to take advantage of them and the backing of friends at the start and sufficient education to be able to look after his

own interests. I had none of these, so I remain poor, and expect to until the end of the chapter. I secured the means of fitting up a small printing establishment. Here, thinks I, is a chance to work up, and under proper conditions it would have been, could I have been located where I could have got a good man to have helped me steady, and sufficient patronage to have paid him, made my own living and enlarged my business, but these conditions I could not secure in this place. I could only obtain second-rate help at first class wages, from two to three evenings a week and after I had started could not get enough work among the business men to keep that a-going, and could not reduce my rates much as owing to the wages I was paying and the work I was getting done, I was making no profit. Just think of it, Mr. Printer:—take for instance, 1000 Bill Heads at about 95 cents for stock, 1.50 for two nights' work of an assistant and then maybe two hours' work myself in running them off the press, at from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per thousand. Talk about friends—there are no friends who care whether you live, much less get

along. Even under these great disabilities, I might have gradually worked up to a certain pitch as my business became better known, if I could have depended on getting help when I wanted it and giving my patrons their work when I had promised it, but the fellow I had helping me deserted me and I was thrown wholly on my own resources. I could get no one, even at good wages. They worked throughout the day and didn't need the additional pay—they wanted their spare time to themselves, to go and see their girls or go to the moving pictures, and as to friendship, what if I was "in a hole", they did not put me there, and if I didn't prosper, some one else would, and what did it matter to them? Very true, this is the logic of the day, though hard to bear and very different from the doctrine I have often heard preached of bearing one another's burdens, but it is the solid, dry fact of the day, and there is no help for it. Under these circumstances I am saddled with an unnecessary outlay of over \$500, as there is rarely ever a chance to sell a plant like this in this remote place. I can keep it and do an occasional job for myself and once in a while a job for the very few friends who will patronize me, or in two or three years print a book of my own to sell, but will I get enough patronage even from friends to make it pay? I cannot say, but I haven't yet given up. I had not set up a bill head for over 12 years but I set up one the other day and took it apart three times before it suited me and the first half of the bills were unsatisfactory, so I changed it again and it came fairly good and I finished it and got my pay for it. I have another on hand and will try it and don't know what success I will have with it, but will do my best. In this world every one is trying to take the advantage of you. Not having a large capital I bought about half my stock second-hand from a printer on York St. but he charged me almost as much as the foundries would for new, and put in hardly any spaces, punctuation marks or figures and in some fonts only single letters, so I have been handicapped from the first. I have no ill-will for those who will not help me. They are strictly within their right—but "every dog has his day".

Numerous projects have oc-