

Manitoba College Professor Writes of Fredericton

Prof. W. F. Osborne Contributes to a Winnipeg Paper His Impressions of a Recent Visit to Our City--Visited the Legislature and Heard the Members Sing--Some Information of an Historical Nature---The Birthplace of Poets.

(Prof. W. F. Osborne in Manitoba Free Press, June 12.)

Fredericton, N. B., Tonight, about 10 o'clock, as I passed the legislative building, I heard the sound of singing in the chamber. Entering, I found the house adjourned and the members standing in their places. They were singing "La Marseillaise." The French national anthem was followed, with slightly more reverberant volume, by the English. I have been told that 11 of the present house of 48 are French. The total population of the province is about 375,000; of these the Catholic population is placed at 143,000. The French part of the population is said to be the only part that is increasing in numbers. After leaving the chamber I passed two men in the dimly-

lighter street. "Are those chaps cordial toward France?" I asked, at a venture. "Oh, yes," they answered. "Would they favor enlistment in their constituencies?" Again came the answer: "Yes, some of them have sons in the trenches." It was very interesting to watch that bilingual group of thirty or forty men in the year of grace 1917, at a moment when Britain has over two million men defending the soil of France—and that in the legislative chamber of a now ancient province on the walls of which hang great life-size paintings of—whom do you suppose? George III. and Queen Charlotte.

The fact is, this pretty provincial capital makes one realize the United Empire Loyalist phenomenon very vividly. The man whose portrait is on the walls, drove out the American colonies, but it was to his domain that the Loyalist fled. Across the lane at the side of my hotel stands the humble wooden building in which convened, in 1788, the first legislature of the colony. On the lane side the building is sheathed with great rough shingles. Being wooden the building is, I suppose, bound inevitably to disappear. This house in which I am is called "The Queen," and the queen in question is the consort of George III. The main street, parallel with the pretty river, is also called after her. Other street names here are George, Brunswick and Regent. The idea of defense dominated in the selection of the city's site. I am told that it would have been established considerably farther down the river had the founders not feared attack from French men-of-war. It was decided to found the capital above certain shoals in the river's course. The Loyalists came in 1783. Chancellor Jones of the university, showed me this morning, hanging on the wall of

the library, the original of the application made by certain citizens in 1785 to the governor of the day, praying him to establish a university. This was the germ of the university. So that the founders of this province exhibited the same spirit in the matter of education as did John Harvard and his associates in 1636 in the colony of Massachusetts bay. It does one good to hear of these heroic and high-minded things. We spring from fine stock; in Wordsworth's phrase "we have titles manifold." Arrived in 1783, the Loyalists asked for the beginning of a university in 1785. They meet in their first legislature in 1788. (I am not checking up these details with any care. I have little doubt that they are substantially correct.) These are samples of the stepping-stones by which our sturdy forebears crossed the brook from crudeness to competence.

Still a Youngster.

I am overjoyed to be in these far-eastern provinces again. Exactly a quarter of a century ago this month I was in the lovely Annapolis valley in Nova Scotia. The land, lying between the two ranges of hazy hills, was white with apple blossoms. This eastern land I have idealized ever since. It has been with me, as with Goldsmith, a case of "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." Yarmouth, Weymouth, Derby and other places in that fair valley have ever since in my memory lain bathed in golden light. I have always wanted to re-visit those places; and yet I have been afraid to. The years play strange havoc with us. To come back after a long interval to a spot once visited may make one realize with a pang what profound changes have taken place in one.

But as I draw near that valley, and as I find myself once more in a setting very like it, my heart leaps when

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YES! MAGICALLY! CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS

You simply say to the drug store man, "Give me a quarter of an ounce of freezone." This will cost very little but is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn from one's feet.

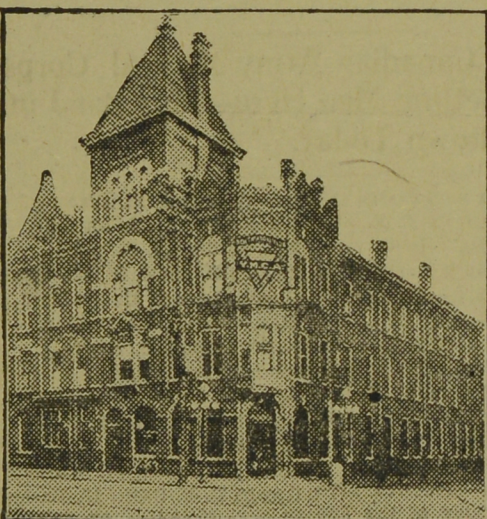
A few drops of this new ether compound applied directly upon a tender, aching corn should relieve the soreness instantly, and soon the entire corn, root and all, dries up and can be lifted out with the fingers.

This new way to rid one's feet of corns was introduced by a Cincinnati man, who says that while freezone is sticky, it dries in a moment, and simply shrivels up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.

Don't let father die of infection or lockjaw from whittling at his corns, but clip this out and make him try it.

The Transformation

Right in the heart of the great city of Toronto, in the centre of the principal business district, close by the cross-roads of main traffic, stands the "second longest bar" in all Canada. Observers say they used to count hordes of men entering this stronghold of the Traffic. Were the frequenters of the bar better men when they came out?



On September 16th, 1916, Prohibition went into force in Ontario, and, of course, the bar lost its license. On the 16th of April, 1917, the old bar was busier than ever! But what an arresting, beautiful transformation! Would that you and your sons could have been there to see the sight. The old bar-room was a bevy of flowers. Fifty fair ladies served refreshments to Toronto's most prominent citizens and their wives, and not one of them all but was proud to be seen in the old barroom.

The aching, worrying hearts of the army's mothers are relieved now when they see their sons enter this building—for the old bar is helping to save men now instead of ruining them.

The hotel is now the "Y.M.C.A. Soldiers' Club," one of the Young Men's Christian Association's long chain of clubs, marquees, huts and "dug-outs" extending from Vancouver to the firing line in France—those helpful sentinel-posts that safeguard our precious soldier men and boys wherever soldiers are congregated. To the Y.M.C.A. Canada owes a debt of gratitude she never can adequately repay.

Like New Brunswick, the Traffic in Ontario has the opportunity, after the war, of putting Prohibition to the test at the polls. But Prohibition in Ontario is being enforced, and the old strongholds of the Traffic—the long bars we mean—are one by one being turned to useful purposes. Many of the hotel buildings that depended for existence upon bar trade are now devoted to commercial enterprises—constructive instead of destructive.

Does New Brunswick want to return to the destructive license system, and again be a partner in the old firm of John Barleycorn and Company, Limited?

Or does New Brunswick want to maintain Prohibition for ever? If so, Enforcement must be province wide, must be both strict and effective.]

Help to Enforce Prohibition

Every man and woman in this province shares the responsibility for the proper enforcement of Prohibition—not the officers of the law alone. Your duty is clear.

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I find that I am pretty nearly as much of a youngster as ever. Nevertheless 25 years is a big section of a man's life. I can remember that when, in the village schools of Quebec, we used to read: "It's twenty years ago, Tom," two decades seemed to my boy's mind a veritable aeon.

Governor Wood.

There is the most noteworthy difference between the atmosphere of this part of Canada and that of Winnipeg and the west. The urgency, the rush, the clangor, the tensility are all absent here. The type of face, even, seen on the streets is almost unknown in the west. The present governor, the Hon. Josiah Wood, is a perfect example of what I mean. Sir James Aikins again introduced me, and the governor of New Brunswick has done certain things for me with great courtesy. He is highly respected in the community. Like Sir James, he is a Conservative and a Methodist. With the idiosyncrasy, so to say, the personality of these older provinces, historical memories have much to do. Antiquity here is not, of course, as in Europe, one may say, immemorial, but it is considerable, as things go on this continent. And, anyway, all that sort of thing is relative. The antiquity that

seems venerable as one looks at Roman bricks at Canterbury, fades into infancy beside the primordial gloom that rests upon the pyramids or upon Nineveh.

Has a Cousin Here.

By a pleasant coincidence it turns out that I have a cousin here. He is Major Osborne, and has been in the trenches for many months. He has two sons in the service also—one in the artillery and one in the aviation corps. He is at home suffering from the effects of shell-shock. He saw me emerging from the telegraph office, traced me to the hotel, and recognition followed. He has been in Fredericton twenty years and knows the place like a book. I mention him in connection with my point about historical memories. As he has piloted me about he has shown me such things as these, in this simple town of 8,000 people: Here is a now vacant lot, once the site of the home of Benedict Arnold, who, it appears, lived here, engaged in West Indian trade, from 1787-91. I have already referred to the old legislative building, occupied for legislative purposes in 1788. Out of my window I can see the fine spire of the cathedral, the diocesan church of Bishop Richardson, who is a graduate of St. John's college. He, too, has treated me with great kindness. The cathedral has a fine spire which, however, is too high for the length of the nave. I fancy that the good bishop who built it and whose recumbent effigy adorns the interior in the fine old English way, Bishop Medley, looked forward to a time when the nave might be extended westward.

Birthplace of Poets.

To go on with memories. This morning my cousin showed me the comfortable looking brick house on George street where Charles G. D. Roberts, the poet was born. His father was Canon Roberts, a highly respected man. In the second house from it, a plain wooden one, the Hon. A. G. Blair spent his boyhood. It seems that yesterday I passed the house where Bliss Carman, the poet, was born. I shall go and see it again. I saw Bliss Carman at Harvard in 1914—a strange, uncouth figure, with suggestions at once of the Quaker and of Elbert Hubbard. He lives at New Salem, in Connecticut. He has, or had, I do not know which I should say, a real poetic gift. I never forgot his "Low Tide on Grand Pre!" It is pervaded by a haunting, mystic touch. Parkin, writer once on imperial federation and administrator of the Rhodes scholarship bequest, whom I heard for the first time at the Chateau Laurier a week or so ago, was at one time master of the collegiate school, now the high school, here. Well, I think that is a pretty good cluster of memories for a little town.

Visited the U. N. B.

This morning I visited the University of New Brunswick. Chancellor Jones, who tells me he was a classmate of Frank Allen, showed me over the place. It is a small institution but has an honorable history. It stands on a commanding hill, overlooking the nestling town and the smiling river. The institution has 3,600 acres of land, mostly wooded. This has proven of great value to the forestry department. The walls of the classrooms of this department are covered with interesting exhibits; first the picture of the tree; then specimens of its wood, cut in different ways; then photographs of the foes that menace it. The

university gets \$20,000 a year from the government. It was founded by royal charter in 1828 as King's college, Fredericton. In the museum they have a fine collection of native birds, made by Boardman. In the museum I saw a baby fawn, unbelievably small—perhaps sixteen inches long, about as many high, with legs finer than one's little finger. The chancellor said that last summer, in the woods, he came on one just as tiny. It let him catch it and fondle it.

George Eulas Foster is perhaps the most eminent alumnus. He and Pugsley were classmates. Foster was afterward professor of classics here. I asked to be shown his classroom, and was told that I had just come out of it. Roberts and Bliss Carman are graduates. Our own university has, from here, Frank Allen, Brydone-Jack and Chester Martin. Brydone-Jack's father was chancellor from 1861 to 1885. There is a portrait of the elder Brydone-Jack in the library—clad in gown and the scarlet hood of a D. C. L., a fine figure of a man.

NOTHING TOO GOOD.
(The O-Pip, published in England by 58th Battery).

Returning to camp from leave to London, Gunner M—n stepped into a first class coach instead of the regulation third. His company was a haughty old woman, who addressed him as follows:

"Young man, are you aware that this is a first class carriage?"
"Yes, mum, but I'm a Canadian, was the Gunner's reply.

More than 700 women engaged in clerical duties with the rank of yeoman are now enlisted in the United States navy.

Women among the "Celtic" race of Japan wear mustaches.



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