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WIT AND HUMOR.

Dr. Drummond on the Vitality of the Ontario Voter.

RETURNING SPIRITS.

If the Dead Can do so Much at Elections, Says the Speaker, What Could the Living Do?

Dr. W. H. Drummond, author of "The Habitant," was the guest of the Canadian Club, Toronto, at its weekly luncheon Monday, and in the course of a characteristically witty address, alluded to the tendency, which he says prevails in Ontario, for a citizen who has once reached the age of maturity and the right to vote, to live for ever. As an offset to what some people might consider a rather far-fetched metaphor Dr. Drummond closed by pointing out that his remarks should serve to teach us that if the dead are capable of such wonderful energy what may the living do in the direction of checking corruption. Dr. Drummond's address was as follows:

"You have been good enough to invite me here this afternoon to spend among you a short season of sweet converse, and at the same time allay the gastronomical uneasiness which naturally affects a visitor from the wilds of Quebec, after wandering for hours through your beautiful streets on a November morning."

"You know that I am a quiet, and I hope, unobtrusive, practitioner of medicine, and 'tis seldom that I venture far from the professional nest, yet there are times when I take a brief respite from the cares of office, and endeavor to study outside of the regular routine to which medical men are condemned. This is one of those times, and I trust that nothing I say at this gathering may offend, politically or otherwise, the sensibilities of even one man present. During the political cataclysms which occasionally disturb our beloved country, many facts genuine and so-called are presented to the free and independent electorate; discoveries never before dreamed of from time to time rise in the surface, and from time to time sink to rise no more; but to the close student of political history there is one fact above all others that fixes his attention, and demands his unqualified admiration; namely, the wonderful vigor and vitality of the man of Ontario, for if there is a single characteristic about the men of the richly endowed province that calls for special recognition, it is their vigorous grasp of things, their power of 'holding on' to objects dear to them."

ONTARIO CHARACTERISTICS.

"True the birth rate of Ontario is not remarkable, that is, it does not even exceed the modest birth rate of my own province of Quebec, but the male inhabitants of Ontario, have, it seems to me, one quality far surpassing anything of the kind in the sister province, and which is simply phenomenal; namely, the power, as I said before, of 'hanging on' to objects sacred to them."

"Judging by political history, the son of Ontario who reaches the years of maturity, and the right to a vote, never dies. Once his name has been enrolled upon the glorious roster of his country, his name, if not his fame, is undying. He may pass from earth, and the place that once knew him, know him more for months, or even years at a time—there he lies, the noble son of Ontario, perchance in some foreign land, where, instead of the butternut of his native homestead, the gloomy cypress guards his lonely grave; but, though the dread trumpet remain unblown, yet one blast from the old familiar party horn summons him to the same old polling booth."

AN INSPIRING SCENE.

"Ontario men, says, mes amours, is the slogan which calls him to the combat. His ashes may have been scattered to the winds, or his body have become food for worms, but his vote goes marching on, and his resurrection is sure as election day. And this, my friends, is not a tribute to him alone, but to the living, energetic politicians of Ontario, who bring to the polls every voter dead or alive. I have heard, and there may linger, too, in your memory, traditions of a poll in a certain town of Western Ontario, where out of a living possibility of eighty, one hundred and twenty polled their vote on election day. What an inspiring yet pathetic scene it must have been. The men of today and the men of yesterday, side by side. Imagine the feelings of the oldest inhabitant as he saw, gathered around him the

shades of friends long departed. To many eyes, those spirits were perchance invisible (spirits generally are invisible on election day) but to use a slang expression, they got there just the same. If these spirits of the departed voters were not apparent to the mortal eye, they made their presence felt through the sign of a cross or rather an 'X,' and perhaps this 'X' was symbolical of the reason for returning to earth, and if they did not rap the table as some spirits do, well, somebody's candidate was, to dip once more into the realms of slang, 'knocked on the head,' which result proved just as good or bad, according to the point of view. Sometimes I understand the spirits do not always return. Their graves may be distant, or they may have spiritual reasons for disliking the district in which they were wont to register their vote—they say, too, that the dead do not rise in Lake Superior, but in such a case Ontario can always depend upon self-sacrificing sons among the living, and so we behold them putting off to sea in stormy weather, risking life and meals on a great fresh ocean, ready to fill the ranks in place of those who have quit the terrestrial sphere. It is such scenes as these that show the vigor which fills the blood of Ontario's sons and also demonstrate the value they place upon the right of every free man to vote, first for himself, and after that to see that nothing is wasted, dead or alive, for in the words of the immortal, though unknown bard:

"If traitor hand be on thy throat,
Ontario! Ontario!
Thy silent host must rise and vote,
Ontario! Ontario!"

Though scattered far our bones may be,
On alien shore, or 'neath the sea,
One blast upon the horn, and we
Shall gladly rise and come to thee,
Ontario! Ontario!"

QUEBEC QUITE DEAD.

"Down in my own province of Quebec we are not quite so vigorous, we living ones, and as for the dead, they are generally quiet—perhaps, they were glad to get away, and had had enough of our politics when in this world. For my own part, as a medical man, I would not desire to resurrect even one individual voter—I prefer that they remain wherever they may be, as possibly some of them might harbor a grudge against me, which would be difficult to settle satisfactorily. I remember, however, one case in Montreal, where dead voters came to life for a period long enough to cast their ballots. It was in a fight for the mayoralty, and occurred some years ago, and you must remember that in Montreal municipal elections we have little or no politics—in this case there was a strong move on the part of a portion of our citizens to oust from the mayor's chair a certain Jean Louis Beaudry, who had occupied the seat much longer than some of us considered proper, and the young men especially went in to do it with a will. The opposite candidate was Henri Beaugrand—in the up-town portion of the city, which is largely English-speaking. Beaugrand was very popular, and everything was done to roll up a majority for Beaugrand. Beaudry had in the principal booth of this district a certain well known Irish contractor, who practically knew every living voter in the neighborhood. Beaugrand's representative was a popular and bright young lawyer."

BOOM STRUCK THE POLL.

Towards noon votes were coming in slowly, and our legal friend, knowing that his friends had some desirable votes to poll, which might be objected to by the keen-eyed Irishman, managed to persuade that gentleman to desert the booth in order to partake of a much needed lunch. The taking of that lunch was prolonged in one way and another until a couple of hours had slipped by, and during this period a 'boom' struck the polling booth. When the lawyer and his friend returned to the place of balloting the Irishman casually asked the returning officer if any votes had been cast during his absence, and that worthy answered 'Yes, a few,' and passed over a long list. Putting on his glasses the Beaudry representative went over the names which brought to his astonished eyes visions of Montreal and her founders—men who had disappeared."

MAN'S MOST CRITICAL AGE.

Very often the vital resources are small at forty-two, but if not then, between fifty-seven and sixty-two years of age there is a strange slowdown and loss of vitality. It is important that this transient period of decay should be checked, strength must be imparted to the tired brain, the weakened nerves must be fortified. The wise man will use Ferrozone whose potency is particularly applicable to these critical periods. Ferrozone quickens the whole being, imparts vigor and power, pushes back the onset of senility in a very manifest way. It's because Ferrozone gives strength, vitality and vigor that it is useful to old men. Try it. Price 50c.

peared from mortal ken many years before—half forgotten friends, well remembered enemies, all were there. 'John Dwyer,' said he, 'I never heard tell of John, only that he's dead since he went to Pittsburgh fourteen years ago. George Blinckson? We buried him in '54! Michael Cassidy! Glory be to God! and he's here, too!' The biggest funeral we ever had in Griffin town. Denis Mulhearn? The poor boy was kilt the night St. Patrick's Hall fell in. Well! well! well! this is a great work,' and turning to the young lawyer, after carefully removing his spectacles, he ejaculated, in a most impressive manner, 'Fore God, Bob, I never thought I'd live to see the resurrection.'

WHAT MAY THE LIVING DO?

"Now, gentlemen, these which may be considered rather flippant references to very grave faults should serve to teach us that if the dead are capable of such wonderful energy, what may the living do? And that if we apply the same degree of vigor, irrespective of party, to bettering conditions, to bringing out the healthy, honest vote of the country, to choking the dishonest voter and the loathsome corrupt heeler, and keeping the dead where they belong, we can put into our municipal, provincial and federal elections a healthful cleanliness that cannot but conduce to the national good. You have the vigor, the energy and the knowledge to some extent that such things as I have referred to exist, and we know that votes of the kind I have spoken of are not productive of good to any party or any country, so let us one and all, without question of party, hand in hand set vigorously to work to wipe out the heelers, the pluggers and grave robbers, and give ourselves clean politics and clean elections."

CATARRH IS CERTAINLY CURABLE.

In fact it is one of the most curable diseases if fragrant healing Catarrhazone is used. No matter how long you have suffered with catarrh you can be perfectly cured by inhaling the antiseptic vapor of Catarrhazone, which strikes at the foundation of the trouble and establishes such a healthy condition in the system that catarrhal germs simply can't exist. "I suffered from catarrh of the nose and throat for years," writes H. S. Downie of Plattsville. "My nostrils were always stuffed up and I had a most disagreeable backing cough. Catarrhazone cured me completely." Catarrhazone never fails. Two months treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

WANTS A WIFE.

Here's a Chance for Some Blushing Maiden to Marry a Barber.

Montreal, Nov. 22.—This morning's mail brought to acting chief of Police Campeau the rather unusual request for a wife for a barber of Hartford, Conn., who puts up the inducement that he has \$500 saved in hard cash.

He gives his name as E. A. Martin twenty-six years of age, height five feet six inches, and weight 145 pounds, and flatters the chief of Montreal police force by stating that he thinks him a good man to supply the vacancy. "Tell the newspapers about it," he says, and when that amalgamation of power has taken place Martin thinks he has little else to do but buy the wedding ring and order in the furniture.

"I will," he concludes, "entertain a strong affection for the woman who would care for me. Please send on photograph."

A WORD TO WOMEN.

Any sick woman is invited to consult by letter with Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. on an active practice of more than thirty years, assisted by a staff of nearly a score of associate physicians. Dr. Pierce has treated and cured over half a million women. All diseases peculiar to women are treated with success. This consultation by letter is absolutely free. Every letter is treated as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Answers are mailed promptly giving the best of medical advice. All answers are sent in plain envelopes bearing on them no printing of any kind. Write without fear and without fee to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The name of Hon. A. S. White of Sussex, is again mentioned in connection with the chairmanship of the railway commission vacated by Hon. A. G. Blair.

BLOOD POISON OFTEN RESULTS

From paring corns with razors. Wise people use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor, the standard cure of America and Great Britain, for all sorts of corns, warts and bunions. Use only Putnam's.

REMARKABLE SALES RECORD

In the City of Fredericton.

Our readers have probably noticed that during the last few months The Herald has at various times contained quite large and impressive advertisements of a flour called "Royal Household." They have probably observed too, that in the city and throughout certain sections of the country, a sign painter, a clever one by the way, has also been decorating board fences and buildings with such positive statements as the following, "Royal Household Flour is the best for bread," and "Royal Household Flour is best for pastry." We were interested to learn therefore to what extent the claims made for the flour were borne out by the dealers and consumers of the flour in Fredericton, and yesterday a special representative was assigned to secure such a report. He called on five merchants and several consumers and the result of his inquiries is as follows:

Messrs. A. F. Randolph & Son.

"We hear good reports of 'Royal Household,' and our sales of it are increasing all the time. We consider it a good flour."

James Hodge, Esq., Wholesale Grocer.

The sale of "Royal Household" flour is increasing. We hear very good reports of it from our customers. We believe it will continue to increase in sale as it becomes better known by the people."

G. T. Whelpley, Esq., Queen St. Grocer.

"I find a growing demand for 'Royal Household,' and I believe it is an excellent flour. Everybody who has had it speaks highly of its quality."

A. A. Sterling, Esq., Wholesale Grocer.

"There is no doubt that 'Royal Household' is a very high grade Manitoba flour, and I have no doubt that it must eventually command a very large sale."

Ald. John McKnight, Corner Regent and King Streets.

"My customers speak well of 'Royal Household' flour, and I expect it to have a very large sale when once it becomes well known."

While visiting among the trade The Herald representative met Mr. James A. Patterson of Salmon River Victoria County, who is a large flour dealer in his own district. He spoke of the success which "Royal Household" has had with him, and gave it as his opinion, that it was the best flour for bread and pastry sold in this market today.

The process by which "Royal Household" is made is said to be different to that in use by other Canadian millers. This is why it is the only Manitoba flour that will make both bread and pastry, and with the good advertising it is now getting in the Herald, it will not be surprising if it captures the entire trade of the country.

NEVER SATISFIED.

Disgruntled Husband Committed Suicide Because Dinner was Late.

New York, Nov., 23.—Dissatisfied with his wife's housekeeping and in a towering rage because dinner was not ready the moment he arrived home, John P. Ziegler, a furrier, has hanged himself at his home in the Bronx. Mrs. Ziegler told the coroner that although she tried hard to please her husband, he was never satisfied. She said he attempted to poison himself about two months ago, and later tried to kill both by putting poison in the tea.

EVERYONE WITH SORE THROAT

Should know how quickly Nerviline cures. "I can recommend Nerviline very highly for sore throat," writes Mr. R. McKenzie of St. George. "I once had a very sore throat and my chest was full of cold and soreness. Every cough hurt me. I cured myself quickly by rubbing my chest and throat vigorously with Nerviline and using it also as a gargle. I believe Nerviline to be the best general remedy for emergent sickness that one can get. We have used it for twenty years in our home." Price 25c.

This Week's Bargains,

Fred B. Edgcombe is offering this week special bargains in dress goods and fall and winter jackets. Call and see what you can get for a little more.—d.

A pet dog has prevented many a bachelor from breaking into the matrimonial market.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

ABBE BOURASSA.

An Appreciative Sketch of Deceased Priest.

BROTHER OF BOURASSA M. P. AND GRANDSON OF FAMOUS PAPINEAU.

Montreal Herald: Never anybody saw Abbe Bourassa for the first time without wanting to know who he was. You would see him until a few months ago, taking the St. Lawrence street car at Sherbrooke street going to his work at Laval University. You were not sure where he belonged. He looked like the Catholic priest, and yet unlike. He might have been one of those inward looking Anglican clergymen who become famous while carefully avoiding fame. There was distinction in his clothes; there was still greater distinction in every line of his face; and there was a light in his eye fine to look upon. Whoever he might be, you knew he was a grand seigneur; you knew he was an enthusiast.

When you had been told that he was the Abbe Bourassa, vice-rector of Laval, you understood it all. You knew very well that the rare young men who are picked from their classes at the seminary year by year to be sent to Rome for a post-graduate course under the shadow of the Vatican, do not come back as they went; that a few years spent in or about the famous college of Nobles, listening to lectures from the astutest minds in all the church which draws its men from every land, rubbing shoulders with men who are trained to match themselves against the diplomats of every court, must set a young man on his pins if he has it in him. And you felt that the grandson of Louis Joseph Papineau, the son of Mr. Bourassa the sculptor, must have it in him. You observed how immaculate was his dress, how carefully kept his hands. You saw, as you thought, a man of the world, refined, ambitious. Then you were amazed to learn that this seeming ornament of cultured society was a bit of a recluse; that he lived, by preference, at the house of the Good Shepherd, the refuge of fallen women, going to his modest rooms from his work at Laval, and going back to his work at Laval from his modest rooms, taking little or no part in those reunions where his talents might have shone. He worked, and his heart was in his work. He strove to make Laval, and his own part in it, an inspiration to the youth of the province, who pass in thousands through its portals. He was a scholar, a member of the Royal Society, an orator; all as part of the inspiration of youth. His was a fine spirit, and the city is not so overflowing with the like of him that he will not be sadly missed now that at forty-four, his career has been abruptly ended.

CAUGHT IN MONTREAL.

Man Who Fled From England With Cash and Papers.

Montreal, Nov. 23.—A week ago Chief Carpenter received a printed slip announcing the sudden departure from Reading, England, of a young man named Albert Edward Pocock, who was supposed to have taken with him £300 in cash, some title deeds to property and other valuable documents. The chief's staff were shown the picture of the youth and were told to keep a watch on all incoming steamers. Last night Detectives Charbonneau and Vincent picked up a youth who answered the description and took him to police headquarters. It was not long before he confessed his identity. He said that when he left Reading he went to Holland, from there to Scotland, to Liverpool and thence to Montreal. Today a cable was received by the chief saying that extradition proceedings were under way, and a man would be sent over to get Pocock. When brought before Judge Lafontaine he was remanded for a week.

Wild waves, like some men, make a lot of noise, but they don't say anything.

It is not so hard to be a war expert as to draw a salary for being one.