

SIR CHAS. TUPPER.

Strongly Condemned Government Ownership.

A POLICY NOW ADOPTED BY THE TORY PARTY.

Mr. Borden, who has committed the Tory party to the policy of government ownership of railways, has forced his followers to a sudden change of front on that question. It is in direct opposition to all the traditions of the party and only a few years ago was roundly condemned in parliament by Sir Chas. Tupper.

So late as 1897, speaking in the House on the decision of the government not to build the Crow's Nest Pass Railway as a government work, Sir Charles Tupper, then leader of the opposition, spoke as follows:

"I learned with infinite pleasure that the government had abandoned the idea or intention of building this railway (the Crow's Nest Pass Railway) as a government work. I am quite aware that a portion of the press giving a considerable support to the opposition has put forward this policy of the construction of the road through the Crow's Nest Pass as a government work. I confess that I was astounded to find that, with the evidence that we had before us on the result of the construction and operation of government railways in Canada, a single intelligent man could be found in the House or out of it, who was prepared to advocate such a policy in this case. Why, Sir, all we have to do is to look at the facts that we have before us. We have already solved, we have set at rest forever, in my judgment, in the mind of any reasonable or intelligent man the question whether it is better for Canada to construct a railway and operate it as a government work, or by the aid of a private company. Sir, this country, from the necessity of the case—for it was made part of the compact of confederation, and necessarily so—was obliged to undertake the construction of the Intercolonial Railway as a government work. It was not a matter of choice at that time but a matter of necessity. And what is the result? Any person who will take the trouble to look at pages 650 and 651 of the Statistical Year-Book of Canada will find the whole story told. We constructed a railway from the city of Halifax, a large, enterprising city with a great trade, offering the finest harbor on the continent of America, as a means of communication for the ocean trade. We carried that railway to St. John, another fine harbor, another large town, and I may be permitted to say, of still greater energy and enterprise than Halifax, and there were reasons for that. But, Sir, we may then run this line of railway through an open, cultivated country, with all the towns bordering upon the St. Lawrence up to Quebec, and with what result? With the result that today we stand face to face with a debt of no less than fifty millions of capital expenditure, and year after year a large deficit to be taken out of the treasury of Canada for the purpose of paying the expenditure over and above all that we can make out of the road. * * *

"Whether Liberals or Conservatives were in power I would deplore in the strongest manner any attempt in this country by any government, I care not who they are, or who they are composed of, to construct another government railway. This is the position I take. * * *

"I confess that when I learned that the Minister of Railways had come back from British Columbia with his mind made up to take the great work up and construct it as a Government work, I confess that I was startled and I felt that it would be the greatest calamity that could happen to Canada for her to undertake to construct that road from Lethbridge to Nelson, or to the Columbia river as a Government work. Because, as I said before, Governments cannot construct railways in an economical manner, they are under pressure, they are under influence, they are under embarrassments that do not apply to companies. Suppose a Government undertakes the construction of a railway, what is the

position? They ask for tenders, and tenders come in. Hon. gentlemen know the howl that is raised by the opposition, whoever they may be, if the lowest tender is not taken; and yet it is a tender that a company who have got to find the money out of their pockets would not look at in their own interest and would set it aside, and they would be consulting their own financial position by taking a much higher tender.

"So I say that the government have not the latitude, they have not the means of saving public money, as a private company can save theirs. Then, when it comes to the operation of the railway, where are you? Why, Sir, every gentleman sitting behind the Minister of Railways wants to get a friend, or a relative of a friend, or some active supporter put upon the road. He says: 'You have got a thousand employees, and one more cannot make much difference.' He puts the screws upon him, and succeeds in crowding someone on to the railway.

"But there is a worse thing than that with reference to a government railway, and nobody has experienced it more than I have myself. When you have built the road, and when you have overmanned the road, as you are almost compelled to do by the pressure that is put upon you, unless you are more than a man, there is a worse thing still, and that is that every man that has got a ton of freight to carry over the road, brings all the political influence he can upon the government and the department, to carry that for nothing. Therefore, the government is not in a position to preserve the interests of the public, nor to manage a railway in the same manner that a private company can manage it."

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CAMP SUSSEX.

Regimental Orders by Lt. Col. Leggie, Commanding 71st Regiment.

Fredericton, June 23.

1.—Annual training, 1904. The staff band and Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 7 companies of the 71st Regiment will parade at the Drill Hall on Tuesday morning 28th inst at 6.15 in marching order to proceed to annual training at Sussex.

2.—Advance party. The quartermaster q. m. sergeant and 3 men per company (including cook) from above companies will proceed to camp on 9.20 train on Monday morning 27th inst, and will be joined at Fredericton Junction by 3 men per company from Nos. 5, 6 and 8 Companies, 71st Regt. Dress, marching order.

O. C. No. 2 Co. will make the usual arrangements for carriage by teams to Fredericton. O. C. No. 3 Co. will arrange with Y. and C. R. and C. E. R. to be conveyed to Fredericton so as to arrive at 6.30 a. m. No. 5 Co. will parade at Fredericton Junction at 8.00 a. m., and Nos. 6 and 8 Co's. will leave St. Stephen at 7.30 a. m.

3. O. C. companies will provide one half cooked rations for their men en route.

4. Officers for duty Tuesday, June 28, Captain McLeod and Lieut. Ryder. Next for duty, Captain Gray and Lieut. Douglass.

By order,
J. J. F. Winslow,
Captain and Acting Adjutant,
71st Regiment.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

That half their ills are due to impoverished blood, they would use Ferrozone and be saved lots of pain and suffering. Ferrozone is a perfect food for the blood and supplies the strengthening elements needed to maintain health and vigor. Ferrozone is a splendid tonic for weak nervous women and drives away those depressed feelings of dead weariness. You'll have strength, lots of it—your complexion will improve, you will feel ten years younger after a course of Ferrozone which builds up the whole human organism; try it. Price 50c.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

LUMBERMEN

Graphic Picture of the Men and their Employment.

BUSH IS LIKE THE SEA IN ITS FASCINATION FOR THOSE WHO KNOW IT.

Reckless and Gay the Lumberman Works Hard and Plays Hard.

(W. E. P. in the Montreal Herald.)

When Byron wrote "There is a pleasure in the trackless woods," he certainly did not have in mind the "lumber-jack." But his line might be justly applied to explain the sentiment that yearly drives the veteran woodsman back and back again to the logging-camp. He feels the call of the woods, the irresistible fascination that the forest shares with the sea.

They that go down to the sea in ships are not prone to turn elsewhere to look for a livelihood, despite the toils and dangers of their calling—and it is precisely the same thing with the race of men who earn their bread by dint of axe and "keabie." There are many points of similarity between the sailor and the lumber-jack. Both crafts are hazardous, fraught with risk and hardship, and both banish their devotees far from their kind for long months at a stretch. So it comes to pass that the shantymen seems like a dry-land cousin of Jack Tar. Both are gay, reckless, and improvident; and both make up for temporary exile by a prolonged "time," the latter, when his vessel comes to port, the former when his gang comes "down" after the winter's work.

The long years in which the lumbering industry has given employment to hundreds of men in Canada, have led to the formation of a sort of clan, or "race apart," of laborers who follow that line of work. The lumberman is a specialist, as well as a distinct type of individual. French English, Irish, or Scottish, it makes no difference, his individuality as a "shanty man" rises superior to racial characteristics.

Yearning for Freedom.

It is not surprising that the life of the woodsman holds such fascination for those who have become accustomed to the scent of the pine. In the bush one is free from conventional trammel, one forgets the weary world outside, and has no trouble save an occasional falling-out with a companion, which can be easily arranged by a little "mill." One wears "larrigans," or "shoe-packs," and trousers patched with pieces of flour-sack, and, in brief, one is comfortable.

A few details of the life in the winter camp are interesting. The pictures above are produced from photographs of winter-scenes in the shanties of the Canada Lumber Company, on the upper waters of the Mississippi. Of course, when the river or woodsman begins his tale, he introduces it after this manner, "I was up for Hamilton that year," etc. The writer can scarcely claim to have been "up" for any particular firm, but bases his remarks on observations made during many years' experience in logging circles.

In lumbering, as in all industries, modern methods have supplanted the more primitive ideas of the older concerns. A shanty nowadays is palatial compared to the hang-out of ten years ago, boasting as it does its cooking range, its dining-room, and almost civilized arrangements in the line of beds. But to the older system clings fondly the memory of many of the older and better men of the craft, for it is not easy to break a man away from the things of his youth.

The approach of winter warns the weary driver, who is eating out his soul on some back-country farm that it is time to take to the woods. He signs with his company through the medium of an agent, and on the day appointed, joins the gang at the nearest railway station. The railway carries him somewhere within reach of the region where he is to be stationed, and the rest of the journey is made in waggons. The foreman of a gang is necessarily somewhat of a general. His it is to select a suitable

site for the shanty, which must be central to the whole limits, as a strong gang will cover a large area in the course of three months.

Building the Camp.

The sight decided upon, immediately the work of building proceeds. In a phenomenally short time, the rude log-house is built, and covered nowadays with lumber lined with tar-paper, or even with shingle, but formerly with "troughs," fitted one upon another so as to shed the water from the roof. A stable and a store-house are built beside the main shanty to shelter horses and supplies. The stores are replenished from time to time by the teams that ply between the shanty and the nearest depot, a job known as "coasting." A gang of woodsmen is a regularly organized community. There are various classes of workers, log-makers, road-cutters, "skidders," rollers and teamsters. Log-makers go in groups of three or four, under the direction of a "head log-maker," who chooses the trees and "nicks" them on the side to which he wishes them to fall. His gang finish the work of sawing down the tree on the side opposite the nick, and cutting it into log lengths according to the measurements of their chief. The road-makers begin work as soon as the log-makers. They survey a "main" road through the centre of the limits to the nearest stream or lake, with branches running off on all sides, and cut down the trees and underbrush, making a clear road.

The "skidders" follow the log-makers about, and haul the logs out to the nearest road, employing for the purpose a team and a chain which is linked around the logs. A trail-cutter precedes the skidders, cutting a clear passage through which a log can be dragged. The logs are loaded on to roll-ways, built beside the main road. When sufficient snow has fallen to permit of good sleighing, the teamsters arrive. Their duty is to haul the logs from the rollways to the water, where they are placed on the ice and surrounded with a boom until the spring comes. Many are the mishaps of the shanty-men. Dry limbs are the daily menace of his life, and have come to be termed "widow-makers."

A Language All Their Own.

The phraseology of the camp deserves more than passing notice. A "chickadee," for example, is a man whose duty it is to keep the main road in order. A "shoe-pack" or "larrigan" is a long boot, of beef-skin or other leather, very popular in the woods. But a great many of the terms do not lend themselves to orthography, being corruptions of words from several languages.

The man of the axe is uniformly contented. He takes his meals of bread and pork and molasses—nowadays he has a more elaborate menu—skylarks with his mates, juggles with his axe, fights when occasion demands, and asks no more. The newspapers and books brought in by the coasters, he reads eagerly, but does not depend on them entirely for amusement. When his work takes him far from the camp, he boils his tea and eats his lunch under the cold sky in measureless content. And these open-air dinners are all right. You never can tell till you've tried them.

The Evening Fun.

The gay shanty lad, as he terms himself in his songs, does not suffer from lack of amusement, although cooped up in the woods during the long winter months. There is something very honest and simple in his make-up, and when variety is lacking he goes to work and makes some. At night when the supper—it seems rather more like an extraordinarily heavy dinner—is disposed of, and the wet socks are placed to dry about the fire, the well-thumbed packs of cards appear from bags and boxes, and "pedro" holds the floor. Pedro is a game that never grows old in a lumbering camp. Poker and other games are played for variety, but pedro is the staple.

The shanty has its singers, too. The feature of this entertainment is that the songs seem to be judged more by the words than by the music. Welders of the axe and saw find time to wield the "stub," and produce endless "come-all-ye's," so-called from the first line, which almost invariably runs, "Come all ye jolly shanty boys," or something to that effect.

SICK AT YOUR STOMACH

Perhaps feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of your life. It's Nerviline you want. No hing restores quiet and order to the stomach so quickly. All squemishness and nausea goes away the minute you take Nerviline and an extra dose or two is always sufficient to set you up in first class shape. Nerviline is an old tested remedy for stomach and bowel troubles and always can be relied on. Sold in large 25c. bottles.

No man's education is complete until he can tell when a woman's hat is on straight.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Scenes in Portal, the Gateway from Dakota to Canada.

North Portal, Southeast Assiniboia, June 16.—Canada and the United States meet at this point, for here is the border line between the Dominion and North Dakota. Looking around from the North Portal station, it does not appear that there are two towns here, but such is the fact—the Canadian town, North Portal, and the American town, Portal. Like Poo Bah's many titles, they are "all rolled into one." The two stations are barely 150 yards apart, and the dividing line runs somewhere between them. You can see the boundary stakes if you look closely enough. One can stand on the sidewalk half in the United States and half in Canada. Portal, indeed, is well named, for here is the gateway through which pass the thousands of American farmers who, leaving their homes under the Stars and Stripes, are eagerly taking up the fertile lands of Canada, establishing new homes for themselves under the British flag, and assisting in the development and enrichment of our country.

From the Dakotas, Iowa, Minnesota and other States of the Union, they are coming, spreading themselves all over the Canadian west, and the station at North Portal, in the spring and fall, when the excursion trains are running, assumes the bustling appearance of a metropolitan railway centre. It is the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Sault Ste. Marie, one of the auxiliary lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and controlled by the latter road, that taps this territory, and almost every train adds its quota to the number of those Americans who will eventually become citizens of the Dominion.

The Watchword of Women.

Modesty is woman's watchword. Whatever threatens her delicate sense of modesty, frightens her. For this reason many a woman permits diseases of the delicate womanly organs to become aggravated because she cannot bring herself to submit to the ordeal of unpleasant questioning, offensive examinations, and obnoxious local treatments, which some physicians find necessary. Doubtless thousands of the women who have taken advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of free consultation by letter, have been led to do so by the escape thus offered from a treatment repugnant to modesty. Any sick woman may write to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., in perfect confidence; all letters being treated as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers being sent in plain envelopes with no advertising or other printing upon them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been long hailed as "a God-send to women." It makes weak women strong and sick women well. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine or other narcotic.

A FIGHTING PARSON.

Engages in Fisticuffs and Preaches on Piety.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 23.—Jefferson township, ten miles from the border line of Pittsburg, is again excited by a religious uproar.

The Rev. S. P. Montgomery, pastor of the Jefferson United Presbyterian church who is at present out under \$500 bail for whipping Elder Edmond P. Heath in church two weeks ago, engaged in another fist fight Saturday evening with Harry Snee, a 200-pound Heath sympathizer. The Rev. Mr. Montgomery knocked Snee down twice, but was finally floored himself with a blow in the face, which caused blood to flow.

After they were separated, the Rev. Mr. Montgomery washed his face, had his wounds done up in court plaster, and sallied forth to hunt Snee. When they met the preacher gave battle again, but was pulled away by bystanders. The minister then went home and prepared three sermons on "Christian Piety," which he delivered the next day, still swathed in court plaster bandages.

Urged to sue Snee, Mr. Montgomery, now known as the "fighting parson" said that he was able to take care of himself without a suit.

THE HARDEST PAIN TO ENDURE

Is the pain of a tender corn, but experience proves that corns are cured quickest by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which acts in twenty-four hours. Putnam's never burns or causes sores. The only painless cure is Putnam's. Use no other.