

WEST ENTIRELY SATISFIED.

Nova Scotia M. P. Gives Result of His School Question Investigation in New Provinces.

Mr. Sinclair, M. P. for Guysboro, N. S., writes as follows to The Halifax Chronicle:

While a fraction of the Conservative party were holding up the House of Commons on the educational clause of the Northwest Territories bill, seeing that there was no immediate prospect of any business being done at Ottawa, I determined to take a few weeks vacation and visit the west and study this much talked of school question on the spot. I learned that Hon. T. O. Davis of Prince Albert, and Hon. Jas. D. Macgregor of New Glasgow, were arranging a trip over the Canadian Northern system through the proposed new province of Saskatchewan, and was asked to join them and gladly accepted. We entered the territory at the north-west corner of Manitoba, and first visited the sections along the Prince Albert branch of the C. N. R., stopping at various points.

This side line is only constructed as far as the south branch of the Saskatchewan River, across which the company are now pushing forward the erection of a fine steel bridge, which they estimate will be ready for traffic in September. In the meantime the grading between that point and Prince Albert is in charge of Contractor Malcolm McMillan, a typical Scot, who, with a large gang of men and some four hundred mules, is proving himself to be a record breaker in railroad grading. We were told that last season in some of these prairie sections as much as two miles were graded by these men in one day.

GOOD SCHOOLS AT PRINCE ALBERT.

We drove over the country between the two branches of the Saskatchewan and spent a few days at Prince Albert, which is a growing town of a population of about five thousand, and occupies a beautiful and commanding position on the north branch of the Saskatchewan River. At Prince Albert Senator Macgregor and the writer visited one of the so-called separate schools. We found an up-to-date graded school conducted by teachers holding territorial licenses and using the text books in use in the public schools of Ontario. The school was efficient in every respect, so far as I could judge. No one could distinguish between this school and any other public school of the same grade in the province of Saskatchewan, excepting that at 3.30 o'clock, when the work of the day was over, the clergyman arrived to conduct the religious instruction.

I was greatly pleased to note the keen and intelligent interest exhibited by the children in the religious instruction, and the prompt and satisfactory manner in which they answered

the questions asked. I could not help thinking that it would be a good thing if all branches of the Christian Church displayed the same zeal in teaching the young the tenets of their faith.

With a pair of ponies and a "Democrat" we drove over about a hundred miles of prairie country between the two branches of the Saskatchewan River and along the old Battleford Trail, calling on the farmers and ranchers along the route. At Battleford we again reached the railway, which comes easterly along the main line of the C. N. R. to Winnipeg.

THE ONLY MALCONTENT.

In the province of Saskatchewan we visited the towns of Erwood, Prairie River, Tisdale, Star City, Melfort, Kenistino, Prince Albert, Battleford, Humboldt, Buchanan, Canora, and Kamsack. We interviewed merchants, land agents, teachers, lively men, hotel keepers, farmers, ranchers, and all sorts of people in reference to the school question, and with the solitary exception of one man (who had lately arrived from Ontario) we found everybody entirely satisfied with the existing system, and desirous that it should be continued and absolutely indifferent as to whether that result should be brought about by the federal or local legislation.

I could not even start an argument over it. When I did elicit an expression of opinion, it was something like the following: "We consider that we have now in the territories the most advanced and satisfactory system that exists anywhere in Canada, and we cannot see how any good purpose could be served by disturbing it. We have had thirteen years experience of the working of the present school law and the results have been eminently satisfactory. If you wish to know my advice you can get it free. It is this—'leave well enough alone.'"

If ever there were people who know just what they want it is those western people. I found no lack of interest in public questions, especially in questions relating to the west. Without exception the men I met were eager to discuss such questions as the probable route of the G. T.P., the reduction of freight rates on lumber and wheat, government control of telephone lines, the building of the projected Hudson Bay Railway, etc., but I found it hard to give an acceptable reason to these people why the other business of the country should be neglected and the attention of parliament taken up for months discussing a question that the parties directly interested look upon as settled and settled satisfactorily.

MILES A GOOD ANGEL.

Gave the Use of His Name to Place a Magazine Story, and While He Reaped the Fame, the Needy Author Was Made \$200 Richer.

The art of writing a good story is nothing compared with the art of selling it, according to one writer who has been successful at both ends of the business.

In a snug nook within the loop where newspaper men and others of allied professions are apt to congregate the above statement was recently made, and provoked instant discussion.

"There is no art of selling stuff except the art of persistency," said one of the members of the fraternity who had figured both as a buyer and seller of manuscript. "And persistency counts for more than merit, a name, influence or any other element. Why, I have a contributor on my staff who may be ranked as a successful writer, who never throws a manuscript into the waste basket until she has sent it to at least 26 publications, and been refused by all."

"Well, I remember an instance," said a newspaper man who memory goes back to the time of Storey, "when a great name counted for more than persistency. You all remember Capt. Campbell. He was at one time one of the best known newspaper men in Chicago. He had a brilliant war record and a clear recollection of the details of war-times which, with an abundant fund of humor, made him invaluable as a space filler in the days before the systemization of news gathering robbed the space writer of his vocation."

"Finally Capt. Campbell fell upon evil days. He had a fall which crippled him and rendered him unfit for active newspaper work. During his weeks of idleness he had prepared a rattling good story of the war. The first editor he offered it to said to him: Now, captain, I can buy this, but I can't pay you what it is worth. I might pay you \$10, but if you send it East to one of the magazines you will get \$25 or \$30 for it. Better try it in the East and then come back to me."

"Well, the captain sent it to one magazine after the other. Every one of them refused it with the customary printed slip. Finally discouraged and desperate, he bottled his pride and went to his friend, the editor, and offered to take what he could get for the story."

"Now captain, said the editor, I will be as good as my word, and but it, but I think you really ought to try again. Did you ever meet Gen. Miles?"

"Almost daily for three years during the war," answered the captain. "Well, he is in town, continued the editor. Suppose you go to his hotel and ask him if he will use his influence for the story in some way."

"Capt. Campbell fell in with the idea at once and sought Gen. Miles at his hotel. After the greetings were over the captain pulled the manuscript out of his pocket."

"Here, general," he said, "is a story I have written of the war. I won't bother you to read it, but I give you my word it is a good story and will reflect only honor upon the author. The name of Capt. Campbell, I find by experience, is unknown in the East. I believe the name of Gen. Nelson A. Miles may have penetrated even past the Cerberus which guards the sanctum of an eastern magazine editor. Now I want you to sign this story and send it down to a big eastern magazine. You can have the fame and all I want is the money."

"Done, said Miles, I haven't time to read the story now, but I will do so when it is printed."

"Then ringing for a stenographer, he dictated a letter to the editor of one of the biggest eastern magazines. A few weeks later I met Capt. Campbell. His face was beaming. 'See here, what I have just received,' he said and he held out a draft from the magazine, indorsed to his order by Nelson A. Miles. The amount was \$200."

LOW RATE EXCURSION.

To California and the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

The personally conducted excursion to the Pacific coast via the Grand Trunk Railway System to start July 5, bids fair to be an unequalled success. Every arrangement in connection with this excursion has been to the end that the one hundred and twenty-five people who take the trip may enjoy the pleasantest tour of their lives.

The route is one of the most attractive on the American continent, the rates are the lowest ever named from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the pleasure of the members of the party have had the most careful consideration.

In short, everything considered, this tour affords anyone who desire to visit the far west, the opportunity of a lifetime. Any who anticipate joining the July 5 party, should make their reservations at once, as all details must be closed within the next few days.

A second party will start on Aug. 28. Bookings for this one are coming in rapidly and any desiring to secure accommodation must apply soon.

Each party will be personally conducted by E. C. Bowler, of Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, from whom full information may be obtained.

WOULD DIE RATHER THAN GIVE AWAY.

Tom, the Policeman, Stayed in Water for Long Time and Would Not Call for Help.

(From the Chicago Record-Herald.)

Chief of police O'Neill and Lieut. Andy Rohan were discussing the remarkable absence of intoxication among police officers of the earlier days—the days when Chicago bore a reputation something akin to Leadville, Deadwood and other mining camps. The chief had said that the time he was delinquent in duty was one day when he was informed that a brother officer who had been ordered to investigate saloons along South Clark street and old Fourth avenue had been found lying on his face on the walk but a few blocks away.

"It was my duty to report the poor fellow, but I knew him well, and, deciding that he was off his head, I decided to forget it," said the chief. "I deliberately shut my eyes to my duty, and never regretted it, for the erring officer eventually 'came to' and got under cover."

"Well, mighty few of the boys in those days made such mistakes," said Andy Rohan.

"Yes, that is true, for tough as Chicago was, we had a bully bunch of officers," responded the chief.

"That reminds me," said Rohan, "of a little experience I had while patrolling Kinzie street 25 or 30 years ago. You remember Tom—don't you, chief?"

"Very well—a short, stout fellow."

"Well, he and I were pals on that beat, which in those days was not a pleasant one," continued Rohan. "Tom and I used to meet by agreement about 11.30 each night at the entrance to the tunnel and snatch a little conversation with each other. One dark night I reached the place and no Tom was on sight. I waited for 15 minutes and got a little curious. I finally struck a few blows with my stick, a signal which we understood in those days, and in the distance I thought I heard an answering call."

"Oh, Tom!" I shouted. A faint response of "I'm here, Andy," came to my ears. It began to rain, and I concluded that Tom was walking in my direction, so I waited. I stood stamping about impatiently for half an hour, and then concluded that there was something the trouble with Tom. I ventured out carefully and stepped down upon the dock. There was a foot or two of planking to tread upon, but on a dark night it was perilous going.

"I edged along as best I could, and when near Clark street I shouted again. This time the response came to my ears plainly. I hastened on, and when near the underpinning of the bridge I saw a dark object in the river clinging to one of the huge round supports of the sub-structure."

"Who's that?" I said leaning over the dock.

"It's me, Andy," was the uncertain shivery reply.

"For God's sake, Tom, what are you doing there?"

"Hanging on, Andy; help me out of this."

"I found a long plank nearby and I managed to shove it out to Tom who crawled gingerly and nervously up onto the dock."

"I took hold of him and found him unsteady. Tom had fallen from grace, had stumbled into the river, but had managed to keep above the water by clinging to the pile."

"You darn fool, you, Tom," I said, "why didn't you make enough noise so as to let a fellow know you were up against it there in the creek?"

"Tom stopped dead still; he looked pretty serious as he stood under the street lamp, and mighty earnest."

"Andy, he said to me, I would have sooner drowned there like a sick rat, than to have given the cloth away."

"And he meant it. He had so much pride as a 'copper' that he would have passed in his checks right there rather than to have let the world know he had drank more than he could stand."

"What did you do about it?" asked an auditor.

"The lieutenant at the East Chicago station had missed Tom and it was up to me to do some explaining," replied the lieutenant, smiling.

"They wanted to know where Tom had disappeared, and I said he had fallen ill and I had sent him home in a cab, which was partly true, as I had put him in a hack and given the driver the proper address. I did not tell all I knew, nor did I lie outright, for Tom was certainly as sick a man as I ever saw."

Stout Rohan began to muse. He chuckled to himself, and as he left the room was heard to murmur: "He wouldn't yell for help because he would sooner die than give away the cloth. Pretty good for Tom, pretty good."

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

HOTEL FOR OTTAWA.

Ottawa, June 10.—(Special)—Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson has stated positively that as soon as the Grand Trunk took over the Canada Atlantic, arrangements would be made for the erection of a suitable depot here. The plans of the Grand Trunk do not stop there. Sir Charles said the company proposed erecting a big hotel here.

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 slow-down 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.

The fiddle-tale wouldn't be in such dis-favor if she'd occasionally tell the truth.

Could Not Walk Ten Yards Without Resting.

Mrs. D. Herkimer, Hall's Bridge, Ont., was Troubled with Weak Heart and Sleeplessness.

How many women are troubled with a weak heart? How many lie, night after night, trying to sleep, and can't? Perhaps you are one of them? If so, read what Mrs. Herkimer says. It may save you years of suffering if you take her advice—

"I am now enjoying the best of health, after having used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was troubled with a weak heart, and was afraid to draw a long breath, for the pain it would cause me. I could not sleep at night, and it was impossible for me to walk ten yards without resting myself. I cannot speak too highly of your Heart and Nerve Pills; they are the greatest pill I have ever used, and can recommend them to all sufferers."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 8 boxes for \$4.25. For sale by all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price.

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LINDSAY

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In his new Restaurant has been opened for the season. It is located up stairs and is reached by a separate entrance. Lunches of all kinds will be served here in addition to the most delicious Ice Cream and temperance drinks.

Lindsay's Restaurant is located on King street, and is the largest and best in the city. Anything you can't get at LINDSAY'S in the eatable line must be out of season.

Home-made Cooking fresh every day.

Boston Baked Beans and Brown rEad always on hand.

Hot dinners served daily at eleven o'clock, a. m. Lunches at all hours day and night.

Cold Meats always on hand, sliced to order.

All kinds of Fruit in season. Parties forgetting to secure their groceries or meats from the regular dealer can always buy them at Lindsay's. Lindsay serves breakfast at six o'clock every morning.

Telephone No. 16

Notice to Stockholders

The New Brunswick Telephone Company, Limited

The annual meeting of the stockholders of this company, will be held at their office, Carleton street, Fredericton, N. B., on Tuesday, the thirteenth day of June next, at eight o'clock p. m., for the election of directors and transaction of other business.

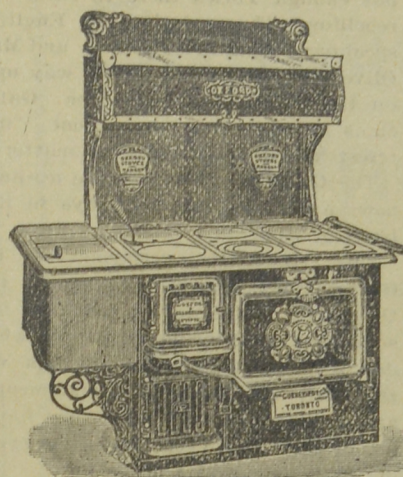
W. E. SMITH, Secretary.

Fredericton, N. B., May 20, 1905. May 20, Sat. 41.

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