

THE FREDERICTON DAILY HERALD is published every evening, (Sunday excepted) by THE HERALD PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, (LTD.) at Fredericton, New Brunswick. Subscriptions: \$4.00 per annum.

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DAILY HERALD

MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1905.

A NARROW VIEW.

Mr. Hazen will perhaps be surprised to hear from his Moncton organ, The Times, that the net result of the resolution as to the representation of New Brunswick in the House of Commons, which he and his whole party in the legislature are vigorously supporting, will be to put several thousands of dollars of provincial money into the pockets of the members of the government.

This is a very narrow view to take of the effort which the government is making to prevent further injustice to this province in the matter of its representation in parliament, but it is happily not now the view of Mr. Hazen and his opposition colleagues in the legislature.

The time has arrived when every effort must be made to prevent this province sinking to the insignificance of a mere municipality in the councils of Canada, and it is satisfactory to know that the government's action meets the approval and united support of its opponents in the Assembly. The comparatively small amount of money which has been or may be expended in that direction will be nothing compared with the momentous interests at stake, and only small narrow souls anxious to make political capital out of everything, will object to a reasonable expenditure in furthering the unanimous feeling of the legislature.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MAYOR.

If there is anything in having a medical man for mayor, it should certainly lie in the direction of improving the sanitary conditions of Fredericton, and if the present occupant of the office has ideas on the subject, it is his duty to give them to his fellow citizens.

His Worship will in a few days be presiding at the first regular meeting of the new council, and will then have an opportunity of laying his opinion before the public on sewerage, filtration, removing the intake pipe further up river and any other propositions that have been made for the improvement of Fredericton's sanitary conditions. Here is the mayor's chance to show his usefulness, and to prove that he will not be a mere figure head in the civic government.

Let us by all means have an inaugural address from His Worship, as is usual in other cities, with special reference to sanitary conditions.

The public will await with absorbing interest the mayor's action in the matter. As a medical man, his observations on so important a question as sanitation should have special significance.

THE BATTLE AGAIN ON.

It seems that the battle of the Winding Ledges Dam which raged so fiercely here and at Ottawa two years ago, has to be fought all over again.

The American and up river gentleman who want to erect a dam across the St. John River above Grand Falls for sorting lumber are back at Ottawa, knocking at the doors of parliament for the passage of their bill, and the lumbermen of the lower St. John River districts, aided by the local government, are prepared to resist the efforts of the company.

The bill, it will be remembered, was defeated by a large majority in the legislature in 1903, and at Ottawa it never got beyond the private bills committee. This year the company do not appear to be seeking any favor from the legislature, but have gone straight to Ottawa, where the fight will be renewed, on Wednesday, again before the private bills committee.

The Sun, in recounting the action of the lumbermen, and the government to defeat the bill, says that on Saturday evening A. P. Barnhill, solicitor for the lumbermen, and G. Cushing left for Ottawa. This evening J. Fraser Gregory, Charles Miller and John Kilburn of Fredericton, and possibly John E. Moore, will go up. They will appear before the committee on Wednesday to oppose the bill.

On Saturday Premier Tweedie, Attorney General Pugsley and Mr. Barnhill had a talk. The result of that is that A. S. White, who is now in Ottawa, has been instructed to appear in the committee and oppose

the measure on behalf of the provincial government. Dr. Pugsley states that Mr. White is thoroughly conversant with the circumstances and is qualified as a representative. It was thought on Saturday that a postponement of the discussion of this bill would have to be asked for until a delegate from the government could reach Ottawa, but the selection of Mr. White will render this unnecessary.

Dr. Pugsley says that the government will oppose the passage of the bill on the ground that the company is seeking only provincial rights and such being the case should come to the provincial government for these rights. The powers asked will result in interfering with navigation, and plans of the works it is proposed to build, should be approved by the provincial government before any powers are granted to the company.

Think of the opportunities for Fredericton's new mayor. It is announced that Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, and the Countess Grey will visit New Brunswick this summer, and of course they will come to Fredericton. It is to be sincerely hoped that there will be sufficient barouches to go around, so that our esteemed chief magistrate will not be asked to ride in the procession in an ordinary carriage, as happened when he was one of the aldermen extending a welcome to Lord and Lady Minto.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the C. P. R., in a letter to Mr. George Robertson, M. P. P., declares that his company cannot undertake to build much needed wharves at St. John to accommodate the increasing winter port trade, and he admits that the city has expended a large sum for that purpose. If the terminal facilities are not enlarged, Sir Thomas says the trade may go elsewhere, and he leaves the inference that the federal government are the parties to extend the wharves.

THE LITTLE WEEKLY PAPER.

Folks may prize the city dailies with their editorial views. With their boasted circulation and their telegraphic news. With their parliamentary speeches and the same old party song. And their so-called literary essays which are always dry and long. They may prize the great trade journals or the classic magazine. With its illustrated stories and the science in between. But the one I hail with gladness, which I long so for to come, is that little village weekly which they send me down from home.

Taint no twenty-page edition for it has but only four. But they breathe the breath of comfort and I always long for more. Taint what folks would call artistic, for at times it's dim and blurred. But it only serves to interest and I make out every word. It is most bright and cheery, though sometimes their heart is bled. As I read a black-lined notice that some old-time friend is dead. But there's far more joy than sorrow in the messages so sweet. Of that little village weekly, that away back country sheet. How it fills my heart with gladness as I open to peruse. Through the briefly written columns of the local district news. There ain't no big lettered headlines nor no colored pictured shows. Nor the editor ain't trying for to tell folks all he knows. It don't take up space in telling what has happened over the sea. It speaks of things and people of great interest to me. Never fills up half its columns with what daff extremists say. But it tells me that the farmers all are busy with their hay.

Never prints about four columns of French words I can't pronounce. To describe some new-fangled debut and her costly jewelled finery. But it tells me that the neighbors made a bee and got up wood. For the simple Sammy Johnson and the poor old widow Flood. It don't make no lengthy comment on some swell-headed potentate. But it tells me Taylor's filly is a striking griffe a gal. That their baseball team is beating nearly everything in sight. That the Rev. Mr. Simmons lectured in the Baptist Church last night.

It don't deal with wordy matters which professors call profound. But it tells me Uncle Wiley is in health and pegging round. That Urish Pratt has traded off his team with Cyrus Howe. And that Uncle Silas Hamblin sold his famous Jersey cow. Tells me Sarah Smith is better, that she sat up yesterday. That a welcome little stranger came to Thomas Dunn's to stay. That Joe Bowers had built a silo, and Bill Jones had roofed his shed. That the widow Westbrook's boy came home, the one she thought was dead.

Folks may prize the city dailies with their essays and reviews. With their parliamentary comments and their latest foreign news. As for me, well I read at 'em and to grasp their meaning try. But when comes that way-back weekly, then I put the dailies by. For it brings to me glad tidings of the village I love so. And it seems just running over with the things I want to know. It's a little beam of sunshine on life's dark and trackless sea. That away back country paper which they send from home to me.

—Crawf, C. Slack, Montreal.

Fatal Blunder.

"He is gone!" she wailed. "He is gone forever!" "Don't be downcast," her friend urged. "He may come back." "No, no; I shall never see him again. I gave up the letters he had written to me."

Had Her Appetite.

Harry—Molly, you look good enough to eat. Molly—All you have to do is ask me to dine. I'll do the eating all right.—Boston Transcript.

CANADIAN AUTHORS.

Well-Known English Publisher Says They Are Popular in Mother Country.

"Better postage rates between Canada and England are one of the pressing needs of the day," said Mr. Hodder Williams of the great London publishing house of Hodder & Stoughton, at Toronto the other day. "The present rates form a heavy and unfair handicap on English journals and magazines, as a result of which the Canadian public is becoming Americanized by getting its news and reading through New York."

"This story has been told often, but it must be repeated until its lesson is learned," went on Mr. Williams. "Every Canadian publisher who comes to Europe calls on the Postmaster-General to urge this reform, and as a publisher, I am able to judge of its necessity."

Mr. Williams' present mission to Canada is for the purpose of securing the work of Canadian authors for his house. He has made arrangements with Ralph Connor, Norman Duncan, Marian Keith and Prof. McFadyen of Knox College for the production of their forthcoming works.

"The works of Canadian authors take very well in England," said Mr. Williams, "and the wonder to me is that you have not many more of them. 'The Way of the Sea,' Norman Duncan's collection of short stories, received the most enthusiastic reviews, and Ralph Connor's 'Prospector' had a remarkable sale."

"There is a vast field for authors of some ability and knowledge of their subject in the untold history of the Hudson Bay and the pioneer days. A great wealth of material can be gathered from the mingling of the Scotch and Irish settlers. There are more Highland Scotch in Canada than there are in Scotland now, and I can assure you that there is room in England for many Canadian books along the lines I have indicated."

"Of course," admitted Mr. Williams, "our ignorance of this country is abysmal. I have talked Canada and preached Canada in The British Weekly until I am afraid I have become a bore. But matters are improving now. Our sales in Canada are increasing enormously, and I believe there are more men traveling Canada from English houses to-day than ever. Confidence in Canadian credit, rudely shaken some years ago, is being restored. "As British publishers, we are making

a great effort to capture and retain the Canadian market. We are prepared to fight the American publishers to the death. It is a matter of sentiment and business combined, and we won't be beaten easily."

Ramble in the Far North.

Since the historic day when the Union Jack was hoisted on Ellesmere Land, the possibilities of Canada's country in the far north, with the peculiar and interesting characteristics of its people, have loomed largely before the public, and there is a natural and ever-increasing desire on the part of Canadians to learn more of their wonderful fellow-subjects who now form an integral part of our vast Dominion. The ball was, so to speak, set rolling by Commander Lowe, and some further entertaining side lights were thrown on the great Arctic territory at the Toronto University a week later, when Right Rev. Dr. P. T. Rowe, Bishop of Alaska, delivered a lecture on "A Ramble in the Far North." He gave some vivid descriptions of the lives and habits of the Esquimaux people.

After speaking of the ancestry of the people, and mentioning the ancient capital of Russian America, where the old Greek Church still stands, with its fine paintings and a beautiful Madonna on the walls, Bishop Rowe went on to allude to the Esquimaux people, and the following word picture will be of interest: "I have seen them," he said, "in such a condition as to make me doubt very much whether it would be possible to lift up such creatures and make them what we would regard as human beings. They seem so low down and so degraded, but they live under conditions that help to make them so. They do not always cook their food, and certainly never in winter. They use blubber to melt ice, so as to obtain drinking water, but they do not use the water for any other purpose. They oil themselves instead of washing, and at the end of winter you would, in order to discover their features, have to go through a process of excavation."

Dr. Rowe mentioned that the Esquimaux eat a good deal of whale, which was not so bad when it was cooked, but even then a white man required a very keen appetite, and to shut his eyes before he could get through with it. He also gave some interesting instances of how the Esquimaux women brought their refractory husbands into submission and obedience by a few judicious clouts with a snowshoe. The people generally were fond of sending each other presents, but always expected something in return.



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...are sometimes, remarked the Bishop merrily, as more civilized folks give a dinner, and look for the compliment to be repaid. In order that white men might get on well with the various tribes, it was necessary for them to assume to be of great power, equal, if not superior to that of the chiefs themselves. Dr. Rowe alluded to the region of the midnight sun across the Arctic Circle. There, he said, the sun illumined the vast fields of ice with a splendor which was beyond the power of the artist to paint, or the tongue of man to describe.

Notice in a Bar.

The following notice has been posted in several places in the new Hotel Normandie, Clinton: "Take notice that no one under 21 years of age will be allowed in the bar-room or sold intoxicating liquor. It will be considered a favor, if anyone, knowing a young man to be under age frequenting the bar, will report same at the office." All hotelkeepers should make the same rule, and strictly adhere to it.

His Passion.

"I was examined for life insurance to-day," said Mr. Timmid, "but I'm afraid I'll be turned down." "Oh, my! Why?" asked Miss Koy. "While the doctor was examining my heart I unfortunately got to thinking of you, and it jumped something awful."

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

FISH.

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On the afternoons and evenings of

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Doors open at 3 30 in the afternoons and at 7 30 in the evenings.

Orchestra in attendance.

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All work guaranteed to pass insurance inspection.

Leave orders at Staples' Drug Store.

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Eyesight Needs No Care

Many a bright boy has been kept back because of eye neglect. If he squints or puckers his forehead, or has headaches, better bring him here. His Eyes need looking after.

Jas. D. Fowler,

The Optician and Jeweler,

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MARCH 13th

JUST OPENED

Spring Jackets Spring Skirts

FOR INFANTS, GIRLS AND MISSES.

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If you are thinking of painting your house or barn this Spring write to us for Color Cards of the very best Paint that is made. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Tweeddale & Co.,

Up-to-date Hardware Store.

1905 BURPEE'S SEEDS 1905

Although other Seed Dealers have begged W. Atlee Burpee & Co., to sell their Seeds direct, they have positively declined, and I am sole agent in Fredericton for the sale of these Seeds, and other dealers have to buy them through outside dealers at an advance price.

My first consignment for season 1905 now in store. Catalogues now ready for my customers.

GEO. Y. DIBBLEE,

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Beginning MONDAY, March 20th.

In this sale we have remnants of different lengths which will be sold at prices worth considering. We will also sell certain lines of Colored Platters, Bak-rs' Bowls, Butter Dishes and Sugar Bowls. For further particulars of our bargains see the goods themselves. Sale will only last one week.

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