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St. John, N. B., Feb. 20, 1908.

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We have now received a very large shipment of NEW TROUSERS and we have made a special window display of the same. Now is your chance to get a pair of new and up to date trousers to help out your coat and vest. Style, fit, quality and workmanship guaranteed. Many patterns to choose from. Prices $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50.

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ROBERT W. SERVICE, POET OF THE NORTH

Writer of "Songs of a Sour Dough" Speaks of His Work.

(Victoria Colonist)

Robert W. Service, who has won fame with his first book of verse, "Songs of a Sour Dough," the United States edition of which is published under the title: "The Spell of the Yukon," spoke of his work, of himself and his outlook upon life and things in general interestingly to a Colonist reporter yesterday. He is a young man with promise of even greater success before him, and he is modest. "It's all quite a surprise to me," he said. "for, you see, I wrote the verses more to pass the time that hung heavy while I left the teller's wicket of the bank at White Horse. The verses are really the offspring of makeshift and mischance, and no one was more surprised than was I when the public bought the editions so readily. I was pleased, too, with the praise given them by Mr. Kipling, for praise from him is praise indeed. It's all wrong, though, to talk of me as a Canadian Kipling; far be it from me to consider myself in the same class with him."

The public thinks differently to Mr. Service. His book is now in its seventh Canadian edition, and the demand grows instead of lessening. The American publishers report a steady sale, and Mr. Service is now arranging an English edition. Reviewers from end to end of this continent and beyond the waters which divide the continents have praised the poems; men nearer home have thanked the writer; in fact, within an hour a Presbyterian clergyman and another person as far removed in the social scale as possible came to congratulate him; sermons have been preached with the poems as a text at Vancouver and Toronto, and wherever men read books there has been praise for the young Canadian poet who has broken the trail in a new field, the rugged striking verse of the great Northland.

Mr. Service is still a young man—he says that in reviews he has seen of his poems writers have made him younger and younger until he has feared that he will soon be relegated entirely from the world. He was born thirty years ago in England, and was taken to Scotland by his parents when too young to know even that Caledonia was "a meet nurse for a poetic child." After being educated at Glasgow, sometime at the Glasgow university, he came to Canada ten years ago, a young man of twenty, fighting against damnation from city to city until he came to the Pacific coast, where for five years he wandered up and down from Victoria to the City of Mexico, living for a short time in every city of consequence on the Pacific coast, working at all manner of things. Five years ago he became a bank clerk in the local office of the Bank of Commerce.

Readers of the Colonist will remember occasional verses published over the signature of Robert W. Service then. The poems were striking and it was generally considered that the writer would be heard from. From Victoria Mr. Service went to the bank's offices at Vancouver thence to Kamloops, from where, three years ago, he was transferred to White Horse. It was during the first year of his service in the bank at White Horse that most of the poems which appear in the "Songs of a Sour Dough" were written. All were written in the open, the poet finding inspiration as he walked about near the Yukon's banks at the little town at headquarters of the big river. For nearly a year they lay on his desk and then he decided to collect and publish them. The poems were typed and mailed to publishers. To five or six houses they went with the request that the publishing firms would send the writer their lowest terms for printing them. The majority asked amounts more than Mr. Service was willing to pay for he had no idea of the value of his verses then. When Briggs & Co. of Toronto offered to print an edition of a thousand copies at a price which Mr. Service was willing to pay, he thought he might be able to sell probably half of them and give the others to friends.

He closed the bargain, and when later he received a letter from the publishers with regard to a second edition, on which they offered him a royalty, he was both pleased and surprised. He soon found that the first edition had been sold out before it appeared on the galley proofs, the second edition went like wildfire; it became necessary to order copies in advance. The next edition was increased in size, further poems being added, and at Christmas a special illustrated edition was published. Then arrangements were made with Edward Stern & Co. of Philadelphia for the publication of a United States edition, and arrangements will be begun soon to issue an edition in the United Kingdom.

Mr. Service has even found an attraction in the seamy side of life, and the majority of his poems deal with that strata of humankind. He says: "My view of life is broader than the average. I believe there is a good deal of good in the worst and a great deal of bad in the best. When the Great Ruler comes to size us all up I feel that his judgment may be different to that which the general public would believe."

As he writes in the "Song of the Wage-Slave:"

"When the long, long day is over, and the
Big Boss gives me my pay,
I hope it won't be hell-fire, as some of the
parsons say.
And I hope that it won't be heaven, with
some of the parsons I've met,
All I want is just quiet, just to rest and
forget.

"My favorite writers?" he repeated. "Well, Kipling comes first with me. He is the greatest of modern writers, to my mind. In the poem "The Law of the Yukon" they say I've had in mind his "The Red Gods;' 'I only wish I could write in his class. Of course, there is the Kipling idea, the Kipling method in this poem, and it's a jolly good method.

"This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she
makes it plain:
Send not your foolish and feeble; send me
your strong and your sane.
Strong for the red rage of battle, sane, for
I harry them sore;
Send me men girt for the combat, men who
are grit to the core;
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the
bear in defeat,
Sired of a bull-dog parent, steeled in the
furnace heat.
Send me the best of your breeding, lend me
your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom, them will I
call my sons;
Them will I gird with my treasure, them
will I glut with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the failures—I
trample under my feet.
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled
and palsied and slain,
Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters—Go! take back your spawn again.

"I don't care so much for the classical writers" continued the poet, although he insists he is of the bank rather than the poets—for we are living in the land of today our interests are those of the present, and we should develop ourselves to that end. I am very fond of good poetry, though I like Henley, am a devoted admirer of Stevenson, and I like the poetic work of Oscar Wilde. My idea of verse writing, however, is to write something the every-day workingman can read and approvefi the man who as a rule fights shy of verse or rhyme, of something that comes within the scope of his own experience and which grips him with a sense of reality.

"In fact," he continued, "most of these verses published in the "Songs of a Sour Dough" were written with the hope that the horny-handed miner might find in them something that comes within the scope of his own experience and hug them to his hairy bosom on that account. I started to write classical verse when my infant brain began to put rhymes together, and in the classical style I wrote a good many sonnets, ballads, etc., and abandoned them in disgust as something not really vital. I don't believe in petty language and verbal felicities, but in getting close as I can to the primal facts of life; getting down to the bedrock of things. As he writes in "The Harpy:"

"There is no hope for such as I, on earth
nor yet in Heaven;
Unloved I live, unloved I die, unpitied, unforgiven;
A loathed jade I ply my trade, unhallowed
and unshriven.
* * * * *
"Was I not born to walk in scorn where
others walk in pride?
The Maker marred, and evil-starred, I drift
upon His tide;
And He alone shall judge His own, so I His
judgment bide."

As Mr. Service says he believes in getting down to the primal fact of things, to the bedrock of life. "I get as close in touch with nature as possible, "he said, "even if I have to touch it in the raw. I am rather a pessimist. The side of life that reflects disillusion and despair makes a strong impression on me.'

"New Year's Eve" shows this. The tragedy of the poor old tramp whose life passes with the old year, starved, sodden with begged whiskey in a corner of McGuffy's saloon is as strong a picture of the disillusion and despair as has been written.

Mr. Service is also in rebellion; there is a note of protest in most of his verses. He says: "I loathe society. Pink teas are to me an abomination; in fact my idea of the place which parsons picture as damnation, is an everlasting soicety where life shall be one long pink tea. After all I like the northland, its rough, but charming men, its loneliness." He has pictured that loneliness in the initial poem of his book. The title he wrote was "The land that God Forgot," but Messrs. Briggs objected to that title and the verses appear in the Canadian edition without title. One reads:

"The lonely sunsets flare forlorn
Down valleys dreadly desolate;
The lordly mountains sore in scorn,
As still as death, as stern as fate.

The lonely sunsets flame and die;
The giant valleys gulp the night;
The monster mountains scrape the sky,
Where eager stars are diamond bright.

So gaunt against the gibbous moon,
Piercing the silence velvet-piled,
A lone wolf howls his ancient rune,
The fell arch-spirit of the wild.

O outcast land! O leper land!
Let the lonely wolf-cry all express—
The hate insensate of thy hand.
Thy heart's abysmal loneliness."

Mr. Service's wish is to become "The poet of the mouth-organ." He said: "Kipling is known as "The poet of the banjo;" as for me I would be glad if men would call me "The poet of the mouth-organ." That, to me, seems to express my tendency. As I take it, it would more aptly describe this verse of mine, which is born of makeshift and mischance."

Mr. Service is paying a visit to Vancouver, and will probably leave for the north again in the near future. He has left White Horse and will, in all probability, be in future located at Dawson.

BABY'S WELFARE MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE

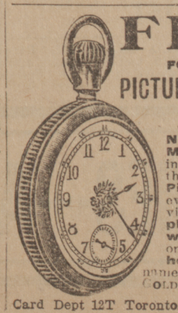
The one chief desire of the mother is that her little ones shall be healthy, bright and good natured. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and the other little ills of childhood. Mrs. E. LeBrun, Carillon, Que., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to my baby. I have used them to regulate her stomach and bowels, and for teething and always with the best of results." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AT THE CEDAR

Fairbanks and Lavin, funny singing and dancing team, are drawing well at the Cedar. The popular theatre was crowded to the doors last night and all went away feeling more than satisfied with the entertainment. James Fairbanks had the audience greatly amused and he had to respond to several encores. Jack Lavin is making a big hit in the rendering of Dutch Land. He also renders Keep on Smiling (illustrated) in fine style.

Frank Austin renders Montana in first class style. There are four new pictures, all clear, with comedy and drama combined. This afternoon a beautiful gold watch will be given to the lucky ticket holder.

"ENTIRELY REGARDLESS OF OUR CAPACITY TO SPEND AND OF THE AMOUNT WE HAVE TO SPEND, THE PROVINCE HAS INCREASED ITS DEBT YEAR BY YEAR. IT HAS SPENT MORE THAN IT HAS TO SPEND. IT HAS REACHED, ALMOST THE LIMIT OF ITS BORROWING POWER; ITS EXPENDITURE FOR INTEREST HAS STEADILY INCREASED, AND IT HAS IN THIS REGARD INDULGED IN A LINE OF ACTION WHICH CANNOT BE JUSTIFIED ON ANY PRINCIPLE OF HONESTY."—St. John Globe.



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THE CENTRAL RAILWAY DISASTER

Where Did the Money Go?

The entire history of the Central Railway constitutes one long chain of reproaches of a very definite character against the Government. Let us briefly review a few of these:

[a] Passing over suspicious early history of the old Central Railway, we will commence with the sensationally dramatic formation of a company of adherents of the Government, in which company, as for as it is possible to ascertain, not one cent was invested by those composing it. The alleged purpose of this company was the building of a railway **which it never completed,** notwithstanding **the enormous amounts it mulcted from the people on this understanding,** and by means of the **unscrupulous influence** and **shattered promises** of **its government accomplices.**

[b] As a record of the **least possible return** for a **huge sum of money** yielded in good faith from the resources of the country, **the Central Railway stands without rival.**

[c] It will also go down to posterity as the most outstanding instance of abject incapacity and school-boy financing too shamefully outrageous to be extenuated on a plea of honesty. Also—

[d] As a record **insult** to the intelligence of our people, cajoled as they have been by the repeated promises of the Hon. Dr. Pugsley and others concerned—**promises solemnly made, yet broken lightly, frequently** and **without compunction.**

[e] Further, the Central Railway has for long constituted a veritable El Dorado for political favorites. From the following clear, plain statement of facts it will be seen **what was Promised, what was Accomplished** and the **immense sum** of the **people's money squandered** in **that small accomplishment:---**

[1] The Central Railway from Norton to Chipman (45 miles) received in Government subsidies..... $320,000.00

[2] In 1901, the government guaranteed the principal and interest on 1st mortgage bonds of the New Brunswick Coal & Railway Co., for the extension by this Company of the line from Chipman to Gibson. This guarantee was to take effect only when the road was completed and running, and when the Coal Mines of the company should be producing a minimum of 500 tons per diem. These bonds amounted to..... 250,000.00

In addition to this amount, the Company would receive in subsidies $5,700 per mile from the Local and Dominion Governments.

[3] In 1903, bonds were again guaranteed to the amount of..... 200,000.00 to enable the Company to purchase the line from Norton to Chipman. **No detailed statement of that expenditure** has ever been given to the public.

[4] In 1904, a bill was adopted authorizing the Government to guarantee bonds for the Chipman-Gibson extension according as its construction progressed, or, if necessary, for the entire $250,000, regardless of the mileage completed. **Fullest advantage was taken of this insidious clause.**

[5] In 1905, the Government took over the whole enterprise and vested the management in two commissioners, who were empowered to issue debentures to the amount of..... 250,000.00

[6] In 1907, a bill was passed authorizing a further guarantee of bonds to the sum of..... 110,500.00

$70,000 of this was to pay interest on bonds previously issued, and $40,000 to purchase equipment.

[7] Between 1901 and 1905, the railway received in subsidies

Provincial..... $60,000
Dominion..... 70,000..... 130,000.00

The foregoing amounts constitute the gross approximate total absorbed in the Central Railway, viz..... $1,260,500.00

This total is equivalent to about $20,000 per mile for every mile built—an amount amply sufficient to have constructed an up-to-date road with proper grades and substantial bridges. Why then is it that the road as it stands today has light rails, heavy grades, and bridges wholly unfit for a trunk line---the only steel bridge being one that was discarded by the I. C. R. as too light for modern traffic?

[8] As a contrast to the above excessive per mile cost, it is interesting to remember that, when the Dominion Government purchased the Canada Eastern Railway, to embrace it as part of the I. C. R., the price paid was $6.500 per mile for this, a much better road with lighter grades

[9] The people will not easily forget that each appeal for financial assistance for the Central Railway, was made by the Government upon its solemn assurance that no more money would be asked.

[10] It must be clear to every elector that, if honestly handled, the amount of money expended should have made the Central Railway one of the best railways in the Province.

[11] It will surely not be claimed that the $1,260,500 charged against this Railway was all honestly put into road-bed and general equipment? Does not the character, condition and small extent of road built very clearly demonstrate that it did not benefit by all of the above sum? **Where then did the money go? What is the secret and inner history of those bond issues and the disposition of the proceeds?** As yet, no satisfactory explanation has been given to the people by the Government.

[12] **Remember,** had the **original pledges** of the Government been faithfully fulfilled, and the undertaking conducted **on honest business principles, the whole line from Gibson to Norton** might long ere this have been completed at very little further cost to the country; **and under honest management, be operating profitably for the immeasurable benefit of the people throughout the district it traverses.**

THE WHOLE HISTORY OF THE LINE IS DISGRACEFUL. EVEN MR. H. A. McKEOWN, IN 1892, BROUGHT NO FEWER THAN FIVE SPECIFIC CHARGES OF MISAPPROPRIATION OF FUNDS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.

Vote For Hazen, Honest Businesslike Government and Extermination of Graft.