

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1924

The Evening Times-Star

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IMPERIAL RELATIONS.

An article in The London Spectator deals very fully and frankly with the question of Canada's position in the British Commonwealth of Nations as raised by the Lausanne incident. The ratification of the Lausanne Treaty was made at a meeting at which Canada was not represented except as a part of the Empire. There were only two delegates from the British Empire at Lausanne. An agreement to limit the number to two had been made with France and Italy, and the Dominions were not consulted in the matter. They were merely asked afterward if they would accept the two British delegates named. The writer in The Spectator says the matter is important because it concentrates attention on two vital problems:—(1) the status of the self-governing nations within the British Commonwealth; and (2) the international status of the British Empire and its relations to foreign powers. He points out that whatever may be done in regard to Canada will establish a precedent for all the other Dominions, by two of which, South Africa and the Irish Free State, developments are watched with very keen interest, because each of them desires the largest possible degree of political independence consistent with membership in the Empire. The writer in The Spectator says he was taken to task last year for an article in which he said there were three alternatives before Canada— independence, annexation to the United States, or free nationhood within the British Commonwealth. He was criticized by several Canadian journals but is now able to justify himself by pointing out that the Prime Minister of Canada in a speech has presented the same three alternatives, adding that the one he favors is "a more clearly recognized relationship as a self-governing nation within the Empire." The writer says that justice was not done to Canada by the British press when the Lausanne incident was first discussed, and says that all who believe in the freedom of each part of the Empire, and the recognition of the people of Great Britain of a complete equality of status among all the nations making up the British Commonwealth, must appreciate the fight Canada has been making. He says that when the British Government in power in October, 1922, agreed with France to limit the Empire's representation at Lausanne to two, it probably did not realize how much importance the Dominions attach to the national status given them, and recognized at Versailles, Washington, Geneva and The Hague. Equality with the Mother Country was obtained, and also international recognition of that fact, and in the affair of Lausanne the British Government, it is pointed out, departed from the procedure at Versailles, presumably under pressure from the French, who wanted Morocco and Algeria acknowledged if that policy were pursued in the case of the British Dominions. The answer to the French claim would be, of course, that its colonies were not recognized and given a definite status at Versailles as were the British Dominions, and the writer in The Spectator declares that since Canada was given a certain status in the peace treaty "the right of the people of Canada, through her elected representatives, to approve of any treaty which she is asked to sign must be recognized." He adds that in a great concern like the British Commonwealth there will be friction from time to time, and he concludes with the following very wise observations:

"We in Great Britain must do nothing which could give rise to the idea that we have any desire—which we certainly have not—to derogate from the national status of the Dominions, from their complete equality with ourselves. Our brethren in Canada, for their part, should appreciate the difficulties of devising a workable scheme for arriving at a common foreign policy for the Empire. The more we all think about the subject the better just such an incident as we have been confronted with was required to clarify our views."

Canada, enjoying full autonomy, has the privilege of refraining from participation in the foreign policy of the Empire, but there is not likely to be any substantial advance along that line. In the first place patriotic considerations as well as those of ordinary prudence make it necessary that the people of the Empire should act as one when complications with foreign nations arise, and though complete information and absolutely free discussion of all the issues are quite in order, there are few indeed in Canada who would favor any action which would mean that in a crisis half of the Empire would be going one way and the other half another.

The question of peace and war, so far as Canada is concerned, lies in the hands of Parliament which, if not in session, is called together to deal with any emergency. And Parliament is not only soundly patriotic but is well aware of the fact that the old saying, "when Britain is at war Canada is at

war," has not lost its truth. If we were not ready to give aid to other parts of the Empire we could not reasonably expect aid from them in case we needed it badly. Indeed any such question affecting any part of the Empire necessarily affects the whole.

IDEALISM.

The other day at the tomb of Woodrow Wilson an eloquent clergyman contrasted the idealism which he saw in his country after it entered the world war with the complacent materialism he finds there today. The preacher was Rev. Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, President of St. Stephen's College. He said that Americans had thrown away at least ninety per cent. of the possible good which might have come from the world war, and that they had done so partly from stupidity and partly from wantonness on our part who have made the peace. President Wilson, said the clergyman, "dreamed after the war, but his nation stopped dreaming." It was said that Wilson lacked tact, and in one sense he did. "Mr. Wilson," he said, "was tactless as Mr. Lincoln was tactless. It was this sort of heroic tactlessness, incapable of believing men less devoted to great human visions than he was himself, which Mr. Wilson had."

For a while the nation caught something of the Wilson idealism, and during the war "the lifted most of us out of our contented and complacent animal philosophy, but, alas, we have lost that feeling. No longer do we regard ourselves as the servants and co-workers with God. No longer is our pride a pride of service. We are a great people, but not with that greatness with is eternally great, the greatness of service. There are those who seek to rouse us out of our narrowness by argument. It is good argument they offer; but it leaves our people cold. There are those who would appeal to us sympathetically, holding out maimed bodies and thwarted lives; but the voice which speaks from the grave, even from the heroic grave, is weak and faint in the ears of a worldly nation."

The only way in which the American people can return to Wilson's idealism, the speaker declared, is through religion. Only when they have recovered a true sense of the value of things spiritual—"then and only then shall we be more than a hunting pack of greedy and clever beasts; then shall we rise to the stature of men; then we may look into the faces of Lincoln and Wilson, and of the men who in the sixties and in the world war died under their leadership, comprehending and unashamed."

This is one of the strongest of many protests made of late against the reign of materialism in the United States. Perhaps it exaggerates Wilson's idealism and the effect of it upon his people, but nevertheless it repeats in telling fashion a warning, needed by more than one nation, of the truth that wealth alone can make no people great; that there must be character and high purpose if any country is to play rightly its part in the progress of humanity.

The assurance that the delegation which went from this city received a most sympathetic hearing from Sir Henry Thornton ought to be an encouragement for a continuance of the co-operation between the civic authorities and commercial interests to promote the welfare of St. John.

We must not only have confidence in the city, but must put our own shoulders to the wheel in order to bring about needed developments. The simple announcement that Sir Henry Thornton gave the delegation a most kindly hearing, and the assurance that the representations made would be given the fullest consideration, ought to encourage the people of the city and province to seek the full co-operation of the C. N. R. authorities, and to work heartily with them rather than merely stand back and criticize.

It is intimated that Premier Ramsey MacDonald was not greeted with any degree of enthusiasm on his arrival in Paris, to clear up, if possible, any misunderstanding there may have been with regard to the coming conference in London. He had practically risen from a sick bed to cross the Channel in the interests of peace and good neighborhood, and deserved a more cordial reception.

The surveys thus far made are reported to have more than confirmed previous reports regarding the water-shed conditions and storage possibilities of the Grand Falls area. Apparently, therefore, it is only a question of time when through the development of this water power it will be possible to transmit the electric current to most parts of the province.

The danger from forest fires is very real during a season as dry as that of the last two weeks in New Brunswick, especially when the mercury rises and remains at a high point. The utmost care is therefore necessary to avoid

starting a fire which might result in great destruction of trees if not of other property.

THE PRESIDENTIAL GAME

The great American game is not baseball—it is the game of Presidential elections, at least that is the way Charles Merz sees it in his vivid running up of the campaign in the July Century. Mr. Merz thinks that campaigns are merely one of our American ways of blowing off steam, and that campaigns today, unlike those of thirty years ago, have to step pretty lively in order to hold their own among popular amusements. He says:

There is no doubt that campaigns face a new and menacing competition. Thirty years ago, when only the larger cities of the country made a specialty of entertainment, a Presidential contest came along to break a peace that hadn't a fraction of the interruption of the days of torch-light parades and columns of red fire, of hot assaults on soap-box orators and jeers for anybody rash enough to hint that the given question had two sides. From the bright days of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" to the first great onward rush of William Jennings Bryan, the Presidential campaign had a claim on public interest which it is scarcely due to re-assess in the face of present competition. There is a spurt of interest when conventions gather. A Roosevelt catch lead back to politics to say, but even a Roosevelt shares the stage with new and lively interests.

OLD-TIME WHALING.

Among the species of whales most widely sought and considered most valuable were the "right whale" and the "sperm," the former for its oil and the latter for its spermaceti. Each of these whales had its particular menace to the whaler. The sperm whale, a terrible tooth-armed leviathan, was the terror of the whaler, and the right whale, a powerful tail that lashed in great semi-circles to destroy everything in its wake.

From the lookout's station on the top of the cross-trees men scanned the sea, watching for the faint blue vapor which marks the presence of a whale; and with the shout of "There she blows" the ship sprang into action—then with utmost speed the whaleboat was lowered away, and swiftly and stealthily swept over the water to stalk the whale, forced by the powerful sweep of long ash oars in the hands of six brawny men.

If all went well, the small boat stole closer and closer to the huge black mass; and with the mate's command, "Give it to him" the iron was hurled and buried in the blubber of the prey. Then began a battle royal between the most powerful of living creatures and the six men of the puny boat. Stung by the pain caused due to the iron in his flesh, the creature dashed forward, while several fathoms of line attached to the iron whirled with a roar through the bow chock and leaped from the tubs like a living serpent. The whaling line was never allowed to slacken, and had to be kept clear and cooled by throwing water on it until the whale was tired enough to approach for the "kill," to which the peril of striking were as nothing. Even when the death-blow was given, rarely did a whale die without a "hurry," and in its frantic death-struggle many a boat was stove and line lost.

All the above was in the process of the real old-time whaling, while now among the eighteen remaining whaling vessels gun harpoons are used to catch the whale and bombs are used to kill him—more slaughter with no element of sport or danger.—H. E. Rieseberg in Adventure Magazine.

A REMARKABLE YOUTH

Oscar Schisgal, the author of "Onions" in Everybody's Magazine for June, was born twenty-two years ago in Belgium. He writes:

"For five years I struggled to master French, Flemish, Dutch and German; but no sooner had I gripped the rudiments of these languages than I found myself suddenly transported to the land of the free, as it was then called. And there was nothing to do but forget my previous studies and pounce upon English. Since that time I have lived in New York, and though I have in these seventeen years acquired as much as possible from city grammar schools, high schools and colleges, I have not been able to shake off entirely a hazy knowledge of the languages I once dropped glibly from youthful lips. So much for the chronology of my life. As a traveler, I have led a most adventurous career; once I visited Philadelphia and Atlantic City, both during the same week-end. At another time I saw Jersey City. More interesting than these was my epochal journey to Albany. But, regardless of these globe-trottings, I have decided to wander farther. In a few months, God and my bank willing, I shall sail forth on a lazy tour of Europe."

"My literary life began when I was fifteen. At that age I saw a movie in which the eminent actor, Carlyle Blackwell, was an author. He wore a tieless, open-collared shirt; he owned a yacht, and a sprawling, white home. And he never seemed to work. That I decided, was my idea of real existence. So I determined to write. At sixteen I began a collection of three hundred rejection slips. Of course, I did other work for ready cash during college vacations, for my literary earnings could not pay even for the paper I used. I was a salesman, selling in the order named, sand, clocks, novelties, and sliding machines. At twenty-one I sold my first story. And since then, in a year and a half, I have disposed of about fifty tales—short stories, novelettes, and a novel. That is all. I expect to have a colorful biography some day."

THE RETURN.

(Ethel Ashton Edwards, in London Observer.)

Far, through the quiet night, my Loved One came;
He said: "I have come back to you awhile."

"We had too little time together, Love, And so I had come back," . . . I held him close;
The inviolate night looked on us from above,
And sheltered us in darkness and repose.

I feared to break the silence, lest the spell
Of that great happiness were broken too.
We neither spoke; there was no need to tell
In language what we held so wholly true. . . .

There came a gleam of silver from the lawn
I woke . . . I lay alone . . . and it was Dawn.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Had Him There.
Hub—"The trouble with you is you always want your own way."
Wife—"Well, if it's mine I don't see why you won't let me have it."

Restless Character.

Manager—"The last man we had here had the place for 42 years."
Applicant—"Why did he leave?"
Manager—"Oh, he was one of those fellows that's never happy unless he's on the go."

Where His Sugar Came From.
Teacher—"Where is the island of Cuba situated?"
Applicant—"I dunno, Miss."
"Don't you know where your sugar comes from?"
"Yes, miss; we borrow it from next door."

Helpful Praise.

The newly-elected president of a banking institution was being introduced to the employees. He singled out one of the men in the cashier's cage, questioning him in detail about his work.

"I have been here forty years," said the cashier's assistant, with conscious pride, "and in all that time I only made one slight mistake. I was one of those fellows that's never happy unless he's on the go."

Consolation, Anyhow.

He—"Dearest, will you marry me?"
She—"John, I can't marry you, but I shall always respect your good taste."

A Fair Question.

"I consider that the world owes me a living."
"Yes, and what do you consider you owe the world?"

The Taking Ways of Doctors.
"You're looking bad, Wullie."
"Aye, I've been in the hospital and the doctors have taken away my appendix."

"These doctors'll tak' anything. It's a pity ye didna have it in yer wife's name."

Everybody Mistaken.

"Jack and Emily are going to be married."
"Emily! I thought she was one of these modern girls who don't believe in marriage!"
"So did Jack."

RISE AND SHINE.

If you ever served as a glib on one of Uncle Sam's tastefully painted battleships you recall that you needed no alarm clock. At five-thirty or six o'clock, depending on the day and the work, the fleetish boatswain's mates rushed through the ship hoarsely shouting, "Hit the deck! Heave out and lash up! Rise and shine!" You leaped out of your hammock and lashed it up in a hurry, smiling sleepily as you heard the thuds of the club on hammocks of neighbors who tried to oversleep. Every one rose, whether they shone or not.

Do you get up as readily now and put in that golden morning hour before breakfast? Few do. Yet it's not hard when you get used to it. And it certainly pays.

If you work in a manufacturing plant you might devote the morning hour reading up on the product your firm manufactures. Where are the raw materials obtained? How is the product made? How marketed? How else could it be marketed? How could your firm save money in the production or selling end? You'll be surprised at the ideas that will come to you in the morning hour when your head is clear. Better still, your chief may be surprised when you spring some of them. Good ideas make fatter pay envelopes. Rise and shine steadily for a week or more and you will be sold on the system for all summer.—Raleigh E. Ross, in Forbes Magazine (N.Y.).

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FAVORABLE REPORT ON GRAND FALLS

Fredericton, July 8.—Reports from the survey parties which the Hydro Commission have in the field have revealed even better water shed conditions and better storage possibilities than the report made by the International Waterways Commission engineers some years ago. Hon. Dr. E. A. Smith, chairman of the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission, said here today in discussing the progress towards development of the Grand Falls water power on the St. John River.

The commission's monthly report was presented to the Government today. It shows that a survey of possible sources of business for hydro power from Grand Falls in the province with present amounts used and other information is now being made.

WILL OPEN INSTITUTE TO STUDY POLITICAL QUESTIONS

Greenville, S. C., July 9.—Designed to "promote the serious study of modern political problems, national and international," an institute of politics will be conducted at Furman University here from August 5 to August 16.

The school will be similar to one inaugurated some years ago at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. Professor James W. Garner of the University of Illinois, president of the American Political Science Association, will give a series of lectures, and it is planned also to have economists and other scholars assist in the conduct of the institute. The last two days will be devoted to consideration of problems particularly affecting South Carolina.

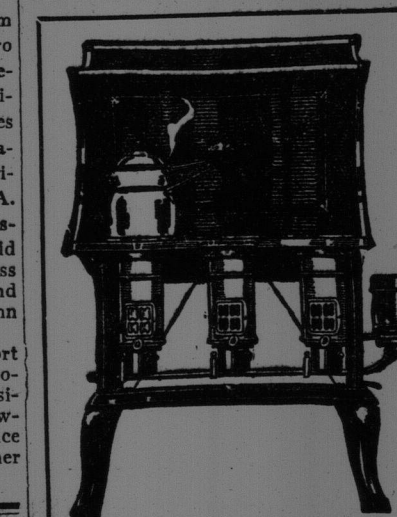
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