

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1923

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 5, 1923.

THE LATE WILLIAM S. ALLISON.

The whole community suffers a grave loss by the death of Mr. William S. Allison, of Manchester, Robertson Allison, Limited, who passed away on Sunday after a brief illness. Mr. Allison, who was only forty-one years old, had long occupied a leading position in the business world. He was a man of high character, worthily upholding the admirable traditions associated with his name and with the great mercantile enterprises of which his father was one of the founders.

In addition to the vision and energy which Mr. Allison devoted to business, he gave much helpful thought and effort to other community enterprises and interests, being active in the Saint John Board of Trade, the Exhibition Association and other organizations. His admirable character, his high standards, his steady devotion to duty and his keen sense of responsibility made him in every way a citizen of value, and he was equally happy in his personal and social relations, winning and retaining the esteem of all with whom he came into contact. Humanly speaking, he appeared to have before him a long career of usefulness and honor. The sincere and respectful sympathy of the community will be extended to the family in their hour of heavy bereavement.

STRIKE WASTE.

The money cost of the anthracite strike, which represents sheer waste, affords excellent proof of the folly of these industrial wars, even if they are not accompanied by violence and public disturbance. Indirectly, of course, the public pays the cost of all strikes, but the combatants themselves suffer losses, direct and indirect, which cannot be justified in any way by the outcome of the struggle.

The nine workers in the anthracite field at present are losing nearly \$6,000,000 a week in wages. About 15,000 railroad employees are out of work because of the strike, and nine railroads which ordinarily carry hard coal are losing \$8,500,000 a week in freight charges. By and large, the direct money losses probably run into \$10,000,000 a week.

These recurring results in constantly rising prices, and naturally the public sets its face sternly against all who engage in them. John Hays Hammond, an authority whose word is entitled to weight, is to-day warning the American public that anthracite prices are certain to be higher from year to year in the future, and that the only road to protection is the adoption of substitute fuel. Pennsylvania hard coal is therefore facing a diminishing market, largely because of the injury to the public through high prices and the irritation over uncertainty of supply.

MR. FORD LOOKS ABOUT.

Henry Ford was asked the other day whether coal will be converted into electric power at the pit mouth more extensively than at present. Mr. Ford asked in reply, "Why at the pit mouth?" and went on to say: "Why not burn the coal under ground and send the energy to the cities from there, without even bringing the coal to the surface? That's what they'll do in the future." He gave some other ideas to a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, who found him in the country near Sudbury, Mass. Mr. Ford pointed to a cluster of red gum trees growing by the roadside. "See that bunch of berries?" he said. "That's where the fuel of the future is going to come from; from fruit like that sumach, or from apples, weeds, sawdust, almost anything. There is fuel in every bit of vegetable matter that can be fermented. People who waste oil supply are exhausted, do not know what they are saying. We are going to the time when we will grow our own fuel."

A field of potatoes near at hand proved for further illustration. Mr. Ford said that from one year's yield from this patch of potatoes enough alcohol could be derived to create power enough to drive the machinery necessary to cultivate the field for a hundred years. He told his visitor that he is experimenting with a girl mill from which it is proposed to turn out four made from the most nutritious part of wheat, little or none of which gets into the ordinary white flour.

All the efforts of the sons of William Ewart Gladstone to provoke Captain Peter Wright to sue them for libel or slander are proving ineffective. It will be remembered that in his book "Portraits and Criticisms," Captain Wright made certain reflections upon the moral character of the great Liberal statesman. The Gladstones then sent him a letter referring to his book as "garbage," and calling him a liar, a coward and a fool. The captain published the letter, but declined to retract. The Gladstones then informed him that the public would form its own judgment if he refused to take the

only course consistent with honor and truth—action in the courts of law. He then replied that the original letter, branding him as a liar, a coward and a fool, did not give grounds for a libel suit under the British law, "as it was addressed to him and not communicated to other persons." He said it was merely personal heat and abuse to which he personally took no objection. And there the matter rests, but it may be inferred that the public, as the Gladstones suggested, has formed its own opinion of the author.

American publications which do not greatly enjoy the agitation against American picture films in London are quoting with manifest pleasure the result of a contest recently conducted by the London Chronicle, to ascertain which were the fifteen most popular moving pictures recently shown. More than 900,000 people voted, and by their decision the first four winners were of American origin. At the head of the list stood "The Ten Commandments"; second, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"; third, "Abraham Lincoln"; and fourth, "The Thief of Bagdad." There is at least some similarity in taste between the two countries, greatly as they differ in many respects, for the pictures named have been among the most popular exhibited in the United States.

Odds and Ends

"You never know what you'll find among the odds and ends."—From "Notes by a Wayfarer."

And Henry Fled

(William's Monthly.)

"Henry," said Mrs. Gillick, "Dr. Greenleaf said at our Club today that every person ought to drink a quart of milk a day. I've decided that the calories and the vitamins stimulated the white corpuscles of the blood and kindled the spiritual urge."

Mr. Gillick's response from behind the newspaper was halfway between a grunt and a clearing of the throat. "It is the spiritual urge, you know," continued his wife, "which seems to give, as it were, an impulse, a stimulus to the personality—I thought he said the ego, but of course I must have been wrong, because ego is a kind of baking-powder—Henry, you are not listening!"

"Yes, my dear, I am. You said that the spiritual urge was the urge to the spirit, which is very clear and very proper."

"I just know you are trying to be nasty. You never have a right appreciation of the latest scientific discoveries. But whether you like it or not, the thing for us to do is to take four quarts a day. I am sure the children will not complain."

"What do we take now?" inquired Mr. Gillick, peering from behind his paper.

"Three pints," answered Mrs. Gillick in a tone which might have been called snappish.

"His this Doctor an interest in any Dairy business?"

"Henry! How can you mix Science with such a sordid thing as Profits?" "I can't. If I could I would have more money. That is what Henry Ford does."

"Well, I took four quarts today, and for supper we are to have a lovely rice pudding and a junket. And we shall have milk instead of tea. Henry, where ARE you going?"

Mr. Gillick had hurled his paper violently to the floor and was in the hall putting on his hat. "Science be hanged," he exclaimed. "I am going down to the Club to get a thick porter-house steak."

He slammed the front door, but opened it again and shouted: "With onions. Do you hear?"

"All right," was the calm response. "Onions are full of calories and vitamins."

"Then I won't have them," replied Mr. Gillick in loud voice as he slammed the door again.

A Lawyer on Experts.

(New York Times.)

In yesterday's instalment of Mr. Marshall's "Recreation" there was a particularly interesting passage in which he summed up his experiences and conclusions as a country lawyer in regard to the testimony of experts, particularly medical experts. Like everybody else who has given the subject real attention, Mr. Marshall felt that the present system of using experts hired by defense and prosecution, and hired because it is known that each will earn his pay by giving the sort of testimony wanted, is utterly wrong.

It only confuses jurors while they listen, and then in most cases they reject the testimony of all the experts and rely on their own unaided judgment. It brings science into disrespect of court as well as in it, when the representatives of science, real or pretended, get up and contradict each other in regard to matters on which, as scientists, they either ought to agree or confess the lack of certainty. They do neither, and it is the medical experts in cases involving the issue of insanity that make the most displeasing spectacle of themselves.

They are not all charlatans by any means, but far too often they make the existence of a twilight zone between sanity and insanity an excuse for expressing as settled and authoritative judgments what are little more than opinions or guesses.

It once was said that no king ever was so wicked as to lack a priest to forgive his sins, or so cowardly as to lack a poet to sing his heroism. So no killer ever slew with circumstances so atrocious as his counsel, if he had money with which to hire experts, could not get one or several to support the plea of mental irresponsibility.

It was to this that Mr. Marshall re-

hemently objected, and he suggested the reform that many others have suggested—that all experts be hired and paid by the court. That, however, would put what is held to be an unconstitutional restriction on the conduct of a defense, and probably it would be.

Boots, Trousers and Hats

(Chicago Journal of Commerce.)

Style change for men as for women—but not so frequently. Forty years ago men wore boots all the year around, a few changing to high shoes in the summer. Stylish boots had morocco tops and box toes, French calf being used for the feet. The best boots, custom made, cost only fourteen dollars a pair. Shoes were nine dollars. Now many men in cities wear low cuts all the year around. Old men in the 1880's wore "balmorals," soft high shoes with rubber web in the sole and of pictures of the early editions of Dickens' novels. Later came, or was it earlier? Well-shaped bottoms on trousers that hid most of a man's shoes, and spread out like the roots of a tree or the big end of a cornucopia. Very thick, heavy cloths were used in trousers, that resisted wear for years and years. Now thin materials are the rule in all seasons. A man all buttoned up in a suit like that, with red flannel underwear common in winter, was prepared to keep warm in the coldest of weather.

Men's hats also have strange variations. His derbies have had low and high crowns, narrow and wide brims, curled and flat bristles. Soft cloth hats also have had many shapes from the fancy "Fedora" to the staple country man's wool hats. Old family albums from the days of the daguerro-type down through all the improvements of photography reveal voluminous and phoned trousers, funny hats and strange boots in heavy wrinkles in the folds. But men change slowly from one extreme of fashion to another.

A Discovery in Mesopotamia.

(Detroit News.)

A great limestone slab containing the portrait of King Ur-Engur, who built the vast tower of the moon-god at Ur 2,800 years before Christ, has been discovered in the courtyard of one of the most important shrines of Ur, in Mesopotamia. The discovery of this splendid work of art, that Mesopotamia has yet produced, recorded in a statement from the joint expedition of the British Museum and of the University of Pennsylvania.

The slab, when complete, it is stated, "was five feet across and nearly 15 feet high. In one scene the king receives from his god the order to build the tower. In another scene Ur-Engur shows his obedience by appearing before the god carrying all the tools of the masons ready himself to lay the first brick. In another we see the actual construction in progress, with the builders carrying the mortar up ladders which are set against the unfinished walls."

Balloon Jumping.

(Dearborn Independent.)

Balloon jumping is the latest sport in Great Britain. A balloon about the size of a small haystack is attached to the wearer, who becomes so buoyant that very little exertion will send him many feet into the air, over houses, trees or other obstacles. One must be taken in jumping, for the merest touch of the foot sends the flier up twice his own height. The balloons fold up into a package and are easily carried. It is an expensive sport, as helium is used in the bags. It is believed that helium will become cheaper as more advanced methods for rectifying it become known. Then balloon jumping will increase.

These balloons are adjusted to the weight of the wearer and are attached to the chest by means of straps.

A Sporting Venture.

(Victoria Colonist.)

Captain Webb, who swam the English Channel 60 years ago, received at the time none of the extravagant press notices which are nowadays given to those who seek to emulate his feat, more often than not unsuccessfully. Captain Webb's achievement was purely a sporting venture. He had no eye to the main chance such as other performers of feats of skill and endurance have in these times. After his Channel swim a newspaperman endeavored to get him to make capital out of the exploit by lecturing on his personal adventures. "I couldn't stomach it," said Captain Webb. "Swimming the Channel is one thing, and going on the stage quite another thing. And my feeling is that when a man becomes a showman he ceases to be a gentleman."

The Silver Lining.

(Boston Transcript.)

Every killing of a gunman in Chicago by a gunman has to be avenged by another gunman. Thus appears the lining on the cloud of Chicago crime.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

All Knowing.

"Now that you are married, I suppose you have no secrets from your wife."

"Oh, I didn't before. She was my stenographer."

No Difficulty in Ordering.

"September is the month in which we may order oysters, but how about coal?" inquires the Kennebec Journal.

No Trade For His Honor.

"Now, Sam," said a Southern magistrate to a colored prisoner, "I want you to tell me just how you stole that chicken."

"Jedge," replied Sam, "Ah'd rather not. It ain't no time of life for you to take up such things."

Taking No Chances.

Wife—John, didn't you better drop in and pay the doctor's bill on your way down town?

Hub—I'll send him a check. If I went there he might charge me for another visit.

Garrulous.

We'd thank the self-made man if he would only sometimes stop. And curb his wild desire to be forever talking shop.

That Slowed Him Down.

"Jack proposed to me in his auto after only two days' acquaintance."

"And what did you answer?"

"I told him he was speeding."

So We've Noticed.

"Beauty is only skin deep," and people who refer to the fact most are usually extremely thin-skinned about it.

YOUNG MAN KILLED IN RIFLE ACCIDENT

Cyril Lockhart Shot While on Hunting Trip Near Plaster Rock.

PLASTER ROCK, N. B., Oct. 4.—Through the accidental discharge of his rifle, the death of Cyril Lockhart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Millidge Lockhart, of Burnt Land Brook, Victoria county, occurred not far from his home on Saturday morning shortly after daylight. Cyril and his brother, Harold, left their home at about 8 a. m. on the fatal morning for a day's deer hunting, their objective being the woods on the opposite side of the Tobique River from where they lived.

They motored from their home down about one mile to where a canoe was available and leaving the car in a neighboring yard made their way to the bank of the Tobique only a few yards distant from the highway road where the canoe was moored. Harold, who was in the lead, placed his rifle in the bow of the boat and stooped to pick up a pole which was lying on the shore and which he intended to use to propel the canoe across the river. At that moment he was startled by hearing the report of Cyril's rifle. Following the shot he heard Cyril exclaim "Oh!" and on turning saw the body of his brother lying to the ground just at the bow of the canoe.

RIFLE IS FIRED.

Cyril had evidently grasped his rifle, 9030 Winchester, by the barrel to place it alongside that of his brother's in the boat when by some unexplained accident it was discharged. The bullet entered the body of the young man just left of the breast bone between the fifth and sixth ribs and passed through the heart or close to it, and came out just below the right shoulder.

Harold, realizing that his brother was very seriously if not fatally injured, lost no time in getting to a telephone to summon a doctor. Dr. Coffin, of Plaster Rock, was on call at a house about four miles away and got to the spot in 10 minutes. He pronounced the victim of the accident dead and said death had been almost instantaneous. Coroner A. W. Ridgeway, of Plaster Rock, was called and after looking into the facts of the case he decided an inquest was unnecessary and gave instructions for the removal of the body to his home.

HIS BIRTHDAY.

Cyril Lockhart had just arrived home from the West on the Thursday preceding the accident, having gone on his first brief hunting excursion which left on Aug. 11. It was a sad and remarkable coincidence that the day of the fatality was the young man's twenty-first birthday. Another sad feature of the case is that another brother, Lawrence, who went on the harvesters' excursion with Cyril in the Holyhead at the end of the tragedy as his address is not known to the members of the family.

\$25,000,000 CLAIM IS LOST IN COURTS

Woolwick Storekeeper Fails to Establish Title to Dutch Fortune.

LONDON, Oct. 5.—The story of a long and persistent legal fight for a fortune of \$25,000,000 left in 1778 by a Dutchman named Pieter Taylor Van der Hulst is recalled by the death of James Taylor, aged 68, formerly a storekeeper in Woolwich Arsenal.

Van der Hulst is said to have been a merchant prince of Haarlem, who died childless. James Taylor claimed his fortune on the ground that he was directly descended from William, the younger of Van der Hulst's two brothers. He worked unceasingly to establish his claim, persisting in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, but the Dutch courts finally decided against him in February.

Taylor had been in failing health since last January, when he had a seizure, apparently caused by the strain of his claim. The litigation lasted for years.

HORSE INJURED.

While Fred McCulley, driver for George Dick, was unloading wood from a wagon in an alley off Charlotte street Saturday afternoon, his horse was cut on the side when run into by an Imperial Oil truck operated by Herman Flewelling.

Be generous!



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So deliciously flavored, so pure, and so hard—children don't overeat on them. You can be generous with Life Savers.

Good for little tummies Safe for tiny teeth

LOCAL PACKER ACQUIRES FAMOUS DUNN PROCESS

G. B. Taylor Purchases Curing Recipe From Fred Dunn

For many years it has been an acknowledged fact that no bacon has the same delicious flavor as that cured by Fred Dunn, of the Dunn Packing Co., Musquash and Fairville. Many concerns have been anxious to obtain Mr. Dunn's recipe, a process of dry sugar curing that produces a bacon of unrivalled sweetness and delicacy, eagerly sought after by lovers of really good bacon. The Dunn dry sugar cured bacon finds a market in Montreal, Toronto, Boston, New York and other large centres, and once tasted, becomes a household favorite. G. B. Taylor, a well known local packer, has been fortunate in obtaining this secret recipe, and also has acquired the services of Mr. Dunn, the inventor of the process, who is supervising the curing of all Mr. Taylor's Duns and bacons. The Dunn Sugar Cured Bacon is undoubtedly in a class by itself. A trial will convince anyone of this fact. It can be obtained at all good meat dealers and grocers. It is necessary to specify this bacon by name in order to avoid substitutes.

TRIP ACROSS WORLD TAKES 11 MONTHS

Schooner Three Times Short of Food and Water—Once Lost Sails.

LONDON, Oct. 5.—Three times short of food and water, and once losing their sails, the crew of the 200-ton schooner Cremyll, sold by an Irish firm to a new owner in Fremantle, Australia, have just delivered the vessel after an adventurous voyage of 11 months across the world.

They left Holyhead at the end of August, last year, and were not heard of until Christmas, when they were compelled to call at Rio Janeiro short of food and water and with their sails gone.

After being refitted they resumed their voyage in January, and nothing was heard of them until their arrival early in June at Cape Town, again short of food and water.

On July 29 they arrived at Fremantle, after a 58 days' passage from Cape Town, during which the crew again ran short of food and water. They had stood their 11 months' ordeal well.

OLIVE STARTS FOR CITY.

MONTREAL, Oct. 4.—Chairman Olive of the Board of Assessors left tonight for Saint John after attending the municipal convention in London, Ontario. Joseph T. G. O'Brien, H. B. Tippet and D. J. Corr are in the city today.

SIR B. DAWSON AT QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Oct. 4.—Sir Bertrand Dawson, K. C. V. O., C. B., surgeon-in-ordinary to His Majesty the King, Lady Dawson and their daughter arrived here on the Montserrat and are stopping at the Chateau Frontenac.

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GRAMMAR.
(Chicago Journal of Commerce.)

There are unimproved people everywhere who delight in believing their language exactly right when it is contrary to the general custom of learned men. For instance, there was once a young man who always said: "I am obliged by you," instead of "I am obliged to you." Good grammar is always praiseworthy, but those who seek to promote its use by offensive criticisms of others are possessed of something worse than bad grammar.

THE MOOSE ANSWERED DONALD.
(Toronto Star.)

Donald McDonald of Cobalt was out moose hunting with his friend Monty Stevens. He leaned up against a tree and began moose calling with his birch horn, imitating the call of a lady moose for her mate. He made two or three of these calls and before he could turn around a big moose was on him from behind, tossing him on its horns and throwing him to the ground. Just then Monty Stevens appeared on the scene and shot the moose. What we desire to say about this is that the surprise and indignation of the moose on finding that McDonald was making those alluring calls across the autumn wilderness was natural enough on his part, and fully justified the animal in tossing the offender about.

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