

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, MAY 31, 1926

The Evening Times-Star

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THE CANADIAN LIQUOR TRADE

In The Outlook W. R. Plewman of The Toronto Star recounts the results of a personal coast-to-coast survey of the liquor situation in Canada. He shows Government control to take on as many variations as the number of provinces. Five of the nine provinces have gone into the liquor business, but no two have gone into it in the same way. In four, private agencies handle the sale of beer, one keeps this an exclusive governmental function; three permit sale by the glass; two limit to sealed packages.

The provinces vary also in the amount sold to individual buyers. In Saskatchewan the authorities insist on the not very terrible restriction that one purchaser confine himself to "two gallons of beer, one gallon of wine, and one quart of whiskey per day." Quebec puts no such curb on personal liberty. True, three must be satisfied there on the installment plan. But then:

The province permits one bottle of whiskey to be bought at a time. A person can go the rounds of the Government stores and buy a quart bottle at each. Or he can go in and out of the same store getting a bottle each time until he is content. President Cordeau of the Quebec Liquor Commission volunteers the statement that he himself, when caught short in his own supply, bought liquor in three stores on the same day.

Such flaws in the Canadian systems as the Outlook article points out tend to establish the fact that dry extremists, themselves, are not settling back the cause of temperance. Moral education is necessary before moral legislation can be effective.

THE EMPIRE AND AN ELEPHANT

The despatch from London reporting the Maharaja of Marwar's escape from death, lacks detail, nevertheless one gleams that His Highness was in imminent danger of being trampled underfoot by an infuriated elephant when the latter appeared suddenly from the jungle and charged.

Was the elephant a wild one—it would be still exist in the Nigiris where the prince was shooting—or a tame one gone "musth" as in certain seasons they are usually aggressive like their African brethren, but both need a heavy rifle and a steady hand to stop them in full career.

Just after the armistice a British officer who had proved his courage asked for leave to go after a herd of elephants he had heard of. He came empty-handed and a little subdued. Questioned, he answered: "Oh yes, I came up with them all right, but when I saw the size of the things I decided they were a bit too big to tease."

And that is most people's sentiment regarding wild elephants, though some stout hearts in Africa make their living elephant hunting and others elephant poaching.

The Maharaja is to be congratulated on his escape and doubtless the Government of India is congratulating itself. Marwar (Jodhpur) is a most loyal and progressive state. The Rajputs of that part are of practically unmixt Aryan descent—the blue-blooded warriors who descended through the northern passes and spread throughout the peninsula—horse-lovers and all-round sportsmen. His Highness is a faithful supporter of the sovereign power and princes such as he are a valuable prop of the Indian Empire, which includes both British India and the Native States, and of the wider inclusive British Empire of which we form a part.

A CITY BY-LAW

That many citizens have overlooked the fact that there is a city by-law prohibiting expectation in the streets and public places is evidenced by the strong recommendation by the Saint John Branch of the Red Cross Society, invoking stern enforcement of the same. The general principle is beyond criticism, but has the Red Cross pondered, we wonder—did those originally responsible for the measure pause to consider—its far-reaching consequences?

To start with, is it not a blow aimed at an almost international sport indigenous to the North American Continent? What would those fine characters have to say, strong silent men who by years of assiduous practice developed the amazing skill necessary to register nine bullseyes out of ten at a mark no larger than a knot-hole twelve feet across the sand? How is the conversationalist, who is also a lover of the fragrant weed, compressed in molasses and chewed from a pungent fig, to punctuate his sentences? What will the story-writer do when deprived of this effective "action"? Indeed this looks like an attack on sport, conversation and literature in one.

Is it to be inferred that he who finds himself in the street or a public place with a mouthful of nicotine must hasten into the privacy of his own or somebody else's home? And does the injunction restrain human beings only, or

Just Fun

I SOMETIMES wish, said Ragson Tatters, as the children swirled yelling around him, "that I was an old dog, too easy to hunt and too cross to—yaw-w-wai—play with."

A CLEVER plan of taking care of herself is getting some man to do it for her.

IT WILL all come out in the wash," said the contractor as he looked at the bridge he had just built.

MY SWEETY

Is as selfish as a gun-slit machine. Is so feckle she couldn't even keep her mind on a toothache. Has beauty which needs lessons in fading. Is as cold as a rich uncle. Is so modest she sets her watch back to keep it from getting fast. Is so dense she thinks that sealash coats grow on fir trees. That U. S. Mint is a kind of chewing-gum. And that all brokers are of stocky build. Is as smooth as sand-paper. Couldn't even remember an operation. And is as full of pep as a bank-clerk on a holiday.

FARMERS often don't advance because they don't increase their needs.

LIFE!

How brief our span—a day—an hour. A wintry blast—A May flower. Murky pools and stars above. Tears and laughter—hate and love. Sun and storm cloud—song and strife. Good morning—and how soon good night!

PRESSING.

Some are pressed for time. While some are pressed for money. The flapper's pressed for pleasure. By one who calls her "honey." Since pressing is an art. With those who pay no forfeit. The cleaner is the only one Who presses for a profit.

IT IS CLAIMED that the reason the devil carries a pitchfork is to harvest the wild oats.

THE brook isn't the only thing that goes on forever. There's evolution and the installations.

MILLIONS of dollars are being wasted trying to keep the good in good roads.

I suppose you find everything so different now you are a married man. "Not very. I used to sit up half the night wondering when Arthur would go home, and now I sit up half the night wondering when he'll come."

DON'T neglect to plant a garden; the neighbors' chickens have got to be fed.

DINNER STORIES

THE gardener at a large mansion stopped the butler as he was walking in the garden.

"Mr. Mortimer," he exclaimed, "would you mind pointing out that fellow Darwin to me the next time he comes to dinner?"

The butler was rather puzzled. "Darwin," he said. "Sure you're right about the name. I can't remember anybody of that name. Darwin?"

"Yes, that's right," said the gardener. "Darwin's the name. I happened to hear the governor say the other day that every time he looked at me his mind went back to Darwin."

TWO girls were talking over the fence. Both were discussing what they should wear to the coming party. In the midst of this important conversation a passing motorist, stopping to ask a question, interrupted, asking humbly for a number. One of the girls became indignant and scornfully asked:

"What line do you think you are on, anyway?"

"Well," said the man, "I am not sure, but judging from what I have heard, I should say I was on the clothesline."

AT A TOWN celebration at which the bishop of the diocese and the leading Nonconformist minister of the town were present, the mayor was so delighted with this fusion of the two religions that he exclaimed:

"What we need is a religion that is a man's heart is in the right place. It doesn't matter what sex he belongs to."

Other Views

WHAT'S WRONG AT OTTAWA? (Ottawa Journal.)

According to a recent survey, office work is the vocation in which women stand the best chance of marriage. At that rate Ottawa girls who prefer marriage should not long remain single. Hundreds of Ottawa girls, however, would not take a chance with a bet with the men who are available and eligible.

THE LEVEL CROSSING (Sarnia Canadian Observer.)

The open season for motorizing is now arriving and the timely warning issued by the Canadian National Railways may not be amiss. On the C. N. R. system there were 65 grade crossing accidents in 1925 and 40 people lost their lives, and all but 12 of the accidents happened to automobiles or motor trucks.

FREEDOM OR SOVIETISM? (Montreal Star.)

Premier Stanley Baldwin emerges from the first stage of the struggle with an enhanced reputation and with added strength. It was with a heavy heart and with a full sense of the seriousness of the responsibilities that he pleaded in the House of Commons last night for some step that would avert the general strike at the eleventh hour. Mr. Baldwin told the country that the only people who rejoice over the trouble now afflicting Britain are the enemies, because they see the way

In Chicago



—By Alley, in Memphis Commercial Appeal.

POEMS HAVE

"The Old Mill," by Thomas Dunn English.

POEMS like this, perhaps a bit old-fashioned now, will never lose their spell. We have little time today to visit such prehistoric relics as old mills—save a song now and then. But the person who does not, at moments, resent the encroachment of modern inventions, which rob the world of much of its picturesqueness, is indeed rare. Here from the brow of the hill I look, Through a lattice of boughs and leaves, On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof, And the mill and I are gray. But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck, To our fortune of toll are bound; And the man goes, and the stream flows, And the wheel moves slowly round.

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And I see the black floats rise and fall As the wheel goes slowly round. With my mist on the horse before, And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl, As I waited my turn at the door; And while she tossed her ringlets brown, And flirted and chatted so free, The wheel might stop or the wheel might go, And Nelly and I, the miller and I, It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood On the spot where I stand today, And the mill and I are gray, And the mill and I are gray.

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The Very Idea!

By Hal Cockburn

GROWED UP

Every day he says, "Just think, I feel grown-up—no more what-for! I'm no baby any more. Only three, but, heaven sakes, what a change it always makes when you seem grown-up, somehow. Gotta baby sister now. 'Course all things aren't as they were. Gotta keep my eye on her. Mom and pop don't seem so free. Sorta overlookin' me. Still, I'm willin' fer a while just to hear it all, an' smile, kep' my mouth shut as a mouse, fer the baby in our house."

"Not so long ago, dad said, 'come to me, ya sleepy head. Cuddle close and doleful peep. Doodle rock yo off to sleep.' Sure, 'twas nice, but I don't mind—shucks, I've never even whined, since the rockin' stopped. Aw, gee, that's fer babies—not for me."

All the pettin' goes to his. Now and then I get a kiss from the baby's 'daddy's dear'—Gee, at that, it's kinda queer. All the growth, and such, I've got may be nice—and maybe not. Kinda wish that things could be, so I was her—and she was me."

Man's business shows where he stands, and his golf shows where he lies.

The cost of marriage is whatever you pay the preacher, plus your week's salary ever after.

When a butcher starts giving short measure, it's time for him to mend his weights.

He sat and fished the live-long day, For perch or bass or trout, But didn't catch a bloomin' thing Till wiley fouer got out.

MOTHER—Why, Tommy! You had fire problems in school today, and only got one of them right. How did that happen?

RURAL—Gee, I copied that one from the kid who sits next to me.

Any time a housewife kinda feels that she'd like to have someone drop in, all she's got to do is put on the oldest dress she's got, and let the house-work go.

It's a shame the chickens next door can't talk. They could always tell a fella what kind of seeds he planted in this, that or the other garden.

FABLES IN FACT

A FELIX MOVED INTO THE COUNTRY. AND DECIDED TO KEEP JUST ONE CATTLE PERIOD SO HE ASKED ANOTHER RURAL GENT. ABOUT THE ADVICE WAS FOLLOWED AND EVERYTHING WENT WELL FOR ABOUT A WEEK PERIOD THEN THE LONE CATTLE DIED PERIOD WHICH ONLY GOES TO PROVE THE OLD SAYING GOT A COUPLE OF BUM STEERS.

He was born in 1866 and attended Eton and Cambridge where he captained the Rugby eleven.

In 1895 he became aide-de-camp to Lord Brassey when the latter was Governor of Victoria. Five years later he was elected from another district for a four-year term. From 1906 to 1912 he was also Junior Lord of the Treasury.

Viscount Willingdon was governor of Bombay from 1918-1919, then governor of Madras until 1923.

He is a major in the Imperial Yeomanry.

WHO'S WHO

IN THE DAYS NEW

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The Silk House of the Maritimes

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Lot 2—Pouch and Party Boxes, also English Bags. Values to \$5.25.

To Clear \$1.98

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Don't Wait Until The Best is Gone

HORTON'S MARKET SQUARE

manly and Lord-in-Waiting to the King.

His son, Inigo Brassey Freeman-Thomas married Maxine, the daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, in 1924.

It's what you don't know that hurts you.

Sometimes Useful.

(Border Cities Star.)

"Starvation is an ugly weapon," says a strike editorial heading. As soon as for thousands of beautiful young women, we rush forward to enter an objection. Starvation may not be pleasant, but it is one of the most effective beautifiers of the feminine form.

I will refer to my ability to a position.

With a Misfit Pen

I will refer to my ability to a position.

With a Parker Duofold

One hand wrote Both

PEOPLE have been judged by their handwriting for more than 300 years. A faltering hand may suggest a hidden weakness when a misfit pen may be responsible.

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The Point must be mated to your style of writing—Extra Fine, Fine, Medium, Broad, Stub or Oblique. And must be smooth as a jewel.

The Grip must fit your hand so you need not cramp your fingers to fit the Grip.

And, for free motion, the barrel must have balanced swing.

Any good dealer can fit your hand in all these three dimensions with a classic Parker Duofold. And the point is guaranteed if not misused for 25 years' wear.

Step to the nearest pen counter—try your size and point. And choose your color—Black and Gold, or Black-tipped Lacquer-red—so handsome to carry and hard to mislay.

Parker Duofold Penlets to match the Pen: Lady Duofold, \$1.00; Extra Fine, \$1.50; "Big Brother" Duofold, \$2.00.

Parker Duofold

With Lucky Charm Feed and 36 Year Point Lady Duofold \$5

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