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ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1913.

CANADA'S POSITION IN LONDON.

Two rather important statements regarding the financial position of Canada in the London money markets have been made during the past fortnight. One is by W. Leonard Palmer, of the London Financial News, who is at present visiting in Canada. Mr. Palmer hits the nail squarely on the head when he remarks as follows:

Canada's credit still shines brightly in London, and will continue to do so, providing care is exercised by those Canadians who are prominent in the financial world. It would be a mistake, of course, to say that Canadian propositions enjoy the same remarkable popularity as obtained a year or two ago in the money market of the world. The mere presence of the Canadian label on an issue no longer insures its success. To be successful the issue must bear the unquestionable stamp of merit. In view of the great financial stringency brought about by the recent Balkan war, London has necessarily to exercise greater care than ever in the process of loosening the strings of the money bag. Canada, which for a great many years to come must be a very heavy borrower, will, however, always enjoy favor in London as long as money is asked for the working out of sound and legitimate enterprises only.

The London Economist takes the view that London financiers have been prone to invest almost too freely in Canadian offerings. In an article dealing with the general scarcity of capital it says:

Without being unnecessarily bearish, we may perhaps suggest that the young countries which have been so freely financed by Europe in the last fifteen years are passing through a phase that corresponds to the experience of the young, enterprising firm. The promise of Canada is undisputed, but there is not the same confidence in Canadian promotions, partly because so many fingers have been burnt in land companies, or timber limits, or manufacturing corporations. No doubt also the borrowing of municipalities has in the past been made far too easy ,and as we look back in the light of current rates on some of the issues of four or five years ago, we can only wonder how the English investor ever came to put his money into them. There is, we think, a general feeling that Canada has found finance in London too simple, and that her natural enterprise has been over-encouraged."

There is the possibility that The Economist, in reviewing the situation, may have been affected by the opinion of the offices of London capitalists. That Canada has been over-encouraged in the development of its industries is a broad statement and one that will hardly receive the acquiescence of Canadian business men. The suggestion that Canadian offerings on the British market should be only those of the highest merit is, however, a very wise one.

British investors have been about the best customers for Canadian securities. A shop-keeper would hardly sell "shoddy" to a patron who desired that his goods should be "all wool." Such a proceeding he would regard as poor business. Canadians who have securities to sell in Britain cannot afford to be less careful than the shop-keeper. An unsafe issue might be sold once but when discovered would probably result in an offended customer who would, in future, do his buying elsewhere. There are many other shops, not only willing but decidedly anxious to increase their acquaintance with the British investor, Up to the present time Canada occupies a high position in British esteem. It would be particularly bad business if a short-sighted policy on the part of any Canadians seeking capital in London should cause that position to be exchanged for a less favorable one.

THAW AND HIS PARTIZANS.

That the case of Murderer Thaw should arouse the hysterical sympathy of even a portion of the population of the small towns in Quebec where he has found temporary lodgment, is to be deplored, and the officials of the Sherbrooke Board of Trade who were pleased to exult that their town, because of Thaw's visit, would receive a certain amount of advertising are to be pitied. Sherbrooke is welcome to all the publicity it can get out of the Thaw case but, at the same time, the fact that this insane homicide, for such he has been proven, could evoke cheers from the people, and serenading from the Sherbrooke band, throws a curious and not altogether complimentary light on the present day tendency to pander to the sensational.

The shameful evidence unfolded in that New York court room when Thaw was arraigned revealed that he was a bad man with scarcely a redeeming trait. The man who fell before his bullet in Madison Square roof garden was a vulture who preyed upon the frailties of a certain class of women, but he was also a creator of beautiful things in many forms. For his vices he merited punishment but that fact did not absolve the madman who took the law in his own hands. There might have been room for some sympathy for Stanford White's slayer had it been established that he was not White's equal, or at least his imitator in profligacy and vice.

The Thaw wealth which the unclean scion of the family had no part in creating, secured the evidence and the eloquence that saved the murderer's life but deprived him of his liberty. He was confined in a madhouse from which he made a sensational escape to Canada and again the Thaw fortune established him in the limelight.

Stripped of his money, and the glamor of false romance with which the yellow newspapers of the United States have surrounded him, Harry Kendall Thaw would receive no more attention than the cheapest petty criminal. Now he is lauded as a popular hero. The mind that craves for the unclean book, the suggestive play, or the filthy details of such cases as Thaw's, is, in quality, on a par with the mentality of the men and women who cheer this pervert. His case is receiving an attention it does not warrant. Whatever may be the outcome of the hearing in Montreal at which Thaw's lawyers are fighting against the constituted authority of Canadian law as set forth in the Immigration Act it is to be hoped the end will come quickly. Whether he is returned to Matteawan or sent to Sing Sing is of little importance. The main thing is to get him out of Canada and in the interests of our national decency he cannot go too soon.

PEACE AND WAR.

Following close upon the opening of the Peace Palace at The Hague, comes the statement of David Lloyd George that European nations, with their constant increase of armaments, are rushing on to disaster.

The Peace Palace idea is a beautiful one, but it seems to be sadly out of line with modern conditions. While enemies of strife were gathered at The Hague to discuss ways and means of bringing about the dawn of universal peace, the naval yards and gun manufactories of all Europe are busily turning out munitions with which men may kill each other. In relation to actual conditions the Peace Palace is not unlike a struggling temperance lodge whose meeting place is flanked on either side by huge breweries with a distillery and numerous retail dispensaries across the street. The opportunity to do effective work is not lacking but the equipment seems to be rather weak and the odds are tremendous.

The authorities at Matteawan Asylum for the Criminal Insane have apparently determined that no more inmates shall have the opportunity of going out when the milkman comes in. Taking their cue from the escape of Harry Thaw they are now erecting a second fence and gate at the point where Thaw escaped. As teams enter the first gate it will be locked, then the inner gate will be opened. In this way escapes will be impossible. The fences are fourteen feet high, with sliding gates. Matteawan authorities evidently intend that if they again get Thaw they will keep their hands on him. Had they adopted this precaution a month ago the newspapers would have missed a sensation and some people and communities would have escaped much unfavorable advertising.

The Times is fearful that there is same deep dark design afoot whereby the Valley Railway will be picked up bodily and devoured by the C. P. R. In its extremity it quotes such standard authorities as the Hartland Observer and the Victoria County News, which seem to have become obsessed of a similar idea. Have courage Brother. E'en though the dragon of doubt is at thy vitals there is still hope. The Valley Railway will be operated by the Intercolonial Railway from a point at or near Grand Falls to St. John. It is thus provided in the contract and the contract will be fulfilled.

CURRENT COMMENT

An Optimistic Outlook.

(Hamilton Spectator.)

The Hon. Mr. White, Dominion minister of finance, who has just returned from Great Britain, thinks there will be a loosening of the money market this fall. Worldwide conditions are improving. So far as Canada is concerned, he thinks the suspension of imprudent real estate speculation has done its work, and that hereafter there will be enough money available for municipal wants and legitimate enterprises. His view of the whole situation is decidedly optimistic.

Giving the Ugly Man a Choice.

(New York American.)

What chance has a homely man to win a prize in the baffling game of matrimony? A good one in Berlin—where Fraulein Derben has just organized "The League Against Beauty." The members—all pretty girls, of course—have pledged themselves to marry only ugly men, on the theory that handsome mates are unreliable.

DIARY OF EVENTS

HISTORIC DAYS IN CANADA

An English author whose Canadian experiences furnished the material for several of his tales, Basil Lubbock, was born thirty-seven years ago today, the son of Alfred Lubbock, brother of the first Lord Avebury. After a year and a half at the Bank of England to learn business methods, he came to Canada in 1897. He travelled all over the Dominion, working at different times as a cowboy, printer, sailor and clerk, and later made the trip over the Chilcoot trail to the Klondyke. During the South African war he held a commission in Menne's scouts.

Agnes Lockhart, Canadian author, poet and song-writer, became the bride of William Francis Hughes at Vancouver, B. C., ten years ago today. Miss Lockhart was born in Halifax, N. S., and was educated in the convent, academy and college in that city. Her first volume of verse, "Gems from Scotia's Crown," was published in 1898.

On this date in 1859 the city of Halifax was visited by a conflagration which burned down sixty of the finest buildings and destroyed property worth more than a million dollars.

The Rosalind, from Quebec, was wrecked on this date in 1850, and a number of the crew were drowned.

Dr. Francis Pulford, Lord Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, and one of the most distinguished of Canadian clergymen, died on this date in 1868, in his sixty-sixth year.

Sixty years ago today the remnant of the famous table rock at Niagara Falls broke off and tumbled into the abyss with a tremendous crash.

FIRST THINGS

PETER CLAVER'S FESTIVAL.

The first missionary to work among the American negro slaves was Blessed Peter Claver, whose festival will be celebrated today as on each ninth of September for over two centuries, by the African population of the West Indies. Claver was a Spanish Jesuit. Early in the seventeenth century he was ordained a priest, and was sent to Cartagena, then the great slave mart of the West Indies. There he consecrated himself to the salvation of the miserable blacks and for more than forty years he labored in this work. He called himself the "slave of the slaves," and was their teacher, apostle, physician and friend. He fed them, taught them, and nursed them when attacked by loathsome diseases. However weary he might be, when news came of the arrival of a slave-ship he was the first to greet them and to seek to comfort them after their long voyage in the holds of the terrible slave vessels. It is said that before his death in 1654 he had baptized over 40,000 negro slaves.

THE HUMAN PROCESSION

AN APOSTLE OF CHEERFULNESS.

Cheer up! It may not be true. And even if true, it may be only a blessing in disguise. Admitting that it is an evil, it can probably be cured. And, if it is incurable, worry won't help it. So, cheer up!

Such is a fragment of the philosophy of Ralph Waldo Trine, author of "The Winning of the Best," "In Tune With the Infinite," "The Greatest Thing Ever Known," and other volumes of inspiration to self-help. Born in Mount Morris, Ill., forty-seven years ago today, Sept. 9, 1866, Mr. Trine has gained a world-wide audience, and his books have been translated into a dozen different languages.

Mr. Trine graduated from Knox College, in Illinois, and completed his education at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. In his first "life book," entitled "What All the World's a-Seeking," published when the author was thirty, he struck a popular chord, and his "In Tune With the Infinite" established his reputation as a sane preacher of a new gospel of sweetness and sanity and light. His life has always been consistent with his teachings, which cannot be said of many "new thought" leaders. He is a vegetarian, and a humanitarian who has labored long for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Co-operation is the keynote of the Trine philosophy of life, and he has often quoted the Hindoo proverb, "Help thou thy brother's boat across, and, lo! thine own has reached the shore." Mr. Trine's optimism may be extreme, and his plea for brotherhood in vain, yet his doctrines have served a high use in an age when success is spelled "$ucce$$."

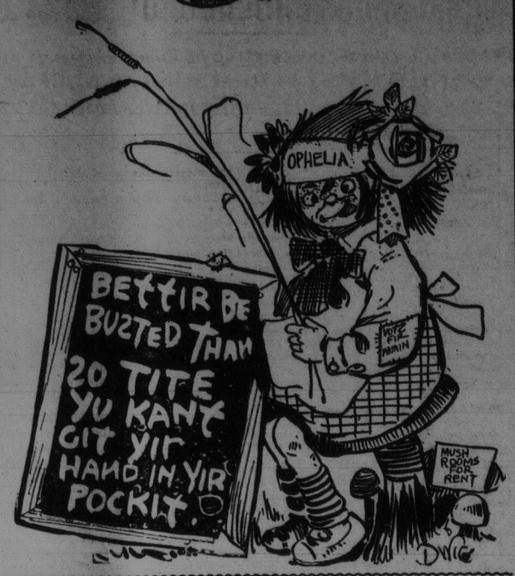
FOUNDED GREAT PAPER.

Victor Fremont Lawson, who has achieved one of the greatest journalistic successes in America with his Chicago Daily News, was born sixty-three years ago today. After leaving school he took charge of an interest of his father's estate in a printing establishment, and from that, in 1876, graduated into the newspaper business by purchasing the Chicago Daily News. With his partner, Melville E. Stone, now manager of the Associated Press, he made the News the leading afternoon paper in Chicago. Twenty-five years ago he bought out the interest of Mr. Stone and became sole proprietor. One of Mr. Lawson's pet projects is the London bureau of the Daily News in Trafalgar Square. Lounging, writing and retiring rooms are provided for guests, and no other American newspaper provides so much comfort and information for the visitor in the world's metropolis.

A SOUTHERN JOURNALIST.

Rienzi Melville Johnston, former United States senator from Texas and proprietor of the Houston Post, was born sixty-three years ago today in Sandersville, Ga. He was only a mere boy when he joined the Confederate army, and served two years. After leaving off his military uniform he entered newspaper work, and has ever since been engaged in journalism. As its president and editor, Mr. Johnston has made the Houston Post one of the best-known and most widely quoted papers in the Southwest.

OPHELIA'S SLATE



IN LIGHTER VEIN

What's He Waiting For.

"Why don't you ask her to marry you? You've been calling on her for two years now."

"I know, but I'm waiting."

"You've heard her sing hundreds of times, and you like her voice."

"That's true."

"You've heard her play the piano. You know she's an accomplished musician."

"You've eaten meals she has cooked and you've seen her handiwork about the house. She'd make a splendid housewife."

"I know all that, but——"

"She's a delightful hostess. You've seen her when she was entertaining friends."

"I admit that."

"Then why wait any longer?"

"I'm waiting to see her in a quarrel with her mother. I want to see how she acts when she loses her temper."

Sorry She Spoke.

For two hours the fashionable lady kept the draper exhibiting his goods, and at the end of that period she asked sweetly:

"Are you quite sure you have shown me everything you have."

"No, madam," said the draper, with an insinuating smile. "I have still an old account in my ledger which I shall very gladly show you."

He did not need to show any more. The lady left the shop saying she would call again another day.

Unwearable.

"Father, are generals brave men?" asked Johnny of his parent.

"Yes, my son, as a rule I think they are," was the answer.

"Then why do artists always make pictures of them standing on a hill, miles away, looking at the battle through opera glasses?"

An Inducement.

Wife—I wish, Henry, you'd get me a nice clock for my room.

Hub—But I can't afford—

Wife (interrupting)—If you will I'll set it back two hours the evening you go to the club.

Rules for Egg-Gathering.

Mr. Timkins, of East Orange, had bought six new hens from a poultry dealer in Plainfield.

"Didn't you tell me that you got as many as ten and twelve eggs a day from them?" asked Mr. Timkins a few weeks later.

"That's what I told you," said the Plainfield man.

"I've had those chickens several weeks now and I never got more than four eggs on any one day. How do you account for that?"

"Well, I don't know," said the guileful dealer, "unless it's because you look too often. If you would look only once every three days, you would probably get as many as ten or twelve eggs in a single day, just as I did."

He Wouldn't Hear.

He—"Would you scream if I kissed you?"

She—"Yes, of course I would!"

Silence.

She—"George!"

He—"Yes, what is it?"

She—"F-father's deaf."

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The upper part of the face is what you notice first when you meet a person.

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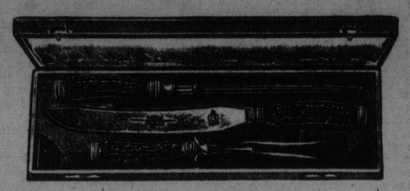
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