

The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 22, 1919.

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EVERY WOMAN, MARRIED OR SINGLE, WHO HAS ATTAINED THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS, IS A BRITISH SUBJECT, AND HAS BEEN A RESIDENT OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN FOR SIX MONTHS, SHOULD GET HER NAME ON THE VOTERS LIST BEFORE OCT. 5. IT IS A DUTY AS WELL AS A RIGHT.

UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES.

High up on the shoulder of the hill that looks down upon Long Reach, just above Public Landing, a pretty bungalow nestles in the edge and shelter of a grove of trees that extends back to the summit. It is a stiff climb to the bungalow, but once there the visitor is well repaid by the view. The whole Reach to Brown's Flats, Coston's Island and the hills beyond is embraced in the outlook. The broad river, the homes on either shore, the motor boats, the sailing yachts, the tug with raft, the river steamers passing up and down are all in the picture, and it is one that changes with every atmospheric change throughout the day. Whether the valley is bathed in a morning mist, the brilliance of the noon-day sun, the soft radiance of moon and stars, or whether the surface of the river is whipped by winds until the white caps toss upon its surface, or an electric storm pencils the black clouds with tracery of lightning, one never wearies of the changeful scene.

This sheltered cove on the shoulder of the hill has been for seven summers the home of a lady and her daughter from Boston. The mother purchased a few acres of the grove, had the bungalow erected, and each year of the seven has seen some further improvement made. There is a small ice-house, a good well, and an ice-cold spring. There is a little garden, and attention is given to the growth of young trees around the place. Mother and daughter come with eagerness to this place of rest, and leave in early September with intense reluctance. They have their books and their newspapers, for they are ladies of culture and refinement, but busy world concerns are of little moment for two happy months on Long Reach.

There is a moral to this interesting story. There are thousands upon thousands of people from Boston to New Orleans and through the middle west, and from Quebec to the lakes in Canada who are looking for and quite able to afford what these Boston ladies found on Long Reach. Apart altogether from the tourist of great wealth, who wants first class hotels, golf links and an opportunity to spend money with a lavish hand, there is a great host of people of less wealth and less extravagant tastes, who are yet rich enough to own a summer bungalow and have the family find health and happiness there when the heat of their home cities is insufferable. A Boston lady, going up the river early last week for the first time—it was a lovely afternoon of warm sunshine—went into raptures over the splendor of the ever changing scene, and said to her husband: "What would our children do if they were near one of these beaches for the summer?"

There ought to be a Long Reach Development Club. It should be formed in this city. It should set out to attract—not summer tourists—but summer dwellers along the Reach. It would be good business to get land, build bungalows, and rent or sell them to people from the States or the upper provinces. The sad fact is, however, that scarcely any of our own people have any clear knowledge of the charms of the summer paradise at their doors. It is time to wake up, take stock, and tell the world a practical way what we have to offer to the particular class of people who would so gladly exchange mosquito haunted resorts for the daily delight of a summer spent on Long Reach.

HON. FRANK COCHRANE

Hon. Frank Cochrane, whose death is announced, was not as well known in the eastern provinces as other men who have held the portfolio of minister of railways, but the state of his health since he entered the Borden cabinet in 1911 may have had something to do with that. In Ontario he was widely known and bore a high reputation as a provincial administrator before he entered the wider realm of Dominion politics. He was made a member of the Whitney cabinet in Ontario in 1905, with the important portfolio of lands, forests and mines. The Canadian Courier once described him as "a hard worker and careful administrator." Later he was made a member of the Conservation Commission, and when Sir Robert Borden was looking about in 1911 for a minister of railways and canals he chose Mr. Cochrane. Before he entered politics he was a merchant in Sudbury, interested in mining, lumbering and manufacturing, and he was for several terms mayor of the town. Mr. Cochrane was a man of ability and character, and had his health permitted he would undoubtedly have continued to rank as one of the leaders of the Conservative party in Canada. That party is the weaker in Ontario and the country at large because he has passed away.

THE INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE.

It is well said by an Ottawa correspondent that it would be impossible to settle at one industrial conference such as that just held at Ottawa questions which have been the cause of industrial conflict and negotiation for generations. Something of value was, however, accomplished, and this was doubtless but the first of many such conferences during the future period of adjustment of relations between capital and labor and between both of them and the general public which is so vitally concerned in the result of their disputes and agreements. If now and then old prejudices flashed up and led to an occasional sharp retort at the conference it was an immense gain to have the representatives of capital and labor come together with the eyes of the country upon them, and to find them agreeing on some important points, while those in dispute were reasonably discussed and made the subject of recommendations which will lead to a closer mutual study, with a mutual desire to avoid serious trouble. The worst that could happen in Canada at the present time would be a deadlock over matters in controversy between employers and employees. Some leadership on both sides is essential, and neither should make the grave mistake of underestimating the strength of the other. The present is a transition period, and much depends on the spirit, whether broad or narrow, in which men approach the problems that await solution.

One remark in the agricultural reports should be bitten into the consciousness and memory of New Brunswick farmers. It is that where Bordeaux Mixture was used there is less rot among the potatoes. To plant a considerable area in potatoes and find at digging time that they are seriously affected by rot, with consequent loss, is not a pleasing experience, especially when better results could have been secured at little cost.

The British food controller declares there need be no fear of a food shortage during the coming winter if the supply is properly distributed. This is a quick recovery after the war. Next year the conditions will have still further improved, for there will be still more hands free to engage in food production.

It is estimated that Canada's wheat crop will be about as large as last year's. The estimated total crop is much smaller, and there is also a decline in the yield of barley.

Belgium and Holland, in the face of the proposed League of Nations, are making faces at each other. Their respective ambassadors have been recalled. Doesn't that beat the Dutch?

All the talk about the restoration of the monarchy in Germany is of little interest compared with the report that the Allies are about to demand of Holland the surrender of William Hohenzollern.

The steel strike in the United States may prove to be a serious blow to the industry and the country. It comes at a time when production is of the first importance to industries in general.

Dr. Godfrey of Toronto expects another outbreak of influenza within a month. Dr. Godfrey is a politician. Let us hope this is merely a political prediction.

Germany is said to be still building Zeppelins. As agencies of commerce they may be very useful, and to that there is no objection.

A Winnipeg packer says that as a result of the board of commerce probe pork will drop fifteen cents a pound. Speed the probe.

There will be no general strike in Boston in behalf of the policemen who deserted their post.

A Word With Hiram.

Up River, New Brunswick, Sept. 20, 1919. Mr. Hiram Hornbeam, The Settlement, care of Evening Times, St. John, N. B.

Dear Sir:—Evidently you are kept at home by that slick reporter feller, and as a friend I want to warn you—don't harbor him longer. He's a swindler. He'll stay there forever if you'll feed him; that's the nature of those fellers, they make you believe they need rest and all that stuff, but the real thing he's after is a good warm room and plenty of Hamner's cooking. I know them—they used to fool me, but I am wise now. You get rid of him as soon as you can and then you can go back to town where you are needed and tell the people what to do. There are lots of things there that need straightening out. There's the high cost of living, and profiteering, etc., and it takes you, Hiram, to strike right from the shoulder. Those fellers who have been charging high prices so long that they don't know what to charge now need to be told by you what will happen if they don't stop. They've made fools of the people long enough. But first, Hiram, throw that reporter feller out doors and tell him to get out, then go to it again with both feet and clean things up.

Yours,
For ridding the Settlement of designing reporters.

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason.
(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

ROCKS AHEAD.
The country's going to the deuce, and anarchy is breaking loose. Whichever way we chance to turn we find new ills, and threats to burn, and if you throw a brick, by heck, you hit a crisis in the neck. We hear such bunk, and boshels more, each morning in the soft drinks store, where all the graybeards congregate to mourn the sinking ship of state. Cheer up! We heard the same old gag before this country had a flag; we heard it, or our fathers did, ere Bill fell shot at Gettysburg. They used to hear the same old dope when Caesar was the Romans' hope. And now heard it when he sailed, that time the drought predictions failed. "Our garden's going to the dogs," cried Adam, when he chased the boys. "Our distant prehistoric sires, who had no chairs or comfy fires, but had to roost around in trees, were guilty of the same old wheeze. There always will be rocks ahead, and goading dire and boggy dread. Our old ship of state will glide to safety on the further side. So let's forget our doubts and fears, and order four demured beers."

CANADA—EAST AND WEST

Dominion Happenings of Other Days

The Quebec Statue of Liberty.

Coming up the St. Lawrence as one rounds the Island of Orleans a glimpse is caught for the first time of the great figure of Samson de Champlain standing on the terrace. It is the outstanding feature of the port of Quebec—the Quebec Statue of Liberty. No one passes the statue without a study of the great art work. The mighty Frenchman stands gazing down from the heights upon the river that flows beneath him. Far away his eye seems to catch a glimpse of that Canada that he fought to save for the French monarch and throughout whose domain he sought to establish trading posts. He was a gallant officer, highly respected by friend and foe alike.

In 1898 the memory of the great governor and explorer was honored by the erection in the City of Quebec of a statue—a great piece standing on the terrace near the Chateau Frontenac. Lord Aberdeen, the then Governor-General of Canada, joined in the tribute to the hardy adventurer who had such a large part in establishing the future greatness of Canada, and on the 21st day of September, 1898, he unveiled the memorial. Each year brings thousands to its base. When H. R. H. the Prince of Wales visited the city recently, it was one of the works that delighted him greatly.

AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide. The flowers the sweetest at the eve of a day. And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm Lies folded across in Evening's robe of balm. And weary man must ever love her best. For Morning calls to toil, but Night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer. Footsteps of angels follow in her trace To shut the weary eye of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws O'er earth and sky her marble of repose. There is a calm, a beauty and a power That Morning knows not in the evening hour.

Until the Evening must we weep and toil, Plow life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil. Tread with sad feet our rough and stormy way, And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh, when our sun is setting, may we glide Like summer evening down the golden tide; And leave behind us, as we pass away, Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping day!

—Author Unknown.

LIGHTER VEIN

"Hello, old man!" exclaimed the to-hatted traveler as he clutched the arm of the man in the shabby tweed suit. "Why, it's Thompson!" replied the tweed suit man. And they shook hands. "And how are things?" asked the traveler in the topper affectionately as they walked on together. "I haven't seen you for months! Who are you working for now?"

The man in the tweed suit sighed loudly. "Same old lot," he said sadly—"a wife and six kids."

"Will you be my wife, darling?" asked a wooer in life. "You must, mother first." "Yes, but suppose she doesn't refuse me?"

Wife (in Kansas City Star)—I wish I knew what to do with this skirt. It's good, but somewhat out of style. Husband—Why don't you give it to the laundress?

A groom was brought in to help the butler and he was very anxious to do everything just right. He asked a deaf old lady if she'd have some peas, and she put her big bell-mouthed ear trumpet to her ear to hear him. "Havens!" said the groom to himself. "This is a new wrinkle to me; but if she wants 'em that way I'd better let her have 'em." And he poured into the ear trumpet a generous supply of peas.

F. W. H. of Akron saw a man holding a tooth in his hand, looking at it meditatively, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer. And F. W. H. said: "What's on your mind?" And the man said: "I just had this tooth pulled, and I'm an Elk, and wouldn't it be alright to have it made into a watch chain?" "No," said F. W. H. "Such charms should not be made of human teeth, but of Elk's teeth." "But I tell you I'm an Elk," insisted the man, with triumphant log.

LABOR AND CAPITAL FACE TO FACE IN OTTAWA

(Continued from page 1.)

sentative found placed on his seat a printed "Hansard" of the proceedings of the preceding day; together with such printed documents and papers of reference as were helpful to an intelligent following of the matters discussed. The senate pages were in attendance and possibly the sergeant-at-arms was hovering in the wings, ready to be called upon if his services should be required through up to the time of writing all has been as peaceful as a summer day.

The daily proceedings of the conference have been so fully reported that it is not the intention here to do more than mention a few of the interesting features and side-lights. How much, if anything material the conference may accomplish will not be known immediately. Broadly speaking, the expectations of the different parties to it might be summed up sufficiently well by an examination of three or four of the principal speeches delivered. As Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King very ably pointed out in the able speech he delivered on the opening day of the conference, the "issues" to industry and its problems are not the two, capital and labor, most commonly mentioned; they are four: Capital, Labor, Government, and the Community. And of these, the Community is the most important and the most interested, in that it embraces the other three as well as the people in general.

The Community's Hope

What the community hopes to get out of this conference was well summed up by Sir Robert Borden in the message read to those present on the opening day. "During the last five years," he said, "the world has wasted more than it saved in half a century. That waste must be made up by increased production, and this cannot be accomplished during short working hours unless there is increased efficiency resulting in increased output. The reduction of the output to the fixed or overhauled charges directly and materially affects the cost." The community says, in effect: A plague on both your parts. The speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Borden, said: "This is not to say, however, that the community is not sympathetic to the position of both capital and labor. It is probably in a better position to deliver a sane judgment on the case of each of them than is either one to judge the other. It cannot fail to recognize the fact that both capital and labor are selfish; and left to the exercise of their own will, likely to be tyrannical. Looking in at the door of the senate chamber, it asks those representatives of government, spread down the middle of the room, to hold the balance even."

The Other Parties

While the two main parties to the conference came together with as much diplomatic courtesy as could be expected, and while the proceedings and debate suffered nothing from comparison in this or that respect with any debate in the House of Commons, it would be only camouflage to say that capital and labor were not very far apart in their conception of what was rightfully due to each. Self interest rather than pure reason has dominated the councils of both for so long that it is vain to expect that now, probably, for a long time to come, shall we find either being distinguished by a spirit of "sweet reasonableness."

On the first day of the convention, if we could have read the mind of those who looked across at each other, we might have found distrust, resentment, and the sense of being subjected to tyranny. It was plain that each expected the other to take the middle line from the party opposite.

The attitude of Labor at the convention was one of aggressiveness. Capital typically resisted. Labor said: "How much can we get?" Capital pondered: "How far can we afford to go?" And if the resistance of capital to the demand, for instance, for a forty-four hour week is strong, it must be borne in mind that that, in the words of the labor representative, was "not an ideal, but a compromise." And when Tom Moore, the president of the Trades and Labor Congress, and chief labor representative exclaimed heartily: "Hear, hear!" those present were reminded that he himself in a speech at Toronto not long ago spoke of a thirty-six hour week as about right. Capital, recognizing the necessity of production, sees the hours of labor heading towards an impossible minimum; with overtime the rate of the laborer working day" reaching an impossible maximum. Capital believes, and not without justification, that the ideal of the vast length of the "straight" working day as short as possible in order that more overtime, with its enhanced rates, may be secured. The plea of certain of the speakers among the labor representatives that, with the present working hours, there is no time for the purpose of showing that the shorter day already obtains in large measure in Canada. Forty-seven per cent of the workmen of Canada already work eight hours or less.

Hours of Labor.

This question of the reduction of the hours of labor—a constant scaling down

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intolerance struck; and it was mainly in the case of some more or less notorious labor delegates such as James Winnie, one of the leaders of the Winnipeg disturbances. There were threats of what would happen if the forty-four hour week did not come; but mainly labor seemed to have a supreme confidence in its strength to secure its desires. On the whole, the conference should do good. It will be an expensive matter. With about two hundred delegates, with an expense allowance of \$10 a day each, and an average of about ten days from the time they leave home until they return, the "indemnity" will run into a matter of close on to \$25,000, but it will have been well spent if labor and capital can be brought to see each other's problems face to face, and to learn the necessity of give and take, and of increased production to help meet Canada's enormous commitments and debts.

THE VOICE WITH THE SMILE.

(Everett H. Davidson, night operator, Lincoln Mass., in Telegraph Topics)

Did you ever stop to ponder when you

Of the many kinds of voices that the folks who use it own?

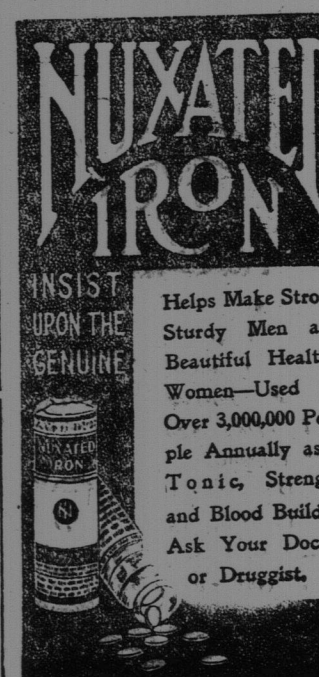
There are voices harsh and grating, there are voices loud and clear, There are voices low and gentle, but are rather hard to hear.

Voices shrill and voices throaty, voices pitched in cultured style, But the voice that gets good service is the voice that has a smile.

Operators recognize it when they hear it over the line. It brings a glow of pleasure, makes the darkest day seem fine, Kind and courteous, strictly business, no palaver or conceit, It's the voice that says quite plainly, "I'm a friend you'd like to meet."

And it makes the operator feel his job is quite worth while.

Only in a few cases was the note of



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