

The Evening Times-Star

The Evening Times-Star printed at 25-27 Canterbury street every evening (Sunday excepted) by New Brunswick Publishing Co., Ltd., J. D. McKenna, President.
Telephone—Private branch exchange connecting all departments. Main 2477.
Subscription Price—By mail per year, in Canada, \$6.00; United States, \$6.00; elsewhere, \$7.00.
The Evening Times-Star has the largest circulation of any evening paper in the Maritime Provinces.
Advertising Representatives—New York, Ingraham-Powers, Inc., 250 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ingraham-Powers Inc., 15 South La Salle Street.
The Audit Bureau of Circulation audits the circulation of The Evening Times-Star.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY 10, 1926.

FACE UP.

The Liberals are wringing their hands, and asking the country to wring its hands with them, because of what they call the constitutional issue. So far they have not been over clear in their definition of that issue, but, presumably, it is to be inferred that Canada is in imminent danger of being ground to dust by the mighty machinations of an Imperial satrap. As an offset to these Cassandra-like prophecies, the Conservatives have got out the dear old Union Jack and are waving it gallantly. One section of the Progressives is giving the Conservatives the lead by referring to the customs report, which they insist—and with some justice—is the real issue before the country. This will probably be the main plank of the Conservative platform.

Meanwhile the Liberals are doing most of the attacking—which is sound defence. The real defence which they will have to put up later on customs matters is being withheld, though Mr. Veniot informs us that the people of New Brunswick hold the two parties equally responsible. It may be expected that this generalization of our premier does not refer to the Moses Ais case.

It is impossible that the constitutional issue can be settled by popular vote. Whatever the real point is, it involves partisan feeling, and during election is no time to attempt to secure unbiased judgment. Besides, constitutional law is so technical as to require the sober consideration of legal and constitutional experts. And, further, since it involves the Empire, it should—by consideration be necessary—be considered by an Imperial Commission. But one thing Mr. Mackenzie King owes to us and that is a clear explanation of his intentions if returned to power. Is it his object to sever or weaken the Imperial connection? Then we can tell how far the question "Under which flag?" is justified as a live issue.

The Conservatives owe us the customs report in its entirety. We cannot accept that it is "too horrible to permit of discussion upon the public platform." We are not so unworried that a few more disclosures are going to damage our moral characters and there is an uncomfortable suspicion that the servants of the people are holding back a report which belongs by right to the people until it can best be used for one party's political advantage.

We want the cards face up. Until then we suspect the dealer, whoever he may be, of fooling us into a declaration before we know our long suit.

EDUCATION BY FILMS.

The British censor of films, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, veteran parliamentarian, in speaking recently at a meeting of prominent people gathered in the house of the Duke of Sutherland, expressed the opinion that the race would be visibly improved if a cinema were erected and used in every elementary school in the country. In support of this theory he said that when he was a boy he had to learn off by heart the Russian rivers, the Volga, the Dnieper and the Don. He thought that a motion picture camera showing a living image of the Volga on the screen would imprint a picture on the children's minds which would cause them always to remember that river.

Whether or not the children would be able to distinguish the Volga from the Don or the Dnieper or countless other rivers is open to question, but there seems to be little doubt that the motion picture could help along the cause of education, particularly in the lower grades.

It is a fact or at least those who have studied the question ever it is such, that the average person learns much more quickly with the eye than with the ear. Advertisers seem to believe this also as is evidenced by their huge displays, billboards, use of motion pictures and countless other methods, whereas on a screen, if ever, hears of an advertising campaign consisting of a series of lectures.

On the other hand it is doubtful if what one sees with the eye remains with one as long as what one hears with the ear, probably because a greater effort is required to grasp and hold a subject by use of the sense of hearing. Certain it is that few of us remember the last screen play we have seen, whereas, there are few of us who could not tell the story of a drama on the legitimate stage which we attended some time previously. Perhaps it is that spoken drama calls for the use of two senses whereas the screen requires but one. At any rate, the motion picture is capable of great development as an educational factor and its use as such should be encouraged.

SCOTTISH OR SCOTCH.

The old controversy is to be fore again; this time in the correspondence columns of the Montreal Gazette—Scott, Scotsman or Scotchman; Scottish or Scotch? The strange thing about it, though, is that Scotsmen themselves

have been taking opposite sides in the argument.

Canadians unfamiliar with Scotland have no idea what this means to the average Scot. Used to hear Englishmen habitually use the words Scotsman and Scotch it may sound incredible that these send a shudder down Scottish spines akin to that evoked by the unexpected utterance of some vile obscenity by an innocent child. The Scotsman, realizing it is unintentional, may at the most offer a mild correction; more often he lets the matter pass. He knows that there are a few—but it really is few—Scotsmen who have adopted the aliphoid and, to him, undignified Scotch and Scotsman and that is ample excuse for a foreigner doing the same. He pities, but does not blame.

Not many Englishmen and still fewer native sons of the Dominion are aware how intense is the racial pride of the Scot, how utterly distinct from the Southern people he holds himself. It is not that he despises the English, but it is just that he is not English and he thanks God he is Scottish and nothing else. The whole of the Scottish upper classes and the vast majority of the masses use the words Scottish, Scots and Scotsman and that in itself should establish a prima facie case for the correctness of those words.

But of course it is not conclusive. There are many pitfalls in the argument because in the first place the words belong to the English language. But Gaelic has been spoken very little for some centuries now, and English may be regarded as the mother tongue of the modern Scot. The English spoken by the Scottish masses is no more correct than the Cockney of the Londoner or the dialects of Cornwall or Cumberland. Therefore it is really left to examine what the well-bred and educated people of Scotland and England use. The first with scarcely an exception will say Scottish, the latter Scotch.

It will hardly be disputed that the original races north of the Tyne were Picts and Scots. The natural adjective for the latter would be Scottish. How did it become Scotch to the Englishman? For centuries there was war between the two countries, doubtless the English bawled out words just as his descendant, the British Tommy, does. What more natural than Scotch from Scottish? What more natural than that the Scot should retain the correct pronunciation. And English leaders, then as now, probably dropped into the lingua franca of the camp. This would explain the different pronunciations, points to the probable correctness of the word Scottish and further indicates the reason for the very real objection of most Scotsmen to the form Scotch.

If Scotch is wrong, so is Scotsman. Scot is correct beyond argument, Scottish is most likely right and has the support of the majority of those to whom the adjective can be applied. Scots is also used—probably the apostrophe had been dropped—and thence Scotsman. It may seem a small thing to mispronounce your national name or adjective and see how you feel about it.

In one connection the word Scotch allowed by all—Scotch Whisky. What's in a name when it comes to nectar?

Odds and Ends

The Day's Work

(Denver Republican)
The day's work counts—It isn't what you know you'll gain When all announcements have fled, It isn't what you dreamed and planned—Such hopes are but a phantom band—The day's work counts—The foot you gained Since yonder sun dispelled the dark, Next week, next month, next year are vain—Unto the present summons hark; How have you fared ahead since morn In gathering life's oil and corn? The day's work counts—The gain of those few painful hours, But be content, if there is shown Some product of those sacred powers Which guide each mind, uphold each hand, Strive with the best at your command—The day's work counts—Candid, Black—Do you always acknowledge when you know you are wrong? White—No; only when other people know it.

Heaven's Mercy.

Our plight would be one The soul to daunt, If really true, All that we want.

The Waker Vessel.

(Toronto Globe)
Headline in exchange: "Feminine Shipwreck Busy in Greenville."
On Other People's Money.
"How can the Nextiores keep up such a front?"
"By running behind, I guess."

Just Fun

It is easy enough to be pleasant When your wife signs your name to a check, But the guy that's worth while Is the one who can smile While his wife shaves the back of the neck.

THE children run about everything now except the lawn mower.

WHY worry because the flapper carries a vanity case full of powder, rouge and lipstick. Be thankful that she graduated from the smelling salts stage.

If you're big as a whale, With big double chin; You simply can't eat And expect to grow thin.

CUSTOMER: "Have you any eggs that have no chickens in them?"
GROCER: "Yes, ma'am; duck eggs."

"THERE'S any water in my room?" commanded the traveling salesman. "There was," replied the hotel-keeper, "but I had the roof mended."

ONE of the most prominent entertainers in a small town is the undertaker. He is always giving box parties.

MOST of the tears you see in the movies are faked. Movie stars really have nothing to cry about.

IT'S all right to begin at the bottom—except when you're learning to swim.

SINCE they have taken the "ohes" out of marriage, they ought to put it in a few laws.

SEIZ is so dumb she thinks "Easy Marks" are German money.

DINNER STORIES

JOCK McLEOD, who loved nothing better than to sit beside a quiet pool, rod in hand, and wait for the fish to bite, had been absorbed in his favorite occupation from early in the morning until long past noon of a sultry summer day. A neighboring farmer, observing that the fisherman was enjoying apparently no luck at all, undertook to remind Jock that it was past the lunch hour.

"You've missed your dinner completely, mon," he said, "and still ye have no fish. Why don't ye go home? The fisherman spat solemnly at his line.

"I have three wor-r-rms left," he replied, "that I wouldn't let go to waste."

A WOMAN advertised for a caretaker for her home town, and after interviewing a large number of applicants, found one that suited her. "Thanks for giving me the job," said the man, "and might I ask you a question? You stated in the ad that you wanted a married man. Does that mean you have some work in view for my wife?"

"Oh, no," replied the woman. "I wanted a married man so as to be sure I'd get some one used to taking orders from a woman."

A CHICAGO man died and passed into the great beyond. A guide showed him about, but after an hour of wandering the Chicago man cried contentedly:

"Well, I've heard heaven cracked open, but I'd get some one used to taking orders from a woman."

"Heaven!" exclaimed the guide. "This isn't heaven."

WHO'S WHO

GEN. VALERIANO BUTCHER WEYLER.
ONE of the dominant and the most unpopular figure of the Spanish-American war of 1898 was Gen. "Butcher" Weyler, governor of the island of Cuba at the time.

Weyler's merciless methods of herding the Cubans in concentration camps and letting them die like flies and his disciplinary methods generally won him the nickname he bears—"Butcher."

And the injection of his name into the recent attempted revolt in Spain

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Of Course Not



Barber: "Share, sir?"
Man: "No—Haircut."

—From Daily Express, London.

POEMS I LOVE

"She Came and Went," by James Russell Lowell.
IN LYRICAL moods like this, Lowell is inimitable. The tenderness of the man is evident in all he writes; and I am hoping that this series of selections will drive readers to a deeper interest in the poet's work. All of them are worth the closest study; but it would be better to go to them through the anthologies first, getting there the flower of their product, later making a study of their lesser known pieces.

As a twig trembles, which a bird Lights on to sing them leave ambient. So is my memory thrilled and stirred— Only to know she came and went.

As clouds come lake, by gusts driven, Only to think she came and went.

Queer Quirks of Nature

THE BEAUTY THAT BLOOMS IN THE DESERT
BY ARTHUR N. PACK
TO MOST of us the word "desert" conveys an implication of anything but beauty. We are apt to think of sterile, sandy, stony waste, whose sparse vegetation repels the observer with its thorny stems and leathery, grayish leaves. The idea of flowers in the desert seems incongruous, even impossible.

Yet in the arid and semi-arid regions of the American west there are many plants whose seasonally ugly lives are relieved, for a brief period each year, by a short season of beauty that rivals any dream of Persian gardens.

After the spring rains and before the long drought of summer sets in, and the coming of winter, one may find among the sagebrush or chaparral a host of low-growing plants, eagerly spending the brief life of their delicate, bright-tinted flowers.

One of the loveliest of these is shown here. It belongs to the Evening Primrose family, and is known variously as Rock Rose and Fragrant Primrose.

During most of the year its rosette of tough, jagged-edged leaves, sprawling among the stones or on loose gravel-slides in the mountains, seems quiet in keeping with its rough and forbidding home.

But during the spring, and occasionally also after the fall rains, the plant as a whole, its group of large, fragrant, white or rose-tinted flowers, and shines forth as a veritable Cinderella of the desert.

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Shur-on Glasses

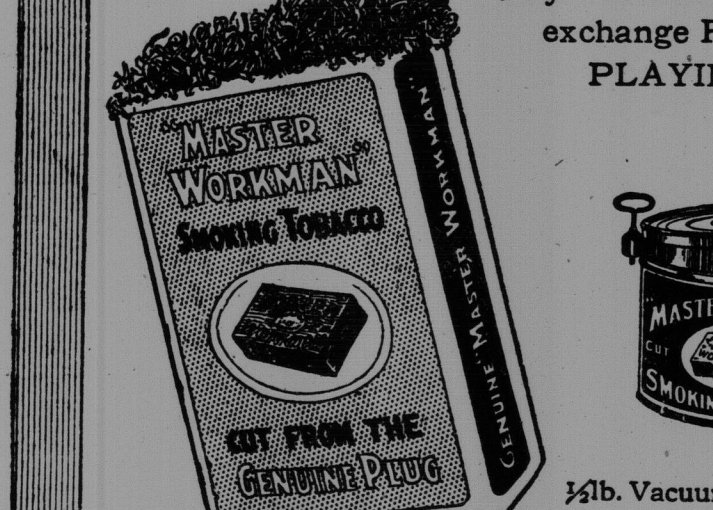
A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY
When an eye strain obliges you to wear glasses for the protection of your eyes, let us help you obtain all the gratification possible from the necessity by fitting you with glasses which are becoming. We prepare the lenses and then design the glasses so that they conform to your style and express rather than obscure your personality.

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The Very Idea!

By Hal Cockburn

HOW ABOUT YOU?

SAY, whadda you think of yourself today, and have you some cause to feel proud? Whatever you are, are you glad you're that way, and how do you stand in a crowd?

A man is a man—that's according to Burns—but it's not the full story, by far. The real tests depends, as a man lives and learns, on the kind of a man that you are.

The world's full of things that are meant to be done, and we all have our share, so they tell us. To do things alone, 'cause you want to, is fun, much more so than when needs compel us.

There's no one who knows you like you do, of course. You can't kid yourself about you. Your honest opinion, will come from the source of the really worth-while things you do.

Though mirrors may cast a reflection of style, of good looks, appearance and such, it's what's 'way inside that is really worth while. Think it over. Do you count for so much?

Why work if a cute pug nose May happen in your cup? For, as life comes and also goes, A lot of things turn up.

Only a thousand more or less, shopping days till three years from last Christmas.

NOW, HONESTLY
Hey you! Why don't you pull up your tie? Why not button that top button on your shirt? Oh, so you're not worried about personal appearance? Well, you're standing on the wrong foot!

Clothes don't make the man, but appearance helps to make him fit in where slovenliness has no place. Tidy up a bit. It's worth while.

FABLES IN FACT
THEY HAD BEEN OUT RIDING FOR SOME TIME WHEN COMMA SUDDENLY COMMA HE TRIED TO STEAL A KISS FROM HIS LITTLE LADY FAIR PERIOD QUOTATION MARK OH COMMA QUOTATION MARK SAID THE LITTLE LADY FAIR COMMA QUOTATION MARK I'LL GET RIGHT OUT AND WALK HOME IF YOU TRY THAT AGAIN QUOTATION MARK PERIOD AND HE LAUGHED RIGHT SQUARE IN HER SWEET FACE COMMA

HA HA HA HA EXCLAMATION MARK AND WHY DID HE LAUGH SUCH A LAUGH QUESTION MARK ANSWER DASH RE-YOURSELF PERIOD

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