

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 25, 1926.

"DOWN THERE"

"Down there," says the Toronto Star in concluding an article dealing with the Duncan Commission and the Maritime Provinces ("the people want some sort of a new deal and mean to be 'up-jumping' until they get it").

There, in short metre, we have the outstanding truth about politics in the Maritime Provinces today, and wise men should give heed to it. The Star rightly says that the people of the Maritimes, for two years past, so far as politics are concerned, have been in the position of those who were determined to "compel" a hearing. If we are to judge by public sentiment as expressed in the newspapers of the six provinces west of us, the Maritimes have been suffering not only in compelling a hearing but in winning a favorable verdict. But that is not enough. It remains to be seen what will be the result of the work of the Board of Inquiry Commission and the Board of the Maritime Commission in connection with various issues of vital importance to the Atlantic Provinces, and furthermore what the next Federal Government will do to rectify Maritime disabilities so far as these are the result of federal injustice and the gradual and increasingly greater departure from the principles of federal union.

Too many of the candidates appealing for election today in the Maritimes have been dealing in generalities. Too few of them have committed themselves to definite and binding statements concerning their attitude in case they become members of the new House of Commons. That is true, also, of the political leaders and their lieutenants. It should be thoroughly understood by all parties and leaders alike that, as the Toronto Star has expressed it, the people of the Maritimes want a new deal and mean to be "up-jumping" until they get it.

We should get a new deal and a satisfactory one as a result of the coming election and the creation of a new House of Commons following the presentation of the Maritime case to the Canadian public during the last two years. The time for bland generalities is long since past. We have been fed upon those for a generation or more. We need concrete evidence that Parliament at last has come to realize that Canada extends beyond Quebec's eastern boundary.

The Maritimes, because they have resolutely asserted their just claims to fair treatment as partners in Confederation, have been charged with aiming at the disruption of the Union. On the contrary, their desire is that the Union shall become stronger and greater by bringing to fruition the hopes entertained when it was founded, by the keeping of the pledges given at that time. If the Maritimes were taken out of Canada tomorrow this Confederation, thus deprived of a million or more of its people, of its open Atlantic winter ports, of all the actual and potential strength abiding in its Atlantic division, would be weakened to a degree not to be contemplated calmly by any good Canadian.

The real secessionists are not those who speak stoutly for the Maritimes, but those "little Canadians," dwelling in other provinces, chiefly in the industrial centres, who would deny to the people of the Maritime division that equality of opportunity, that justice in federal matters, of which they do not propose to be longer deprived.

These are facts which all candidates seeking election at this time will be wise not to ignore.

F SHARP OR B FLAT.

The consciousness of something attempted, something done, more particularly when the attempt and doing is the fruit of other's labor, induces the comfortable sensation of having earned a day's—or a week's—repose. The definite settlement of a vexed question is always satisfactory and now we know that the fire-bell clangs its warning in F sharp and not B flat as not a few had feared. Such apprehension was justifiable.

The very idea of being roused from slumber by a B flat was repugnant to all clear-thinking, really nice people. How much more appropriate, is F, symbolic of Fire or Frink! and the "sharp" imparts just that touch of alert, ready-aye-ready spirit to the call. B flat would have been terrible. The violonist conjures up that of a Bull-neck squashed.

Now we can rest tranquilly. Our civic honor is no longer endangered. The City Fathers are solicitous for our good name, even if we are not yet paying our taxes on the imminent plan. They were right not to hold over the F sharp or B flat question pending the appointment of an expert investigator. The tocsin may ring tonight without our feeling ashamed of its note.

A MATTER OF HONESTY.

Having in mind that the humble reporter is an honest and useful person, the Border Cities Star observes that nowadays he must be able to write not only what was said but also know what the speaker meant to say, adding: "Outside of that, the job's a cinch."

Even in those instances in which the reporter knows what the speaker meant to say, it sometimes happens that what the great man did mean to say occurred to him on the following morning as impolite or inexpedient, in which case the reporter is expected to take on the crown of martyrdom. There are recent and outstanding Canadian instances indicating that this sort of thing has been rather overdone, and that the turning worm is not without more or less effective means of setting himself right at the expense of the chief sinner's dignity and reputation for veracity.

Canadian Press, Limited, made up as it is of the chief Canadian daily newspapers, performs so valuable and so essential a public service it can scarcely consent to be used as a mere convenience to public men, great or little. Some of our public men who are opportunists or worse, say one thing to one audience and the reverse to another for purely partisan purposes, or, having stumbled into an awkward situation, regard it as quite the thing to make their escape, or to try to do so, at the expense of the newspapers.

A few more salutary examples of newspaper courage and independence in connection with such matters would be very much in the public interest, and it may well be thought that public speakers, particularly those of the cheaper partisan type, should take warning by recent occurrences. It is the desire of every well-conducted newspaper to be accurate, as it should be the determination of every public man to deal honestly with the public. Those who are known from experience to be dishonest in dealing with the public must expect to take the consequences.

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen in Portage La Prairie has for his opponent his former law partner, Ewan A. McPherson, K. C., city solicitor of Portage, a member of the Provincial House, and now a federal candidate. Young McPherson was admitted to the bar twenty-two years ago and at that time formed a partnership with another young man who was recognized as one destined to rise—the present Prime Minister of the Dominion. The partnership was continued for three years. The men are still warm friends, and when Mr. Meighen went to Portage a few days ago he met Mr. McPherson and renewed an acquaintance which has never been really broken, although, politically speaking, they have been going different ways for nearly twenty years.

Edwin Markham, who achieved sudden fame when he wrote "The Man With The Hoe," has written "The Ballad of the Gallows Bird." This is to be one of a series of Markham ballads to be published next year. It is said that Markham took nine years to write "The Gallows Bird." One of the literary reviewers observes that he must have found time hanging rather heavy on his hands.

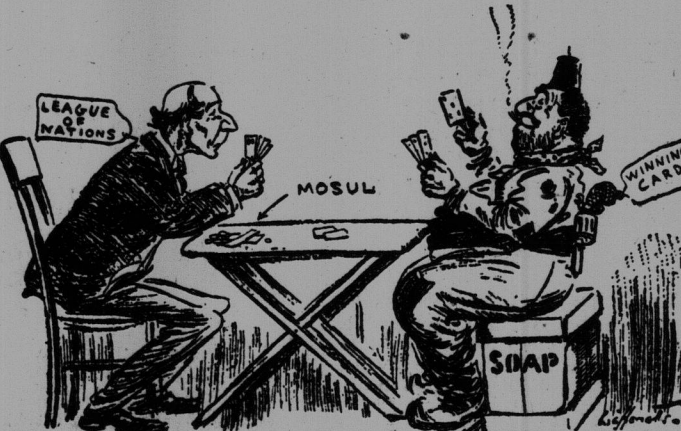
Odds and Ends

Experience
(Boston Transcript.)
Experience is the acid test of advice.
The bump if knowledge comes from the hammer of experience.
Experience is a thief; it robs us of our illusions.
You have to be a pretty good bargain hunter to get experience at reduced rates.
Experience is all right as a teacher, but it has some awfully stupid pupils.
Despite the present vogue, experience has not yet opened a correspondence school.
Experience is a teacher who insists on compulsory education.
Like most other teachers, experience is apt to be unpopular during school hours.
Experience is what you get when you are looking for something else.
A profitable life is one in which the experience gained is worth more than it cost.

Why Didn't She Speak Before?
An Episcopal bishop, at a dinner recently, was seated next to a beautiful young lady. When the lobster was served he left it untouched and the young lady noticed it inquired the reason.
"My dear young lady," said the bishop, "I suffer from dyspepsia and even to taste such food would mean untold agony."

The bishop had hardly uttered these words when he started suddenly and a deathly pallor overspread his face.
"Why bishop, what seems to be the matter?" said his companion, alarmed.
"This is terrible," gasped the bishop. "Something I have dreaded for years has at last come upon me. I am paralyzed. I have been pinching my knee for the last minute public confidence in my ability as a leader or party to have candidates and supporters advocating directly opposite policies in different parts of the country."

The Game



—From Evening Express, Cardiff, Wales.

Queer Quirks of Nature

CRIMINAL OF THE BIRD WORLD

By ARTHUR N. PACK

OVER all of eastern North America from the Great Lakes to Florida and west nearly to the Rocky Mountains, lives the bluejay. He belongs to the crow family, which is another way of saying that when brains were being distributed he was present. Whether or not one approves of the bluejay, one must admit his intelligence. Like his black relative he has the reputation of being partial to the eggs and young of other birds. His



Bluejay, relative of the crow

in this direction have been exaggerated, but we notice that the other birds are very suspicious of him in nesting time, which looks a little bad for him.

SURVIVAL OF FITTEST
But it is not his fault that his appetite calls for animal food, and besides, we are beginning to find out that few birds or animals are kind to their competitors. After all, in the great realm of Nature, each organism must fight of all, look out for number one.

GOOD FATHER
In some parts of the south it is believed that all bluejays are about Fridays, because they are then busy carrying sticks to the nest.
At any rate we must admit that

ELIXIR OF CORN.
Little drops of booting,
Cooking on the sly,
Kneaded with a little butter,
Well wetted of dry.
Little drops of booting,
Poured into a tummy
Sometimes make the drinker
Look like King Tut's mummy.

THE early bird catches pneumonia.
Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard it oft before—
And then she passed her plate again
And had a little more.

The Political Fray

Liberal
THE IMPLEMENT DUTIES
(Halifax Chronicle.)
Mr. Meighen has declared that he will raise the duties on agricultural implements. That will mean that the farmer will have to pay more for his implements and machines. But how will that help the steel works of Nova Scotia, since the implement makers in Ontario will continue to buy their steel products from the steel works of Nova Scotia? Protection that is needed but lower costs of production and lower costs of living. Mr. Meighen's plan as announced in his speeches in Nova Scotia is to raise the tariff all round and so to increase the cost of production and the cost of living—in a word to make it still more difficult, if not utterly impossible for Nova Scotia to compete with the Ontario manufacturers.

MEIGHEN AND BYNG
(Edmonton Bulletin.)
A chivalrous, perhaps over-chivalrous Governor-General refused disavowal of Mr. Meighen in order to "give Mr. Meighen a chance" to show whether or not he could carry on a Government. It took Parliament just two days and a half to show that Mr. Meighen couldn't form a Government, let alone carry on the functions of government, with its knowledge and consent. Whereupon Mr. Meighen responded to the chivalry of Lord Byng by dragging him into politics and inviting the public to blame the Governor-General for the existence of a government which Parliament refused to sanction.

THE MONTREAL GROUP
(Montreal Witness.)
The Montreal group is not interested in parties. But it is interested in the great mass of Canadian Conservatives in its opposition to public ownership in general, and the National Railways in particular. These were the underlying reasons for the original Patenaude conspiracy. What the group did insist on was that its spokesmen must not be removed from the scene of the National Railways. These financiers have plainly indicated, by the events of the past week, that they have no intention of giving up the fight.

MR. CANTLEY'S REMARK
(Toronto Globe.)
What's this? Here is Mr. Thomas Cantley, former member, and Conservative candidate for Pictou, N. S., telling the electors in his campaign speeches that he "was and is in favor of lower duties on automobiles." Mr. Meighen really ought to have some definite and uniform policy for his candidates. It is not calculated to develop public confidence in the sincerity of either leader or party to have candidates and supporters advocating directly opposite policies in different parts of the country.

Other Views

THE ELECTION.
(Saskatoon Star.)

The people of Canada, when they go to the polls, should elect a Parliament that will last. Possibly the only kind of Parliament that can satisfy this requirement is one in which there are two parties and no more. This remains to be seen.

THE SOB ERA.
(Hamilton Spectator.)

Twenty-five years ago there were three murders in one year in Detroit, an average of one every four months. Today the average in this self-same city is almost one a day. Let the mathematically inclined work out the percentage of increase and they will discern it is well over ten thousand per cent. At the same ratio of population as a quarter of a century ago, there should be in Detroit today about a dozen murders a year. Instead there are about 30 times as many. We wonder if the decent, respectable people in Detroit ever give the matter serious thought. Or do they just regard it with stupid wonder and pass it up with the reflection that they have escaped violent death so far, and the chances are that their good luck will continue?

CANADIAN BRANCHES I NU. S.
(Saskatoon Star.)

The American branch factory is familiar to Canadians. Not so many know of the success attained by industrialists of this country in establishing branches south of the line.

The Canadian correspondent of the Boston Transcript lists a dozen or more Canadian manufacturing companies which have invaded the United States market and done conspicuously well there. Among the Canadian products introduced in this way to the American public are a well-known ginger ale, newspaper and medicine. A Canadian company operating chain grocery stores in the Dominion has lately started a chain in the United States.

The American "branches" mostly dwarf the Canadian head factories. Indeed, some of the enterprising Canadians have made nearly all of their large fortunes in selling to American consumers.

UNITED CANADA
(London Free Press.)

The Maritime provinces have grievances which should be righted and which should be sympathetically considered by the rest of the Dominion. This is in the interests of all Canada. We have a system of responsible government and institutions of which we are proud. Under these institutions we must work together, east and west, Ontario and Quebec, to build up a great and united Canada.

WHERE LUCK SMILES
(Sarnia Canadian Observer.)

Luck smiles on those who take off their coats, put their shoulders to the wheel and plug away at the task. Fortune favors men who are not afraid of dreary, irksome drudgery. Luck climbs no Everest. Luck is never a ladder from the earth of mediocrity to the heaven of achievement.

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POEMS I LOVE

"Ashore" by Laurence Hope.

ALWAYS the note of melancholy pervades the work of this poet, who likewise wrote the famous "Indian Love Lyrics," set to music by Amy Woodforde-Finden. Sometimes her verses seem too cloyingly sweet, and they should not be read, perhaps, too frequently. One note is struck insistently—the note of pain and an overmastering passion.

But I came from the dancing place, The night-wind met me face to face— A wind off the harbor, cold and keen, "I know," it whistled, "where thou hast been."

A faint voice fell from the stars above: "Thou! whom we lighted to shine of love!"

I found when I reached my lonely room A faint sweet scent in the unit gloom. And this was the worst of all to bear, For someone had left white lilies there.

The flower you loved, in times that were— (Copyright, 1926.)

DINNER STORIES

A DARKY in the American army was asked what his rank was.

"I'm a pilot in the infantry," was his somewhat startling reply.

"But there are no pilots in anything but the Flying Corps," protested his interlocutor.

"Oh yes dey is," insisted Jim, "from de time I put on dis uniform de sergeant he began sayin' 'take dis and dat and pile it dere,' and by gum, I've been piling it ever since. Nobody can't say I ain't a pilot, nohow!"

A LUMBERJACK with a broken leg was taken to a hospital for treatment. After the leg had been set, the nurse asked him how the accident occurred. He replied:

"You see, me'am, it was this way: I was skidding for the Pullack Lumber Company and I had only one ground mole. He sent up a big blue butt and she was a heavy one. I saw her yawn and yelled to him to give her a St. Croix, instead of which he threw a bag into her and gunned her, and that broke my leg."

"Yes," the nurse replied, "but I don't exactly understand."

"Neither do I," said the lumberjack. "The darn fool must have been crazy."

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