

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 4, 1926.

MEN OF HONOR.

Twelve years! How do we review that period? Are the tears, the ruin and the agony uppermost in our thoughts or are we large enough to see the beauty of devotion, patriotism and regeneration, the gallant laughter of heroes does it ring in our ears? And what of honor? That is the point.

Could Great Britain, and with her the Empire, have stood aside, a treaty torn to scraps of paper flung in her face, Belgium, the defenceless, invaded France, our friend, threatened with extinction? Honor apart, could she have waited passive and cowed while an overwhelming militarism—yes, militarism is the word in this case—enchained civilization piecemeal and riveted the fetters on a world enslaved?

Twelve years ago the British Empire stood atop, praying that the politicians who had bartered their country's security for votes be led to see the error of their ways. Then we prayed for war, we longed for war, and a thousand times were we right because the cause was righteous. We knew it would be terrible—how awful were we yet to learn—but we were ready as Britons to face the odds and determined to endure to the end. Britain issued her ultimatum. It expired and the crowds before Buckingham Palace sang God Save the King.

The British Navy chased the boastful High Seas Fleet behind its minefields. Troop-trains crept alongside the waiting transports and the British Army embarked to the strains of Tipi-tary. From end to end of India the wires flashed to recall from leave white officers who sought the cool of the Himalayas, and brown men from their homes on the Punjab plains, the Afghan marches or the hills and valleys of Nepal. Argosies moved under sealed orders to Basra and Tanga. Sea troops conquered Togoland. The Boers, our one-time enemies, captured for us German South-West Africa. Canada and Australasia organized. And, while the Dominions hastened to their aid, the British and Indian regiments of French's Old Contemptibles held back the hordes of Germany with, oh so thin lines.

That was twelve years ago when suddenly we were hurled from what seemed order and stability into the chaos of war. Much has happened since, much that was terrible, much sublime. Some have lost all they held most dear, some witnessed under the acid test, but others—and let us not forget—have emerged strengthened, purified and emboldened. Hark the War wrought beyond reckoning, but it brought an equal amount of—or more—good. Many a man found his soul in the crucible of war; many a woman discovered God in the night watches while she prayed for her dear ones facing death to preserve her and her sisters from worse than death.

Twelve years ago we entered the World War funding our debt to God. We were not defaulters. Each in their degree the younger nations of the Empire played their part and paid the price. It was heavy and it burdens us yet, but it was worth it. The Motherland still pays in solid gold. Whatever she may think, she does not wince, although for fifteen months she and the Allies waged the war with blood and treasure on behalf of the world's creditor.

Now if we be tempted to compare the case of 1914 with the struggle of today let us remember all we have gained and forgot our material losses. Only let us keep alive the memory of those fathers, husbands, sons and comrades in arms who for the honor of their race and the sanctity of their homes paid the greatest price of all. Men of honor they died. So let us live.

SOLICITUDE.

"One prominent feature of the general election campaign, now being waged, is the solicitude expressed by both sides for the welfare of the Maritime Provinces," so sagely remarks the Hamilton Spectator, and it goes on to say that "the continued agitation which has been carried on for the recognition of the rights of those ancient provinces down by the sea has had its effect, and no one will question the justice of many of the claims made by the Maritimers as besting themselves as never before, their determination to arouse in their fellow-citizens that spirit of self-help which is the best guarantee of success, while, at the same time, appealing to the Canadian people as a whole to fulfil to the limit the legitimate aspirations formed at the time of Confederation, give the best hope that the state of neglect of which the provinces complain will soon be changed into an interest and development such as has not before been seen."

What will those "expressions" of solicitude from both political parties actually amount to after September 14? Hitherto manifestations of solicitude almost to the point of anguish—just before election—have been familiar features of the campaign oratory from sides in this part of Canada; but

upon the votes being counted, and upon the accession to power of the successful party, what have the Maritimers seen? Did they see a government hastening feverishly to translate its campaign promises into legislation and action? Did they see, also, an opposition spurring the government on to give full justice to the Maritimers? Not at all. Usually it has been the case that both parties, having secured as many seats as they could by campaign promises in the Atlantic division, have forgotten that any of their fellow-Canadians live and have their being east of the Quebec boundary.

Some of the campaign prophets are saying that the election may be close, even that there is danger that the House of Commons may be divided once more approximately equal in strength; and, while almost everybody will hope that the result will be quite working and that one party or the other will have a sufficient and stable majority, there is no telling. At all events, under the prevailing conditions the twenty-nine seats in the Maritimes loom up as prizes to be fiercely fought for, inasmuch as the gains or losses here may well prove decisive.

Furthermore the attitude of the Maritimers towards politicians of any class, and the attitude of the other provinces towards the Maritimers, have changed very materially within the last year or two, and it may be that the Hamilton Spectator's estimate of the solicitude expressed by both parties indicates a real determination to do justice in this quarter. "Through the Maritimers," says the Spectator, "the Maritimers are certain as to the outcome of election is uncertain and it is that if any party, particularly the party next charged with the administration of public affairs, is so selfish or unemphatic as to think that the Maritimers can be deluded any longer by the old promise, 'Live, horse! and you'll get hay,' the awakening will not only be rude, but it may well shake this Confederation to its foundations."

Odds and Ends  
The Great Canadian Novel

(Toronto Star)  
We have just perused with intense interest a remarkably veracious story of Canadian life in the great water belt. The author is the celebrated Louis Anasias who lives outside New York either in East Punkin or in North Hokum.

To recap the family fortunes, the heroine, president of the Anti-Saloon League who was ruined by the recent investigation into the Pennsylvania primaries, goes to Canada to drill for whiskey, in the natural alcohol field on the shores of Lake Uguabaugh, 10 miles north of Toronto and about 200 miles south of the North Pole. While waiting for the blocks of alcohol to melt she explored the country in a sled drawn by 6 polar bears she herself had tamed following instructions given her by Sinclair Lewis, a dear personal friend of the family.

Every morning before breakfast she used to stroll over to Red Lake to pick several gallons of the gold nuggets which grew on the blueberry bushes. Before lunch she sauntered down to Hudson Bay to flirt with a Mountie who was waiting there for his mate. After lunch she rambled to the mouth of the Mackenzie River to take tea with the Prince of Wales on his ranch. For a long time she could not make up her mind which she should marry, the prince or the Mountie. For a long while she thought she would take the prince. She often tried on his crown and found it a perfect fit. Moreover she was tempted by the crown jewels which would do nicely to lift the mortgage which the Volcanic Act had placed on the old Philadelphia homestead.

But love triumphed. In fact it had to triumph for the author had in advance sold the screen rights to Hollywood. It would have triumphed sooner had she known that the man on the shore of Hudson Bay really was a Mountie. He was always in his shirt sleeves. The first time she saw him in his scarlet jacket she flung herself into the flame and the suspense was ended.

The heat of her embrace was so great that it melted all the ice fields and sent a tidal wave rolling south that made the United States completely wet. Hence the book's title, "The Deluge" and the Hollywood version of it "Love and Liquor."

We must congratulate Mr. Anasias. He sure knows his Canada.

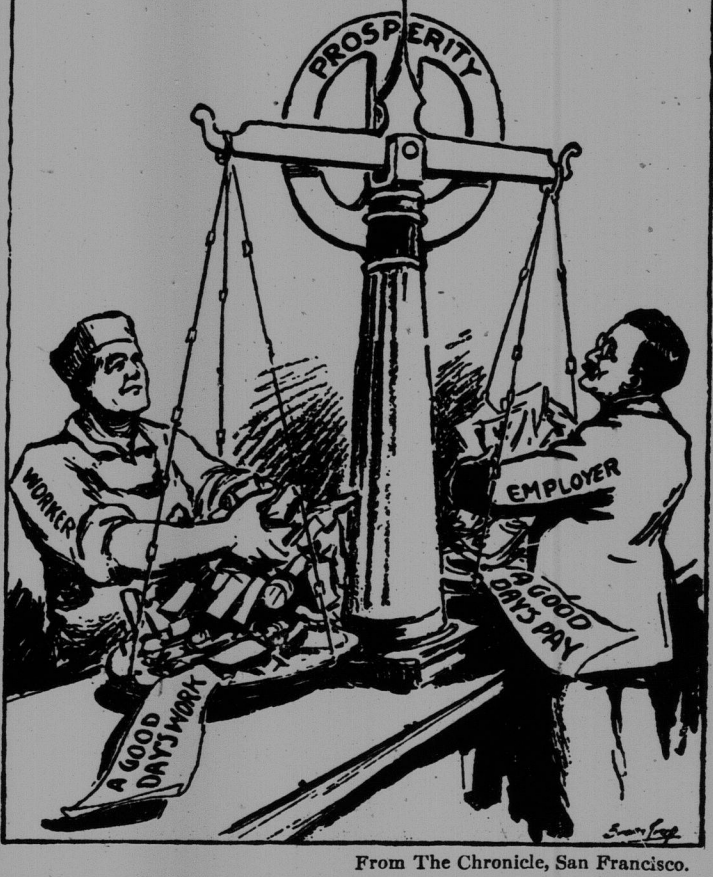
The Lies Men Tell.  
(London Express.)  
Golf, in the opinion of a number of women, is a subject which provokes more lies from their men folk than any other topic.

What other matters do men lie about? A consensus of opinion gathered from women by a Daily Express representative shows that men also prevaricate on the following subjects:  
Winning at cards.  
Athletics.  
Their smoking ration.  
Their income tax.  
The speed of their cars.  
Their clandestine romances.

According to one opinion, the man who professes to take a cold plunge every morning of the year rarely does while occupying the bathroom for half an hour to the inconvenience of every one else.

The result of these inquiries shows that some new resources will have to be developed to enable man to maintain his independence. The present pattern of lies is harder than ever for a woman to tell a good lie and believed. (The writer "she" is a fisherman.)

Keep The Scale Even



From The Chronicle, San Francisco.

Queer Quirks of Nature

MANY SHARKS NOT MAN-EATERS

By AUSTIN H. CLARK  
Not all sharks are terrible creatures by any means. I have caught them off southern Japan and found there are quite a number of sharks of very small size.

These live in deep water, from about 600 to about 4,000 feet beneath the surface of the sea, and are usually sleek black in color. Some of them Balfour plays tennis well in his seventies, and Mr. Rockefeller plays golf well in his eighties, it seems more natural than formerly it would have seemed. The gain is even greater for women. Indeed, it is difficult to exaggerate the amount of happiness and value added to life by the public recently ceasing to figure that a woman's story was ended at an age when she is now often most satisfied. Freedom has many aspects, and many conquests still to make. Among these advances in freedom, the dropping of rigid ideas about age will stand high.

AGE IN OUR TIME  
(Chicago Herald-Examiner.)

As he approaches the age of 87, John D. Rockefeller is accustomed to make his nine holes of golf in 44. Forty years ago, it is safe to say, Mr. Rockefeller had never heard of golf. He started to play when he was an old man. Great age is for him a period of positive enjoyment. Next to spectacles and dentistry, what has done most for the later years of life is a change in the point of view. We tend to become what society expects us to be. If Lord

The Political Fray

Liberal  
MR. STEVENS AND BOOTLEG.

(Toronto Globe.)  
When Hon. H. H. Stevens addressed a meeting of Conservative business men in Toronto recently he promised that if he were retained as Minister of Customs he would wage war to the knife on liquor smuggling. The Victoria Times points out that British Columbia and other interested provinces made three attempts to obtain legislation at Ottawa, which would have enabled the authorities to check bootlegging and bootlegging, and each time the bill presented the centre of Mr. Stevens' political colleagues, who comprised a majority in the Senate. There is no record that Mr. Stevens has made any attempt to influence his friends to support the measure, as he if he have had his way, the honest desire to serve his country in this way. The city which he represented in the House was the centre of bootlegging operations on the Canadian Pacific Coast. It gained a widely unfavorable reputation as a feeder for Western States. And Mr. Stevens was not sufficiently interested to try to wipe the traffic which he had declared to be such a menace to Canada's welfare.

SUGGESTION TO MR. KING.  
(Toronto Globe.)

Mr. King has done a service in explaining why the Governor-General did not accept his advice to grant him dissolution. "It is Mr. Meighen's conduct, not His Excellency's, that is being discussed," is the way the explanation is put. The voters would understand better, and would be more appreciative of, an appeal for their franchise on such achievements as marked the Robb budget; the reduction in income tax, removal of receipts tax, reduction of sales and excise taxes, return to penny postage, and the tariff reduction which resulted in lower automobile costs.

MEIGHEN AND NOVA SCOTIA  
(Halifax Chronicle.)

Mr. Meighen promises "public assistance in the shipment of basic Maritime products to the markets of Central Canada." That is to say, "as rapidly as its practical application could be devised." But what "basic Maritime products" are the people of the Central Provinces willing to buy from us? Not our coal, not our steel, not our lumber, not our farm products. The Central Provinces have all of these but coal of their own, and they are not eager to buy our coal when they can get American coal.

SPEAKING OF FLAGS  
(Victoria Times.)

If Mr. Meighen proposed a Canadian flag as gaudy as Joseph's coat and without the slightest suggestion of the Union Jack on it, his party would accept it without any reservation. It did more than that when it swallowed his war-time election policy, which one authority has described as "a declaration of independence in the face of an Empire crisis."

Just Fun

CUPID may be blind, but he doesn't mind to carry a tin cup or sell pencils to make a living.  
JUST think of the hard-ships a sailor has to endure.

"If you collect this money," said the hardware merchant, "I will give you a regular job."  
To the merchant's astonishment, the young man returned in half an hour with the money.  
"How did you do it?" he gasped.  
"I told him," said the young man, "that if he didn't pay me I would tell all his other creditors that he had paid."

PRESENTS REQUESTED.  
I used to take her candy  
Every time I called around.  
For I liked the look of pleasure in her eyes.  
And I sent her flowers daily.  
Although pretty soon I found  
It kept me broke and wasn't very wise.

Well, it seemed to make her happy.  
So I gladly paid the fee,  
And it saved a lot of argument and strife.  
But I sort of overdid it.  
For she went and married me—  
And now I've got to keep it up for life.

MOST school boys would swap a year of their lives to see teacher fall on the ice.

A DROWNING man threw his pocketbook to his brother on the bank. That is using the head and all right. No matter where he was going he wouldn't need it.

"HAS the young man who is calling on you given you any encouragement?"  
"Oh, yes, father. Last night he asked me if you and mother were pleased to live with."

LOTS of folks go to church, but lots more stay away.

FIRST ACTOR (on tour)—How do you like my room, as a whole?  
Second Dittie—As a whole it's fine, as a room—not so good.

IN the spring a young man's fancy is likely to turn to everything but thought.

EXPLAINS IT.  
TOURIST from the States: See here, friend, when I was here in 1914 you told me this hotel was 700 feet above sea level. Now you tell me it's over a mile above the water.

Hotel Proprietor: But, m'sieu, remember, we war—has not mak' everything go up, yes?—London Passing Show.

Dinner Stories

AFTER much excitement the Smiths had at last managed to catch the train.  
Now, when they could sit quietly for a while, they began to wonder if they had left anything behind.  
"What about the boy?" "Oh, Donald, when I went to put some red paint on my face so I would not have to bother about the boy, I forgot, I forgot to turn off the electric iron."

"Do not worry, my dear," he replied. "Nothing will burn. In stopping to get a chew of gum I forgot to turn off the shower bath."

JEMIMA was a young colored maid fresh from the cotton fields of the south. One afternoon she came to her northern mistress and handed her a card.

"De lady what gib me dis is in de parlor," she explained. "De lady anoder lady on de steps."  
"Gracious, Jemima!" exclaimed the mistress. "Why didn't you ask both of them in?"

"Kase, ma'am," grinned the girl, "de one on de doitsde door forgit her ticket."

TWO Cornish miners coveted a cow which belonged to a neighbor and laid plans to steal it. On their chosen night it happened that a traveling player with a trained bear had asked for and obtained lodging at the neighbor's house. The owner put the cow in a shed in order to give the bear the run of the barn. The thieves arrived, one went to secure the cow, while the other watched. A clamor of cries and yells came from the barn. The noise filled the night and the lookout cried: "Hae gotten 'im, Tam?" The horror of the unknown was in Tam's voice as he replied: "Hae gotten 'im? Nay! Ees gotten 'im!"

WHO'S WHO  
IN THE DAYS NEWS

LOUIS BARTHOU minister of justice, stands out as one of the ablest members of the new French cabinet. For many years his name has been a familiar name in French statesmanship of the highest order.

Barthou it was who fought against the powerful odds for the revival of three-year military service in France a few years before the outbreak of the World War. The success of this more ungloriously saved France in the fall of 1914, when the Germans marched to within 19 miles of Paris.

Three years later Barthou, as a member of the Poincare ministry, declined to submit the German peace offer which caused the fall of Ribot, chief minister of foreign affairs. Throughout the war he insisted that France be satisfied with nothing less than a clean-cut victory.

Barthou's parents were poor. His father was a tinsmith. When the boy finished his early training his parents actually starved themselves to send him to Bordeaux, where he fitted himself for a legal career. He entered early into France's political life is shown by the fact that he became a member of the chamber of deputies at twenty-seven.

Barthou normally is quiet and courteous, but when aroused can be virile in his attacks on policies and politicians. His fiery oral attack on David Lloyd George some years ago, in which he charged the British premier with having failed to champion France's interests, forced Premier Millerand and his cabinet to formally disavow the opinion Barthou expressed.

He is a lover of music and art.

PM  
LIMELIGHT

SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?

LONDON—With the evidence before him that modern woman, emancipated from complex and heavy clothing, is not only happier, the healthier, one of London's foremost tailors has decided that mere man, up to now forced to suffer heavy garments no matter what the weather, must emerge from the tyranny of heavy wool clothes and blossom out in clothes as light and



healthful as a flapper's. To this end he has created a number of new fabrics, designed new styles and adapted time-honored ones to the cause of sartorially emancipated man. Color and individuality are now the first requisite of the well-dressed male. His sweltering, tradition-bound days are over. And about the time man gets well used to dressing in light things, the ladies will revert to their ancient multiplicity of smothering clothes.

JUNGLE STUFF

NEW YORK—Diana Strickland, who exploits as a big game hunter and explorer are equalled by those of few women, is quoted as saying that much that we so-called "civilized" folk consider modern and fitting is really just so much jungle stuff. Bobbed hair is a hark back to the savages far from the outskirts of civilization. And present-day ball room dancing, not to mention the music, is distinctly an adaptation from the life and manners of the hinterland of heathendom. The Hon. Mrs. Strickland has spent much time in the thickest of the African jungles; she speaks with authority.

POEMS  
I LOVE

"Bedouin Song," by Bayard Taylor.  
IT IS RATHER astonishing that an American writer could thus, as it were, clothe himself with the raiment of a Bedouin lover; absorb the very spirit of an alien tongue, if not the tongue itself; sing so passionately what a Bedouin might have sung, giving the sense of his complete translocation.

From the desert I come to thee  
On a stallion shod with fire;  
And the wilds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.  
Under thy window I stand,  
And melt thee to hear the low  
Of a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see  
My passion and my pain;  
I lie on the sands below,  
And I and I in thy disdain.  
Let the night-winds touch thy brow  
With the heat of my burning sigh,  
And melt thee to hear the low  
Of a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,  
By the fever of my heart,  
To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest.  
Open the door and yield me  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

Other Views  
WHAT THE SAME RIGHTS  
(Kingston Whig.)  
British men of the age of twenty-one are allowed to vote; women have to be thirty. They want to know why? It looks as if the women of Great Britain are in a fair way to make their demands heard, and that the vote will be theirs before the age of thirty wrinkles their brows. And why not? In Canada the women have the same rights, in the exercise of their franchise, as men enjoy. They are more and more exercising the privilege of voting and are doing much by their influence in shaping the destinies of the Dominion.

MINERS' WAGES  
(London Morning Post.)  
The cry of "Fifty the poor miners!" makes a strong appeal to every generous heart. The public imagines the miner down in the pit, stripped to the waist, leaping in the darkness, by the glimmer of a Davy lamp, the coal which brightens our domestic hearth; and when the idea is skilfully conveyed that the proposal is to lower the minimum wage of these industrial heroes, people exclaim quite naturally—what a barbarous proposal! Now, the truth is that only about a third of the men in the Miners' federation are so employed. A very large proportion of the workers called miners never go down the shaft; they are pithead and screen men, coal-washers and surface workers, most of them unskilled, some of them women, and many of them boys; and it is only by lumping all these people together that the averages are obtained which mislead the public.

CASE OF DOD EAT DOG  
(Toronto Saturday Night.)  
No one familiar with the parliamentary history of Canada believed that the King government could outlast the season. Even the customs scandal had not been revealed the ultimate result would have been the same; for no prime minister, however endowed with sang froid and political adroitness, could hope for very long to carry on with a large number of cabinet members such divergent elements as the Quebec protectionist Liberals and the western free trade Progressives. It was found to be a case of dog eat dog in the long run. The impossibility of the prime



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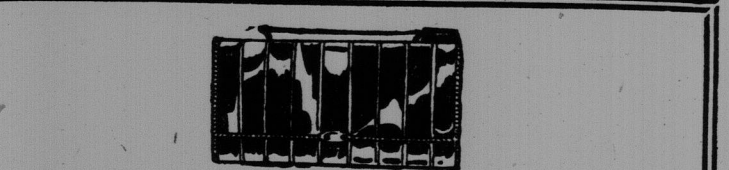
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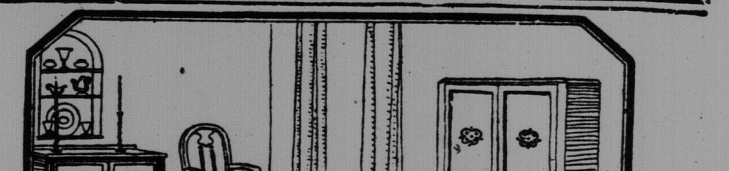


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HORTON'S Market Square



Other Views

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minister's position was amply demonstrated when one Quebec member, the brouillie Mr. Bourassa, was enabled to hold up and alter a measure so vitally important to both the Progressives and Liberals of the west as the Alberta resources bill. The course of the government at once alienated so staunch a supporter of Mr. King as the Manitoba Free Press and every Progressive who continued to support the government put his political life in jeopardy.

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