

POOR ECONOMY

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THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1919

The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 19, 1919.

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THE COMMERCIAL CLUB.

There could be no more hopeful indication of the adoption of a forward policy by the city of St. John than the formation of a strong association such as the new Commercial Club promises to be. It will not supplant or be in any way antagonistic to the board of trade, which, as Mr. G. E. Barbour pointed out last evening, has a recognized standing in common with boards of trade generally throughout the Empire.

The Commercial Club will have an ample field for its activities, and as long as it stands by the principles enunciated at last night's meeting it will command public confidence and support. The younger men realize that if they are to remain in St. John and achieve success the city as a whole must make progress; and it is attainable only as a result of team-work. They must get together in a hopeful and determined spirit, and see that no path of progress is closed through corporate greed, or the timidity of those in authority in civic affairs, or a lack of enterprise on the part of the citizens at large.

There were some references last evening to the habit of "knocking." The cure for that is found in combined effort to advance the city's interests. A knock that reveals something which should be remedied is really a boost. Nothing is more deadly to any community than a pious complacency which sees nothing to be knocked. So far as the newspapers are concerned, they will be very grateful for live copy of the sort that people like to read because it tells of progress. The Commercial Club will breathe the spirit of faith and optimism. It will bring the younger men together and make them acquainted with each other. It will draw them out and encourage them to take part in the city's business as well as their individual concerns. It will bring about that clash of thought out of which new projects are born. It will create a healthy community spirit and break down the walls of selfishness and prejudice. At least it will have these aims, and it is up to the members to see that they are accomplished. The organization meeting next Tuesday evening should be a rallying point for hundreds of young men eager to join the ranks and lend their aid in making the club the biggest live wire in St. John.

ORGANIZING THE FARMERS

Complete organization of the farmers of New Brunswick for political action is now contemplated. The plan will be launched at the next central convention of the United Farmers to be held in Woodstock, in January or February. The Sackville Tribune prints a letter from Mr. C. Gordon Sharpe, secretary of the United Farmers of New Brunswick, read at the annual meeting of the Sackville branch, in which this information is given. Mr. Sharpe begins by noting the great victory won by Mr. Caldwell in Carleton Place, and adds:

"Old time Grifts and Tories who have become United Farmers voted solidly for Mr. Caldwell, their own candidate, although every effort was made by those who made their boasts that it could be done to again line up the farmers in the old party lines. The victory is more apparent when we consider he was elected without the use of one cent of money by the United Farmers to purchase votes or booze or any corrupt method of election. Not one dinner was given and Mr. Caldwell's polling agents even carried their dinners with them to the polls. The legitimate expenses of the campaign were raised by voluntary subscription by farmers. The victory, together with Ontario and other parts of Canada goes to show that the people of Canada are sick of the old squabbling system and intend to see that Canada enjoys a bit of democracy for which our brave Canadian boys gave their lives on the fields of France and Flanders; it also means that the farmers of this fair country of ours will not be insulted by their government as they have in the past. The happenings of the past two weeks in Canada place the farmers in an altogether different light."

Mr. Sharpe goes on to say that the whole province should be fully organized in the next six months, and calls upon every member of the United Farmers to help. He says:

"Will you each and all help? If you know out-lying districts which might be organized will you make it your business to go on the job? Each for all and all for each will put us where we should be. What organizers the association have available are at your service, but do not depend altogether on these as the process will be too slow. Write the central association of any district which needs organizing."

There is also a strong plea for the largest possible attendance of farmers at the coming convention to give help and

inspiration. It is clear that this province is to have a farmers' party, and there will be much speculation as to the extent to which the movement will spread through the various counties. Mr. Sharpe is evidently convinced that the farmer members of both the old parties will rally to the new standard. It goes without saying that the old parties will give very careful study to the platform of the new party and compare it with their own. The province is entering upon a new era in its political history.

THE HARBOR.

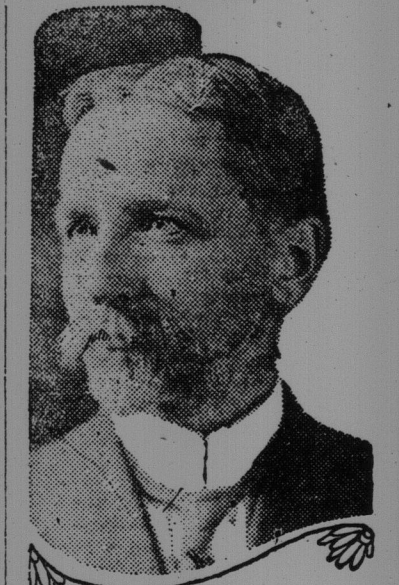
Today's Ottawa despatch to the Times-Star, referring to St. John harbor, if it accurately reflects the official mind, will not hasten harbor commission. If the government has no definite plan of development and merely proposes to wait and see what turns up in the way of business we shall wait a long time for the realization of our hopes. It was not in that spirit the canals were built, or the Canadian Pacific Railway, or the Grand Trunk Pacific. St. John is the Canadian port nearest Montreal in winter. It is a national port and should be nationalized. When the war was on and supplies had to be rushed overseas the value of this shipping port was fully realized and demonstrated. What it now asks is that the government provide it with facilities to handle the trade already available, but going largely to foreign ports. The whole attitude of the government is wrong, and the thing to do is not to hand over the harbor in blindfold fashion but to set the government right on a national issue. The city council is moving in the dark. The citizens will not consent to give up their harbor until they know that the government has a definite policy and is prepared to carry it out.

LEADS MANITOBA CONSERVATIVES.



R. G. Willis of Boissevain, Man., a farmer who has been selected as leader of the Conservative party in Manitoba.

ONTARIO'S ATTORNEY GENERAL.



W. E. Ranney, K. C., Toronto, the Attorney General of Ontario.

LEATHER AND SHOE FAIR AT QUEBEC PLANNED

Quebec, Nov. 19.—The shoe manufacturers are organizing to hold a big leather and shoe fair at the Quebec Exhibition grounds next summer. The plans call for about 300 exhibitors. The fair will last for one week.

ARRESTS MAKE FRIENDS

Cardondale, Pa., Nov. 19.—This city claims to have the champion constable in the state when it comes to continuous service. His name is Michael Moran. For two score years Moran has served as constable in the Fifth Ward of the Pioneer City. He was a candidate again in the recent election, when he received 90 per cent. of the votes in his bailiwick. Many of the votes were cast by men he has arrested.

Moran has placed between 1,000 and 1,200 persons under arrest during the long period in which he has reigned as chief officer in his ward.

PROPERTY IN FAMILY SINCE 1730

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 19.—Representing owners in far-away Corsica, whose family has held uninterrupted title since 1730, Heymann & Bros., brokers of this city, sold premises 910 and 915 Arch street for a price higher than the assessed value of \$80,000.

Marguerite Tomel and Madeline Franchesch, of Corsica, are the owners represented by the brokers. Authority to make the sale was called to this city. Louis E. Stratt, of Stratt, Riskoff & Co., is the purchaser. Title to the two properties ranks among the oldest in the city.



(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

THE WORLD MOVES.

Nowadays we see the tractor doing duty, like a charm; it's the most important factor in the business of the farm. Oh, we see the farmer sitting on a spring seat painted green, and a wondrous gait he's hitting as he toils his wind machine. Horses look to him like fakery, and for mules he'd give no money; for he plows a dozen acres where a team would fail at one. As I view the mighty tractor olden times return to me, when I was a tragic actor in the scenes of husbandry. One old mule found some speed to gain; but all schedules were abolished by that mule, and clouds were vain. All my better years were squandered in this slow and futile way; up and down the field I wandered, slow as goose grease, through the day. And the mule—at last I loved her, and she took up my fountain pen, sore because the useful tractor had not been invented then.

CANADA—EAST AND WEST

Dominion Happenings of Other Days

MADELINE VERCHERES.

The conditions of life during the long period when the Iroquois were the scourge of Canada put to the severest tests almost daily the valor of the French soldiers. There are many instances of heroism to brighten the annals of those days. One of the most romantic was the defence of the Fort at Vercheres in 1692 by Madeleine, daughter of the seigneur of that place. She was at the time a mere girl of fourteen years of age. The inhabitants were at work in the fields, no one was left in charge but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty years and some women and children. Suddenly forty or fifty Indians appeared in the neighborhood. Madeleine placed herself in command of the settlers and the weak garrison. Her courage was inspiring, but one of the soldiers was so badly scared by the Indians that the girl found him preparing to blow up the fort with a barrel of gunpowder. Her two brothers, ten and twelve years of age, helped the soldiers to man the loopholes, from which a steady fire was kept up upon the Iroquois. The cannon on the fort walls were also fired occasionally to make the assailants think there was a strong party within than to do much damage to the Indians. With her brothers and the old man placed at the side. For a week the little garrison was on constant duty, not resting day or night. Then a detachment of French soldiers came to the rescue and the Iroquois vanishing in the woods. The fame of Madeleine was scattered far and wide among the early settlers and attracted the attention of the Iroquois themselves.

SING HO FOR THE WIN.

(Rev. George Scott.)

Sing ho! for the wind of the wint'ry days,
And the bushes laden with spotless snow,
And the icicles hung in the forest ways,
And the tingling pulse and the healthful glow.

Sing ho! for the smell of the cedar swamp,
Mid the falling trees when the axes ring,
The warmth and glow of the lumber camp,
And the boisterous songs of its welcoming.

Sing ho! for the wind on the forest trail
Right merrily singing its blithe some song,
Where only the strong man's muscles avail,
Where the frost is keen and the battle long.

Sing ho! for the wind in the rocking pines,
And the jingling bells on the straining team,
And the distant hills with their sharp outlines,
And the logging road in the moon's pale beam.

Sing ho! for the wind on the homing track,
When the day is done and the stars are bright,
The rollicking song of the lumberjack
Is echoing now with a clear delight.

Sing ho! for the wind, let it blow its best;
Let the snow sift down through the drifting ways,
Day is for toil and the night is for rest,
But we'll cheer our hearts with the strong man's lays.

LIGHTER VEIN.

There is a certain long-suffering father whose nerves sometimes give way under questions from his talkative eight-year-old son.

"Dad," said the youngster, just as the old man settled down for a perusal of his newspaper. "Dad, am I made of dust?"

"I think not," responded the unhappy parent, "otherwise you would dry up once in a while."

"I'm all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife.

"Well, Henry," she said, as she added another one to the already large pile, "you will see if you don't pay that one. It's the gas bill."

"We ought to investigate the expenditures of this board," "How much did it spend?" "Twenty thousand dollars."

"What will an investigating committee cost?" "Thirty thousand dollars."

"Good business. Go ahead," Judge.

"Do you find that prohibition has depressed Crimson Gulch?" "No," answered Cactus Joe. "We're much more cheerful than usual. Everybody seems to think it's a great joke on all the rest of the boys."

Doris—Yes, she was furious about the way in which the newspaper reported her marriage.

Helen—Did it allude to her age?

Doris—Indirectly. It stated that Miss Oldie and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well-known collector of antiques.

PERSIAN CITY OF SHIRAZ RETAINS MUCH OF BEAUTY

In the midst of a broad expanse of barren ground lies the flat-topped Persian city of Shiraz, which was once so wonderful a sight as to cause the visitor to cry, "God is great!" and by its fascination and beauty to make him forget forever his native land.

The Shiraz of the present is still fascinating, though its power over the traveler's memory has waned. The stranger may hurry through the narrow streets lined with square houses, but on the outskirts of the city he must linger and dream awhile in the Persian gardens celebrated in many songs by the poets of the land.

Shiraz is proudest of being the home of two of Persia's noblest poets, Hafiz and Sadi, both of whom were enthusiastic lovers of the charms of their native city. The city has changed greatly since their day, succeeding generations still view it through the rose-and-gold light of the poet's fancy and still boast of its wonders.

The citizens of Shiraz honor most the man who can quote most fluently and extensively from the poems of Hafiz; yet his grave, in the garden beyond the city, is neglected and desolate. A high brick wall encloses the garden. Within, the tomb of the poet is marked by a pavilion and a marble slab, on which is carved one of his verses. All about the beloved garden lie his followers and admirers, their graves headed by stones which peep through rank grass.

The gardens of Shiraz have such names as "Garden of the Heart's Desire," "Garden of the Eavy of Heaven," and "Garden that Displays the World"—names which they do not always live up to in appearance, because of their owners' dreamy contentment in letting well enough alone. Yet even the uncared-for gardens are delightfully beautiful. Tiny streams wind through them, cypresses and elm trees shade them pleasantly, roses cluster riotously over the old walls and a shabbily quaint summer house peeps from among the trees.

THE MODERN HOTEL.

(New York Evening Post.)

The fourth national hotel men's meeting in this city reveals two powerful tendencies in hotel administration, and the amazing fact that some hotel men consider them identical. The "let-the-hotel-be-your-home" movement represents one; it seeks modern illustration for the comfortable old query, Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? The other would fill the hotels with miscellaneous devices for comfort and discomfort, economy and luxurious extravagance. The difficulty of entering a hostelry of 2,000 rooms and hypnotizing yourself into the belief that you are going into something like your private home is not inconsiderable. All the comforts of home include the most awe-inspiring array of rare marble pillars, onyx counters, vast palms, magnificent chandeliers and an army of porters, bellboys, clerks and elevator men. You are introduced to simplicity and informality in the absence of mechanical bathys, and can spend a marvellous week just in learning how many elaborate pieces of machinery are ready, at a button's pressure, to answer your slightest wish. Ease and retirement confront you at dinner in the choice of a half dozen places, from the Pompeian Room to the Hula-Hula Glades (full dress de rigueur in all). You wake in the morning perhaps wishing you could escape the complexity of life—no, there is a newspaper already under your door.

MILKING TO MUSIC.

(Toronto Globe.)

From somewhere across the border comes a story that milking cows to music may soon be fashionable because it is said it soothes the animals, induces a steadier flow of milk, and gives the hired help opportunity to become acquainted with the classical and current compositions. It is pointed out that the gramophone and all like instruments that the farmer may own are thus available for the use of the cows. They may give pleasure and entertainment to the family at stated hours, and to the cows at milking time. Such an extension of their area of usefulness had not been thought possible so recently as a few months ago, and the cud-chewers had to be content with the bursts of song or expressions of opinion, harsh or otherwise, that came from the throats of their attendants. Where the mechanical milker was used the clicking of the machinery, of course, supplied the lullabies.

Now all is to be changed. Bessie and her sisters are to be milked while the music-box reminds them it is "A Perfect Day," or that somebody is "Comin' Through the Rye," with variations and trills that some kinds of eye are said to produce when taken to ward off a chill or soothe a day-after headache. "Annie Laurie" and "Caruso may vie with one another in the art of soothing the cows, while an occasional chorus from an opera may be turned on. But if the jazz craze does not soon go the way of other spasms of incipient insanity there is likely to be a series of scenes at milking time that will give a black-eye to the movement for the increased output and uplift of music. No self-respecting cow could be expected to stand at ease while the whirling disc blares out the weird noises which throw jazzers into convulsions, and which, as the movie-picture directors would say, signify ecstasy. If the new milking scheme is to be adopted in Ontario the appointment of a board of selection to draw up a musical programme calculated to produce the best results without alarming the cows will be one of the first duties of the incoming government.

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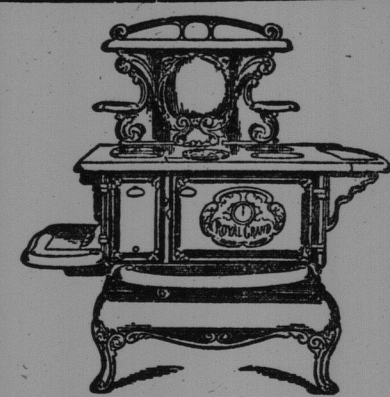
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FRANCE HONORS U. S. DEAD WITH MEMORIAL DIPLOMAS

New York, Nov. 19.—The French High Commission which recently arrived will present to the next kin of American soldiers who died in the service during the war a memorial diploma bearing the signature of President Poincare. The memorial is a work of art, the principal figure of the group symbolizing the soul and spirit of the American army. The sword is ready to protect and defend the weak and oppressed, who are symbolized in a group to the left by a mother holding her baby to her breast.

and to insure freedom and justice to coming generations, represented by the figure of a kneeling boy, praying for deliverance. At the right a man, chained and shackled, symbolizes the spirit of evil and the victory over our enemies. Also at the right, crowning the spirit of America, stands "Glory," who rejoices with the old war veteran standing to the left of the principal figure, symbolizing the armies. Universal fame is symbolized by a winged figure flying over the group. The American eagle is posed on the staff of peace. At the foot of the cenotaph the flags of France and America are draped and pointed together by a wreath.

QUEBEC RAID ON SOME SLOT MACHINES

Quebec, Nov. 19.—The attorney general's department has entered a crusade against slot gambling machines. Three machines were seized here on Monday in local stores and the proprietors will be prosecuted. Most of the places which had been operating the machines learned of the impending raids and removed the machines.

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