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The Evening Times-Star

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ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 31, 1924

A SMASHING VICTORY.

The Conservatives in Britain are well justified in saying, as they do, "It was more than a victory; it was a rout." With more than 200 majority over all possible hostile combination, they have really too much margin rather than too little, but too much of the wine of victory, particularly after a campaign during much of which doubt was strong, is not a thing to quarrel with easily.

The Baldwin party now has a wonderful opportunity to show sagacity in its policies, and if wise counsel prevails the outlook for stable and generally satisfactory conditions in Britain is good indeed. The foreign policy, it may be expected, will be firm and consistent; the men now in control will favor the cause of permanent peace, but they will by no means hurriedly diminish the sea power of the country before carefully studying all the Empire's commitments.

They will re-introduce the McKenna preferences, in which Canada is interested, particularly in the chance afforded to increase our export of automobiles; but with the lesson of last year in mind they will be shy of all forms of food taxation. We shall not get a preference on wheat, flour, meat or dairy products. The experience of the last few years will tend to liberalize the Conservative view in many respects, if the reviewers are doing justice to Mr. Baldwin. Lord Beaverbrook's recent comments regarding the Conservative leader do him scant justice.

The Liberal debacle and the fate of Mr. Asquith give cause for deep regret, and indeed the whole situation presents aspects which must call for frequent examination and review as the smoke clears away. The rebuke to the Labor extremists is at once tremendous and salutary. Mr. MacDonald's "wild men" have set the Labor cause back many years; but Labor will regain what it lost if its leaders digest the lesson of Oct. 29, and Mr. MacDonald is not one to miss its significance.

A LIVE ISSUE YET.

When President Coolidge declared early in the presidential campaign that the question of the United States joining the League of Nations had been settled by the American people, he was—as is now demonstrated—too sweeping and too partizan in his assertion. His declaration that the issue is definitely out of the realm of the practical so far as his country is concerned is far from correct. Some men prominent in his own party say the matter of League membership still is, and must continue to be, a very live issue.

During the presidential campaign four years ago thirty-one influential Republicans, including Elihu Root and Charles E. Hughes, issued a manifesto declaring their conviction that the surest way to secure the participation of the United States in the League of Nations, or in some like association of nations, would be found in the election of Mr. Harding. They quoted from a speech by Mr. Harding in which he said that "with all his heart" he favored such "an association of free nations animated by considerations of right and justice instead of might and self-interest." Undoubtedly that manifesto kept many friends of the League within the Republican fold; but the Harding administration turned its back on the League, and President Coolidge lately declared that the question of American membership in that body is no longer debatable. But a few days ago a manifesto was issued by thirty-four leading Americans urging electors to vote for the Democratic candidate, John W. Davis, because of his pro-League attitude. Among the signatories are Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University; Henry Van Dyke, the author, former United States Minister to Holland; Harry A. Garfield, President of Williams College; Henry Morganthau, former Ambassador to Turkey, and Robert S. Lovett, Chairman of the Union Pacific Railroad. The manifesto states that effective good-will for world welfare has been paralyzed in the administration by the dread of opposition on the part of a faction of the Republican party. The criticism of Mr. Hughes is strong. For example:—

"The Republican Secretary of State has just now declared, in effect, that we will join in no general, even if reciprocal, commitments; that, although we believe in arbitration, we will arbitrate only when conditions and prospects make arbitration seem expedient; that, although in principle we are opposed to war, we shall refuse to join the other Great Powers in making aggressive war impossible by foredooming it to failure; that we reserve to ourselves the right (fortunately without the intention) to disturb the world's peace when and as we please, arrogantly assuming that our judgment always is just, and that what we regard as our interest ought always to be pursued."

These influential men point out that if the Republicans win, and they are expected to, the United States may even decline to participate in the general disarmament conference to be held under the auspices of the League of Nations, and that the World Court may be forgotten. They conclude with a plea for "the resumption of America's moral leadership in the joint effort of civilized nations to banish from the world the fear of war." "This," says the Toronto Globe by way of comment, "is an issue for the people of the United States to decide for themselves, and foreign comment or advice is likely to be resented. It may be said without offence that the manifesto is one of many signs that the Wilson policy is not so moribund as its opponents believed it was after the last presidential election."

THE PARTRIDGES.

Professor Cox of the University of New Brunswick has examined a partridge killed by the blue louse, which is causing considerable destruction among the birds this year in some sections of the province, and his report on the subject helps to explain the undue scarcity of partridge reported from many quarters. There is much strength in the suggestion that the number of gunners has increased, and that automobiles permit the hunters to cover much more ground. The distant covers are easily reached, and this change in condition has weighed heavily against the partridge. The late shooting—the experience of bird hunters who have been in the woods during the last ten days of the season—has tended to show that the situation is less serious than many feared in the early days of October. In the first place, disease among the birds is by no means general, though there is, naturally, some uneasiness because it might become epidemic. In the second place, while the birds are less plentiful than they should be in view of the large numbers seen in the covers last fall and during the nesting season last spring, there are more partridges in the southern counties at least than in many former years. They are not so numerous as they were last year, but there need be no fear of extermination from shooting if reasonable precautions are taken. If the disease should become epidemic the danger would, of course, be great; though even if it did, the partridges, if properly protected, against the gun, would soon multply and more than make up for the losses due to the parasite.

The wonderfully fine fall resulted in somewhat deceptive conditions. The blueberries and other food have been available much longer than usual. In some of the southern counties blueberries are still plentiful, and, notwithstanding the frost, are remarkably firm and inviting. There has been an abundance of thorn-berries and other food, and this fact tended to keep the birds on the moors and ridges later than is common. To-day, on fairly good ground, the hunter finds many more birds than he could see two or three weeks ago. Moreover, in most places in the southern counties the birds shot are in prime condition, with no signs of lice or disease of any kind. In a few sections dead birds are still found, and some that are shot have evidently suffered from the parasite, which, Professor Cox explained, is a louse somewhat similar to the rabbit pest.

When the Chief Game Warden has received and analyzed reports from every part of the province—and this work should be done most carefully, and will then be of great value—the Government and the Legislature will know definitely whether a longer closed season is necessary. The Government, no doubt, will investigate, also, the suitability of the Hungarian partridge and the hardier type of pheasant for our country. The Times-Star has found that interest in the partridge question is keen and general, and protective measures, if based upon close knowledge of existing conditions, will be well received. The preaching of good sportsmanship and a more widespread realization of the need for stopping the illegal sale of partridges should produce good results. The game laws ought to be enforced more strictly, and any increased cost for such work would be amply justified.

"No general election this year," says Premier Veniot, which is in line with the general understanding. The by-elections, as things look now, should give the administration no great trouble.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

The selection of Mr. Ivan C. Rand as Attorney General, expected for some time past, will be received with general favor.

Good Excuse.

During a train journey a man dashed down the corridor and put his head in at the door of a compartment. "Has anyone any whiskey?" he asked. "A lady has fainted in the next carriage."

Several flasks were handed to him. He took a good drink and then said calmly: "It always upsets me to see a lady faint." Then he went back to his compartment.

Couldn't Fool Him.

Teacher—"I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

Pupil—"Yes, ma'am."

Teacher—"Why is it wrong?"

Pupil—"Because you ain't went yet."

"Not Guilty."

(Los Angeles Herald.)

"All he had was Whittiers on Longfellows, and there I set with three Shakespeares staring him in the face. Then the law busted in," said H. F. Henderson when he was brought before Justice Hanby on a charge of gambling.

"You say you had three Shakespeares?" asked the court.

"And your adversary—Whittiers on Longfellows?"

"You bet," Henderson replied.

"Well, that sounds like a poker term, but—"

"You see, judge, my wife wouldn't let us use reg'lar playin' cards, so we made out with an old deck of 'Authors.' We didn't figger it was agin the law," the defendant related.

Justice Hanby gasped. Henderson was freed.

The Country Road.

(D. C. in Manitoba Free Press.)

Were Diogenes alive today, he would find new food for his spleen in new instances of man's capacity for defeating his own ends. Great minds are fond of showing us how in great matters, such as politics, philosophy, commerce and population, an idea gathers momentum and goes on working until it brings about the opposite of that which it was intended to secure. In smaller matters the same process is forced upon the notice of the plain man. A century ago, or thereabouts, physicians began to recommend the seaside for delicate or weary people. There were peace and quiet, the beauties of Nature, good, clean air. Families and invalids began to spend summer weeks at the seaside; and the growth of the practice brought about certain sensible additions to seaside amenities. Muddy paths were replaced by sound roads; homely cottages by well-built inns or houses. The process had started. Nothing then could stop it. The roads became asphalt esplanadaes; the houses grew into streets; the little country place into a smoky, noisy town. And now England has very little seaside left. There, indeed, is the sea, harnessed and extended and, so far as possible tamed. But the "side" has been so largely absorbed by buildings, promenades, sea-walls, piers, dancing-halls, and other places of indoor artificial entertainment that one must go far afield indeed to find the unspoiled Nature, the clean air and the quiet of which the need lay at the root of the original impulse. And man, following still the idea of which he has forgotten the meaning, crowds to the seaside which he has made incapable of doing him the service for which he first sought it.

We have begun already to see the same fate overtaking the use of the motor-car. To enjoy the country, and wide stretches of it, quickly and comfortably; to escape, in a couple of hours, far out of a great town into the spacious peace of the country—this was perhaps the best of the early gifts of the motor-cars. To that end better roads were needed; and first the greater, then the smaller roads were so improved that the Romans, even Napoleon, General Wade and Mr. Macadam, would have marvelled at them. And then, as with the seaside, the idea began to run away with its promoters. Little by little the greater roads began to lose all semblance of the rural. They are losing it so rapidly that on the better known of them a stretch of quiet, the shade of trees, the proximity of a garden that is neither a market-garden nor allotments, are becoming exceptions, not the rule. As we have carried the town with us to the seaside, so the power of gregariousness, of imitation, and of habit empels us to take the town with us along all the miles that separate it from the seaside. The process can hardly be stopped. A decade or two more, and we must search the wilds of distant countries for a truly country road. A century more, and perhaps the air itself will be a cast town above the vast town on earth. So do the ends of men defeat themselves; and the object is lost through the very means that were devised to secure it.

Senor Ibanez's Revolution.

(New York Herald-Tribune.)

It has remained to the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" to revive one of the most alluding traditions of the literary life. He has, with a passion considerably heightened both by the force of earlier example and the added attraction of modern publicity, dedicated himself to the overthrow of the King of Spain and the establishment of a Spanish republic. Now the literary man as a revolutionary is at least as old as the modern revolution (though that, as one sometimes forgets, is a comparatively recent invention), and Senor Ibanez has studied precedent. Philip Guedalla has an unforgettable picture of Victor Hugo retiring to the Channel Islands in order to destroy the Second Empire; there was Shelley beating his ineffectual wings in the singularly dusty voids of early nineteenth century British politics, and one even recalls Milton spending what should have been the best years of his life in the discharge of magnificently carved Latinisms against the enemies of the Cromwellian rebellion.

But the old flavor is a little staled. The British in recent years have been defeated by that complete absence of anything to revolt against, which has led Mr. Wells into the somewhat chilly business of revolting against human stupidity; and even D'Annunzio challenging all the available wraths in his defence of Fiume had an inescapably comic touch, but he seems to have missed out somewhere in the manner. The threat to be "pitiless" toward Alfonso bears an unpleasant suggestion of the publicity which he will attain for himself, and the acceptance of all the rigors of exile and political persecution falls a little flat before the fact that he has for some time been living very comfortably in France, but—it may be suspected—on diminishing royalties.

"The hour has sounded. Conscience gives her orders. On every side I am asked to do it. I am the man!" It is magnificent, but in the face of the weary drama being played out on the sun-baked hills of Morocco it seems scarcely to be even literary war. A tired dictator issues still another manifesto to the spiritless armies, and in Spain herself there seems to be no flicker of response. But Senor Ibanez expects to overthrow the King in "three or four months," and if he does not succeed he will devote the rest of his life—to lecturing. One was afraid so.

Long Beach, California, has the largest bathing beach on the Pacific coast, being five miles in length.

According to a recent report, as many as 50,000 persons in France have wireless outfits in their homes.

A FAMOUS OLD-TIMER.

These names are all of our country and on the map. Read the poem aloud.

IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Sweet Maiden of Passamaquoddy,
Shall we seek for communion of souls
Where the deep Mississippi meanders
Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?
Ah, No! In New Brunswick we find it,
A sweet sequestered nook,
Where the soft gliding Skoodawabskooksis
Unites with the Skoodawabskook.

Meduxnakik's waters are bluer;
Nepisiquit's pools are more black;
More green is the bright Oromocto,
And browner the Petitcodiac,
But colors more radiant in autumn
I see when I am casting my hook
In the waves of the Skoodawabskooksis
Or perhaps in the Skoodawabskook.

Let others sing loudly of Saco,
Of Passadumkeag or Miscouche,
Of Kennebeccasis or Quaco,
Or Miramichi or Buctouche;
Or boast of the Tobique or Mispec,
The Musquash or dark Memramcook;
There's none like the Skoodawabskooksis,
Excepting the Skoodawabskook.

Think not though the Magaugadavic
Or Bocabec pleases the eye;
Though Cheputneticook is lovely,
That to either of these we will fly.
No when in love's union we're plighted
We'll build a log house by a brook
Which flows to the Skoodawabskooksis
Where it joins with the Skoodawabskook.

Then never of Waweig or Chamkook
I'll think. Having you in my arms,
We'll reck not of Digdeguash beauties;
We'll care not for Popelogan's charms.
But as emblems of union forever
Upon two-fair rivers we'll look,
While you'll be my Skoodawabskooksis
I'll be your Skoodawaskook.

LIGHTER VEIN.

Trustful.

Tommy (at tobacconist's)—"Please father wants to know if it's true there's a tobacco trust?"

Proprietor—"Quite true."

Tommy—"Well, fahert would like to be trusted for two ounces, please."—London Mail.

In The Final Analysis.

"What do you regard as the most important question in this campaign?"

"The questions narrow down," replied Senator Sorghum, "to one compact and precise—yet elusive—problem: 'How many people are going to vote the way we tell 'em to?'"—Washington Star.

Why She Shot Him.

She had just returned from the barber shop, where she had exchanged her heavy tresses for a shingle.

"I simply could not stand the weight of all that hair on my head another day," she explained to her angry husband.

"I always thought your head was weak," was his only comment.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Out of The Final Contest.

The old gentleman was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding.

"Are you the groom?" he asked a melancholy looking man.

"No, sir," the young man replied. "I was eliminated in the preliminary tryouts."—Quebec (Canada) Daily Telegraph.

A QUICK CURE.

Two Scotsmen were taking a walk and were hot and tired.

"Hae ye got any food wi' ye, Dougal?" asked one.

"A've a bottle of whusky. What hae you, Angus?"

"Dried tongue."

"Quid! Then we'll gae halves wi' oor proveesions."

The whiskey was duly divided and drunk. Angus whiped his lips. "Noo for yer dried tongue, Dougal."

"Mon," said Dougla, "it's no dry the noo."

YOUTH IS KILLED IN N. S. ACCIDENT

Son of Rev. Dr. Norwood Shot While Making Motion Pictures.

Halifax, Oct. 30—"Ted" Norwood, only son of Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood, pastor of the Memorial church of St. Paul, Overbrook, Philadelphia, and well known writer was instantly killed this morning near Caledonia, Queens county. He was with a party making moving pictures of moose in their native haunts, and was killed when a rifle he was placing in a canoe accidentally discharged, the bullet piercing his heart.

It was young Norwood's duty to stand by the cameraman with a loaded rifle to protect the operator while the others beat the woods to drive the game up to the camera. The party was about to embark in canoes when Norwood's rifle accidentally exploded. The 40 miles to Caledonia was covered in four hours by canoe, motor boat and auto. There an inquest was held bringing in a verdict of accidental death. Dr. Norwood, on being advised by telegraph of the tragedy, asked that the remains be taken to Hubbards, N. S., where the funeral will be held. Dr. Norwood, whose birthplace is near Hubbards, will leave Philadelphia tonight to attend the funeral.

A recently invented potato harvester digs, picks up and loads the potatoes into a wagon, at one operation.

Coming Monday

Queen Square Theatre

Nonsuch LIQUID STOVE POLISH

Sticks to the Stove —not to the Pots

Established, owned & made in Canada for over 30 years by Nonsuch Mfg. Co. Limited Toronto.

TEACHERS MEET IN RESTIGOUCHE

Campbellton, Oct. 30—The Restigouche County Teachers' Institute opened this morning in the Grammar school building with about 80 teachers present. H. V. Colpitts, B.A., of Campbellton, the president, welcomed the teachers and expressed the hope that each one present would derive some benefit from the meeting.

In the course of his remarks he urged all the teachers to become members of the N. B. Teachers' Association and also to help parents in the various sections of the county to organize parent-teachers associations.

Dr. W. S. Carter, in the course of his address, spoke about the things of every day school work. He praised the Campbellton School Board on its schools and teachers. He reviewed legislation that had been passed in the interests of the teachers since he had held office. This year every teacher in the province was a licensed one. None had local licenses. He contrasted this province with Nova Scotia where there are more unlicensed teachers teaching than licensed ones. This was the first year in which the supply of teachers not only met the demand but was slightly in excess of it. He attributed this to two incentives, the better salary scale and he government loans to student teachers.

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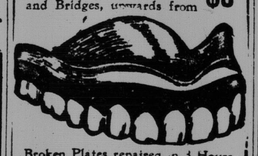

Broken Plates repaired in 3 Hours

MARITIME DENTAL PARLORS
38 CHARLOTTE STREET
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Hours: 9 a.m. 9 p.m. Phone M 2789
DR. A. J. McKNIGHT, Prop.

CALLED TO COURT ON THREE CHARGES

St. John Man Pleads Not Guilty to Traffic Violations.

Willoughby Hatch, of St. John, was summoned before Stipendiary Magistrate Parlee in Hampton yesterday afternoon to answer three charges of exceeding the speed limit in Rothesay road Sunday morning, driving his car on the wrong side of the road and failing to stop after an accident. The charges grew out of an automobile accident in which a car belonging to Joseph Keohah, of Hampton, was badly damaged and four other occupants were more or less injured and badly shaken up.

Provincial Constable Robert Crawford prosecuted the case on behalf of the provincial authorities; S. W. Palmer appeared on behalf of Mr. Hatch, while Fred D. McGuire was present in the interests of Mr. Keohan.

The testimony of the owner of the damaged car and that of three occupants, Misses Regina and Kathleen McCullough and Frank McCullough, as well as that of Commissioner Wigmore, Fred Smith and Wilson Dalton, all of whom happened along just after the accident occurred, was completed yesterday when the case was postponed until Tuesday afternoon when other witnesses will be called on behalf of the prosecution. It is expected that the defence will also complete its case on Tuesday.

Mr. Hatch pleaded not guilty to all three charges when the informations were read to him by Magistrate Parlee.

C.N.R. STARTS RADIO AT MONCTON NOV. 7

W. D. Robb Will Officiate—Programme is Announced.

On November 7, at 8 p. m., the formal opening of the C. N. R. new radio broadcasting station at Moncton will take place. This station will come on the air with the call letters CNRA. It has been the practice of the Canadian National Railways to give each station the initials of the railway, plus the initial letter of the city in which the station is located, but in this instance, Montreal having laid claim to the letter "M," it was decided to give the Moncton station the letter "A," which stands for Atlantic, Moncton being the headquarters for the Atlantic Region of the C. N. R. A wave length of 315 metres has been assigned to this station, which, it is predicted, will be one of the most powerful on the continent.

Sir Henry W. Thornton had hoped to be present to open this station, but finding it impossible to do so, has delegated W. D. Robb, vice-president in charge of radio, to do so for him. An elaborate programme has been arranged for the initial broadcast, as follows:—

O Canada.
National airs.
March—"Old Comrades" (Teike), C. N. Railway's Radio Orchestra.
Quartette—(a) "Annie Laurie," old Scotch; (b) "Bonnie Doon," old Scotch, Orpheus Male Quartette.
Popular—(a) "Doodle Doo Doo;" (b) "Driftwood," C. N. Railways' Radio Orchestra.
Vocal solo—(a) "Carmena, (Wilson); (b) "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses," (Openshaw), Madame Pouget Corbell.
Entracte—"Plaisir D'Amour," (Martini), Chateau Laurier Trio.
Vocal solo—"Lassie O'Mine," (Walt), Cliff McAdam.
Popular—"Bringing Home the Bacon," C. N. Railway's Radio Orchestra.
Short address by W. D. Appleton, general manager Atlantic region, C. N. railways.
Address of the evening by W. D. Robb, vice-president Canadian National Railways, entitled "Some Aspects of Maritime Provinces Problems."
Quartette—(a) "Kentucky Babe," (Geibel); (b) "Drink to Me Only," old English, Orpheus Male Quartette.
Entractete—(a) "Robin Adair," old Scotch; (b) "The Last Rose of Summer," Chateau Laurier Trio.
Vocal solo—"The Horn," (Fleiger), H. H. Clarke.
Vocal solo—(a) "Habanera," (Bizet); (b) "The Spirit Flower," (Tipton), Madame Pouget Corbell.
Cello solo—"Star of Eve," (Wagner), Miss Helen Laxdon.
Quartette—"The Song Day Closes," (Sullivan), Orpheus Male Quartette.
Popular—"What'll I Do," C. N. Railway's Radio Orchestra.
Violin solo—"Serenade," (Toselli), James McIntyre.
Popular—"Take Me," C. N. Railway's Radio Orchestra.

DEFENDS SENSATIONALISM.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, speaking at the London (Eng.) vacation course in education, held last summer, said: "We all like sensationalism. It is no use complaining of people who read stories about murders. After all, Hamlet and Macbeth were stories of murders. It is no use complaining that human beings are interested in human beings at the most exciting crises of their lives."

A new rural mail box revolves about its supporting pole and springs back to position if struck by a passing object.

WALK UPSTAIRS AND SAVE TEN

3 B-I-G SATURDAY SPECIALS

AT ROBINSON'S UPSTAIRS CLOTHES SHOP

Here are three truly remarkable specials—Extraordinary money savers, every one! Brand new Fall and Winter merchandise just arrived from my factory. Come up and see them!

TWO PANTS SUITS

Young men's and regular models in fine imported tweeds and worsteds. They are at least $40 values. For Saturday, out they will go as specials for..... $25

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This is my famous "Nonchalant" model. A faultlessly tailored and finished garment. Every man can afford to wear a Tuxedo at this special price. A $45 value for..... $27.50

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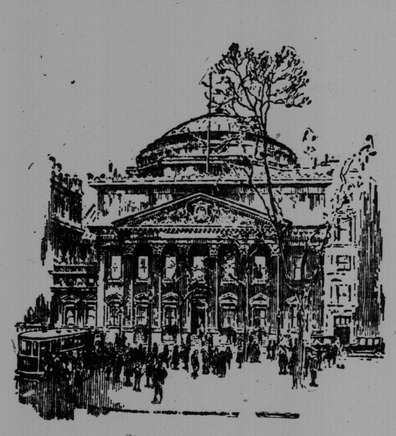

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LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1882.

The first really successful photograph of a lightning flash was taken by a man named Jennings in Philadelphia on September 2, 1882, although photography had been in use then for more than 40 years. Lightning is the easiest of all things to photograph if the camera can by chance be focused properly, but that very fact makes it one of the omst difficult things to trap. One never knows where to focus for the flash and a flash out of focus is not good.

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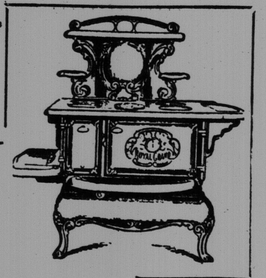

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